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THE GALAXY.



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VOLUME XXIV.

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THE GALAXY.

VOL. XXIV.—JULY, 1877.—No. 1.

THE GOSPEL OF CULTURE.

ONE of the penalties of distinction which has befallen Mr. Matthew Arnold is the clinging intimacy which his name has contracted of late years with a popular phrase—a phrase which is regarded by many, but perhaps a shade too readily, as a critical summary of his method. For the public his name is twinned with the word *culture*, as if by a second christening: people speak of Mr. Arnold as “the apostle of culture” with the same satisfaction, with something of the same easy antique content in the phrase, as that which one finds in the repetitious epithets of Homer. For many readers it is a mere formula of convenience; and indeed it is only the discreet minority of readers that we can credit with such a desire in this matter as that which Mr. Arnold translates from Joubert—his unlucky desire “to get a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and that phrase into one word.” The word *culture*, indeed, is hardly a sufficient description here, nor is all said when we have pronounced Mr. Arnold “an apostle of culture.” An apostle of culture undoubtedly he is; in culture, as he understands it, he has his being, and it is culture that he recommends to his readers. But let us inquire what he means by culture: how does he wear this noted weed, this irritating scarlet?

In the various domains of criticism, whether literary, social, political, or religious, Mr. Arnold has done so much that it would be more convenient, were I purposing here to examine that body of criticism, as well as more accurate, to speak of his genius instead of his culture. But “culture” is the word which Mr. Arnold himself has adopted in his later writings, and we cannot drop it as a catchword, though it is certainly, to those who may not have attended carefully to what he means by it, a misleading term. And so, keeping to the name of culture, let us examine the content of the idea which it implies.

And how shall we best do this? Best, as it seems to me, by tracing the growth of this idea of culture, under whatever name, in the succession of his writings. Mr. Arnold’s is a self-revelatory nature; his books, from earlier to later, represent discriminable stages of growth. In such a case there are special opportunities for analysis. The author who begins to write and publish at an early age, who writes and publishes often, and enough to represent fully the course of the thought, seems to grow before our eyes, as we read the spirit of his works, like the tree of the Indian juggler. In his earlier books we see the germinating of his controlling ideas; in his later they develop

and come to flower and fruit. It is a magical spectacle, this of the author's growth, because it is shown us in a single reading of his works: a single reading brings the development of a lifetime into the range of a day's observation, and for the critic or the critical reader the spectacle is one of deep interest.

The growth of a fine mind is a more complex thing than that of a plant; but in this paper I purpose confining myself in the main to a single clue in Mr. Arnold's thought and method. From his writings, from earlier to later, I will seek to trace out and detach what he means by his so-called doctrine of culture, and what the doctrine may signify for us his readers.

And first: we shall find the substantial anticipation of that doctrine in his writings long before his critics, and long before he himself, had thought of giving it a name. In the critical preface to his poems of 1853 he conceives of culture as the effort toward perfection of spirit in ourselves. He is speaking of the high value which classical studies have for the poet's discipline, and upon the character of those who pursue them; and he says: "Their commerce with the ancients appears to me to produce, in those who constantly practise it, a steady and composing effect upon their judgment, not of literary works only, but of men and events in general. They are like persons who have had a very weighty and impressive experience; they are more truly than others under the empire of facts, and more independent of the language current among those with whom they live. They wish neither to applaud nor to revile their age; they wish to know what it is, what it can give them, and whether this is what they want. What they want they know very well; they want to educe and cultivate what is best and noblest in themselves."

That passage contains, if not the fuller form and pressure of Mr. Arnold's doctrine of culture as developed in recent years, yet its clear premo-

nition; in that passage, written at the age of thirty-one, is struck the keynote of the conception which we are to see gaining new elements and accretions in his later works. The doctrine is not yet named as culture, nor will it be so named for many years yet; but the conception is there, as that of growth in character. *To educe and cultivate what is best and noblest in us*—that is apparently more than what one of Mr. Arnold's critics, representing his less attentive readers, finds a sufficient conception of culture; namely, "a desirable quality in a critic of new books."

And surely this cultivation of what is best and noblest in us is not an unworthy object. Those even that do not believe in "culture" as vulgarly understood may admit this, though somewhat visionary, somewhat idealizing, it will doubtless seem to many; and to some it will appear a fit subject for ridicule. But let us not forget that this preface of Mr. Arnold's was written during those "days of ardor and emotion" to which he has recently referred in a note to one of his early poems. Like "The New Sirens," the early preface came from a time of "ardor and emotion"; and it shows the aspirations of a finely endowed nature in full play.

But at that time Mr. Arnold's thoughts were less with the world about him than now; his sympathies looked backward. It was in antiquity that the young poet mainly sought his nurture and his stimulus; in antiquity, with its record of "weighty and impressive experience." Weighty and impressive it surely is; and why? Because for us it is completed, serene. The deeds and the character of our own time may be as great, or greater if you will; but the dust clouds of controversy whirl around them, the false lights of prejudice and passion play upon them; the results which are to interpret them are still in the future. Is it strange that the student of perfection should choose to gaze upon the clearer horizon of the past? We may not

know it well, or fully, and yet our sight of it, as far as our sight goes, may at least have definiteness; our thoughts of it may have a just coherence.

Mr. Arnold's first "clear dream and solemn vision" respecting the things of art and of life came thus to him in regarding the serener horizon of ancient times. That interest, however, was but a phase of his growth; that predominant occupation with the past was not to continue. He was to become, as in recent years we have seen him, a most effective critic of contemporary things. But at the time of which I speak he was still quite incurious about the thoughts, the doings, the ideals of this vaunted age of progress. With them, he says, "the poet can do nothing," and in "Merope" (1858) he treats an antique subject under the strictest forms of classic tragedy; noting, however, that he does it for beauty's sake and not because he considered Greek form as final. "The laws of Greek tragic art," he says in the critical preface to that work, "are not exclusive; they are for Greek dramatic art itself, but they do not pronounce other modes of dramatic art unlawful; they are, at the most, *prophecies of the improbability of dramatic success under other conditions.*" The latter clause of that opinion Mr. Arnold would hardly reaffirm now; but we are concerned with it here only so far as it indicates the dawn, or I should rather say the possibility of his greater interest in modern art and modern ideas.

From a very different movement of thought came Mr. Arnold's next publication, the lectures "On Translating Homer," which appeared in 1861. In these there is little expression of such moods as we have just considered; the aspiration, the self-questioning, the retrospection—these are not here; instead of these we see the soldier going out in harness, the combatant upon the intellectual *champeclos*. In these admirable lectures the critical forces are liberated and in full play; never perhaps in English criticism were

they in more brilliant play. Mr. Arnold's weapons are well tempered and cunningly handled. An active temperament, acute organic sensitiveness of intelligence and taste, a keen eye for both the broader and the subtler traits of his themes, a play of illustration ranging throughout the higher domains of European literature, as freely as the composer ranges among the modulations, and such a lustre and lucidity of expression, such a gift for making his ideas "shine" as English prose has seldom known—these were endowments from which we might well expect great things in literary criticism. These Mr. Arnold has, and these, in the "Lectures on Translating Homer," are put to the use of controversy; and his spear is tipped with a searching irony before which his opponents could not stand. As a combatant, we will not now follow Mr. Arnold; but it is a fascinating thing to see him joining at arms. We mark the salute to his antagonist, we mark the quick preliminary passes; presently there is a quick thrust, and the antagonist goes down; and then we see Mr. Arnold turning away with a light ironic smile, much as David turned away, when all was over, from Goliath of Gath, the great ancestor of Mr. Arnold's foes. And not only Philistines, but good and respectable scholars, men like Prof. Newman and other learned translators of Homer, could not withstand this magic irony; even Prof. Newman, with all his learning, went down before it, as the invaders of Granada, in Irving's tale, were put to rout by the enchanted lance of Aben Habuz. These lectures are the flower of culture, but of culture militant; a bitter and thorny blossom have they been to Mr. Arnold's adversaries! In these lectures he rejoices in his strength; and sometimes, perhaps, a little too much after the manner of the unregenerate. But that is human nature, and over the natural man Mr. Arnold himself would hardly claim to have gained through culture—much less does he claim to instance in his

writings—the complete and final triumph. In these lectures, indeed, he disclaims all rancor toward Prof. Newman; and what he says in such a case we are bound to believe. But can the able and learned Prof. Newman quite believe it? would he quite believe it though he should live a hundred years, and come at last to see, with Mr. Arnold, that in his translation of Homer “he has chosen quite the wrong field for turning his ability and learning to account”?

If these admirable lectures, then, are culture militant, we find again a graver mood in his next work, “A French Eton” (1864). Of culture much is said in this work; but in its special and doctrinal sense the word is not yet used. This passage, describing the limitations of an aristocratic class, will give an idea of what Mr. Arnold then meant by the term, and how this conception of it is enlarging itself:

“Whatever may be its culture,” he says, “an aristocratic class will always have at bottom, like the young man in Scripture with great possessions, an inaptitude for ideas; but besides this, high culture or ardent intelligence, pervading a large body of the community, acquire a breadth of basis, a sum of force, an energy of central heat for radiating further, which they can never possess when they pervade a small upper class only.”

Here it is intimated that culture is to look beyond the individual, that it is, or should be, an affair of radiation as well as of internal illumination—an idea of which we shall find the full development in some of Mr. Arnold’s later works.

In the “Essays on Criticism,” collected in 1865, the doctrine of culture receives its full legitimate content; but it does not as yet receive the name of culture. In these essays, however, it has a name. It is called “criticism” and “the spirit of criticism,” and what he describes under this provisional name, in his essay on “The Function of Criticism at the Present

Time,” is identical with what we shall find him naming as “culture” four years later. Identical, that is to say, so far as the conception of 1865 is co-extensive with that of 1869; for the later definition, though it contradicts nothing in the earlier, includes more; somewhat more, indeed, than can perhaps be claimed quite justly for culture.

But what an admirable conception he has of this “spirit of criticism”! The business of criticism, he says, is “simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by in its turn making this known, to create a current of true and fresh ideas. Its business is to do this with inflexible honesty, with due ability; but its business is to do no more, and to leave alone all questions of practical consequences and applications, questions which will never fail to have due prominence given to them.”

The essay from which that passage is taken contains, as one of Mr. Arnold’s critics (Mr. Hewlett) has remarked, the germ of the important book on “Culture and Anarchy.” And in that work, little known among us, because not reprinted here, the doctrine with which we are now concerned finally receives its definition as *culture*.

If now we bring together some passages from that work, we shall see how much Mr. Arnold has come to claim for culture. It is in general, he says, “a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on all the matters which most concern us, the best which has been thought and said in the world, and, through this knowledge, turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits.” It does not consist in “a smattering of Greek and Latin . . . no serious man would call this *culture*.” “The thing, call it by what name we will, is simply the enabling ourselves, whether by reading, observing, or thinking, to come as near as we can to the firm, intelligible law of things, and thus to get a basis for a less confused action and a

more complete perfection than we have at present."

Again: "The Greek words *ἀφία*, *εὐφία*, a finely tempered nature, a coarsely tempered nature, give exactly the notion of perfection as culture brings us to conceive of it; a perfection in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, which unites 'the two noblest of things'—as Swift, who of one of the two, at any rate, had himself all too little, most happily calls them in his 'Battle of the Books'—'the two noblest of things, sweetness and light.'"

Not that sweetness and light are always and everywhere the things most wanted. Mr. Arnold concedes very freely that "fire and strength," in the phrase of one of his critics, have often been lacking in times and in communities that we could name. He says, for instance: "It may be true that the Roman world at the beginning of our era, or Leo the Tenth's court at the time of the Reformation, or French society in the eighteenth century, needed fire and strength even more than sweetness and light." And even now "the old Roman way of dealing" with rioters and rioting he finds to be the right one; namely, in the words of his father, Dr. Arnold, to "flog the rank and file, and fling the ringleaders from the Tarpeian rock."

But in the main, he says, the special need of our energetic Anglo-Saxon civilization is not so much an increase of energy, strictness, "Hebraism," as he calls it, as greater intelligence, more love of ideas, more spontaneity of consciousness—the traits that he summarizes as "Hellenism"; and he adds, with great lucidity and discrimination: "What I say is, not that Hellenism is always for everybody more wanted than Hebraism, but that for the Rev. W. Cattle, at this particular moment, and for the great majority of us his fellow countrymen, it is more wanted."

"Any glance at the world around us shows that with us, with the most respectable and strongest part

of us, the ruling force is now, and long has been, a Puritan force, the care for fire and strength. . . . Well, then, what is the good of our now rehearsing the praises of fire and strength to ourselves, who dwell on them too exclusively already?"

And at the present time, he adds: "Though for resisting anarchy the lovers of culture may prize and employ fire and strength, yet they must, at the same time, bear constantly in mind that it is not at this moment true, what the majority of people tell us, that the world wants fire and strength more than sweetness and light, and that things are for the most part to be settled first and understood afterward.

. . . The true business of the friends of culture now is, to dissipate this false notion, to spread the belief in right reason and in a firm intelligible love of things, and to get men to try, in preference to stanchly acting with imperfect knowledge, to obtain some sounder basis of knowledge on which to act."

Thus the culture which Mr. Arnold praises is not quite the trivial thing which some have thought it to be; it is, on the contrary, intelligent thinking and wise acting—a sufficiently important concern, if the opponents of "culture" will permit us to say so. Nor is it a merely self-regarding intelligence, a wisdom in personal conduct, that Mr. Arnold advocates under the name of culture. Strenuous insistence he makes upon the idea that culture is not to end, but to begin with the individual. He is very explicit upon this point. He says, for instance:

"Culture looks beyond machinery; culture hates hatred; culture has but one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. Yes, it has one yet greater; the passion for making them *prevail*. It is not satisfied till we are *all* come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and

light." "It is a *study of perfection*. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good." It "leads us to conceive of no perfection as being real which is not a *general* perfection, embracing all our fellow men with whom we have to do." And again: "Perfection, as culture conceives it, is not possible while the individual remains isolated; the individual is obliged, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march toward perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward; and here, once more, it lays on us the same obligation as religion."

That is a sufficiently generous definition; and how shall this culture be diffused, how shall it make its ideas prevail?

First of all, it must be quite disinterested; it must have nothing to do with bustling rivalries; and more than this, it must be clearly seen to be quite disinterested by the bustling persons who do not care for the things of the mind. Of such persons he says: "Certainly they will be less slow to believe, as we want them to believe, that the intelligible law of things has in itself something desirable and precious, and that all place, function, and bustle are hollow goods without it, if they see that we can content ourselves with it, and find in it our satisfaction without making it an instrument to give us for ourselves place, function, and bustle."

And therefore, he adds, "public life and direct political action are not much permitted to the believer in culture."

But what is the active and practical duty of the student of culture? It is one of high importance; it is one that is often thankless; and it is this, to make disinterested criticism.

"The whole value of its training, to a nation which gets the training of

self-government, depends upon its being told plainly of its mistakes and prejudices; for mistakes and prejudices a large body will always have, and to follow these without let or hindrance is not the training we want, but freedom to act, with a most searching criticism of our way of acting." In England, he says, there is great need of such criticism; and surely here, as well as in England, "the functions of a disinterested literary class—a class of non-political writers, having no organized and embodied set of supporters to please, simply setting themselves to observe and report faithfully, and looking for favor to those isolated persons only, scattered all through the community, whom such an attempt may interest—are of incalculable importance."

To that position there can be, I think, no serious rejoinder. Doubtless neither men with culture nor men without it can bring us to any easy goal of wisdom, whether respecting politics or the arts, or life, or science. Doubtless few men have the ability to speak upon these subjects with profit. But even among the few who have the ability, how very few are in a situation to look for right conclusions; how very few can afford to tell them if they find them! How few are not silenced by their position, their ambition, their wants! And when we find an able and conscientious writer, who has no party, or journal, or church, or convention that biases his sincerity of speech, to him, says Mr. Arnold, let us listen!

We can now see what is included in Mr. Arnold's idea of culture. It is considerably more than is generally included under that word; but whether Mr. Arnold's definition be a just one is a secondary question. His idea is the important thing; and by whatever name we call it, it would seem to be quite a different thing from anything that we commonly mean in America when we speak of culture. Compare this conception of its nature, its ways, its office, with what we sometimes hear spoken of, for instance, either in

laudation or dispraise, as "Boston culture." What is commonly suggested to us when we hear "Boston culture" named? Do we get the idea of "a free and fresh stream of thought," of "a disinterested play of consciousness upon stock notions and habits"? Do we get the idea of a "single-minded love of perfection"? or of the desire to make that perfection prevail? Generally, I think, we do not quite get that idea; more frequently we get the idea, when Boston culture is mentioned, of an intellectual state somewhat, if I may say so, at second hand, somewhat deficient in a vital play of thought and in just perceptions, and so liable, perhaps, to the errors of slightness, of conceit, of affectation, rather than to those of original power and impulse. And for persons who may have found themselves dissatisfied with the idea of "Boston culture," who may have been unable to free it, in their minds, from the notion of what is sometimes called "priggishness," and who are therefore disposed to look upon everything that bears the name of culture as blameworthy—for such recalcitrants it might be worth while to return to what Mr. Arnold means by culture, as being, on the other hand, "a fresh and free play of the best thoughts upon our stock notions and habits," a striving toward "perfection of spirit," and a disinterested effort to make that perfection prevail! So considering, such a person might come to look more kindly upon the notion of culture, as implying higher and better things than the common notion ascribes to it, as implying originality, zeal, and good will; and finally, such a person might come to quit the camp of those who gird at the name of culture.

And with us, alas, how large is that class, and how many of even our educated men does it include! For with us the rule of the majority presses heavily upon even the educated men; and these catch up and repeat the common gibes at culture. They live and breathe in an atmosphere of com-

monplace ideas; it is their misfortune to take the tone of their thought from that of men who do not know the light.

It will not now be hard to see why Mr. Arnold's gospel of culture has found so many opponents. So effective a writer, indeed, will seldom want for enemies, especially when he attempts the dangerous task of criticising his countrymen. For in England, as here, the voice of the majority is a power in literary judgments, or in political and social, that is perhaps too little checked by right reason, and "telling the truth to power," as Haydon said, speaking from experience, "is a crime that can only be expiated by the ruin and destruction of the man who is so patriotic and so independent." In England Mr. Arnold's range of thought and expression must necessarily be restricted by his public; and what he does think and express must meet with much unintelligent opposition. Let us look at some of the objections brought against his doctrine.

First, there is the charge of slightness and frivolity, which he has himself stated amusingly: "All sorts of objections are raised," he says, "against the 'religion of culture,' as the objectors mockingly call it, which I am supposed to be promulgating. It is said to be a religion proposing *parmaceti*, or some scented salve or other, as a cure for human miseries; a religion breathing a spirit of cultivated inaction, making its believer refuse to lend a hand at uprooting the definite evils on all sides of us, and filling him with antipathy against the reforms and reformers which try to extirpate them. . . . An intelligent American newspaper, 'The Nation,' says that it is very easy to sit in one's study and find fault with the course of modern society, but the thing is to propose practical improvements for it. While, finally, Mr. Frederick Harrison gets moved to an almost stern moral impatience, to behold, as he says, 'Death, sin, cruelty, stalk among us, filling their maws with innocence and

youth,' and me, in the midst of the general tribulation, handing out my pouncet-box."

And Mr. Arnold is by no means indifferent to his critics. He goes on to say, "It is impossible that all those remonstrances and reproofs should not affect me, and I shall try my very best, in completing my design, to profit by the objections I have heard and read, and to drive at practice as much as I can, by showing the communications and passages into practical life from the doctrine which I am inculcating."

But we have already seen what no careful reader of Mr. Arnold's works needs to be told of—the elevation and seriousness that are of the essence of his temper. With all his irony, which, though it is unequal in pungency, has been well compared to the irony of Socrates, with all his lightness and lustre of style, he is eminently, like Socrates, an ardent thinker, a lover of ideas, a seeker of perfection. That we may sufficiently see in the preface of 1853, from which I have quoted. But these deeper traits of his genius did not catch the attention of his critics so soon as the more conspicuous traits; and on the other hand the finished beauty and power of his style are quite beyond the appreciation of the commonplace mind. Until lately, in a word, Mr. Arnold wrote above his audiences; the best that was in his substance, the beauty of his manner, were not at first understood; and the reproach of him as the apostle of a frivolous culture thus became possible.

It was in "Culture and Anarchy" that Mr. Arnold made his first appeal to a popular hearing. There he sought to reach a much larger audience than heretofore; he first addressed the generality of readers in the middle classes; and these people, the "Philistines" of his earlier censure, are now appealed to for sympathy. Their land is recognized, truly enough, as being a field fit for culture, if not quite ready for the harvest. But how was Mr. Arnold to commend culture to the masses? By using the

watchwords that they knew, the watchwords of morality, philanthropy, and religion; as Wordsworth had used them before him to commend the "religion of nature" to notice. But Mr. Arnold is adroiter in his method, as we can now see, than Wordsworth was when he adopted an unvarying seriousness of style to prove that he was not puerile and affected. Mr. Arnold preferred to retain his lightness and charm of manner, and so to retain his readers instead of repelling them; and doubtless this was the better thing to do; it was the only method by which Mr. Arnold could commend speculative or ideal notions, outside of the accepted conventions, to the British middle classes. For no intelligent body of people in Christendom, as I take it, has after all less real interest in new ideas than the British middle classes, unless it be the British aristocratic classes; and any one who writes for a British audience must first of all make it clear, not that his ideas are new or interesting or suggestive, but that they have "a sound moral tendency." It is this that makes it an intellectual misfortune to be born an Englishman, if one has anything new to say; and it is this that has made it necessary for Mr. Arnold to say such untenable things as that culture and religion come to the same conclusions, or that the essential trait of culture is "the moral and social passion for doing good."

Doubtless, these propositions are quite faulty. As a matter of definition, culture is by no means either morality, or philanthropy, or religion, or a fourth term including the other three. Culture has to do primarily with one's duty to his own intelligence, not primarily to his conduct; it has primarily nothing to do with his duty to his neighbor. Mr. Arnold's extension of the senses of the word is at bottom unjustifiable; and with what compunctions his exquisite literary sense must have visited him in the transgression! We may be sure that nothing would have driven him to his later defini-

tions but the necessity under which he felt or found himself—that of impressing “the wits of the heavy-headed, horny-eyed British Philistine,” as Mr. Swinburne picturesquely calls him. It is in “Culture and Anarchy” that he first baits his hook with the word culture, and points out those “passages into practical life” from his doctrine of which I have spoken.

But how much more attractive, and therefore more effective, is this method than one which an inferior writer might have used! With what art has Mr. Arnold led up to the discussion of the various questions which he attacks! An inferior artist would have written a book on “Political Morality” or “Social Obligation,” which nobody would have read; not so Mr. Arnold. Beginning with the name of culture, in which there was nothing minatory, he leads his readers onward from that unusual point of approach, and finally confronts them with some of the great questions of politics and of conduct. It was a device; but we should remember that Mr. Arnold had the thankless duty before him of criticising his countrymen. And surely there was never a happier device than this of leading the public to serious self-examination and criticism under the attractive name of culture. “Being crafty, I caught you with guile.” As a device, let who will blame it. I am not at all sure that the end does not here justify some inaccuracy of procedure in the means. It was surely a fortunate plan thus to invite the public to take an interest in “the study of perfection.”

We have now seen how groundless is the charge of frivolity brought against Mr. Arnold’s work. Let us look at some of the more serious charges which “the doctrine of culture” has to meet. For that doctrine has received quite other blame than that of the ignorant or the prejudiced; it has incurred in England, and will incur here, when it shall be more generally known, the enmity of instituted reli-

gious sentiment. The causes of this enmity do not lie exactly upon the surface; antecedently, one would say, that a system of culture which included so much morality and philanthropy as Mr. Arnold’s includes should find special favor with the church. A single passage, however, will show what is Mr. Arnold’s attitude in this matter, and what is the *gravamen* of his offence. In “Culture and Anarchy” he is asking the important question, “in what human perfection consists,” and on this he says that religion and culture give one answer. “Religion comes to a conclusion identical with that which culture—seeking the determination of this question through all the voices of human experience which have been heard upon it, art, science, poetry, philosophy, history, as well as religion, in order to give a greater fulness and certainty to its solution—likewise reaches. . . . Culture places human perfection in an *internal* condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, . . . in the general harmonious expansion of those gifts of thought and feeling which make the peculiar dignity, wealth, and happiness of human nature.”

Now this startling claim, put forth as it were in passing, implied rather than directly stated, is all the more cogent from its seeming indirection, from its enunciation as a matter of course, as a point that only the unwise would call in question. And indeed for the antagonists at whom Mr. Arnold aims this manner is very trying. One of them, I do not now remember who, utters an ejaculation of torment under it: “What Mr. Arnold says may be all very well,” he cries out, “but then he has such an intolerable way of saying it.” But to the mere observer Mr. Arnold’s ingenuous manner, when as above he names religion as but one of the sources of culture, reminds one of the *enfant terrible* who says things that he should not, and in all simplicity, and who is for that reason the more alarmingly revelato-

ry. When Mr. Arnold remarks that culture "coincides with religion," or even in some respects "goes beyond religion, as religion is generally conceived," he becomes the pietist's *enfant terrible*. I need hardly remark that Mr. Arnold's frame of mind, in controversial matters, is by no means clearly akin to that of innocent simplicity. Well he knows the effect that he seeks to produce, and few things are pleasanter to me than his latent humor in this method—which in his hands becomes an effective weapon of controversy, as Mr. Arnold's critics know—the method of quiet implication, of assuming the most serious *posita* as matter of course. These passing touches of implication have upon readers not wholly prepossessed the effect of a stimulant to thought, of a counter charm against the prejudices which lie in wait for us at every corner; and for such readers Mr. Arnold performs a service like that of the vineyarder who applies the *phylloxera* antidote to the roots of the young vines. But to the hardened pietist this light touch of Mr. Arnold's is a very active irritant, a sudden shock, a stroke from the clear sky. When he tells us that culture will consult many voices of human experience besides religion—"art, science, poetry, philosophy, history, as well as religion"—Mr. Arnold says an excellent and useful thing. But upon the hardened pietist, to whom the spell of the word "religion" is *sacred*, this passing remark, in which Mr. Arnold says so little, but implies so much, has a peculiarly tormenting effect. This remark is in what dogmatic writers call the "method of indirect attack"; and it is none the less effective for being indirect. It is like the glancing of a cannon shot fired at sea; there is a quick touch, a flash of spray, and the ball goes on toward the mark; but where it glanced the fishes lie stunned in the water. The fishes are the pietists.

It is, therefore, a quite sufficient cause of offence to a large body of Englishmen that Mr. Arnold's conception of

culture should thus ally itself upon equal terms with religion. Very naturally that becomes the rock of stumbling with his orthodox critics. Henceforward the current of his teaching cannot run smooth, but must break over many a stubborn obstacle in its course; it must beat against the stony barriers of religious prejudice in Great Britain. And from Canterbury bishops and other obstructive persons in high places to "the Rev. Mr. Cattle" and the whole flock of the "hole-and-corner" churches, as Mr. Arnold, not with eminent sweetness of phrase, has called the Dissenters and their chapels, what a number of obstructive persons he has found in the way!

But again it is not only those who find Mr. Arnold frivolous or irreligious that object to his doctrine of culture. Serious thinkers have said that he is putting forth dangerous doctrine, much as it was said of his master, Socrates. We remember that Socrates advocated a searching criticism of stock ideas, a free play of consciousness upon questions of politics and religion; and consequently he was accused by his countrymen—not only by the Bœotians, but by the old-school Athenians too—of impairing the old-fashioned virtues, of making the youth less fond of their country, of breaking up their faith: this frivolous talker, as Eupolis called him, τὸν Σωκράτην τὸν πτωχὸν ἀδόλεσχον, was said to be taking the very manliness out of the young men. That is just what is said by some to-day about Mr. Arnold; and the objection is not brought by the ruck of critics merely; it is brought by so competent a person as Mr. Hut-

"Nothing," he says, "is so dangerously liable to anarchy, anarchy of a very passive and fatal kind, as mere culture, the culture which teaches us to despise vulgar errors without teaching us to put much confidence in any authority such as this imperfect life can show. Culture is specially liable to an anarchy of its own."

Surely there was something better

than this to be said of Mr. Arnold by Mr. Hutton. His remark is doubtless true enough in terms. In every old community there is a class of men who deserve this blame—men whose minds are mainly obstructive and negative in their ways of acting. But, as we have seen, this is by no means the case with Mr. Arnold, nor with the culture that Mr. Arnold recommends: and this blame does not apply either to him or to it. Nothing could well be more strenuous in its way than Mr. Arnold's ideal. If I were asked to define it in a phrase, I should call it a gospel of *strenuous intellection*; and strenuous intellection is quite another thing than the "mere culture" of which Mr. Hutton permits himself to speak. That phrase of "mere culture" indeed is meaningless as applied to the ideas of Mr. Arnold: and it comes to us with surprise from the pen of a writer generally so discriminating, generally so sincere in his thinking, as Mr. Hutton. It is hard to judge at this distance, but I am bound to say that it has a little of the air of disingenuousness for Mr. Hutton to talk in the same paragraph about "mere culture" and about Mr. Arnold. It has, at least, something of the air and manner of that clap-trap which besets the best English minds; which perhaps even

Mr. Arnold himself, in his later religious discussions, has not entirely escaped. And to those who have followed my outline of Mr. Arnold's thought it will not be necessary to say that with "mere culture," as Mr. Hutton calls it, with its emasculate thoughts and practice, Mr. Arnold has nothing whatever to do.

Mr. Arnold's idea of culture reappears under the name of "Geist" in his satire entitled "Friendship's Garland," another of his books unreprinted here, and also in his later criticism, religious and other; and in future works we shall probably see it under new names. But we have followed it far enough to know what it is. For Mr. Arnold culture means the old doctrine, "high living and high thinking"—the life that is needed in all times and countries, and in our own time by no countries more, he thinks, than by England and America. What the faults and limitations of his doctrines are I do not now ask. Upon the side of science it is vulnerable. But though it were more exposed to criticism than it is, Mr. Arnold's teaching remains the most valuable criticism of contemporary things that is now being written in English. For his "gospel of culture" is nothing less than his doctrine of life.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

THOU AND I.

FROM THE SPANISH OF BONALDE.

THOU art the muse, I am the lyre;
 Thou art the sap, and I the tree;
 I am the field, thou the sun fire
 That ripens me.

I am the nest, thou art the bird;
 The wave am I, and thou the flood;
 I am the brain where thought is stirred,
 Thou the life blood!

The Earth am I, thou art the Heaven!
 I shade, thou light; I part, thou whole.
 I am the body that the soul may live in;
 Thou art the soul!

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN EPISODE.

THAT was an odd and on the whole a wondrous pleasant time. In all her mental trouble and perplexity Minola could not help enjoying it. It was like a great holiday—like some extravagant kind of masquerading or private theatricals. It was impossible that one's spirits could go down, or at least that they could remain long down, under such circumstances. Life was a perpetual rattle and excitement; and the company was full of mirth. Even Victor Heron himself, for all his earnestness, went on as if the whole affair were some enormous joke. Electioneering appeared to be the best sort of pastime devisable. They all sat up until the morning concocting appeals to the electors, addresses to this or that interest supposed to be affected, attacks on the opposite party—not, however, on Mr. Sheppard personally—squibs about the Tories, denunciations of the ministry, exhortations to the women of Keeton, the mothers of Keeton, the daughters of Keeton, and every class in and about Keeton who could be regarded as in the least degree open to the impulses of national or patriotic feeling. Some of these appeals had to be prepared in the absence and without the knowledge of the candidate whom they were intended to serve. Heron was so sensitive about what he considered fair play that he was inclined as far as he could to restrain rather unduly even the good spirits of his chief supporters, and not to allow them to deal half as freely as they could have wished in the weapons of sarcasm and ridicule. Minola was developing quite a remarkable capacity for political satire, and Lucy Money was indefatigable at copying

documents. There were meetings held day and night, and Victor sometimes made a dozen speeches in the course of a single afternoon.

Scarcely less eloquent did Mr. Money prove himself to be. He never failed, when called upon, to stand up anywhere and recount the misdeeds of the ministry, and the crimes generally of the aristocracy of Britain, in language which went to the very hearts of his hearers; and he had a rough, telling humor which kept his audience amused in the midst of all the horrors that his description of the country's possible ruin might have brought up before their minds. Mr. Money took the middle-aged electors immensely; but there could be little doubt that the suffrages of the women, if they had any, would have been given freely in favor of the eloquence and the candidature of Victor Heron.

Sometimes it was delightful when a night came, after all the meetings and speech-makings were over, and it happened by strange chance that there was nothing more to do in the way of electioneering just then. For then the little party of friends would shut themselves up in their drawing-room, and chat and laugh, and sing and play on the piano, and make jokes, and discuss all manner of odd and fantastic questions, until long after prudence ought to have commended sleep. Minola sang whenever anybody asked her, although she never sang for listeners in London; and she sang, if she could, whatever her audience wished to hear. Lucy played and sang very prettily too. Victor Heron had picked up in his colonial experiences and his wanderings about the world many sweet, wild, untutored songs of savage and semi-savage races and tribes, and he sang them with a dramatic skill and

force for which none of his hearers had ever before given him credit. The little company seemed in fact to be entering into a condition of something like wild simplicity and frankness, when all the affectations of civilization were let fall, and each did everything he could to the best effect, unconcerned by forms or by critics.

To Lucy in especial all this was delightful. It was not an effort to throw herself into the spirit of the enjoyment as it was to Minola. To her the happiness of the present had no alloy. Over the passing hours there were no present clouds. In the whole world the two persons she most admired were Victor Heron and her father; and these two were the heroes of the occasion, seeming to have the eyes of the world on them, and to be the admired of all as orators and statesmen. To hear them address cheering crowds brought tears of pride and delight into the eyes of the kind little maid. She was glorious in their glory; their successes were hers. Then she had Minola too always with her, and they were all together, and walled off from the world into a little commonwealth of their own, and had nothing to do but to be great politicians all day, and listen to splendid speeches, and at night retire as it were into their tent and be musical and joyous, and full of glorious hope. It was all a dream of love and pride to the gentle little Lucelet.

More than once—ah! more than twenty times—did Lucy tell Minola that her father had taken her to the House of Commons, and that she had often heard all the good speakers, and that she had never heard one who could in her estimation compare with Mr. Heron. She had heard Gladstone; “and, of course, he was very good—oh, yes, very good indeed!—but if you had heard him, Nola dear, you would say with me that he is not to be compared to Mr. Heron.” She had heard Mr. Disraeli too—“oh, yes, many times, and he was very clever!” she quite admitted that, “and he made people laugh a great deal”; and she

had heard Mr. Bright, whom her papa always considered the best speaker of all—“but wait until you hear them, Nola—and you shall hear them all, darling—and you will say yourself that none of them is like Mr. Heron. I don’t know what it is, but there is something about Mr. Heron that none of them seems to have—at least to my mind, Nola dear.”

Indeed, Nola knew well enough that there was for Lucy a charm in the eloquence of Mr. Heron which Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright would have vainly tried to rival. For herself, although she may be supposed to be under the same influence as Lucy, she did not rate the eloquence of Mr. Heron quite so highly. The charm in her case did not work in just the same way. She listened with a certain admiration and surprise to the vivacious, earnest, and often highly impassioned speeches that Victor Heron threw off daily by the dozen, and she recognized with sincere delight the genuine freshness and force that were in them, and thought them a great deal better than she had expected to hear; but she would not have had the least difficulty in admitting that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright were probably much finer speakers than Mr. Heron; and, without having heard either of these orators, she was already quite prepared to consider their eloquence as higher in order than his. What concerned her far more was that she saw nothing in Victor Heron that did not compel her to hold to or to increase the opinion she had already formed of his manly and unselfish character. She had hoped, in a strange, reluctant way, that while seeing so much of him as she must needs do during their stay in Keeton, she might see in him, not indeed anything to lower her opinion of his courage, and truthfulness, and manhood, but some little weaknesses or affectations which, harmless in themselves, might lower him in her mind from his place, and give her relief and rest. Yes, she had in her secret heart sometimes longed passion-

beauty of her singing; and the listeners must not be far away from the singer, or, no matter how appreciative, they must lose much of the effect. In the open air her voice would usually have failed to impress one; but this night the air was so pure and clear and soft, and the whole place was so silent, that the voice seemed made for the place, the hour, and the atmosphere; and the voice, indeed, became to the ears of some of the audience as if it were a part of the scene, an essential condition of its charm. As the song went on, the listeners found themselves drawn on to ascend the first step of the mausoleum, that they might not lose a syllable of the sweet, sad, old-fashioned story thus tenderly and sympathetically told.

The song was over. No one said a word directly in its praise. For a moment, indeed, there was silence.

"I wish she would not come down from the steps just yet," said Lucy. "Stay a moment, Nola dear; we shall ask you to sing something else if you will. I do like to see her standing there," she explained to her father and Heron; "she looks like Corinne."

They asked her to sing something else, and of course she was only too glad to please them. This time she chose a little ballad of Walter Scott's, to be found in "The Pirate," of which in her young days of romance Minola used to be fond. This song she had put of her own conceit to the music of a little-known folk song of the border, which seemed to her to suit its spirit and words. It is the ballad which gives the betrayed lover's farewell to the—"Wild ferry which Hacon could brave, when the peaks of the skerry were white with the wave"; and to the maid who "may look over those wild waves in vain for the skiff of her lover; he comes not again." For the broken vows, the maiden may fling them on the wild current; and the mermaid may sing them. "New sweetness they'll give her bewildering strain; there is one who will never believe them again."

If Minola had really been a betrayed lover, she could not have expressed more simply and more movingly the proud passion of a broken heart. As Lucy's face was upturned in the moonlight Victor saw that her eyes were swimming in tears. He was greatly charmed and touched by her sensitiveness, and felt drawn to her in an unusual way. He turned his eyes away, fearing she might know that he had seen her in tears.

Minola came down from the steps silently. As yet, no one had thanked her or said her songs gave pleasure; but Minola felt that she had pleased them, and that they liked her to sing, and for the time she was happy. If she could have known that her song had brought Victor Heron nearer in feeling than ever he was before to her friend Lucy, she would perhaps have felt an added although a rather melancholy pleasure in the power of her song. Certainly the sensation that passed through Victor's breast as he heard the last lines of the song, and looked on Lucy's face, and saw the sparkling tears in her eyes, was something new to him, and in itself no poor tribute to the influence of the music.

Mr. Money was the first to speak.

"Your way of singing, Miss Grey, reminds me of what I once heard a very clever man say of the reading of Shakespeare's sonnets. He said he never heard them properly read except by a man who was dying, like your friend the lover of Barbara Allen, and who could hardly speak above his breath."

"My dear papa, what a compliment to Nola!" the astonished Lucy exclaimed.

"You don't understand it, Lucelet. Miss Grey does, I am sure, and I hope Heron does, although I am not so sure in his case. It means that this poor dying poet—he was a poet, didn't I say?"

"No, indeed, you didn't," said Lucy.

"Oh, yes, he was a poet. Well, this poor dying poet had to make such use of his failing voice to express all

the meaning of the poems he loved above all others, that he would not allow the most delicate touch of meaning or feeling to escape in his reading. Now you begin to understand, Lucelet? Miss Grey's singing is as fine as that."

"Oh, if Nola is compared to a poet, I don't mind. But a dying poet is rather a melancholy idea, and not a bit like Nola. I always think of Nola as full of health and life, and everything bright and delightful."

"Still I quite understand what Mr. Money means, and it is a great compliment," Minola said. "There must have been something wonderful, supernatural in hearing this dying poet recite such lines."

"People with great strong voices hardly ever think much of what can be done by mere expression," Money remarked.

"Then we ought to be glad if we have not good voices?" Minola asked.

"Well, yes; in many cases, at least. I think so. It makes you sing all the better."

"And perhaps they would sing best who had no voice at all."

"Perhaps so," said Money gravely; "I shouldn't wonder."

After this they all laughed, and the moment of sentiment was gone. But yet Victor Heron remained very silent and seemingly thoughtful. The new and strange sensation which had arisen in him from hearing Minola's voice and seeing Lucy's tear-sparkled eyes had not faded yet. It perplexed him, and yet had something delightful in it. The author of "Caleb Williams" declared that in it he would give to the world such a book that no man who had read it should ever be quite the same man again. Such a change it happens to more ordinary beings to work unconsciously in many men or women. A verse of a ballad, an air played on a harp, a chance word or two, the expression of a lip or an eye, an all unstudied attitude, shall change a whole life so that never again shall it be exactly what it was before.

"We must be getting home," said Money. "There are speeches to be made to-morrow, Heron, my good fellow—there are deputations to receive—and I own to being a man who likes to sleep."

"Just here and just now," said Victor, "the speech-making and the deputations seem rather vulgar business."

He thought so now very sincerely. A sense of the vulgarity and futility of commonplace ambitions and struggles is one of the immemorial effects of moonlight, and music, and midnight air, and soft skies. But in Heron's case there was something more than all this which he did not yet understand.

"The things have to be got through anyhow," Mr. Money insisted, "and these young ladies will be losing altogether their beauty sleep."

"Oh, I think the idea of going to sleep on such a night is odious, when we might be out under the stars in this delightful place," Lucy exclaimed. "And besides, papa, the truth is that Nola and I always sit up together for ever so long after everybody else has gone, no matter what the hour may be—and so we might as well be here as anywhere else. If our beauty depends on early hours, it is forfeited long since, and there's no use thinking about it now."

"I know Miss Grey is far too sensible a girl to share any such sentiments. So come with me, Miss Grey, and we shall at least set a good example."

He took Minola's arm, and drew it within his own with good-humored mastery, and led her away. Lucy and Victor had perforce to follow. They ran after Money and his companion. Minola could hear their laughter and the sound of their quick feet as they approached. Then, when they came near, they slackened their speed and lagged a little behind. She could hear the sound of their voices as they talked. They spoke in low tones, but the sweet, pure midnight air allowed at least the faint murmur of the tones

to reach her ear as she walked quickly on, leaning on Mr. Money's arm, and trying to talk to him about the prospects of the coming election.

"If he loves her, he must tell her so now—here," Minola thought. "This surely is the place and the hour for a declaration of love, and he does love her—she is so very sweet and good."

She tried to make herself believe that she was very happy, and that she rejoiced to know that Lucy was loved—by him, and even that she was rather amused in a high, unconcerned way by their love-making. When they had crossed the stile of the park and passed into the streets, Victor and Lucy came up with them again, and walked by their side.

"It is done," Minola thought. "She has heard him now and she has all her wish." Aloud she said, "I suppose you are right, Mr. Money, about the ballot—I had not thought much of that, but I am sure you must be right."

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. SHEPPARD'S OFFER OF SURRENDER.

MINOLA heard no word from Lucy that night about Heron. Lucy seemed to avoid all speech on any subject that had to do with the midnight walk in the park.

The next day brought Mr. Blanchet, very proud of having been sent for, and for the present at least filled with the novelty of a political contest. As Money had predicted, any objection which Heron might have to Blanchet gave way and vanished for the time when Blanchet became in a manner a guest of his. But the poems which Blanchet was to contribute to the contest did not prove a great success. They were a little difficult to understand. When they were supposed to rouse the souls of Keeton electors on the subject of England's honor and duties, they were involved in such fantasy of thought and expression, that they would have had to be published with a glossary if they were to illuminate,

by a spark of meaning, the mind of the acutest voter in the borough. Blanchet made, however, rather a picturesque figure on the platforms of meetings, and was useful as an attendant on the two young women when Money and Heron had to be busy elsewhere; and Mr. Money liked, for electioneering effect, the appearance of a large suite. Minola never saw the poet except before the general company. He had consented to come to Keeton solely because he thought it would give him more than one opportunity of speaking a word or two to her in private; and no such chance seemed ever likely to present itself there. Minola was utterly unconscious of his wish or of its purpose. She did not know that when he was invited to Keeton he went to his sister, and told her that the happy chance had come at last; and that she had kissed him with tears in her eyes, and prayed for his success. Minola was as friendly with him as possible—far more so than she seemed to be with Heron, for example; but he got no such chance of trying his fortune as his sister and he had believed to be coming.

Is there often a political election with such cross-purposes going on in the midst of it? It would almost seem as if all the persons more directly concerned were either the planners or the objects of some little side game of love. We know what thoughts and hopes were formed on Victor Heron's account by poor Lucy and her father; and Minola soon learned that the Conservative candidate had still a purpose at his heart which no lawful returning officer could gratify. Add to this, to go no further for the present, the purpose which we know that Mr. Blanchet had in consenting to try the part of poet laureate to the Liberal candidate, and we shall see that the game was a little complex which all these were playing.

Minola had made a grave mistake in judging the character of her discarded lover. She thought him a hypocrite, and he was not; she thought his love

for her was all a sham, and it was not. He was a slow, formal man; formal in everything—in his morals as well as in his manners. For him the world's standard was all. He could not lift his mind above the level of the opinion of respectable people. What they said became the law of life to him. What they called proper he believed to be proper; what they condemned became in his eyes only deserving of condemnation. But he was quite sincere in this. What he came by this process to regard as wrong he would not have done himself—except under such circumstances of temptation or provocation as may ordinarily be held to excuse our human nature.

His love for Minola was very strong. It was the one genuine passion of his life. He had made up his mind that he would succeed in life, that he would become a person of importance in London, and that he would marry Minola Grey. Nor did her refusal much discourage him. After the first pang was over he said to himself that all would come right yet; that at least she did not love any one else, and that the world would come to him who waited, as he had known it to come to himself in other ways when he waited before. He had resolved to represent Keeton in the House of Commons, and now that resolve seemed to have nearly worked out its purpose. But the night when passing under Minola's windows he saw Victor Heron produced a terrible reaction within him. He felt satisfied that Heron must be in love with her, and he thought with agony that such a lover was very likely indeed to fascinate such a girl. He began to pay repeated visits to London in a half secret way, and to watch the movements of Minola, and to try to find out all he could about Victor and his friends. The thought of having Heron for his rival in both ways, in love and in ambition, was almost more than he could bear. There seemed something ominous, fateful in it. He became filled with a kind of superstitious feeling that if he lost the election, he must

lose all. He hated Heron with a passion that sometimes surprised himself. There appeared to him to be something wicked in this young man coming from the other side of the earth to cross him in his two great desires. His slow, formal nature worked itself up into dense consistency of hate. The election contest became a relief to him. It was like meeting his rival in battle. The fierce joy was heightened when Minola came to Keeton. To win under such conditions would be like killing his rival under her very eyes.

It was when at the very height of his hope, and when the anticipation of revenge was turning our formal moralist into a sort of moral Berserker, that a piece of news reached his ears which well nigh changed his purpose. He was told that Victor Heron was to marry Mr. Money's daughter, and that that was the reason why Money took such interest in the contest. He was assured of this on what seemed to him good authority. In fact the report hardly needed any authority to confirm it in his mind. What could be more probable? What could more satisfactorily explain everything? What other purpose could a man like Money have in taking all that trouble about a stranger like Heron? Mr. Sheppard trembled to think of the mistake he had nearly made.

So then it was not certain that Minola was lost to him after all? A moment before he was only thinking of revenge for an irreparable injury. Now hope sprung up again. At the bottom of Sheppard's nature was a very large reserve of that self-confidence or self-conceit which had carried him so far on his way to success; and he was easily roused to hope again in his chances of conquering Minola's objection to him.

He became suddenly filled with an idea which, in all the thick and heat of his preparations for the contest, he determined to put to proof. By this time it should be said that he had little doubt of how the struggle would go if it were left to be a duel between

him and Heron. What it cost him to take the step he is now taking will be better appreciated if this conviction of his is kept in mind.

Mr. Sheppard dressed one afternoon with even more than his usual care, but in style a little different from that which he commonly adopted. He had got a vague idea that his usual manner of dressing was rather too formal to please a girl like Minola, and that it was wanting in picturesqueness and in artistic effect. He had studied many poems and works of art lately, with much pain and patience, and tried to qualify himself for an understanding of those schools and theories of art which, as they were said to be new, and were generally out of Keeton's range, he assumed to be those of the London circles which Minola was reported to frequent. He got himself up in a velvet coat with a tie of sage-green silk and bronze watch chain, and a brazen *porte-bonheur* clasping his wrist. He looked like a churchwarden masquerading as an actor. Thus attired he set forth to pay a visit to Minola.

He had met her several times during the settlement of the business consequent on the death of Mrs. Saulsbury. He had met Mr. Money often, and acted sometimes as the representative in business matters of Mr. Saulsbury. He had always demeaned himself on such occasions with a somewhat distant courtesy and respect, as if he wished to stand on terms of formal acquaintanceship, and nothing more. He was very anxious to get once more on such terms with Minola as would allow him to see her and speak with her now and then, without her being always on her guard against love-making. It seemed clear to him that he had better retire for a while from his former position, and try to take the attitude of one who, having been refused, has finally accepted the refusal. His manner did in fact impose upon Minola. Never having believed in the reality of his love, she found no difficulty in believing that he had easily

reconciled himself to disappointment, and that he had, perhaps, his eyes turned somewhere else already. Whenever they did meet they were friendly, and Minola saw no great necessity for avoiding him, except such as might seem to be imposed upon her by the fact that her friends were on one side of the political contest, while he was on the other. Mr. Sheppard even called to see her once or twice about some of the affairs of Mr. Saulsbury, and saw her alone, and said no word that did not relate to matters of business. It was a great relief to Minola to see him and not Mr. Saulsbury, and she was even frank enough to tell him so. He only said, with a grave smile, that he feared she "really never had done justice, never had done quite justice," to the motives and the character of Mr. Saulsbury. But he admitted that Mr. Saulsbury's austere manners were a little against him.

No surprise, therefore, was created in the mind of any of our friends when one morning Mr. Sheppard's card was brought to Minola, and she was told that he wished to speak a few words with her.

Mr. Money had never heard anything about Sheppard's former attentions to Minola. He was inclined to think Sheppard a very good fellow for taking any trouble about Minola's affairs at a time when he had so much of his own to occupy him.

So Minola received Mr. Sheppard in one of the sitting-rooms of the hotel, and was not displeased to see him. She even asked if he would not like to see Mr. Money. This was after he had talked to her about the particular object of his coming—something relating to what seemed in her mind the interminable arrangements about the house property which had fallen to her share.

"I should have no objection to see Mr. Money, Miss Grey—none whatever; I hope we may be good friends, although Providence has decreed that we should be on opposite sides of this political controversy. But I am not

sure whether under the circumstances it would be agreeable to all parties if I were to see Mr. Heron, or whether, not being on such terms with him, I ought to call on his friend. These are points, Miss Grey, on which you, as a lady, might not like to decide."

"Oh, I couldn't think of deciding!" Minola said hastily, for she had made her suggestion in obedience to a sudden impulse, and was not sure that she had not done something wrong; "I don't know anything about it, and perhaps I ought not to have said anything at all."

"Your suggestion, Miss Grey, was only in accordance with all the impulses of your generous nature." Mr. Sheppard still loved as much as ever his long and formal sentences. Minola could not help wondering how the House of Commons would like such a style, if Mr. Sheppard ever got a chance of displaying it there.

"You do not, I hope," he continued, "disapprove of my ambition to distinguish myself in political life? You know that I have for years cherished such an ambition; that hope still remains to me. It is not surely an illegitimate or unreasonable hope?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Sheppard, far from it; I am sure that I, like all your friends, shall be very glad to hear that you have been successful in your ambition—I think it ought to be the ambition of every man who has any talents."

"Thank you, Miss Grey. You do not, I observe, wish me success in this particular contest. That, I suppose, would be too much for me to expect."

Minola only shook her head.

"I am afraid I shall only grieve you in this then," he said, dropping his eyes, "for I am certain to win, Miss Grey."

Minola thought of her unholy compact, and wished he would talk of something else, or, better still, go away.

"I am sorry you can't both win," she said good-humoredly; "then we could all be pleased, and we might

say all we liked without fear of seeming unfriendly to one or the other." She could not help feeling that this speech was a little like one of Mr. Sheppard's own.

"Is it true," Mr. Sheppard asked abruptly, "what people say in Keeton—this about Mr. Heron and Miss Money?"

"I don't know much about the gossip of Keeton, Mr. Sheppard, and it would not have much interest for me—I don't like Keeton."

"It is not, perhaps, mere gossip. They say that Mr. Heron is to be married to Mr. Money's daughter; that, they say, is the reason why we in Keeton are favored with the personal interference of Mr. Money in our local affairs."

Minola rose, and seemed as if she were resolved that the conversation must end there.

"I can't tell you anything about that, Mr. Sheppard. Even if I knew anything, which I don't, I could hardly be expected to talk about it. It does not concern you or me much, I suppose."

"It concerns me greatly," he said warmly. "Of course it concerns me that a stranger should come down here to Keeton interfering in our affairs, and making discord and confusion where we are all inclined to harmony. But I tell you this, Miss Grey, and you may tell your friends so, if you like—they haven't a chance here, except through you."

Minola was amazed, and could not help looking up with an expression of curiosity. Was this to be another offer to put the decision of the contest in her hands?

"Yes," he went on, as if he had understood her thought, "it shall be in your hands if you wish it. I am very ambitious of representing my native town in Parliament; but I have an ambition twenty times stronger than that, and an older ambition too. If you wish to see your friends succeed in this affair, declare your wish, and I will withdraw to please you. I can

find a chance somewhere else; I am not likely to fail in anything I set my heart upon; and no other man but myself could carry this borough in the Duke's interest at such a time as this. I can carry it, and if we two stand alone—Mr. Heron and I—I am safe to carry it; but if you only say the word, I will give up the place this moment. Think of it, Miss Grey—do give it a moment of thought. I don't want to bind you to anything; I don't put any condition; I only ask you to let me do this for *you*."

His eyes were full of eagerness, and his manner had almost lost its formalism. He did not seem to her the man she had ever known before. She felt something like respect for him.

"I could not ask you to do anything of the kind for me, Mr. Sheppard," she said gently. "Why should I? What right could I have to allow you to make any sacrifice for me? This would be a great sacrifice; and I suppose a thing a man ought not to do for any personal feeling."

"You are quite right; you had always a clearer understanding than women are supposed to have about these things. I remember your father saying so often. It would raise an outcry here against me. My own party would denounce me; I should never be looked at by any of the Duke's people again. You can hardly think what a sacrifice it would be to a man like me. But that's why I offer it. I want to make some great sacrifice—I do!—to prove to you that I am sincere, and that there is nothing I would not do for you. Mind, I am not talking of making a bargain. I only say, if you wish me to do this, it shall be done. That's all."

"I don't wish you, Mr. Sheppard; it would be most unfair and wrong of me to do so. It would be a shameful thing of me, I think, and I wish you had not thought of it, although I can't help feeling that I owe you some thanks even for the offer."

"Think of it, Miss Grey—just think a little more of it. I mean it, I assure

you; I mean it all. Let him have the seat if it pleases Mr. Money and his daughter, and if you want to please them. It will be all your doing, mind! I should be glad to make Mr. Money's acquaintance more than I have done. I have no ill will to Mr. Heron: why should I? I am not in love with Miss Money," he added, with rather a sickly smile that it pained Minola to see.

"I don't need to think it over, Mr. Sheppard; I know already what I ought to say. I could not ask you to do such a thing for me, or allow you to do it if I could prevent you. I don't understand much about such things, but it seems to me that what you propose would be dishonorable to you. No, Mr. Sheppard, go on and fight out your fight. Why should you not? We may be friends all of us just the same."

"I want to do this for you—to show you that I am sincere in all that I—all that I ever said to you."

Minola felt a color coming on her cheeks.

"I can believe you to be sincere without such a proof as that," she said.

"But do you—do you? I could be content if I thought you did believe that. Tell me that you do believe that."

"Why should I not believe it? I have always heard you spoken of as a man of the highest character—"

"It isn't that," he said, cutting off her words abruptly; "it is not that I am speaking about. You know it is not that! I want you to tell me whether you believe that I am sincere in loving you."

"I thought we were never to speak of this again," she said, and she was moving almost in alarm toward the door. He quietly stood in her way and prevented her.

"I never said so. I told you I would not give up my hope, and I don't mean to give it up. I told you in the park here, the first day that I spoke out—I told you that I would not give up, and I will not. I love you always; I did from the time when you were a child,

and I was not so very much more. I am slow sometimes, but when I get a feeling like that it never leaves me. I know you used to laugh at me and to make fun of me, but I didn't care much about that, and I don't care. It wasn't a very generous thing to do, knowing what you did about me. No, no, Minola, you shan't go yet; indeed you shan't. You must hear me now, once for all."

"If it will be once for all, Mr. Sheppard; if you will promise me that——"

"No, no! I'll promise nothing. I'll never give up this hope, I tell you fairly; never, never, Minola. Yes, you used to laugh at me, and it wasn't generous; but who expects generosity from a woman?—and in any case it couldn't change the feelings of a man like me to you—no, not if you treated me like a dog. You don't know what it is to be insanely in love with some one who does not care about you. If you did, you could make some allowance for me."

His whole manner was so strange and so wild that it compelled the attention of Minola, and almost made her afraid. She had never seen in him anything like this before. Some of his words too fell touchingly and painfully on her ear. Did she then not know what it was to be foolishly in love without hope of return? Did she not? and ought not what she knew to make her more tender toward this man, who, in so strange a way, seemed to be only in like case with herself? She ceased to fear Mr. Sheppard, or to feel her old repugnance for him. Her manner became gentle and even sweet, as she spoke to him, and tried to reason with him.

"If I ever did laugh at you, Mr. Sheppard, it was only as girls who know no better will laugh at people whom, if they only did know better, they would respect. I was wrong and silly, and I ask your pardon most sincerely. I don't think, Mr. Sheppard, I am likely to offend many people by any excess of good spirits for the future."

"You never offended me," he said eagerly, "or, if you did, it was only for the moment, and I didn't care. You were welcome to say anything you liked, and to laugh at me as much as you liked; you are still. You may laugh at me, Minola, the moment my back is turned if you like. That won't make me love you the less, or give up trying to make you change your mind."

"Why can't we be friends, Mr. Sheppard? I could like you much I am sure now if you would only let me."

"No, no! we never can be friends," he said, taking up his hat, as if he felt that it would be useless to say any more then. "We might be enemies, Minola—although I can't well think of myself as your enemy—but I'll never consent to be your friend."

"We never can be anything else then," Minola said more firmly. "I don't mean to marry. The man does not live in the world," she declared with positive energy, "whom I would marry; and I couldn't love you, Mr. Sheppard; and for heaven's sake, I beseech of you, let us not have all this to go over again and again. I wonder men can degrade themselves in such a manner—it is pitiful; it is shameful!" she added. "I would not if I were a man so lower myself for all the women in the world."

"There is nothing I would not lower myself to for you—nothing I would not do for you. I don't call it lowering myself; I am in love with you, and I would do anything to carry my point; and I don't give up yet. Don't let it be war to the knife between us two, Minola."

"I want no war, but only peace," she said gently. "I want to be your friend, Mr. Sheppard; I will not be your enemy even if you do persecute me."

He made no further effort to detain her, but opened the door for her, and allowed her to go without another word.

Mr. Sheppard's passion, strong as it was, did not wholly blind him. He

saw that he had gained an advantage worth trying for. He saw that Minola had been impressed for the first time with a certain respect for him. This was something to have gained, and he went away with a feeling of satisfaction. He had offered to give up one great, and as he believed, almost certain chance of gratifying his ambition for her sake. He was perfectly sincere in the offer, and he would have been wild with pride and delight if she had accepted it. Now that she had refused he felt that the best thing he could do was to fight the battle out as she had said herself, and win it. "When I defeat her friend she can't laugh at me then," he thought. Mr. Sheppard had not had much experience in the ways of women, nor had he studied women and courtship in romance or poetry. But he had enough at least of instinctive knowledge to understand that power and success count for more usually in the eyes of women than piteous appeal. He went home prepared again for the battle, and again longing for it.

It is quite true that Minola for her part felt a higher respect for him than she had ever known before. Her own experiences had taught and had softened her. He really was sincere; he was in love and with her, she now felt. Perhaps a woman can never feel merely anger or scorn for one who she believes does really love her. The whole bearing of the man had seemed to be dignified by genuine emotion. His strange offer had something in it that she recognized as chivalrous in a sort of perverted way. When Minola used to read "Ivanhoe," and think over all its people as if they were living beings whom she either loved or hated, she always felt driven in despite of all propriety to feel a certain admiration for the Templar, Brian de Bois Guilbert. Especially was she struck with admiration for him when he offered to throw away career and reputation in Europe if Rebecca would love him, and go with him to seek out some new sphere of life. The memo-

ry of these readings and thinkings came oddly back upon her now.

"This poor Sheppard is a sort of Templar," she could not help thinking. "To offend the Duke's people is just as great a sacrifice for him as for my old friend Bois Guilbert to throw away the chances of rising to be Grand Master of his order. The public opinion of Keeton is as much to one hero as the voice of Europe to the other. Going to look for a new borough is as bad a thing perhaps in our days as trying for a new career among the Saracens or wherever it was. I begin to think poor Mr. Sheppard is as good a hero as any one else. He is a fool to make such an offer, and I suppose it is rather dishonorable—at least it looks a little like that to me—but I suppose all men will twist their code of honor a little to suit themselves, and at all events it is no worse than the conduct of the Templar, and I used to admire him."

Of course in all this Minola assumed herself to be talking ironically, and in fact to be relieving her mind of many sarcasms at the expense of man. But there was a little of earnest too in her enforced jesting.

"Our rival must have a good deal of time to spare," Mr. Money observed when Minola saw him shortly after; "or he must be very good-natured to take so much trouble about Mr. Saulsbury's affairs. I suspect the truth is that he feels pretty sure of the result."

"Then you think we have lost?" Minola asked, dismayed.

"All except honor, I fear," he answered coolly. "I don't see much chance, Miss Grey. The extreme 'Rads' won't have anything to do with us, I am pretty sure. Your Keeton friend stands to win unless something wonderful happens."

"But will those extreme people vote for him—for Mr. Sheppard?"

"There's no knowing; you can't count upon these fellows. But even if they don't, you see it will come to about the same thing—at least unless they all hold back in a mass, which is

not at all likely. I think it will be this way: a few of them will vote for Sheppard, just because they hate no one so much as a Liberal who is not strong enough for them; and those few will be enough to give your Keeton friend the seat."

Lucy and Minola both looked rather blank at this prospect. Minola began almost to wish she had taken Sheppard at his word. Suddenly Mr. Money was called away by some political fellow worker, who had a face which was like a title page to some wonderful volume of news.

In a few moments Mr. Money returned full of excitement, and holding a paper in his hand.

"I say, young ladies," he exclaimed, "here's a new incident for you; something sensational I should say. Here's our friend St. Paul coming out himself at the last moment as a candidate for Keeton in the Red Republican interest, and denouncing the Duke, his brother, as if the Duke were Cain and he were the ghost of Abel."

"But can he do that, papa?" asked Lucy indignantly.

"Can he do what, Lucelet?"

"Become a candidate now, dear, at this time?"

"Why, of course he can—what should hinder him? The nomination isn't until the day after to-morrow."

"Oh, but I call it so unfair!"

"My dear little Lucelet, what do you think he cares what you call it or what anybody else calls it?"

"Then does this destroy our chances altogether?" Lucy plaintively asked. "I always thought he was a treacherous man."

"Stuff, my good little girl; there are no treacheries in politics and elections. But I must think this over a little. I am not by any means sure that it may not prove an uncommonly good thing for us, by Jove. Where's Heron? I must get at him at once, and so, young ladies, good-by for the moment."

Mr. Money hurried away. During the few moments he had stopped to

talk to the girls several excited heads had been thrust into the room, as if entreating him to come away.

Minola, too, was not by any means sure that this new incident was not meant to turn to the account of Victor Heron. This, then, was clearly Mr. St. Paul's plot. She understood quite enough of the explanation Mr. Money had been giving to see that if any of the extreme Radical votes could be taken from Sheppard's side, the chances of Heron would go up at once. She could not doubt that Mr. St. Paul knew this still better. She became full of excitement; and, such is the demoralizing effect of all manner of competition on human creatures, that Minola now found herself wishing that the candidate she favored might win by Mr. St. Paul's device or that of any one else; but win somehow.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"MISCHIEF, THOU ART AFOOT."

NEVER was the aspect of a community more suddenly changed than that of Keeton from the moment when St. Paul flung himself into the contest. Up to that hour a grave decorum had governed even its most strenuous efforts. There was plenty of speech-making, of crowds, confusion, and noise; but everything was in decent order. There were no personal attacks; and the Liberal candidate had not allowed a great scope even to the good spirits and the humorous powers of all his followers. A somewhat elaborate courtesy had been observed between the candidates and their leading supporters on both sides. Mr. Heron had always spoken with high respect of Mr. Sheppard, who of course had not failed on his part to do justice to the personal character of his opponent. In fact, as the orators on both sides were in the habit of observing about twenty times a day, it was a contest of political principles altogether, and by no means a contest of persons.

All this was now changed. Mr. St. Paul had leaped into the arena with a vivacity which proved only too contagious. His speeches were alternations of vehement personal abuse and broad, audacious humor. Throne, altar, and caste seemed alike to be the targets of his oratory. He was the reddest of all Red Republicans. He was the typical *proletaire of proletaires*. Mr. Money had denounced the ministers and the Tories; Mr. St. Paul denounced the ministers, the Opposition, the Tories, the Liberals, the aristocracy, and the middle class with equal fervor. The employers of labor and the clergy of all denominations came in for rattling vituperation at his hands. He assailed the two candidates and their political professions with good-humored contempt. He declared that if the Liberal candidate had a personal grievance which he wanted to put right in the contest, he, St. Paul, had a personal grievance of a nature far more nearly concerning the people of Keeton—a grievance against the brother who had disowned and cast him off; who had slandered him, ousted him from the affections of his father, driven him into exile; but who, thank heaven, could not intimidate him, or turn him into a crawling sycophant. He boasted that in spite of his brother, who had tried to ruin him, he had made a fortune by his own hands and his own brains in the great free republic, the land where there were no dukes, where all men were equal, where there was no hireling State clergy, and no trampling tyranny of employers—need he say it was the glorious republic beyond the Atlantic? He made dreadful work of the allusion in Mr. Sheppard's address to the services rendered to Keeton by the ducal family. He indignantly asked of his hearers what a duke had ever done for the town. When had a duke pressed the honest hand of a Keeton workingman? When had a duke or a duchess taken the slightest interest in the poor and virtuous workingwomen of Keeton? Nay, he asked, when had a

Keeton tradesman—and the Keeton tradesmen had done more to make the place than the dukes—when had a Keeton tradesman or his wife been invited inside the doors of the ducal residence? The very men who were fighting the Duke's battle to-day would find themselves very lucky indeed if they got even a civil bow from the Duke or the Duchess to-morrow.

There was quite enough of truth in these hits to make them tell. St. Paul managed to "fetch," as he would himself have expressed it, a good many among the discontented middle class of the place. But with the *proletaire* he was a tremendous success. There had been some quarrel lately between the employers and the work people in the town, in which the latter were finally defeated, and the defeat rankled in their hearts, and they were glad of any chance of giving vent to their sense of wrong. St. Paul was, of course, all the more successful when he denounced aristocracy and caste because of his being one of the aristocracy and the ruling caste himself. He proudly declared that he had renounced his courtesy title, and that he stood on his merits as a man—a workingman who had worked with his own hands in a free land, and made a fortune there by manly energies, and brains, and strength.

One little incident made him more than ever a hero. At the second meeting he held—it was in the large room of a great public house—there was a good deal of noisy interruption, which seemed to come from one man in especial. He was recognized at once as a person employed in some way by Mr. Sheppard; a man of great muscle and a sort of local bully. Loud cries of "Turn him out!" were raised. The disturber bawled a defiant request to the general company to let him know who proposed to turn him out.

St. Paul paused in his flow of eloquence.

"The honorable elector wishes to know," he said in his familiar tone of imperturbable good humor, "who will

turn him out? I can tell him at once. I'll turn him out if he interrupts again in any way. This meeting is called by me. This hall is hired by me. I beg of my friends here not to interfere in the slightest. If that honorable elector interrupts again, I will throw him down those stairs."

Amid tremendous cheering the intrepid St. Paul resumed his eloquent argument. His boisterous enemy at once began his interruption all over again. St. Paul stopped.

"Let no one interfere," he quietly said, "while I put that person out of the room."

He promptly came down from the platform, amid vociferous cheering and wild excitement.

Then followed a tumultuous scene, in which cheering, screaming, stamping, struggling, swearing, and indescribable noise of all kinds, deafened every ear. A way was made for St. Paul, who advanced toward his antagonist. The latter awaited him in attitude of utter defiance. St. Paul seized him round the waist and a furious struggle set in. It was not of long endurance, however. The local bully was well enough in Keeton "rows." He had strength enough and all the skill that Keeton quarrels could teach, but St. Paul had had the training of Eton, and Oxford, and London, and all the practice of the rugged West. He was the gamin and the rowdy in one. The outlawry of two hemispheres had taught him its arts of defence and offence. He lifted the unlucky and too confident disturber clean off his feet. He carried him out through frantically cheering ranks, and he kept his word by literally throwing him down the stairs.

Then he came back, good-humored and cool as ever, and he went on with his speech. He was the idol of the Keeton mob from that moment forth. He was escorted that night to his hotel by a tumultuous throng of admirers, who would probably have offered to pull down the ducal hall if the rebel of the ducal family had hinted that

it would give him any pleasure to see it done.

All this changed completely the character of the contest. It became fierce and turbulent on both sides. Some of the followers of Mr. Sheppard tried retaliation, very much against the prudent advice of that candidate himself. The few days remaining before the election were so furious and riotous, that Mr. Money began to think it would be best to send his daughter and Minola home to London. Mr. Heron was so much engrossed in his cause and his speeches that he hardly heeded the tumults. He had been used to rougher scenes, and these made scarcely any impression on him. It sometimes seemed to Minola that Mr. Blanchet liked the tumult less than any one; that even Lucy did not shrink from it with so much abhorrence. It was natural, she thought, that one who was at least of poetic nature, even if he were not a great poet, should shrink away from such degrading scenes. She felt her half assumed dislike for men grow more and more into reality as she saw these specimens of the way in which they conduct their political contests.

In truth there had been springing up in sleeping Keeton of late years a class of whom the park knew nothing, of whom the middle class knew little more, but which was likely to make a considerable change in the way of conducting local politics. The park and the middle class heeded nothing while this rough new body was growing into ideas about its own strength, its own wrongs, and its own rights. In Keeton, as in other places, people would probably have thought it wise to shut away from themselves all knowledge of unpleasant facts as long as they could, and if it had been hinted that there was a somewhat self-conceited and fierce *proletaire* class growing up in the town during all the years, while the middle class were fawning on the dukes and duchesses, and the dukes and duchesses languidly patronizing the middle class, the

prudent persons would have preferred to hear and say no more about such unlikely and disagreeable things. The election contest first made it evident that some of the seed grains scattered by modern socialism had been blown as far as Keeton, and had sunk into the soil there and begun to grow up into rugged stems and prickly leaves.

Minola absolutely refused to save herself by flight to London, or to believe that there could be any danger of serious disturbance. If nothing else had kept her from leaving Keeton, her curiosity would have been enough. She was intensely anxious to see what would come of St. Paul's appearance on the scene. She was almost afraid to think of the part she had innocently consented to play. She remembered now St. Paul's illustration about the king who was summoned to cut the mysterious rope, and she thought that she was really in a position very much like his. She was perplexed, amused, curious, a little afraid, but still anxious above all things for Victor Heron's success, and determined to see the contest out, come what might.

It was the night before the polling day. Minola and Lucy were alone in their room. Victor Heron and Money were away speechmaking somewhere. Since the appearance of St. Paul in the strife the girls had not gone to many meetings, or left the hotel after nightfall. Things were looking rather uncheerful now, and the two young women no longer regarded the whole affair as a great holiday or masquerade.

Lucy in especial was melancholy. The little weather glass of her temperament rose and fell very readily to the changes of the atmosphere around her. The two friends were silent for a while. Lucy began at last to talk of what filled her mind.

"I wish this was all over, Nola dear; I have a horrid foreboding as if something were going to happen—something unpleasant, I mean, of course."

"This room is dull," Minola said.

"Come out on the balcony, Lucy. The evening is beautiful. It is a sin to sit here and not see the sky."

The girls went into the balcony and stood there and looked out upon the scene. The hotel stood not far from the Court House, which Minola used to know so well in former days. The roof of the court and the capitals of some of its white pillars could be seen from the balcony. In another direction lay the bridge, a little to the right of the girls in the balcony. The place where the hotel and the Court House stood was one of the few broad openings among the little maze of narrow streets which made up the town of Keeton. Minola could see the bridge plainly, and across the bridge the dark trees of the park. A faint continuous murmur was in their ears all the time. It might perhaps be the rush of the river, a little louder of sound than was its wont; but Minola fancied it was the noise of shouting mobs somewhere—a noise to which Keeton streets, once so sleepy, were growing of late to be somewhat accustomed. This, however, was louder and longer than the sound of such popular manifestations as it usually reached the hotel. Minola, if she felt any alarm or misgiving, thought the best thing would be not to call her companion's attention to the sounds.

The night was beautiful, as Minola had said. It was yet summer, although the evenings were growing short; no breath of autumnal chilliness yet saddened the soft air.

"I wish they would come back," Lucy murmured. "I don't at all like our being left alone in this way, Nola. I feel as if we ought to be afraid. Don't you?"

"No, dear, there is nothing to be afraid of."

"Do you think so really? Ah, but it is different with you."

Lucy sighed, and Minola knew well what she would have said if she had spoken out her thoughts. She would have said, "It is so different with you; you can afford to be composed

and not alarmed, for you have not a father engaged in all this, nor a man whom you love." Minola read her thoughts and was silent, thinking all the more herself for the silence.

"Hush! there is somebody," Lucy suddenly said, looking back into the room. "There certainly is some one there."

So there was; but it was not either of the two Lucy wished to see. It proved to be Mr. Blanchet, who had come into the room unseen while the girls were in the balcony. Minola felt glad to see him on the whole. It was a relief from the melancholy monotony of the evening, and of poor little Lucy's bodings and fears.

Herbert Blanchet came out into the balcony in his familiar way, the way of a picturesque poet conscious of his poetry and his picturesqueness. It was a curious study, if any unconcerned observer there and then could have made the study, to notice the difference between the manner of Blanchet toward the two girls. To Lucy he was easy and even patronizing, as if he would convey the idea that it was a kindness on his part to make himself agreeable to her. But to Minola he went on as if she were his acknowledged patroness and the ruler of his destiny. In good truth, however, there was not then much of a place for him in the mind of either girl.

"Where have you come from? Where is papa?" Lucy asked with eagerness.

"I have not been in the town," he said. "I was away by the river. I heard noises—shouting and all that—and I did not care to get among the fellows in their electioneering work. I have had rather more than I care for of it. My fellow man seems a particularly offensive creature to me when he is in his political and robustious moods. I don't, as a rule, care much about Nature, but I prefer her company by far to that of such bellowing humanity as we see down yonder."

"I hope nothing has happened to papa, or to Heron?"

"Oh, nothing has happened, you may be sure!" the poet replied coolly. "They both rather revel in that sort of thing—it seems to be their native element. It won't harm them. In my case it is different; I don't belong to the political arena; I have nothing to do with the political elevation of my fellow man. If he is to be elevated, I am content; if not, I am content also."

"I don't know how any man can be content to stand here in a balcony talking to two girls," said Minola, "while there is so much excitement down there. I could not if I were a man."

"I will go down there if you wish," he replied with deprecating grace, "although I don't know that I could be of much use; but I don't suppose there is any real danger."

"I did not speak of danger," Minola said rather contemptuously. "I only meant that there seemed to be some manly excitement there. There is no danger. It is not a battle, Mr. Blanchet."

"There was some talk of a row," he answered. "Your friend St. Paul seems to have set the people wild somehow. But I should not think it would come to anything. Anyhow, Miss Grey, if you think I ought to be there, or that I could do any good, you have only to send me there."

"No, no, Mr. Blanchet"—Minola was recovering her good humor—"I don't want you to go. But Miss Money was a little uneasy about her father, and perhaps we were both disappointed that you did not come bringing us some news from the seat of war. You see they won't allow us to go to the front any more."

Meanwhile the noise grew louder and louder; it came nearer and nearer too. There was a fury in the sound as clearly to be distinguished from the shouting to which they were well accustomed as the obstreperous clamor of boys at play is from the cry of pain or passion.

"Something bad is going on, I

know," Lucy said, turning pale and looking at Minola.

Minola and Blanchet both leaned from the balcony, and could see a straggling group of women, and boys, and a few men, making, as in a sort of stampede, for the neighborhood of the hotel. They all kept looking eagerly behind them, as if something were coming that way which they feared, and yet were curious to see. These fugitives, if they were to be called so, seemed to increase in numbers even as the watchers on the balcony looked out.

Mr. Blanchet went languidly down stairs to ask what the commotion was about, but could hear nothing more precise in the hotel than the rumor that a riot of some kind had broken out in the town, and that there were not police enough to put it down. He came back to the balcony again. For his own part he felt no manner of curiosity. He had always supposed that there were riots at elections, and he assumed that some persons of the lower classes generally got their heads broken. There was nothing in that to interest him. It might happen even that the candidates or their friends sometimes came in for rough treatment; Mr. Blanchet would not have been very much disturbed by that in the present case. If Mr. Heron had got hurt, he would have thought that on the whole it served him right.

Minola watched eagerly from the balcony. Some affrighted people were now running past under the windows of the hotel, for the most part women dragging their children after them. Minola called out to some, and asked what was happening, but they only answered in some inarticulate attempt at explanation, and kept on their way. Some men passed almost in as much haste, and Blanchet called to them grandly to ask what was "up." One shouted out that there was a terrible row going on in the town, got up by the "St. Paul's men," and that the military were sent for. Two of Moncey's servants, one his own man, were

seen going out of the hotel in the direction of the increasing clamor. Lucy cried to them, and asked where they were going, and what had happened, but they only returned a respectful reassurance, something to the effect that it was nothing of any consequence, and then ran on toward the scene of the supposed disturbance, looking as if they thought it of much greater consequence than they said. The waiters and other servants of the hotel were presently seen to make preparations for closing the doors and windows.

"Things are beginning to look serious," said Blanchet, beginning to look very serious himself.

"They must not close these windows," Minola said. "I mean to stay here and see what happens. If they do close the windows, I will stay here in the balcony all the same."

"And so will I, Nola," Lucy exclaimed, looking pale, but showing no want of pluck. "Something may have happened to papa."

"I don't know that it would not be better for you, ladies, to go in," Blanchet gravely urged. "I think, Miss Grey, you can hardly do much good here, and you would be quite safe indoors. Suppose you go in, and let them close these windows?"

"You don't seem to understand women's curiosity, Mr. Blanchet, if you fancy that Lucy and I could be content to be shut up while all you men were in the midst of some exciting adventure, and perhaps in most poetic danger." Minola spoke with a contempt she cared to make no effort to conceal. She thought Mr. Blanchet was selfish, and had no interest in the safety of other people. She had not yet formed the suspicion which later was forced into her mind.

Some of the servants of the hotel came to say that they believed there was a rather serious riot going on in the town, and that it would be prudent to close the windows and have the shutters put up, as it was quite possible that stones might be thrown, and might do mischief. Both the

girls steadily refused to leave the balcony. Mr. Blanchet added his remonstrances, but without any effect. Minola suggested that the windows might be closed behind them as they stood on the balcony, and that Mr. Blanchet might, if he pleased, withdraw into the hotel; but she declared that Lucy and she would remain on the balcony.

"I don't believe there is a bit of real danger to us or to any one," she declared.

"But, my dear young lady," Mr. Blanchet urged, "what possible good can you do in any case by remaining on this balcony? I don't see how you could help Mr. Money and Mr. Heron, supposing them to be in any danger, by staying out there when these people evidently want us to come in."

"For a poet, Mr. Blanchet," Minola said coldly, "you do not seem to have much of the dramatic instinct that helps people to understand the feelings of other people. Do you think Lucy Money could be content to hide herself in a cellar, and wait until some one kindly remembered to come and tell her how things were going with her father and—her friends?"

Minola spoke in immense scorn.

The argument was cut short. The flying crowd had been increasing every moment, and now the space before the windows of the hotel was thickly studded with people, who having run thus far appeared inclined to make a stand there, and see what was next to happen. The shadows were falling deeply, and it was beginning to be difficult to discern features clearly among the crowd under the windows. The clamor, the screaming, the noise of every kind had been increasing with each moment, until those in the balcony might almost have fancied that a battle of the old-fashioned kind, before the use of gunpowder, was being fought at a little distance.

In another moment a small group of persons came hurrying up to the door of the hotel in a direction opposite to that from which the clamor of strife

was heard. Minola could see the uniforms of policemen among this hurrying and seemingly breathless group, and she thought she recognized one face in their midst.

The group consisted of a few policemen, wild with the haste and the excitement of their movements, and some civilians mixed up with them; and Minola soon saw that her first conjecture was right, and that they were forming a body-guard to protect Mr. Augustus Sheppard. She could now see Sheppard's face distinctly. It was pale, and full of surprise and wrath; but there did not seem much of fear about it. On the contrary, Mr. Sheppard seemed to be a sort of prisoner among his protectors and guardians. Apparently they were forcing him away from a scene where they believed there was danger for him, and he was endeavoring to argue against them, and almost to resist their friendly pressure. All this Minola, having tolerably quick powers of observation, took in, or believed she took in, at a glance.

The policemen and some of the civilians with them were knocking at the door of the hotel, and apparently expostulating with some of the people within. At first Minola could not understand the meaning of this. Mr. Blanchet was quicker. He guessed what was going on, and by leaning as far as his long form allowed him over the balcony he was able to hear some of the words of parley.

"I say," he said, drawing back his head, "this is rather too good. This fellow—what's-his-name? Sheppard—is the unpopular candidate now, and the mob is after him, and these policemen are asking the people to take him in here, and bring all the row on us. I do hope they won't do that. What do we care about the fellow? Why should we run any risks if the police themselves can't protect him?"

Mr. Blanchet was very pale.

"For shame, Mr. Blanchet," Minola said indignantly. "Would you leave him to be killed?"

"Oh, they won't kill him! You may be sure——"

"No, not if we can save him," Minola said. "These people shall take him in! Lucy, these rooms belong to your father now. Run to them and insist on their letting him in. I'll go down myself and open the doors, and bring him in."

"They shall let him in," Lucy exclaimed, and ran down stairs. Minola was about to follow her.

"This is very generous," said Blanchet, with a sickly effort at composure, "but it is very unwise, Miss Grey. I don't know that in the absence of Mr. Money I ought to allow you to expose yourselves to such risks."

"Try if you can hinder us, Mr. Blanchet! For shame! Yes, I *am* ashamed of you. Oh, no, don't talk to me! I am sorry to find that you are a coward."

With this hard word she left him and ran down stairs. Just at this moment he heard the doors opened, in compliance with the insistence of Lucy. He heard her say with a certain firm dignity, which he had hardly expected to find in the little maid, that if any harm were done to the hotel because of Mr. Sheppard being taken in, her father would make it good to the owner. Then, in a moment, the two girls returned, doing the honors as hostesses to Mr. Sheppard.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALL THE RIVALS AT ONCE.

MR. SHEPPARD made what he must have felt to be a sort of triumphal entrance. Perhaps he might have said with perfect truth, in the language appropriate to election contests, that that was the proudest moment of his life. He was almost dragged into the room by the two breathless girls, who, in the generous delight of having saved him from danger, seemed as if they could not make too much of him. He felt Minola's hand on his, as she forced

him into the room. She would not let him go until she had fairly brought him into the room and closed the door behind him. For Mr. Sheppard had really resisted with some earnestness the attempt to make him prisoner for his own safety. The genial constraint of Minola's hand was a delight. There was, less perceptibly to himself, another sensation of delight in his heart also. He had for the first time in his life been in serious danger, and he knew that he had not been afraid. It is no wonder if he felt a little like a hero now.

He came in a good deal flushed, and even, if we may say so, ruffled; but he made a gallant effort to keep up his composure. The first sight he met in the room was the pale, pitiful, angry, and scowling face of the insulted Blanchet. "Are they going to embrace the fellow?" the embittered poet asked of his indignant soul, as he saw the unpopular candidate thus led forward by the eager girls.

Blanchet fell back into a corner, not deigning to say a word of welcome to the rescued Sheppard. Mr. Sheppard, however, hardly noticed him.

"I am sorry to disturb you, ladies," he said; "and I am obliged beyond measure for your kindness. I am not afraid myself of any danger in Keeton, but the police thought some disturbance might happen, and they insisted on my going out of the streets; but I shall be able to relieve you of this intrusion in a few minutes, I feel quite certain."

"You sha'n't stir from this place, Mr. Sheppard, until everything is perfectly safe and quiet," Minola said. "If necessary, Lucy—Miss Money—and I will hold you prisoner until all danger is over. We are not afraid either."

At this moment there was such a renewal of the clamor that Minola could not restrain her curiosity; but having begged Mr. Sheppard to remain where he was, and not show himself, she ran into the balcony again.

The sight she saw was so turbulent

and to her so unusual that for a second or two she could make nothing of it. She saw only a confusion of heads and faces, and whirling arms and lights, and men falling, and furious blows interchanged, and the confusion was made almost bewildering by the shouting, the screaming, and the curses, and yells of triumph which seemed to her excited ears to fill all the air. At last she got to understand, as if by a kind of inspiration, that a fierce mob were trying to break into the hotel, and that the police were doing their best to defend it. The poor police were getting the worst of it. At the same time she was aware of a certain commotion in the room behind her, which she felt somehow was occasioned by the efforts of Mr. Sheppard to get out at any risk to himself, and the attempts of Lucy and some of the servants to dissuade him. To this, however, Minola now could pay but slight attention. She felt herself growing sick and faint with horror as she saw one policeman struck down, and saw the blood streaming from his face. She could not keep from a wild cry. Suddenly her attention was drawn away even from this; for in a moment, she could not tell how, a diversion seemed to be effected in the struggle, and Minola saw that Heron and Mr. Money were in the thick of it.

Her first impulse was to spring back into the room and tell Lucy of her father's danger. Luckily, however, she had sense enough to restrain this mad impulse, and not to set Lucy wild with alarm to no possible purpose. She saw that Heron, at the head of a small, resolute body of followers, had fought his way in a moment into the very heart of the crowd and was by the side of the policemen. He dragged to his feet the fallen policeman; he seized with vehement strength one after another of those who were pressing most fiercely on the poor fellow; she could see two or three of these in succession flung backward in the crowd; she could see that Heron had some shining thing in his hand which she

assumed to be a revolver; and she put her hands to her ears with a woman's instinctive horror of the sound which she expected to follow; and when no sound came she wondered why Heron did not use his weapon and defend the police. She could see Mr. Money engaged now in furious remonstrance and now in furious blows with some of the mob, whom he appeared to drag, and push, and drive about, as if there were no such thing in the world as the possibility of harm to himself, or of his getting the worst of it. For a while the resolute energy of the attempt at rescue made by Heron and Money appeared to carry all before it; but after a moment or two the mob saw how small was the number of those who were trying to effect the diversion. As Minola came to know afterward, Heron and Money had only heard in another part of the town that a riot was going on near the hotel, and hurried on with half a dozen friends, arriving just at a very critical moment. They came by the same way as the police and Sheppard had come, and, falling on the mob unexpectedly, made for a moment a very successful diversion. But they were soon surrounded by the rallying crowd, and Minola saw her two friends receive many savage blows, and she wondered in all her wild alarm how they seemed to make so little of them, but went on struggling, striking, knocking down, just as before. Above all she wondered why Victor Heron did not use his revolver to defend his friends and himself, not knowing, as Victor did, that the weapon was good for nothing. At least it was good for nothing just then but inarticulate dumb show. He had not loaded it, never thinking that there was the least chance of his having to use it; and, indeed, it was only by the merest chance that he happened to have it in his pocket. Such as it was, however, it had done him some service thus far; for more than one sturdy rioter had fallen back in sudden dismay, and given Victor a chance to knock his heels from under him, when

little row, and I've come to offer them the assurance of my regret."

Victor Heron broke from those around him, and went up to St. Paul.

"Mr. St. Paul, I hold you responsible for the whole of what has happened to-night," he said. "You set your blackguards on to disturb this town, and if any harm comes of it—if that poor policeman who has been hurt should come to any grief, you shall be accountable for it. I promise you that you shall."

"We are all rather confused to-night," St. Paul coolly replied, "and we are in a humor for making rather sweeping assertions. I am sorry you got hurt, Heron, on my honor; but there's no use in making a fuss about these things. I tell you what, my good fellow, you owe it to me altogether that you have not had your brains knocked out."

"Your gang of hired bravoës were capable of anything in the way of crime," Heron said; "but if they hadn't been twenty to one, we shouldn't have wanted the intervention of their employer. Thank God, I put my mark on some of them!"

"Dare say you did. That's the way with all you peaceful fellows. I'm glad I came in time, however; and it's no use our losing our tempers about the whole affair. It wasn't much of a row after all."

"Let me tell you, Mr. St. Paul," Money said, coming to the rescue, "that if you think you can carry things off in this way, you are confoundedly mistaken. You know as well as I do that you will never be allowed to hold a seat got by such flagrant and such—such infernal intimidation."

"You may rely upon it, Mr. St. Paul," Mr. Sheppard said, likewise interfering in the dispute, "that neither Mr. Heron nor I will allow the proceedings of this night to go without a full judicial inquiry. Violence, sir, shall never be allowed to triumph in the Parliamentary elections of this ancient and honorable borough."

"Bravo, Sheppard. That's very

well said indeed," the incorrigible St. Paul observed. "You have evidently been preparing for the place of its representative. But wouldn't it be as well, gentlemen, to wait until the close of the poll before we go into all this? I have, of course, all the confidence which a good cause and the support of the people must give a man; but in such a borough there are unfortunately other influences at work, as our friend Sheppard knows, and it is just possible that I may not be elected. For the present I only came to offer to the ladies the expression of my sincere regret that they should have been annoyed or alarmed in any way. I don't see Miss Money present; but I am happy enough to see Miss Grey, and I hope she will allow me to offer my apologies for what was, however, no fault of mine."

Minola had kept near her window all this time, and was in hope of escaping without notice. But Mr. St. Paul coolly made his way to her, pushing all intervening persons aside, as if they hardly counted for anything in his progress.

"I hope you don't think all this absurd affair was my personal doing," he said when he was close to her.

"I hope it was not your doing," Minola replied emphatically. "I should think it disgraceful for any one to have caused so much disturbance and done so much harm."

"Hadn't a thing to do with it, I give you my word. But don't you mind these fools. Lucky for some of them that I came in time."

"It was disgraceful," said Minola. A poor man was very much hurt, I am told."

"It was not a very big row after all," he observed calmly. "I have seen twenty bigger about which there wasn't half the talk. Anyhow, you'll find I have kept my word, Miss Grey; your man stands to win."

He made her a polite bow, took in the company generally in a friendly salute, and left the room with the

same entirely self-satisfied good humor which he had brought in with him.

Minola felt that in a manner the eyes of the world were on her. She went up to Mr. Money, passing Victor Heron on her way.

"Where is Lucy, Mr. Money?" she asked.

"Oh, we sent her out of the room! I really thought I saw you going with her. She got frightened when she saw that Heron—and myself, I suppose—were a little hurt. She is very nervous, and she seemed like fainting."

"I'll go to her," Minola said.

She was hastily leaving the room, when Victor Heron stopped her. He seemed greatly annoyed at something.

"What was that fellow saying to you, Miss Grey? I advised you before not to let that man talk to you so much. You are too young; you don't understand; but I do wish you would not encourage him. He seems to go on as if he were a personal friend of

yours. Don't let him, Miss Grey. Do have sense and take my advice."

Minola thanked him with a grave and perplexing politeness, and made haste to follow Lucy. While she was speaking to, or rather listening to, Heron, the eyes of Mr. Sheppard had been on them, even as the eyes of Heron had been on her while she spoke to Mr. St. Paul. Sheppard saw that her manner to Heron was cool and indifferent, and he was glad once more.

Victor Heron turned away disappointed. As Minola was leaving the room she heard him ask—

"Where's Blanchet? Has any one seen Blanchet? I saw him last in the thick of the fight. He came to my help in good time, and I hope he isn't hurt. Look for Blanchet somebody."

A pang went through Minola's heart. She thought that if any harm had befallen the poet, it might have been her bitter words which drove him in the way of it. "And I was quite unjust to him, and he is no coward," she said to herself remorsefully.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

ATTENTION has just been called anew to Charlotte Brontë by the "Monograph" from the pen of T. Wemyss Reid, who seeks to prove especially her cheerfulness and soundness of nature.

Not long after the death of her father, a leading journal in this country rejoiced that there were no more Brontës: "none left to bear that name which always meant misery and spiritual unhealth"—a statement which has waited long for qualification, certainly demanded in the case of the elder sister. Nothing is more true than that Mr. Brontë and his children possessed very positive traits, and in combinations peculiar to themselves, producing a very striking family idiosyn-

crasy. It is plain enough that Anne was unhealthy, that Branwell made a wreck of his life, and that Emily was a different kind of woman from any we shall be likely to meet with. No other proof is needed of this last assertion than "Wuthering Heights." It is not to be desired that another such book should be written, powerful beyond most novels though it be. Its characters are detestable, but drawn with such boldness, that we are appalled at the nerve of the writer who could conceive of such a group of beings, or, having conceived, carry them on through their individual parts to the end without faltering. Those five or six men and women stand out distinct from any company in all fic-

tion. And the girl who projected them against the background of that inhuman story was diseased in feeling and in judgment unsound. Yet, all through that book of warped but giant growth, what a keen relish of nature's delights is shown, what tenderness for wild birds, what joy in the purple moss, what passionate love for the freedom and gladness of outward life! Surely such influences are kindly; and subject to them, Emily Brontë, had she lived, might one day have found healing.

But Charlotte did such service for justice and humanity, did so exalt duty and self-sacrifice, that the world must come more and more to recognize both the service and the spirit. Author and woman cannot be separated; in Jane, Caroline, and especially Lucy, are laid bare the struggles of a heart which could find its only rest in the many-mounded churchyard at Haworth. Incomparably better than Mrs. Gaskell, do these tell her history—the roots which that biographer said “struck down deeper than she could penetrate” are shown in the so-called fictions.

As Mr. Reid remarks, this daughter of an obscure clergyman among the moors of Yorkshire startled both hemispheres by her first book. All classes read it; even those who object to novels eagerly possessed themselves of its contents; and not a few were in a state of mental intoxication over it. No one who ever read it has forgotten it; other books, with the names of hero and heroine, may have slipped away beyond recall, but who ever forgot Mr. Rochester or Jane Eyre? And on writers such was its influence, that much of the fictitious literature for a dozen years after took a coloring from it; while small, plain women, and middle-aged men, of curt speech and ungracious manners, became quite too common in that class of writings.

Marvellous power of words! What is there about the book to stir one like that? What *is* that immortal element which the author's spirit imparted, to

make of a few hundred printed pages such a power?

In incident “Shirley” falls far short of “Jane Eyre,” and yet “Shirley” was read with equal avidity; by those of sound literary taste with greater interest. The mass of readers do not, of course, stop to investigate the mechanism of a book that pleases them, or ask why it does; but even the most superficial felt that there was something real about “Jane Eyre,” as if the people were actually alive; and they were not uninfluenced by the circumstance that it was written as if it were fact. The author was one of such integrity of motive that she had not swerved aside from the main purpose, but as scrupulously put the events on record as if they were historical verities. And to do this she used words with a rigid adherence to their precise meaning, selecting the right one with almost unailing accuracy. Her style has been objected to; but if the object of writing is to express what one has to communicate, in pure, strong prose, then by whom have the point and force, the purity, and pathos, and directness of which the English tongue is capable, been brought out more fully than by Currer Bell?

Those readers who were susceptible to the merits of “Jane Eyre” must have felt the charm of keen analysis and descriptive power of the highest order, the easy flow of narrative, and perfect harmony as a whole. But beyond all this they must have been conscious of soundness of tone—notwithstanding the objectionable hero—moral healthfulness, a principle of cheerfulness, and courage, and endurance, and patient endeavor. It is in “Villette” that the greatest trial over self is reached; but in “Jane Eyre” it is evident enough that feeling must be set aside when it comes in conflict with duty. There are no good “reflections” in the book; but the truth is bravely enforced that it is the work of every man and woman to do his or her part,

wherever the place, without shirking or complaining; if there is a cross presented to them, take it on submissive shoulders; receive the burden there is for them to carry; begin the march, and fare on, without rebelling. The author denounced cant; she abhorred tyranny; she gave its own sterling importance to self-respect, and she did this in a manner for which every good woman should thank her. When it became known that "*Jane Eyre*" was written by a woman, a young woman, and the daughter of a clergyman, the wonder was great how she could have come by the knowledge of such a man as Mr. Rochester, or what could have induced her to select him, and to put into his mouth such language; but for all this, was there ever a reader of any discrimination who was hurt by the book?

If morbidness belonged to Miss Brontë, the one of her characters most fit for its display was Caroline Helstone; but even in *her* sound sense triumphed in the end, and instead of dying, according to precedent, she rallied and began anew. "*Jane Eyre*" was written under circumstances by no means favorable to cheerfulness; and what shall we say of "*Shirley*" and "*Villette*"? Think of the life of Charlotte—so often told—in that parsonage, approached through the churchyard, where the blackened slabs over the graves lay as thick as paving stones in the streets of London; behind it the wide and solitary moors; the family secluded in their habits; the six little motherless children left to take care of themselves, dying, one after another, till none but herself was left. All of the time while she was writing "*Jane Eyre*" she lived in constant apprehension of something terrible to befall her brother; she was worried by care, "which never vacated its seat in her breast." Between the publication of "*Jane Eyre*" and the completion of "*Shirley*," died Branwell, Emily, and Anne, and Charlotte was left to the dismal house, with memory and imagination for companions; she fin-

ished the story under the depressing gloom of that desolated home, from which the three had so lately been carried to join the other three in the narrow house just without the door; but can any one see where, in "*Shirley*," she laid down the pen, and where, after such interruption, she took it up again?

In "*Villette*" Charlotte's crushed heart will cry out, but her moral strength, her integrity of purpose does not fail. "*Villette*" is her greatest work; it has more calm and completeness than the others; it is sounder, healthier, broader in its aims and experiences; it is more finished and harmonious; the characters, though more in number, and more involved, are drawn with greater care and more skillfully analyzed; and in it is the most of herself. The depth of her anguish finds voice in Lucy Snow. The appalling loneliness and stagnation of her life, against which her feelings rose calling for some part in this world's activities, weighed upon her with a pressure which a less elastic nature could not have resisted. To allay that suffering she flung all her energies into "*Villette*," though pain was gnawing at her vitals, and shadows from those graves were haunting the room where she wrote. Not without cause was the sharp cry, half stifled in utterance, from the white lips of Lucy Snow. Those records of agony from tortured nerves, from heart-hunger, and heart-break, have a most profound pathos. One of the most sublime spectacles ever seen was her life at that time—a woman of organization so sensitive that she could almost feel it if a shadow crossed the sun, her mortal part wholly disproportioned to the soul it held: "battling with life and death, and grief and fate," sending a shuddering cry along those pages for some human help, some human solace, yet saying amid the thick darkness, "These ills cannot happen without the sanction of God"; "I know that His treasures contain the proof as the promise of His mercy." The conflict in such a

heart was terrible; but with all her sensibility, she had Spartan endurance; in such extremes, they seldom meet; the former alone, in the degree possessed by her, so wrought upon by sleepless nights, so influenced by outward agencies, would have carried her to the verge of insanity; the latter alone would have made her cold and hard; but incorporated as they were, we have Charlotte Brontë and her incomparable books.

Yet with all her capacity for suffering, who ever had a quicker instinct for enjoyment, or a finer relish? Its evidence is everywhere. What fondness for adventure! what a zest for novelty! with what eagerness she caught at all which savored of the hazardous and the daring! There was about some moods and movements of Jane, Shirley, and Lucy a kind of freedom that is refreshing, bracing as a tonic. There was no moping with Currer Bell. Some bits of conversation show a spirit emitting flashes like chain-lightning. In Jane they take the form of pungent retort; in Shirley, the swift cut of sarcasm. The humor of Miss Brontë was subtle and delicate, fine as a diamond point. She never repeats herself; and who can doubt that in her daily moods she must have been piquant and delightful? While Emily and Anne lived, in spite of anxiety and trial, there must have been many shrewd, bright talks between the wondrous three, some sparkles of nimble wit. Charlotte's was the daintiest spirit. How much of the impalpable entered into her composition, and how little of the earthy! How lightning-quick were her perceptions, how magnetic her sympathies! A creature, Ariel-like, part of flame, or air, to elude the grasp and mock the vision!

Her actual contact with her kind was limited, her external resources scanty; but of these she made the utmost. And from her stores, what treasures she brought forth, and what a sumptuous feast she spread! If she had but a treeless moor before her,

blackened with crags, without living thing, save as a lizard crept over the stone, or a little bird flitted in the hot air, or a bee droned in the heather-bloom, she could paint a picture of such exquisite beauty that it would charm beyond a landscape of Italy.

"Nature never did betray the heart that loved her"; she restores the equipoise; she rounds off the angles; she softens many asperities; she imparts robustness, freshness, and elasticity. All this, and infinitely more, she does for those who are in sympathy with her; and of such, beyond almost any writer, was Charlotte Brontë. She never wrote of the outward world in vague phrase, or with the cant of sentiment. Her touch was as true and tender as her tints were life-like. No other books have anything approaching her word-paintings. There are delectable bits in Charles Kingsley; and Ruskin has pictures innumerable, but in such an iridescence of color that we are bewildered by them; but the fairy-small and supple fingers which pictured the moorlands around Whitcross had the skill, as enchanting as it is rare, to make them as truly visible to the eye as the things the eye actually sees; and in that loving labor they must have had bounteous delight.

Of the small portions of happiness—as we should regard them—dealt out to her, how much Charlotte Brontë made! And how thankfully she received them! Those who have an abundance can hardly conceive of the joy with which these crumbs were gathered up. How many times she speaks of her scant possessions of human love! "Let me be content with a *temperate* draught from the living spring," she says. But, once she murmured. It was at the last, when Death was about to put forth a pitiless hand to take her from the good man and true lover who had waited so long for the wife he was to lose so soon. "Oh, I am not going to die, am I?" was Charlotte Brontë's pathetic whisper. "He will not separate us, we have been so happy!"

AMANDA B. HARRIS.

GEORGE SAND.

AMONG the eulogies and dissertations called forth by the death of the great writer who shared with Victor Hugo the honor of literary pre-eminence in France, quite the most valuable was the short notice published in the "Journal des Débats," by M. Taine. In this notice the apostle of the "milieu" and the "moment" very justly remarked that George Sand is an exceptionally good case for the study of the pedigree of a genius—for ascertaining the part of prior generations in forming one of those minds which shed back upon them the light of glory. What renders Mme. Sand so available an example of the operation of heredity is the fact that the process went on very publicly, as one may say; that her ancestors were people of qualities at once very strongly marked and very abundantly recorded. The record has been kept in a measure by George Sand herself. When she was fifty years old she wrote her memoirs, and in this prolix and imperfect but extremely entertaining work a large space is devoted to the heroine's parents and grandparents.

It was a very picturesque pedigree—quite an ideal pedigree for a romancer. Mme. Sand's great-grandfather was the Marshal Maurice de Saxe, one of the very few generals in the service of Louis XV. who tasted frequently of victory. Maurice de Saxe was a royal bastard, the son of Augustus II., surnamed the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, and of a brilliant mistress, *Aurore de Königsmark*. The victories of the *Maréchal de Saxe* were not confined to the battlefield; one of his conquests was an agreeable actress, much before the Parisian public. This lady became the mother of Mme. Sand's grandmother, who was honorably brought up and married at a very

early age to the Count de Horn. The Count de Horn shortly died, and his widow, after an interval, accepted the hand of M. Dupin de Francueil, a celebrity and a very old man. M. Dupin was one of the brilliant figures in Paris society during the period immediately preceding the Revolution. He had a large fortune, and he too was a conqueror. A sufficiently elaborate portrait of him may be found in that interesting if disagreeable book, the "Mémoires" of Mme. d'Epinay. This clever lady had been one of his spoils of victory. Old enough to be his wife's grandfather, he survived his marriage but a few years, and died with all his illusions intact, on the eve of the Revolution, leaving to Mme. Dupin an only son. His wife out-weathered the tempest, which, however, swept away her fortune; though she was able to buy a small property in the country—the rustic Château de Nohant, which George Sand has so often introduced into her writings. Here she settled herself with her son, a boy of charming promise, who was in due time drawn into the ranks of Napoleon's conquering legions. Young Dupin became an ardent Bonapartist and an accomplished soldier. He won rapid promotion. In one of the so-called "glorious" Italian campaigns he met a young girl who had followed the army from Paris, from a personal interest in one of its officers; and falling very honestly in love with her, he presently married her, to the extreme chagrin of his mother. This young girl, the daughter of a bird-catcher, and, as George Sand calls her, an "enfant du vieux pavé de Paris," became the mother of the great writer. She was a child of the people and a passionate democrat, and in the person of her daughter we see the confluence of a plebeian stream with a strain no less (in spite of its irregularity)

than royal. On the paternal side Mme. Sand was cousin (in I know not what degree) to the present Bourbon claimant of the French crown; on the other she was affiliated to the stock which, out of the "vieux pavé," makes the barricades before which Bourbons go down.

This may very properly be called a "picturesque" descent; it is in a high degree what the French term *accidenté*. Its striking feature is that each conjunction through which it proceeds is a violent or irregular one. Two are illegitimate—those of the King of Poland and his son with their respective mistresses; the other two, though they had the sanction of law, may be called in a manner irregular. It was irregular for the fresh young Countess de Horn to be married to a man of seventy; it was irregular in her son, young Dupin, to make a wife of another man's mistress, often as this proceeding has been reversed. If it is a fair description of Mme. Sand to say that she was, during that portion of her career which established her reputation, an apostle of the rights of love *quand même*, a glance at her pedigree shows that this was a logical disposition. She was herself more sensibly the result of a series of love affairs than most of us. In each of these cases the woman had been loved with a force which asserted itself in contradiction to propriety or to usage.

We may observe moreover, in this course of transmission, the opposition of the element of insubordination and disorder (which sufficiently translated itself in outward acts in Mme. Sand's younger years) and the "official" element, the respectable, conservative, exclusive strain. Three of our author's ancestresses were light women—women at odds with society, defiant of it, and, theoretically at least, discountenanced by it. The granddaughter of the Countess de Königsmark and of Mlle. Verrières, the daughter of Mme. Dupin the younger, could hardly have been expected not to take up this hereditary quarrel. It

is striking that on the feminine side of the house what is called respectability was a very relative quality. Mme. Dupin the elder took it very hard when her only and passionately loved son married a *femme galante*. She did not herself belong to this category, and her opposition is easily conceivable; but the reader of "L'Histoire de ma Vie" cannot help smiling a little when he reflects that this irreconcilable mother-in-law was the offspring of two illegitimate unions, and that her mother and grandmother had each enjoyed a plurality of lovers. At the same time, if there is anything more striking in George Sand, as a literary figure, than a certain traditional Bohemianism, it is that other very different quality which I just now called official, and which is constantly interrupting and complicating her Bohemianism. "George Sand immoral?" I once heard one of her more conditional admirers exclaim. "The fault I find with her is that she is so confidently virtuous." The military and aristocratic side of her lineage is attested by this "virtuous" property—by her constant tendency to edification and didacticism, her love of philosophizing and preaching, of smoothing and harmonizing things, and by her great literary gift, her noble and imperturbable style, the style which, if she had been a man, would have seated her in that temple of all the proprieties, the French Academy.

It is not the purpose of these few pages to recapitulate the various items of George Sand's biography. Many of these are to be found in "L'Histoire de ma Vie," a work which, although it was thought disappointing at the time of its appearance, is very well worth reading. It was given to the world day by day, as the *feuilleton* of a newspaper, and, like all the author's compositions, it has the stamp of being written to meet a current engagement. It lacks plan and proportion; the book is extremely ill made. But it has a great charm, and it contains three or four of the best portraits—the

only portraits, I was on the point of saying—that the author has painted. The story was begun, but was never really finished; this was the public's disappointment. It contained a great deal about Mme. Sand's grandmother and her father—a large part of two volumes are given to a transcript of her father's letters (and very charming letters they are). It abounded in anecdotes of the writer's childhood, her playmates, her pet animals, her school adventures, the nuns at the Convent des Anglaises by whom she was educated; it related the juvenile unfolding of her mind, her fits of early piety, and her first acquaintance with Montaigne and Rousseau; it contained a superabundance of philosophy, psychology, morality, and harmless gossip about people unknown to the public; but it was destitute of just that which the public desired—an explicit account of the more momentous incidents of the author's maturity. When she reaches the point at which her story becomes peculiarly interesting (up to that time it has simply been agreeable and entertaining), she throws up the game and drops the curtain. In other words, she talks no scandal—a consummation devoutly to be rejoiced in.

The reader nevertheless deems himself, in the vulgar phrase, a trifle "sold," and takes his revenge in seeing something very typical of the author in the shortcomings of the work. He declares it to be a nondescript performance, which has neither the value of truth nor the illusion of fiction; and he inquires why the writer should preface her task with such solemn remarks upon the edifying properties of autobiography, and adorn it with so pompous an epigraph, if she meant simply to tell what she might tell without trouble. It may be remembered, however, that George Sand has sometimes been compared to Goethe, and that there is this ground for the comparison—that in form "L'Histoire de ma Vie" greatly resembles the "Dichtung und Wahr-

heit." There is the same charming, complacent expatiation upon youthful memories, the same arbitrary confidences and silences, the same digressions and general judgments, the same fading away of the narrative on the threshold of maturity. I should never look for analogies between George Sand and Goethe; but I should say that the lady's long autobiographic fragment is in fact extremely typical—the most so indeed of all her works. It shows in the highest degree her great strength and her great weakness—her unequalled faculty of improvisation, as it may be called, and her singular want of veracity. Every one will recognize what I mean by the first of these items. People may like George Sand or not, but they can hardly deny that she is the great *improvisatrice* of literature—the writer who best answers to Shelley's description of the skylark, singing "in profuse strains of unpremeditated art." No writer has produced such great effects with an equal absence of premeditation.

On the other hand, what I have called briefly and crudely her want of veracity requires some explanation. It is doubtless a condition of her serene volubility; but if this latter is a great literary gift, its value is impaired by our sense that it rests to a certain extent upon a weakness. There is something very liberal and universal in George Sand's genius, as well as very masculine; but our final impression of her always is that she is a woman and a French woman. Women, we are told, do not value the truth for its own sake, but only for some personal use they make of it. My present criticism involves an assent to this somewhat cynical dogma. Add to this that woman, if she happens to be French, has an extraordinary taste for investing objects with a graceful drapery of her own contrivance, and it will be found that George Sand's cast of mind includes both the generic and the specific idiosyncrasy. I have more than once heard her readers say (whether it was

professed fact or admitted fiction that they had in hand), "It is all very well, but I can't believe a word of it!" There is something very peculiar in this inability to believe George Sand even in that relative sense in which we apply the term to novelists at large. We believe Balzac, we believe Gustave Flaubert, we believe Dickens and Thackeray and Miss Austen. Dickens is far more incredible than George Sand, and yet he produces much more illusion. In spite of her plausibility, the author of "Consuelo" always appears to be telling a fairy-tale. I say in spite of her plausibility, but I might rather say that her excessive plausibility is the reason of our want of faith. The narrative is too smooth, too fluent; the narrator has a virtuous independence that the muse of history herself might envy her. The effect it produces is that of a witness who is eager to tell more than is asked him, the worth of whose testimony is impaired by its importunity. The thing is beautifully done, but you feel that rigid truth has come off as it could; the author has not a high standard of exactitude; she never allows facts to make her uncomfortable. "L'Histoire de ma Vie" is full of charming recollections and impressions of Mme. Sand's early years, of delightful narrative, of generous and elevated sentiment; but we have constantly the feeling that it is what children call "made up." If the fictitious quality in our writer's reminiscences is very sensible, of course the fictitious quality in her fictions is still more so; and it must be said that in spite of its odd mixture of the didactic and the irresponsible, "L'Histoire de ma Vie" sails nearer to the shore than its professedly romantic companions.

The usual objection to the novels, and a very just one, is that they contain no living figures, no people who stand on their feet, and who, like so many of the creations of the other great novelists, have become part of the public fund of allusion and quotation. As portraits George Sand's fig-

ures are vague in outline, deficient in detail. Several of those, however, which occupy the foreground of her memoirs have a remarkable vividness. In the four persons associated chiefly with her childhood and youth she really makes us believe. The first of these is the great figure which appears quite to have filled up the area of her childhood—almost to the exclusion of the child herself—that of her grandmother, Mme. Dupin, the daughter of the great soldier. The second is that of her father, who was killed at Nohant by a fall from his horse, while she was still a young girl. The third is that of her mother—a particularly remarkable portrait. The fourth is the grotesque but softly-lighted image of Deschartres, the old pedagogue who served as tutor to Mme. Sand and her half-brother; the latter youth being the fruit of an "amourette" between the Commandant Dupin and one of his mother's maids. Mme. Dupin philosophically adopted the child; she dated from the philosophers of the preceding century. It is worth noting that George Sand's other playmate—the "Caroline" of the memoirs—was a half-sister on her mother's side, a little girl whose paternity antedated the Commandant Dupin's acquaintance with his wife.

In George Sand's account of her father there is something extremely delightful; full of filial passion as it is, and yet of tender discrimination. She makes him a charming figure—the ideal "gallant" Frenchman of the old type; a passionate soldier and a delightful talker, leaving fragments of his heart on every bush; clever, tender, full of artistic feeling and of Gallic gayety—having in fair weather and foul always the *mot pour rire*. His daughter's publication of his letters has been called a rather inexpensive way of writing her own biography; but these letters—charming, natural notes to his mother during his boyish campaigns—were well worth bringing to the light. All George Sand is in the author's portrait of her mother;

all her great merit and all her strange defects. I should recommend the perusal of the scattered passages of "L'Histoire de ma Vie" which treat of this lady to a person ignorant of Mme. Sand, and desiring to make her acquaintance; they are an excellent measure of her power. On one side an extraordinary familiarity with the things of the mind, the play of character, the psychological mystery, and a beautiful clearness and quietness, a beautiful instinct of justice in dealing with them; on the other side a startling absence of delicacy, of reticence, of the sense of certain spiritual sanctities and reservations. That a woman should deal in so free-handed a fashion with a female parent, upon whom nature and time have enabled her to look down from an eminence, seems at first a considerable anomaly; and the woman who does it must to no slight extent have shaken herself free from the bonds of custom. I do not mean that George Sand talks scandal and tittle-tattle about her mother; but Mme. Dupin having been a light woman and an essentially irregular character, her daughter holds her up in the sunshine of her own luminous contemplation with all her imperfections on her head. At the same time it is very finely done—very intelligently and appreciatively; it is at the worst a remarkable exhibition of the disinterestedness of a great imagination.

It must be remembered also that the young Aurore Dupin "belonged" much more to her grandmother than to her mother, to whom in her childhood she was only lent, as it were, on certain occasions. There is nothing in all George Sand better than her history of the relations of these two women, united at once and divided (after the death of the son and husband) by a common grief and a common interest; full of mutual jealousies and defiance, and alternately quarrelling and "making up" over their little girl. Jealousy carried the day. One was a patrician and the other a jealous democrat, and no common ground was

attainable. Among the reproaches addressed by her critics to the author of "Valentine" and "Valvèdre" is the charge of a very imperfect knowledge of family life and a tendency to strike false notes in the portrayal of it. It is apparent that both before and after her marriage her observation of family life was peculiarly restricted and perverted. Of what it must have been in the former case this figure of her mother may give us an impression; of what it was in the latter we may get an idea from the somewhat idealized *ménage* in "Lucrezia Floriani."

George Sand's literary fame came to her very abruptly. The history of her marriage, which is briefly related in her memoirs, is sufficiently well known. The thing was done, on her behalf, by her relatives (she had a small property), and the husband of their choice, M. Dudevant, was neither appreciative nor sympathetic. His tastes were vulgar and his manners frequently brutal; and after a short period of violent dissension, and the birth of two children, the young couple separated. It is safe to say, however, that even with an "appreciative" husband Mme. Sand would not have accepted matrimony once for all. She represents herself as an essentially dormant, passive, and shrinking nature, upon which celebrity and productivity were forced by circumstances, and whose unsuspectingness of its own powers was dissipated only by the violent breaking of a spell. There is evidently much truth in these assertions, for of all great literary people, few strike us as having had a smaller measure of the more vulgar avidities and ambitions. But for all that, it is tolerably plain that even by this profoundly slumbering genius the most brilliant matrimonial associate would have been utterly overmatched.

Mme. Sand, even before she had written "Indiana," was too imperious a force, too powerful a machine, to make the limits of her activity coincide with those of wifely submissiveness. It is

very possible that for her to write "Indiana" and become a woman of letters a spell had to be broken; but the real breaking of the spell lay not in the vulgarity of a husband, but in the deepening sense, quickened by the initiations of marriage, that outside of the quiet meadows of Nohant there was a vast affair called *life*, with which she had a capacity for making acquaintance at first hand. This making acquaintance with life at first hand is, roughly speaking, the great thing that, as a woman, Mme. Sand achieved; and she was predestined to achieve it. She was more masculine than any man she might have married; and what powerfully masculine person—even leaving genius apart—is content at five-and-twenty with submissiveness and renunciation? "It was a mere accident that George Sand was a woman," a person who had known her well said to the writer of these pages; and though the statement needs an ultimate corrective, it represents a great deal of truth. What was feminine in her was the quality of her genius; the *quantity* of it—its force, and mass, and energy—was masculine, and masculine were her temperament and character. All this masculinity needed to set itself free; which it proceeded to do according to its temporary light. Her separation from her husband was judicial, and assured her the custody of her children; but as, in return for this privilege, she made financial concessions, it left her without income (though in possession of the property of Nohant) and dependent upon her labors for support. She had betaken herself to Paris in quest of labor, and it was with this that her career began.

This determination to address herself to life at first hand—this personal, moral impulse, which was not at all a literary impulse—was her great inspiration, the great pivot on which her history wheeled round into the bright light of experience and fame. It is, strictly, as I said just now, the most interesting thing about her. Such a

disposition was not customary, was not what is usually called womanly, was not modest or delicate, or, for many other persons, in any way comfortable. But it had one great merit: it was in a high degree original and active; and because it was this, it constitutes the great service which George Sand rendered her sex—a service in which, I hasten to add, there was as much of fortune as of virtue. The disposition to cultivate an "acquaintance with life at first hand" might pass for an elegant way of describing the attitude of many young women who are never far to seek, and who render no service to their own sex—whatever they may render to the other.

George Sand's superiority was that she looked at life from a high point of view, and that she had an extraordinary talent. She painted fans and glove boxes to get money, and got very little. "Indiana," however—a mere experiment—put her on her feet, and her reputation dawned. She found that she could write, and she took up her pen never to lay it down. Her early novels, all of them brilliant, and each one at that day a literary event, followed each other with extraordinary rapidity. About this sudden entrance into literature, into philosophy, into rebellion, and into a great many other matters, there are various different things to be said. Very remarkable, indeed, was the immediate development of the literary faculty in this needy young woman, who lived in cheap lodgings and looked for "employment." She wrote as a bird sings; but unlike most birds, she found it unnecessary to indulge, by way of prelude, in twitterings and vocal exercises; she broke out at once with her full volume of expression. From the beginning she had a great style. "Indiana," perhaps, is rather in falsetto, as the first attempts of young, sentimental writers are apt to be; but in "Valentine," which immediately followed, there is proof of the highest literary instinct—an art of composi-

tion, a propriety and harmony of diction, such as belong only to the masters.

One might certainly have asked Mme. Sand, as Lord Jeffrey asked Macaulay on the appearance of his first contribution to the "Edinburgh Review," where the deuce she had picked up that style. She had picked it up apparently at Nohant, among the meadows and the *trains*—the deeply-sunken byroads among the thick high hedges. Her language had to the end an odor of the hawthorn and the wild honeysuckle—the mark of the "climat souple et chaud," as she somewhere calls it, from which she had received "l'initiation première." How completely her great literary faculty was a matter of intuition is indicated by the fact that "L'Histoire de ma Vie" contains no allusion to it, no account of how she learned to write, no record of effort or apprenticeship. She appears to have begun at a stage of the journey at which most talents arrive only when their time is up. During the five-and-forty years of her literary career, she had something to say about most things in the universe; but the thing about which she had least to say was the writer's, the inventor's, the romancer's art. She possessed it by the gift of God, but she seems never to have felt the temptation to examine the "pulse of the machine."

To the cheap edition of her novels, published in 1852-'3, she prefixed a series of short prefaces, in which she relates the origin of each tale—the state of mind and the circumstances in which it was written. These prefaces are charming; they almost justify the publisher's declaration that they form the "most beautiful examination that a great mind has ever made of itself." But they all commemorate the writer's extraordinary facility and spontaneity. One of them says that on her way home from Spain she was shut up for some days at an inn, where she had her children at play in the same room with her.

She found that the sight of their play quickened her imagination, and while they tumbled about the floor near her table, she produced "Gabriel"—which, though inspired by the presence of infancy, cannot be said to be addressed to infants. Of another story she relates that she wrote it at Fontainebleau, where she spent all her days wandering about the forest, making entomological collections, with her son. At night she came home and took up the thread of "La dernière Aldini," on which she had never bestowed a thought all day. Being at Venice, much depressed, in a vast, dusky room in an old palace which had been turned into an inn, while the sea wind roared about her windows, and brought up the sounds of the carnival as a kind of melancholy wail, she began a novel by simply looking round her and describing the room and the whistling of the mingled tumult without. She finished it in a week, and, hardly reading it over, sent it to Paris as "Léone Léoni"—a masterpiece.

In the few prefatory lines to "Isidora" I remember she says something of this kind: "It was a beautiful young woman who used to come and see me, and profess to relate her sorrows. I saw that she was attitudinizing before me, and not believing herself a word of what she said. So it is not her I described in 'Isidora.'" This is a happy way of saying how a hint—a mere starting point—was enough for her. Particularly charming is the preface to the beautiful tale of "André"; it is a capital proof of what one may call the author's limpidity of reminiscence, and want of space alone prevents me from quoting it. She was at Venice, and she used to hear her maid servant and her sempstress, as they sat at work together, chattering in the next room. She listened to their talk in order to accustom her ear to the Venetian dialect, and in so doing she came into possession of a large amount of local gossip. The effect of it was to remind her of

the small social life of the little country town near Nohant. The women told each other just such stories as might have been told there, and indulged in just such reflections and "appreciations" as would have been there begotten. She was reminded that men and women are everywhere the same, and at the same time she felt homesick. "I recalled the dirty, dusky streets, the tumble-down houses, the poor moss-grown roofs, the shrill concerts of cocks, children, and cats, of my own little town. I dreamed too of our beautiful meadows, of our perfumed hay, of our little running streams, and of the botany beloved of old which I could follow now only on the muddy mosses and the floating weeds that adhered to the sides of the gondolas. I don't know amid what vague memories of various types I set in motion the least complex and the laziest of fictions. These types belonged quite as much to Venice as to Berry. Change dress and language, sky, landscape, and architecture, the outside aspect of people and things, and you will find that at the bottom of all this man is always about the same, and woman still more, because of the tenacity of her instincts."

George Sand says that she found she could write for an extraordinary length of time without weariness, and this is as far as she goes in the way of analysis of her inspiration. From the time she made this discovery to the day of her death her life was an extremely laborious one. She had evidently an extraordinary physical robustness. It was her constant practice to write at night, beginning after the rest of the world had gone to sleep. Alexandre Dumas the younger described her somewhere, during her latter years, as an old lady who came out into the garden at midday in a broad-brimmed hat and sat down on a bench or wandered slowly about. So she remained for hours, looking about her, musing, contemplating. She was gathering impressions, says M. Dumas, ab-

sorbing the universe, steeping herself in nature; and at night she would give all this forth as a sort of emanation. Without using the vague epithets one may accept this term "emanation" as a good account of her manner.

If it is needless to go into biographical detail, this is because George Sand's real history, the more interesting one, is the history of her mind. The history of her mind is of course closely connected with her personal history; she is indeed a writer whose personal situation, at a particular moment, is supposed to be reflected with peculiar vividness in her work. But to speak of her consistently we must regard the events of her life as intellectual events, and its landmarks as opinions, convictions, theories. The only difficulty is that such landmarks are nearly as numerous as the trees in a forest. Some, however, are more salient than others. Mme. Sand's account of herself is that her ideal of life was repose, obscurity, and idleness—long days in the country, spent in botany and entomology. She affirms that her natural indolence was extreme, and that the need of money alone induced her to take her pen into her hand. As this need was constant, her activity was constant; but it was a perversion of the genius of a kind, simple, friendly, motherly, profoundly unambitious woman, who would have been amply content to take care of her family, live in slippers, gossip with peasants, walk in the garden, and listen to the piano. All this is certainly so far true as that no person of equal celebrity ever made fewer explicit pretensions. She philosophized upon a great many things that she did not understand, and toward the close of her life, in especial, was apt to talk metaphysics, in writing, with a mingled volubility and vagueness which might have been taken to denote an undue self-confidence. But in such things as these, as they come from George Sand's pen, there is an air as of not expecting any one in particu-

lar to read them. She never took herself too much *au sérieux*—she never postured at all as a woman of letters. She scribbled, she might have said—scribbled as well as she could; but when she was not scribbling she never thought of it; though she liked to think of all the great things that were worth scribbling about—love and religion and science and art, and man's political destiny. Her reader feels that she has no vanity, and all her contemporaries agree that her generosity was extreme.

She calls herself a *sphinx bon enfant*, or says at least that she looked like one. Judgments may differ as to what degree she was a sphinx; but her good nature is all-pervading. Some of her books are redolent of it—some of the more "objective" ones: "Consuelo," "Les Maîtres Sonneurs," "L'Homme de Neige," "Les beaux Messieurs de Bois-Doré." She is often passionate, but she is never rancorous; even her violent attacks upon the church give one no impression of small acrimony. She has all a woman's loquacity, but she has never a woman's shrillness; and perhaps one can hardly indicate better the difference between great passion and small than by saying that she is never hysterical. During the last half of her career, her books went out of fashion among the new literary generation. "Realism" had been invented, or rather propagated; and in the light of "Madame Bovary," her own facile fictions began to be regarded as the work of a sort of superior Mrs. Radcliffe. She was antiquated; she belonged to the infancy of art. She accepted this destiny with a cheerfulness which it would have savored of vanity even to make explicit. The realists were her personal friends; she knew that they did not, and could not, read her books; for what could Gustave Flaubert make of "Monsieur Sylvestre," what could Ivan Tourguéneff make of "Césarine Dietrich"? It made no difference; she contented herself with reading their productions, never mentioned

her own, and continued to write charming, improbable romances for initiated persons of the optimistic class.

After the first few years she fell into this more and more; she wrote stories for the story's sake. Among the novels produced during a long period before her death I can think of but one, "Mademoiselle La Quintinie," which is of a controversial cast. All her early novels, on the other hand, were controversial—if this is not too mild a description of the passionate contempt for the institution of marriage expressed in "Indiana," "Valentine," "Lélia," and "Jacques." Her own acquaintance with matrimony had been of a painful kind, and the burden of three at least of these remarkable tales ("Lélia" stands rather apart) is the misery produced by an indissoluble matrimonial knot. "Jacques" is the story of an unhappy marriage from which there is no issue but by the suicide of one of the *conjoints*; the husband throws himself into an Alpine crevasse, in order to leave his wife to an undisturbed enjoyment of her loves.

It very soon became apparent that these matters were handled in a new and superior fashion. There had been plenty of tales about husbands, wives, and "third parties," but since the "Nouvelle Héloïse" there had been none of a high value or of a philosophic tone. Mme. Sand, from the first, was nothing if not philosophic; the iniquity of marriage arrangements was to her mind but one of a hundred abominations in a society which needed a complete overhauling, and to which she proceeded to propose a loftier line of conduct. The passionate eloquence of the writer in all this was only equalled by her extraordinary self-confidence. "Valentine" seems to me even now a very eloquent book, and "Jacques" is hardly less so; it is easy to imagine their having made an immense impression. The intellectual freshness, the sentimental force of "Valentine" must have had

an irresistible charm; and I say this with a full sense of what there is false and fantastical in the substance of both books. Hold them up against the light of a certain sort of ripe reason, and they seem as porous as a pair of sieves; but subject them simply to the literary test, and they hold together very bravely.

The author's philosophic predilections were at once her merit and her weakness. On the one side it was a great mind, curious about all things, open to all things, nobly accessible to experience, asking only to live, expand, respond; on the other side stood a great personal volition, making large exactions of life and society and needing constantly to justify itself—stirring up rebellion and calling down revolution in order to cover up and legitimate its own agitation. George Sand's was a French mind, and as a French mind it had to theorize; but if the positive side of its criticisms of most human institutions was precipitate and ill balanced, the error was in a great measure atoned for in later years. The last half of Mme. Sand's career was a period of assent and acceptance; she had decided to make the best of those social arrangements which surrounded her—remembering, as it were, the homely native proverb which declares that when one has not got what one likes one must like what one has got. Into the phase of acceptance and serenity, the disposition to admit that even as it is society *pays*, according to the vulgar locution, our author passed at about the time that the Second Empire settled down upon France. I suspect the fact I speak of was rather a coincidence than an effect. It is very true that the Second Empire may have seemed the death-knell of "philosophy"; it may very well have appeared profitless to ask questions of a world which anticipated you with such answers as that. But I take it rather that Mme. Sand was simply weary of criticism; the pendulum had swung into the opposite quarter—as it is needless to remark that it always does.

I have delayed too long to say how far it had swung in the first direction; and I have delayed from the feeling that it is difficult to say it in the pages of an American magazine. For twenty years before the period I just now spoke of she had written about love, and she continued to do so for a greater number of years after it. Love was her inveterate theme, her specialty, and one misses the main point if one fails to put this in the clearest light. On the other hand, to say all that it is consistent to say on the matter would be to say a great deal which it belongs to our American etiquette to leave unsaid. So true is this that I hasten to declare that no complete and satisfactory analysis of George Sand's work can be written in English. We can only go to a certain point—which I confess I consider a great comfort. We will, however, go as far as we can. We have seen that George Sand was, by the force of heredity, projected into this field with a certain violence; she took possession of it as a conqueror, and she was never compelled to retreat. The reproach brought against her by her critics is that she has for the most part portrayed vicious love, not virtuous love. But the reply to this, from her own side, would be that she has at all events portrayed something which those who disparage her activity have not portrayed. She may claim that although she has the critics against her, the writers of her own class who represent virtuous love have not pushed her out of the field. She has the advantage that she has portrayed a *passion*, and those of the other group have the disadvantage that they have not. In English literature, which I suppose is more especially the region of virtuous love, we do not "go into" the matter, as the phrase is (I speak of course of English prose). We have agreed among our own confines that there is a certain point at which all elucidation of it should stop short; that among the things which it is possible to say about it, the greater number had on

the whole better not be said. It would be easy to make an ironical statement of the English attitude, and it would be, if not easy, at least very possible, to make a sound defence of it. The thing with us, however, is not a matter of theory; it is above all a matter of practice, and the practice has been that of the leading English novelists. Miss Austen and Sir Walter Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, Hawthorne and George Eliot have all represented young people in love with each other; but no one of them has, to the best of my recollection, described anything that can be called a passion—put it into motion before us, and shown us its various paces. To say this is to say at the same time that these writers have spared us much that we consider disagreeable, and that George Sand has not spared us; but it is to say furthermore that few persons would resort to English prose fiction for any information concerning the ardent forces of the heart—for any ideas upon them. It is George Sand's merit that she has given us ideas upon them—that she has enlarged the novel-reader's conception of them, and proved herself in all that relates to them an authority. This is a great deal. From this standpoint Miss Austen, Walter Scott, and Dickens will appear to have omitted the erotic sentiment altogether, and George Eliot will seem to have treated it with singular austerity. Strangely loveless, seen in this light, are those large, comprehensive fictions "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda." They seem to foreign readers, probably, like vast, cold, commodious, respectable rooms, through whose window-panes one sees a snow-covered landscape, and across whose acres of sober-hued carpet one looks in vain for a fireplace or a fire.

The distinction between virtuous and vicious love is not particularly insisted upon by George Sand. In her view love is always love, and is always of divine essence and of ennobling effect. The largest life possible is to hold one's

self open to an unlimited experience of it. This, I believe, was Mme. Sand's practice, as it was certainly her theory—a theory to the exposition of which one of her novels, at least, is expressly dedicated. "Lucrezia Floriani" is the history of a lady who, in the way of love, takes everything that comes along, and who sets forth her philosophy of the matter with infinite grace and felicity. It is probably fortunate for the world that ladies of Lucrezia Floriani's disposition have not as a general thing her argumentative brilliancy. About all this there would be much more to say than these few pages afford space for. Mme. Sand's plan was to be open to *all* experience, all emotions, all convictions; only to keep the welfare of the human race, and especially of its humbler members, well in mind, and to trust that one's moral and intellectual life would take a form profitable to the same. One was therefore not only to extend a great hospitality to love, but to interest one's self in religion and politics. This Mme. Sand did with great activity during the whole of the reign of Louis Philippe. She had broken utterly with the church, of course, but her disposition was the reverse of skeptical. Her religious feeling, like all her feelings, was powerful and voluminous, and she had an ideal of a sort of etherealized and liberated Christianity, in which unmarried but affectionate couples might find an element friendly to their "expansion." Like all her feelings, too, her religious sentiment was militant; her ideas about love were an attack upon marriage; her faith was an attack upon the church and the clergy; her socialistic sympathies were an attack upon all present political arrangements. These things all took hold of her by turn—shook her hard, as it were, and dropped her, leaving her to be played upon by some new inspiration; then, in some cases, returned to her and took possession of her afresh, and sounded another tune. M. Renan, in writing of her at the time of her death, used a

fine phrase about her; he said that she was "the *Æolian* harp of our time"; he spoke of her "sonorous soul." This is very just; there is nothing that belonged to her time that she had not a personal emotion about—an emotion intense enough to produce a brilliant work of art—a novel which had bloomed as rapidly and perfectly as the flower that the morning sun sees open on its stem. In her care about many things during all these years, in her expenditure of passion, reflection, and curiosity, there is something quite unprecedented. Never had philosophy and art gone so closely hand in hand. Each of them suffered a good deal; but it had appeared up to that time that their mutual concessions must be even greater. Balzac was a far superior artist; but he was incapable of a lucid reflection.

I have already said that mention has been made of George Sand's analogy with Goethe, who claimed for his lyrical poems the merit of being each the result of a particular incident in his life. It was incident too that prompted Mme. Sand to write; but what it produced in her case was not a short copy of verses, but an elaborate drama, with a plot and a dozen characters. It will help us to understand this extraordinary responsiveness of mind and fertility of imagination to remember that inspiration was often embodied in a concrete form; that Mme. Sand's "incidents" were usually clever, eloquent, suggestive men. "*Le style c'est l'homme*"—of her, it has been epigrammatically said, that is particularly true. Be this as it may, these influences were strikingly various, and they are reflected in works which may be as variously labelled: amatory tales, religious tales, political, æsthetic, pictorial, musical, theatrical, historical tales. And it is to be noticed that in whatever the author attempted, whether or no she succeeded, she appeared to lose herself. The "*Lettres d'un Voyageur*" read like a writer's single book. This melancholy, this desolation and weariness,

might pass as the complete distillation of a soul. In the same way "*Spiridion*" is insistent, religious, and theological. The author might, in relation to this book, have replied to such of her critics as reproach her with being too erotic, that she had performed the very rare feat of writing a novel not only containing no love save divine love, but containing not one woman's figure. I can recall but one rival to "*Spiridion*" in this respect—Godwin's "*Caleb Williams*."

But if other things come and go with George Sand, amatory disquisition is always there. It is of all kinds: sometimes very noble and sometimes very disagreeable. Numerous specimens of the two extremes might be cited. There is to my taste a great deal too much of it; the total effect is displeasing. The author illuminates and glorifies the divine passion, but she does something which may be best expressed by saying that she cheapens it. She handles it too much; she lets it too little alone. Above all she is too positive, too explicit, too business-like; she takes too technical a view of it. The various signs and tokens and stages, its ineffable mysteries, are all catalogued and tabulated in her mind, and she whisks out her references with the nimbleness with which the door-keeper at an exhibition hands you back your umbrella in return for a check. In this relation, to the English mind, discretion is a great point—a virtue so absolute and indispensable that it speaks for itself and cannot be analyzed away; and George Sand is judged from our point of view by one's saying that for her discretion is simply non-existent. Its place is occupied by a sort of benevolent, an almost conscientious disposition to sit down, as it were, and "talk over" the whole matter. The subject fills her with a motherly loquacity; it stimulates all her wonderful and beautiful self-sufficiency of expression—the quality that I have heard a hostile critic call her "glibness."

We can hardly open a volume of

George Sand without finding an example of what I mean. I glance at a venture into "Teverino," and I find Lady G., who has left her husband at the inn and gone out to spend a day with the more fascinating Léonce, "passing her beautiful hands over the eyes of Léonce, *peut-être par tendresse naïve*, perhaps to convince herself that it was really tears she saw shining in them." The *peut-être* here, the *tendresse naïve*, the alternatives, the impartial way in which you are given your choice, are extremely characteristic of Mme. Sand. They remind us of the heroine of "Isidora," who alludes in conversation to "une de mes premières fautes." In the list of Mme. Sand's more technically amatory novels, however, there is a distinction to be made; the earlier strike me as superior to the later. The fault of the earlier—the fact that passion is too intellectual, too pedantic, too sophistical, too much bent upon proving its self-abnegation and humility, maternity, fraternity, humanity, or some fine thing that it really is not and that it is much simpler and better for not pretending to be—this fault is infinitely exaggerated in the tales written after "Lucrezia Floriani." "Indiana," "Valentine," "Jacques," and "Mauprat" are, comparatively speaking, frankly and honestly passionate; they do not represent the love that declines to compromise with circumstances as a sort of eating of one's cake and having it too—an eating it as pleasure and a having it as virtue. But the stories of the type of "Lucrezia Floriani," which indeed is the most argumentative,* have an indefinable falsity of tone. Mme. Sand had here begun to play with her topic intellectually; the first freshness of her interest in it had gone, and invention had taken the place of conviction. To acquit one's self happily of such experiments, one must certainly have all the gifts that George Sand possess-

ed. But one must also have two or three that she lacked. Her sense of purity was eminently defective. This is a brief statement, but it means a great deal. Of what it means there are few of her novels that do not contain a number of illustrations. She had no fixed ideal of delicacy; and if there is an essential difference between the clean and the unclean, it is impossible to describe what are called the relations of the sexes without such a fixed ideal.

An ideal of some sort of course Mme. Sand had, but it was hardly more useful than a pair of spectacles that is continually being mislaid. Her sense of purity is not so much absent as confused; it is, indeed, at times oppressively present, in the strongest attitudes—attitudes which are the natural result of its having to accommodate itself to an "inside view" of the relations I have just mentioned. Her discrimination between what is agreeable and possible to people of delicacy and what is not had no need to be perverted or bewildered by romance writing; we see in her first books that it is not to be trusted. She has no appreciation of what may be called purity of composition. There is something very fine about "Valentine," in spite of its contemptible hero; there is something very sweet and generous in the figure of the young girl. But why, desiring to give us an impression of great purity in her heroine, should the author provide her with a half-sister who is at once an illegitimate daughter and the mother of a child born out of wedlock, and who, in addition, is half in love with Valentine's lover? though George Sand thinks to better the matter by representing this love as partly maternal. After Valentine's marriage, a compulsory and most unhappy one, this half-sister plots with the doctor to place the young wife and the lover whom she has had to dismiss once more *en rapport*. She hesitates, it is true, and inquires of the physician if their scheme will not appear unlawful

* "Constance Verrier," "Isidora," "Pauline," "Le dernier Amour," "La Daniella," "Francisca," "Mademoiselle Merquem."

in the eyes of the world. But the old man reassures her, and asks, with a "sourire malin et affectueux," why she should care for the judgment of a world which has viewed so harshly her own irregularity of conduct.

Mme. Sand is for ever striking these false notes; we meet in her pages the most singular mixings up. In "Jacques" there is the queerest table of relations between the characters. Jacques is possibly the brother of Silvia, who is probably, on another side, sister of his wife, who is the mistress of Octave, Silvia's dismissed *amant*! Add to this that if Jacques is *not* the brother of Silvia, who is an illegitimate child, he is convertible into her lover. *On s'y perd*. Silvia, a clever woman, is the guide, philosopher, and friend of this melancholy Jacques; and when his wife, who desires to become the mistress of Octave (*her* discarded lover), and yet, not finding it quite plain sailing to do so, weeps over the crookedness of her situation, she writes to the injured husband that she has been obliged to urge Fernande not to take things so hard: "je suis forcée de la consoler et de la relever à ses propres yeux." Very characteristic of Mme. Sand is this fear lest the unfaithful wife should take too low a view of herself. One wonders what had become of her sense of humor. Fernande is to be "relevée" before her fall, and the operation is somehow to cover her fall prospectively.

Take another example from "Léone Léoni." The subject of the story is the sufferings of an infatuated young girl, who follows over Europe the most faithless, unscrupulous, and ignoble, but also the most irresistible of charmers. It is "Manon Lescaut," with the incurable fickleness of Manon attributed to a man; and as in the Abbé Prévost's story the touching element is the devotion and constancy of the injured and deluded Desgrieux, so in "Léone Léoni" we are invited to feel for the too closely-clinging Juliette, who is dragged through the mire of a passion which she curses and yet which

survives unnamable outrage. She tells the tale herself, and it might have been expected that, to deepen its effect, the author would have represented her as withdrawn from the world and cured of the malady of love. But we find her living with another charmer, jewelled and perfumed; in her own words, she is a *fille entretenue*, and it is to her new lover that she relates the story of the stormy life she led with the old. The situation requires no comment beyond our saying that the author had morally no taste. Of this want of moral taste I remember another striking instance. Mlle. Merquem, who gives her name to one of the later novels, is a young girl of the most elevated character, beloved by a young man, the intensity of whose affection she desires to test. To do this she contrives the graceful plan of introducing into her house a mysterious infant, of whose parentage she offers an explanation so obtrusively vague, that the young man is driven regretfully to the induction that its female parent is none other than herself. I forget to what extent he is staggered, but, if I rightly remember, he withstands the test. I do not judge him, but it is permitted to judge the young lady.

I have called George Sand an *improvisatrice*, and it is in this character that, in dealing with the conduct of people in love, she goes sometimes so strangely astray. When she deals with other things, with matters of a more "objective" cast, she is always delightful; nothing could be more charming than her tales of mystery, intrigue, and adventure. "Consuelo," "L'Homme de Neige," "Le Piccinino," "Teverino," "Le Beau Laurence" and its sequel, "Pierre qui Roule," "Antonia," "Tamaris," "La Famille de Germandre," "La Fil-leule," "Le dernière Aldini," "Cadio," "Flamarande"—these things have all the spontaneous inventiveness of the romances of Alexandre Dumas, his open-air quality, his pleasure in a story for a story's sake, together with

an intellectual refinement, a philosophic savor, a reference to spiritual things, in which he was grotesquely deficient. But to improvise, to let one's invention go, in the inner region of the relations of the sexes, to resort for one's material, one's "effects," one's surprises and catastrophes, to the psychology—I had almost said the physiology—of love-making, is—I do not say unlawful, but at least very dangerous. A writer roaming irresponsibly among these dim labyrinths is likely to make some monstrous encounters. This was constantly happening to George Sand. In such intellectual puddles as "*Le dernier Amour*" and "*Francia*," there is an extraordinary want of proportion and general verity. The standard of reality, the measure of interest, has been left quite outside. The reader feels like a person who should go down into the cellar to sit while a spacious house stood unoccupied above him.

I have given no full enumeration of George Sand's romances, and it seems needless to do so. I have lately been trying to read them over, and I frankly confess that I have found it impossible. They are excellent reading for once, but they lack that quality which makes things classical—makes them impose themselves. It has been said that what makes a book a classic is its style. I should modify this, and instead of style say *form*. Mme. Sand's novels have plenty of style, but they have no form. Balzac's have not a shred of style, but they have a great deal of form. Posterity doubtless will make a selection from each list, but the few volumes of Balzac it preserves will remain with it much longer, I suspect, than those which it borrows from his great contemporary. I cannot easily imagine posterity traveling with "*Valentine*" or "*Mauprat*," "*Consuelo*" or the "*Marquis de Villemer*" in its trunk. At the same time I can imagine that if these admirable tales fall out of fashion, such of our descendants as stray upon them in the dusty corners of old libraries will sit

down on the bookcase ladder with the open volume and turn it over with surprise and enchantment. What a beautiful mind! they will say; what an extraordinary style! Why have we not known more about these things? And as, when that time comes, I suppose the world will be given over to a "realism" that we have not as yet begun faintly to foreshadow, George Sand's novels will have, for the children of the twenty-first century, something of the same charm which Spenser's "*Fairy Queen*" has for those of the nineteenth. For a critic of to-day to pick and choose among them seems almost pedantic; they all belong quite to the same intellectual family. They are the easy writing which makes hard reading.

In saying this I must immediately limit my meaning. All the world can read George Sand over and not find it in the least hard. But it is not easy to return to her; putting aside a number of fine descriptive pages, the reader will not be likely to resort to any volume that he has once laid down for a particular chapter, a brilliant passage, an entertaining conversation. George Sand invites reperusal less than any mind of equal eminence. Is this because after all she was a woman, and the laxity of the feminine intellect could not fail to claim its part in her? I will not attempt to say; especially as, though it may be pedantic to pick and choose among her works, I immediately think of two or three which have as little as possible of intellectual laxity. "*Mauprat*" is a solid, masterly, manly book; "*André*" and "*La Mare au Diable*" have an extreme perfection of form. M. Taine, whom I quoted at the beginning of these remarks, speaks of our author's rustic tales (the group to which the "*Mare au Diable*" belongs*) as a signal proof of her activity and versatility of mind. Besides being charming stories, they are in fact a real study in philology—such a study as Balzac made in the "*Contes*

* "*François le Champi*," "*La Petite Fadette*."

Drôlatiques," and as Thackeray made in "Henry Esmond." George Sand's attempt to return to a more naïf and archaic stage of the language which she usually handled in so modern and voluminous a fashion was quite as successful as that of her fellows. In "Les Maîtres Sonneurs" it is extremely felicitous, and the success could only have been achieved by an extraordinarily sympathetic and flexible talent. This is one of the impressions George Sand's reader—even if he has read her but once—brings away with him. His other prevailing impression will bear upon that quality which, if it must be expressed in a single word, may best be called the generosity of her genius. It is true that there are one or two things which limit this generosity. We think, for example, of Mme. Sand's peculiar power of self-defence, her constant need to justify, to glorify, to place in a becoming light, to "arrange," as I said at the outset, those errors and weaknesses in which her own personal credit may be at stake. She never accepts a weakness as a weakness; she always dresses it out as a virtue; and if her heroines abandon their lovers and lie to their husbands, you may be sure it is from motives of the highest morality. Such productions as "Lucrezia Floriani" and "Elle et Lui" may be attributed to an ungenerous disposition—both of them being stories in which Mme. Sand is supposed to have described her relations with distinguished men who were dead, and whose death enabled her without contradiction to portray them as monsters of selfishness, while the female protagonist shone forth the noblest of her sex. But without taking up the discussion provoked by these works, we may say that, on the face of the matter, there is a good deal of justification for their author. She poured her material into the crucible of art, and the artist's material is of necessity in a large measure his experience. Mme. Sand never described the actual; this was often her artistic weakness, and as she has the

reproach she should also have the credit. "Lucrezia Floriani" and "Elle et Lui" were doubtless to her imagination simply tales of what might have been.

It is hard not to feel that there is a certain high good conscience and passionate sincerity in the words in which, in one of her prefaces, she alludes to the poor novel which Alfred de Musset's brother put forth as an in-criminative retort to "Elle et Lui." Some of her friends had advised her not to notice the book; "but after reflection she judged it to be her duty to attend to it at the proper time and place. She was, however, by no means in haste. She was in Auvergne following the imaginary traces of the figures of her new novel along the scented byway, among the sweetest scenes of spring. She had brought the pamphlet with her to read it; but she did not read it. She had forgotten her herbarium, and the pages of the infamous book, used as a substitute, were purified by the contact of the wild flowers of Puy-de-Dôme and Sarcy. Sweet perfumes of the things of God, who to you could prefer the memory of the foulnesses of civilization?"

It must, however, to be just all round, be further remembered that those persons and causes which Mme. Sand has been charged first and last with misrepresenting belonged to the silent, inarticulate, even defunct class. She was always the talker, the survivor, the adversary armed with a gift of expression so magical as almost to place a premium upon sophistry. To weigh everything, I imagine she really *outlived* experience, morally, to a degree which made her feel, in retrospect, as if she were dealing with the history of another person. "Où sont-ils, où sont-ils, nos amours passés?" she exclaims in one of her later novels. (What has become of the passions we have shuffled off? into what dusky limbo are they flung away?) And she goes on to say that it is a great mistake to suppose that we die only once

and at last. We die piecemeal; some part of us is always dying; it is only what is left that dies at last. As for our "amours passés," where are they indeed? Jacques Laurent and the Prince Karol may be fancied, in echo, to exclaim.

In saying that George Sand lacks truth the critic more particularly means that she lacks exactitude—lacks the method of truth. Of a certain general truthfulness she is full to overflowing; we feel that to her mind nothing human is alien. I should say of her not that she *knew* human nature, but that she felt it. At all events she loved it and enjoyed it. She was contemplative; but she was not, in the deepest sense, observant. She was a very high order of sentimentalist, but she was not a moralist. She perceived a thousand things, but she rarely in strictness judged; so that although her books have a great deal of wisdom, they have not what is called weight. With the physical world she was as familiar as with the human, and she knew it perhaps better. She would probably at any time have said that she cared much more for botany, mineralogy, and astronomy than for sociology. "Nature," as we call it—landscape, trees, and flowers, rocks, and streams,

and clouds—plays a larger part in her novels than in any others, and in none are they described with such a grand, general felicity. If Turner had written his landscapes rather than painted them, he might have written like George Sand. If she was less truthful in dealing with men and women, says M. Taine, it is because she had too high an ideal for them; she could not bear not to represent them as better than they are. She delights in the representation of virtue, and if we sometimes feel that she has not really measured the heights on which she places her characters, that so to place them has cost little to her understanding, we are nevertheless struck with the nobleness of her imagination. M. Taine calls her an idealist; I should say, somewhat more narrowly, that she was an optimist. An optimist "lined," as the French say, with a romancer, is not the making of a moralist. George Sand's optimism, her idealism, are very beautiful, and the source of that impression of largeness, luminosity, and liberality which she makes upon us. But I suspect that something even better in a novelist is that tender appreciation of actuality which makes even the application of a single coat of rose color seem an act of violence.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

ZIZI, THE LITTLE DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER I.

HARDLY had the Paris world, or more particularly the world in the neighborhood of Montrouge, ceased talking of the frightful murder that had been committed in that quarter on July 28, when another, more frightful if possible, took place in the Quartier Montmartre.

In the first instance an old man had been murdered in his bed, his valet left for dead in an adjoining room, and the apartment searched so thoroughly that a considerable sum of

money which the old man had, as he thought, successfully hidden, was found, and the murderer decamped without leaving the slightest clue whereby to trace him.

The search for this villain had not ceased when, on the night of August 13, Mme. Viardot, a widow and a wealthy householder, was killed in her dressing-room. She had evidently been sleeping on a couch in that room on account of the extreme heat of the weather, and the sum of fifty thousand francs, which she had that day

withdrawn from the bank for the purpose of making a payment upon some property she had recently bought, was abstracted from the secretary in her bedroom. There were indications that the poor woman had struggled with the assassin; but not a sound had been heard by her maid, whose room was near by, nor was it possible to surmise how the murderer had entered or left the house.

Mme. Viardot had attended to some rather tiresome business during the day, and had retired early, while her maid after performing her usual duties had followed her mistress's example.

She had slept so soundly as not to have heard the slightest sound, and in the morning, after waiting to hear Madame's bell, had knocked at her door to remind her that she had intended to go to early mass, as it was the anniversary of her husband's death. She had received no reply, and, after knocking once or twice more, had softly opened the door, even then a little alarmed, for Madame was an unusually light sleeper. Her screams as she saw her mistress dead before her soon reached the cook and housemaid, who flew to her side, and in a few moments more a *commissaire de police* and a stern-looking *sergent de ville* were in the room examining, questioning, and searching, but in vain, for some clue to the murderer.

"It is the same man, Gustave," said the commissaire in a low tone to his subordinate.

"I am sure of it, monsieur," replied the sergeant.

It was evident, said the surgeon, that death had been caused by a blow which Madame had received on the back of her head, from some heavy, blunt instrument. "And that is precisely what they said about M. Morgat, who was killed last month," said the coachman to the weeping cook.

It was quite true, but that was all they found; and in spite of all their vigilance, two weeks passed, and they were no wiser than before.

About six o'clock on the morning of

the 6th of September, a young man, only partly dressed, and in a state of great excitement, was seen in a window in the Rue Poissonnière. He was gesticulating violently, and heard to scream in shrill tones, "Aux secours, aux secours! Je suis volé, je suis volé!"

To the *sergent de ville*, who had come quickly to his aid, he explained that the day before his uncle had confided to him for safe keeping a considerable sum of money, which he had not cared to carry to his country home, and which he was to use on the morrow. The uncle, when he arrived from St. Cloud, corroborated the young man's story. Again the police examined and questioned; again all was in vain; but in reply to the youth's lamentations that he had slept so soundly as to have been unable to defend the property intrusted to him, they gravely reminded him of M. Morgat and Mme. Viardot, who probably had been awakened by the same criminal, only to be sent by him to their long, dreamless rest.

They did not doubt that the same mind had planned and the same hand had executed the murders of July 28 and August 13, and the robbery of September 6.

By this time public excitement had risen to a great height, and the daily papers criticised the police in a manner most distressing to the feelings of that vainglorious but generally most efficient body of men. They were angry, mortified, frightened. This was no common criminal with whom they had to deal.

Ten days more passed, and on the evening of September 17 the papers were full of an affair that had taken place in the Boulevard de Sébastopol the night before. M. de Joly, who lived *en garçon* on the third floor of a large and very respectable house in the Boulevard, had made a very pretty fortune at the Bourse. He was unmarried, and his only relative was a brother, to whom he was sincerely attached, who had gone many years before to the United States, settled in New Or-

leans, where he had married, had a large family, and lived most comfortably. He continually wrote the most affectionate letters to M. de Joly, begging him to come and pass the remainder of his life with him.

This the elder brother had at last decided to do. He had sold his furniture, let his apartment to a friend who was to take possession of it on September 17, on the evening of which day it was the intention of M. de Joly to sail from Havre to New York, as he had an old friend in the latter city whom he was anxious to meet before establishing himself in New Orleans.

He had a considerable sum of money in the house, though less than might have been expected, for late in the day, acting upon the advice of a friend, he had bought letters of credit for large amounts upon New Orleans bankers.

It was the custom of the old woman who waited upon him to knock at his door punctually at eight o'clock every morning; but she had been directed to call him, on this his last day in Paris, at six. Hoping that monsieur's generosity would equal her diligence and punctuality, she was there at the moment, knocked, and awaited a reply.

Again she knocked, and waited again; nothing but silence. Muttering to herself that monsieur must indeed have been very tired since he slept so soundly, she knocked a third time, and called, a little impatiently, "Monsieur, monsieur! It is past the time you desired me to call you"—and listened. The silence was at length broken by a faint sound like a heavy sigh, and followed after a short interval by an unmistakable groan. Another interval, and groan succeeded groan.

"Monsieur," cried the old woman, thoroughly frightened, "are you ill? If you can unlock the door, I will come to your assistance." A deeper groan was the only reply. She waited for a moment, then ran swiftly down stairs to the lodge of the concierge and told

him what had occurred. Arming himself with an immense bunch of keys, he quickly followed the woman as she ran up stairs, and in a moment more the door was opened. The same instant showed them that M. de Joly was not lying ill in his bed as they had expected to find him, but was stretched motionless and unconscious on the floor of the ante-chamber, his face and head covered with blood.

"Fly! fly for help!" cried the old woman in an agony of fear. "He is dead"—and almost before she had done speaking the concierge was in the street, and in an incredibly short time had returned with a physician and a sergent de ville, who after a slight examination sent to the nearest police station for his superior, the commissaire. In the mean time, M. de Joly—thanks to the skilful treatment of his physician—had recovered consciousness, though some time elapsed before he was able to speak. At last slowly, and with great effort, he related the following facts:

He had retired early on the previous evening, being much fatigued, and intending to rise at an unusually early hour on the following morning. How long he had slept he did not know, when he was roused by a very slight sound in the adjoining room. Half asleep, and thinking that it was a great Angora cat, of whom he was very fond, scratching to be admitted to his bedroom, he rose without a moment's hesitation, and opened the door between the two rooms. No sooner had he done so than he received a heavy blow upon his shoulder which caused him to fall to the floor in great agony, and another on his head which must have deprived him of consciousness.

Two or three times during the night he had recovered himself, only to sink again into insensibility; and he had made a great though unsuccessful effort to reply to the old woman, and to open the door for her. He had been robbed of his money and papers. Again and again did M. de

Joly reply to the questions asked him, that he could say no more; that he only saw, as he opened his bedroom door, the figure of a little man in the light that came through the window from the street. But in reply to the questions put to him, the concierge declared positively that no one left the house to his knowledge after eleven o'clock that night.

"Would it be possible for any one to leave without your knowledge, monsieur?"

"No, monsieur."

Upon hearing this statement, the policeman who had been on duty in that immediate neighborhood between the hours of twelve and two, declared that he had been walking slowly up the street, watching two women, evidently a young lady and her maid, who passed him rapidly, and who seemed to be frightened at being out so late. He heard the young lady say, "Hurry, 'Toinette. I do not like being out at this hour. It was nearly one when we left——" But he lost the rest in the distance. He had followed them as far as he could, thinking that his presence would reassure them. His beat ended at the corner of the Rue des Acacias, and the house in which M. de Joly lived was two doors from the corner, on the opposite side. As the women were crossing the street he looked at his watch and saw that it was fifteen minutes past one. As he again looked at the two women they were passing No. 95 (the house in which the robbery was committed), and he saw the door open, a short, thickset man come leisurely out, close the door behind him, and walk slowly away in an opposite direction. It did not excite his curiosity or surprise in the slightest degree, for it was no unusual thing for people to be out in Paris at unseasonable hours.

The inmates of the house were questioned, and it appeared that none of them had been out late on the preceding evening, or had had company, with the exception of the family on the fourth floor, whose grandfather had

called early in the evening and gone away at half-past nine precisely, and the family in the *entresol*, who had received a visit from the *fiancé* of mademoiselle their eldest daughter—but he had gone away at a very few minutes after ten, as all the family could testify, as well as the concierge, to whom the happy lover had generously and extravagantly given the munificent sum of ten francs. Not only that, but he proved to the entire satisfaction of every one that he had gone directly from No. 95 to the Café d'Algérie, where he had played *béziq*ue with some of his brother officers until a quarter of two.

The young lady was found who had passed with her maid, and who had noticed the man who came out of No. 95 as they passed the door.

He was short. She did not see his face distinctly, but thought she should recognize him again by his general appearance. He was not stout, but looked like a very strong man.

And this was all. M. de Joly recovered his health, but not his money; the police were in a state of frantic disappointment and baffled fury; the Parisians were in a pitiable condition of terror and indignation. How was it possible for this miscreant to enter and leave the houses unnoticed? How was it possible for him to know so exactly who had and who had not money, and to *spot* his victims with such unerring precision?

CHAPTER II.

ON the morning of the 26th of September the children of the Faubourg Montmartre were wild with glee; for on the afternoon of that day the favorite and justly celebrated M. Valet was to give the first performance of the season of his famous troupe of trained ponies, goats, dogs, and monkeys.

M. Valet frequented all the *fêtes* of Paris and its environs with his little company; but in spite of his numerous

engagements he found time each year to devote a few days to the children of Montmartre.

In a vacant lot, on which an old house had lately been demolished, he set his tent, gay with flags and streamers, in the rear of which stood the gaudily painted wagons in which he carried his property from place to place.

The first performance had commenced punctually at two o'clock. M. Valet, a large, stout, rosy-cheeked young man, clad in a very tight and dirty green frock coat, and equally tight but perfectly spotless white leathern breeches, and top boots, had made his bow to the crowd of black-eyed, bright-faced children, who, with their mammas and nurses, very nearly filled the little tent. A few fathers and elder brothers were there prepared to thoroughly enjoy M. Valet's show.

The children laughed, and chattered, and applauded. The ponies had done all their tricks, the goats had been introduced and played their parts with the greatest gravity and decorum; the dogs had danced, and walked upside down and wrong end foremost; had smoked the pipe of peace, and directly afterward killed and buried each other; and then—then came the long-expected moment when M. Valet announced the monkeys. What shrill cries of "*Mon Dieu! que c'est drôle!*" what shouts of delight and clapping of hands, as twelve little monsters in their tawdry finery, securely fastened to the bench on which they sat, glancing sharply from right to left, and anxiously at their master, were carried in by two very dirty-faced young men. What cries of delight when the bench was placed before a table covered with a cloth which might once have been white, and which was evidently the banqueting board.

It must be confessed that the guests did not strictly observe the usual rules of etiquette, but displayed intense delight at the prospect of a feast, mingled with fear lest they might yet be disappointed of it.

They clutched madly at the table cloth, and kicked wildly at the table, upon which as yet no viands had been placed, rattling the chains which bound them, or stopped suddenly to search gravely for one of those minute but active creatures which render their lives a burden to them, but which they never succeed in finding. (If a monkey were to devote the same time and patience to the attainment of any other object, the art of talking for instance, what wonderful results he might obtain.)

After a short delay, the ragged carpet that served as a curtain was once more lifted, and a comical little monkey, a tiny, tiny creature, in the white cap and apron of a cook, appeared, carrying a little basket, which, small as it was, was evidently too large for his slender strength. He stopped occasionally on his passage from the greenroom to the banquet hall, and peering anxiously at his master, whose attention was divided between his very boisterous guests and himself, abstracted from the basket a bit of apple or a nut, and quickly thrust them into his capacious jaws.

This grotesque yet melancholy little object, having at length reached the end of his journey, unwillingly yielded up the precious basket to M. Valet, who, with an impartial hand, distributed its contents and that of a much larger one among his greedy party; when, with a wild shriek of terror, the little cook tore off his cap and apron and flew, rather than ran, over the shoulders and heads of the affrighted audience, and past the astonished young woman who was counting her money at the door. M. Valet followed him as quickly as possible, as did a few of the audience; but nothing was to be seen of the terrified little creature. In a few hasty words M. Valet offered a reward for his recovery and safe return, stationed some idle boys and men to watch the neighborhood where he had disappeared, and returned to finish the performance. In a little speech to his audience he told them

how much he valued this little monkey, whom he had only had some two years, not only on account of his intelligence and droll ways, but because he was the most affectionate, the most loving little creature in the world; and he begged them, if they had any suspicion as to the cause of his terror and flight, to confide it to him. No one had seen anything. One or two persons were entering at the moment, but apart from the slight confusion they made in finding their places, every one was intent upon the monkeys and their dinner. The performance was quickly ended, and M. Valet, whose good nature and unassumed grief won him many sympathizing friends among the children, set forth in search of the lost monkey.

He had not been seen, and not even the flutter of a leaf on the trees had escaped the attention of the gathered multitudes of gamins, idle men, pretty *bonnes* with their little charges, and even one or two fierce-looking *gendarmes*, who were gazing anxiously at every spot where a fly might have taken shelter.

"He cannot have gone far," declared M. Valet. "I am sure he is in the ivy that grows on those old houses opposite. He will come to me when he sees me." And he called, and whistled, and sang those airs with which his *pauvre petit ami* had been most familiar.

Poor little Zizi, meantime, had flown, like one possessed, to the shelter of the ivy which grew so luxuriantly upon the neighboring houses. Once concealed among its clustering branches, he looked for a few moments anxiously and fearfully about him, shivering with cold and terror; then slowly and carefully poked his way upward, until at last in the Mansard roof he found an open window.

Then he stopped, listened, and peeped cautiously in. Not a sound did he hear, not a living creature did he see, but instead a tiny little room, with a range for cooking on one side, in which a fire still smouldered, and a

table on which lay a heap of apples and apricots. Zizi loved the warmth of the fire even on this warm September afternoon, and the fruit tempted him so that he almost forgot his strange terror as he gazed upon it. Cautiously he entered the open window and approached the table. To place the apples and apricots in a little heap on the piece of carpet by the fire, and settle himself comfortably to enjoy the feast, was the work of a few moments for M. Zizi. This done, he rested from his labors, and dozed a little, very lightly, however, for at the slightest sound he opened his little black eyes and gazed anxiously around him. Nothing but the closing of a distant door disturbed him, however; and at last, gathering fresh courage, he set forth to explore his new domain. The kitchen did not occupy him long, and he slipped nimbly into the adjoining room. The clean white bed in one corner, and the garments hanging from a row of pegs on the wall, divided his attention, until at last Zizi caught a glimpse of his double in the little mirror that stood on the toilette table.

Hesitating a moment before he joined his new acquaintance, as he supposed this reflection to be, to engage in the search for that bane of his existence, the active and voracious flea, he hopped slowly over to the toilette table. The glass was a cheap little affair standing on the table, and Zizi peered into it and behind it, vainly trying to touch the little animal that so constantly eluded his grasp. At last his curiosity became so much excited that he began the search in earnest, and with his active, nimble fingers was feeling all over and around the little piece of furniture. At the back one of the boards was loose, and though his slender fingers looked too weak to demolish even this cheap, shabby little article, Zizi's dexterity and adroitness were greater than his weakness, and in a few moments the back of the mirror was stripped off, and Zizi's delight at pulling out the

papers that he found neatly folded between the wood and the glass caused him quite to forget the object of his search.

His attention was, however, directed from this charming employment by a sound in the next room, and with one wild shriek, as he recognized the man whose appearance had so terrified him in the tent, Zizi fled by the open window.

The man who had entered the room stood, with the lighted candle in his hand, like one transfixed with astonishment; and then, muttering to himself, proceeded to examine the apartment.

He laughed a little as he found that the little devil, as he called him, had eaten his supper; but his amusement changed to anger when he found the broken mirror and pieces of paper. He examined them all carefully, and then, apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, replaced them in the hiding place from which Zizi had taken them; and with dexterity and quickness almost equal to the monkey's, he mended the broken back.

As dinner time approached M. Valet was left alone, or nearly so; but still he kept his post, and watched and waited, whistling and singing patiently.

As night fell, and the terrified Zizi, once more hidden in the ivy, peered anxiously about him, he heard his master's voice, and in a moment more, cold and trembling, leaped on his shoulder, and, clinging desperately to him, hid himself in the warm, familiar breast. M. Valet held him tightly, and tried to warm and comfort him; but the poor creature shook and shivered in an agony of fear.

"*A la bonheur,*" cries a gendarme, who had been standing on the opposite side of the street. "So you have got the little wretch again. I have been watching that window for the last ten minutes, and saw the little good-for-nothing come flying out, and then peep from the ivy at you. I was

just going to tell you to look at him when he began to descend, and I was afraid if I moved or spoke it would frighten the poor beast away again."

"Poor little man, how terrified he is," said M. Valet, opening his coat to stroke Zizi, who still struggled to hide himself. "But what hast thou there, my little good man?" he asked, trying to take from Zizi's hand something which he still clutched tightly.

"It is money. Oh, you little thief!" said the policeman, as they stepped under a gas lamp and examined the crumpled paper.

"It is not a bank note——"

"But a draft—on New Orleans—and to the credit of—of—Jules Alphonse de Joly—de Joly. *Mon Dieu!* It was he who was robbed and so nearly murdered a few days since. *Sapristé!* but you have done well this time, little wretch. Listen, monsieur. He must have entered the apartment of the murderer or of one of his accomplices, and stolen this bit of paper, which shall be the means of discovering the villain. I must make this known at the Prefecture without delay, and yet I dare not leave the house for fear that the wretch may make his escape in my absence. I hardly know what to do. Ah, there is the concierge of the house at the door. Luckily he is a friend of mine, and an honest man who can be trusted. I will have three words with him, and find out who his lodgers are at this moment. Will you watch the window for a moment, monsieur, and if the light should be extinguished, give me some signal; whistle something—'Ah, c'est toi, Mme. Barras,' for instance?" and before the astonished showman could reply the gendarme had left him, and was seen slowly approaching his friend the concierge, who stood lazily leaning against the door enjoying the fresh evening air.

"*Bon soir, mon ami,*" said the gendarme as he stopped by his friend's side. "How art thou?"

"Very well, I thank you, monsieur,

but a little anxious. Indeed, I have something strange to confide to you. An hour ago something extraordinary took place in this house."

"Indeed!" said the gendarme. "Of what nature was the event, pray?"

"Listen, monsieur, and I will tell you. We have a lodger on the fifth floor whom I do not love. He has done nothing that I know of to deserve my hatred, but I confess, nevertheless, that I feel the strongest aversion to him. He is occupied, he tells me, at the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin; but I do not believe him, and to-morrow I shall take steps to ascertain the truth. His movements are very irregular. Sometimes he is away for a week at a time, in the country, he says, and sometimes he does not leave his apartment for days. However, I should not have thought so much of that but for what took place an hour ago. Listen, monsieur, and I will tell you all. I had gone up to the fifth floor to put away some articles belonging to my wife, in a closet that nearly adjoins the apartment of M. Bénét, when I heard his step approaching on the stair. I did not care to meet him, so I blew out my light and stood with the door of the closet ajar in my hand until he should have passed, and I could descend unheard. He stopped at his door and pulled from his pocket a little piece of candle which he lighted before he entered the room. He opened the door very softly, and entered, I watching him, when suddenly, monsieur, I heard the most fearful, the most blood-curdling shriek you can imagine. It was not like a woman's voice, and there could have been no woman in the room. The man stood for an instant like one petrified with astonishment. Then, muttering to himself, he proceeded to examine the two rooms. I could watch every movement from where I stood, and, monsieur, he found nothing; there was no one there but himself. But some one had been there, for M. Bénét found his mirror broken, and some papers which he had evidently

hidden there strewn all over the table and floor; and, monsieur, from where I stood they looked like bank notes."

"Ah!" said the gendarme. "What did he do with those papers?"

"He replaced them smoothly between the glass and the back of the mirror, which he mended."

"Ah!" repeated the gendarme. "Does the mirror belong to M. Bénét or to the house?"

"To the house, monsieur. He rents the apartment furnished."

"Good—very good," said the gendarme. "It is evident our friend has no immediate intention of depriving us of his delightful society."

"But the scream, monsieur?" demanded the concierge.

"I think your curiosity will be satisfied on that point very soon, my friend, but for the moment I am dumb. In the mean time can you, by any chance, remember upon what occasions M. Bénét has been absent for a night or for a longer time?"

"I cannot remember, but I can show exactly; for I am very systematic, and I keep a little book which will tell you all you wish to know."

"Good, very good," repeated the gendarme. "You are a model concierge. Ah, I see," he added, as he glanced over the book, which his friend quickly placed in his hand. "He arrived on July 14, from sea, you think, from the appearance of his packages, and was away in the country July 27, 28, and 29. He departed again for the country on the afternoon of August 13, and returned on the evening of the 14th. He was absent again the last week in August. Again for a day on September 6 and 7. I think I have seen enough, thank you, my friend, and that we shall be obliged to furnish apartments, at the expense of the government, to M. Bénét"; and raising a little whistle he had to his mouth, he blew softly upon it.

Instantly two figures appeared, approaching slowly from opposite directions.

In a moment more the two newly arrived policemen were left to guard the door and prevent the egress of this one person, while our old acquaintances, the gendarme, M. Valet, and Zizi, hastened to the Prefecture, where the marvellous story was soon told, and M. Bénét's capture quickly effected.

"Ah," exclaimed M. Valet, as his eyes rested upon the prisoner's face, "no wonder poor little Zizi was frightened. It was of this villain I bought the poor little beast, all bleeding and wounded from his cruel blows. And—now I remember—it was you who entered my tent just as poor Zizi fled screaming. It was you who terrified him. Ah, you began badly, my friend, in ill-treating a poor, helpless little beast like this, and you have ended badly in killing the poor, helpless sleepers whose goods you stole."

"That is enough, M. Valet—quite enough," said the commissaire at last. "We have discovered, thanks to your little friend, this wicked culprit. It now remains for us to search his apartment, and to find if possible the bills and papers he undoubtedly has in his possession."

"It is not necessary, M. le Préfet. I, villain as I am, believe in God, and He it is who has discovered all this. Two years ago, when I was not as bad as I am now, but bad enough, I was beating poor Zizi by the window. A kind old priest passed by and saw me. 'Take care, my friend, take care,' said he. 'Some time you will wish you had not struck so many blows.' That time has come. I do wish it with all my heart. The good God knows I wish it. But to save you trouble, monsieur, I will tell you all, only give me time. The papers you will find concealed between the glass and the wooden boards at the back of the little mirror that stands on my table. I

will answer any questions you may ask, monsieur."

"*Sapristé!* but this is an extraordinary prisoner we have here," said the Préfet to the commissaire below his breath.

"It is truly," replied the commissaire, "but he must be none the less carefully guarded. To-morrow we will know all. That is all for to-night," he added, turning to the prisoner. "Remove him"—to the guards.

"One moment, if you please, Monsieur le Préfet," said Bénét, his face flaming scarlet. "May I see a priest now—to-night?"

"*Mon Dieu!* yes," replied the Préfet in astonishment; and in a moment more the prisoner and his guards had disappeared.

The priest came and went, his grave, sweet face sadder and paler than usual as he passed the guard at the door, and begged that the prisoner might have a cup of cold water taken to him. To the gendarme who carried him the water some minutes after, the prisoner was most grateful. "I will answer all their questions in the morning," he said as he handed back the cup. "*Bonne nuit, mon ami, bonne nuit.*"

"*Bonne nuit,*" replied the guard, less gruffly than usual.

But the murderer answered no more questions, for when they entered his cell in the morning he was quite dead. "It was not suicide," said the surgeons who examined him, "but a visitation of God." He had died from heart disease.

But MM. le Préfet and le Commissaire will never cease to regret that they delayed questioning him until morning.

They will never know now *how* he committed these crimes.

FRANCES T. RICHARDSON.

ARABESQUE.

ON a background of pale gold
I would trace with quaint design,
Pencilled fine,
Brilliant-colored, Moorish scenes,
Mosques and crescents, pages, queens,
Line on line,
That the prose-world of to-day
Might the gorgeous Past's array
Once behold.

On the magic painted shield
Rich Granada's *Vega* green
Should be seen;
Crystal fountains, coolness flinging,
Hanging gardens' skyward springing
Emerald sheen;
Ruddy when the daylight falls,
Crowned Alhambra's beetling walls
Stand revealed;

Balconies that overbrow
Field and city, vale and stream.
In a dream
Lulled the drowsy landscape basks;
Weary toilers cease their tasks.
Mark the gleam
Silvery of each white-swathed peak!
Mountain-airs caress the cheek,
Fresh from snow.

Here in Lindaraxa's bower
The immortal roses bloom;
In the room
Lion-guarded, marble-paven,
Still the fountain leaps to heaven.
But the doom
Of the banned and stricken race
Overshadows every place,
Every hour.

Where fair Lindaraxa dwelt
Flits the bat on velvet wings;
Mute the strings
Of the broken mandoline;
The Pavilion of the Queen
Widely flings
Vacant windows to the night;
Moonbeams kiss the floor with light
Where she knelt.

Through these halls that people stepped
Who through darkling centuries
Held the keys
Of all wisdom, truth, and art,
In a Paradise apart,
Lapped in ease,
Sagely pondering deathless themes,
While, befooled with monkish dreams,
Europe slept.

Where shall they be found to-day?
Yonder hill that frets the sky
"The Last Sigh
Of the Moor" is naméd still.
There the ill-starred Boabdil
Bade good-by
To Granada and to Spain,
Where the Crescent ne'er again
Holdeth sway.

Vanished like the wind that blows,
Whither shall we seek their trace
On earth's face?
The gigantic wheel of fate,
Crushing all things soon or late,
Now a race,
Now a single life o'erruns,
Now a universe of suns,
Now a rose.

EMMA LAZARUS.

THE EMBROIDERY OF HISTORY.

NOT long ago one of Napoleon's veterans, a soldier of the Old Guard, wrote a letter to a Belgian newspaper, declaring in emphatic words, and on the strength of distinct personal remembrance, that Cambronne did say at Waterloo, "*La Garde meurt, et ne se rend pas.*" Though this old warrior heard with his own ears the much disputed phrase, and now gives his name and address for the benefit of skeptics who may desire to cross-examine him, nevertheless Cambronne never said anything of the sort. The phrase was the coinage of Rougemont, who, shortly after Waterloo, in the "*Indépendant*," put it into the mouth of Cambronne, who thereupon indignantly disowned it; as well he might, since, instead of dying on the field, he had surrendered, as became a brave man in hopeless straits.

The Rougemonts of literature are many and audacious; and with such subtlety do they weave their plausible yarns, that sometimes these shams go for ever unsuspected into the fabric of history; while, in other cases, if suspected, the fraud is only shown by great labor and research, and is not even then wholly unravelled out of the tapestry of national annals.

One of the bits of history most familiar to Americans is Jackson's battle of New Orleans, where, from behind his breastwork of cotton bales (a material which the enemy's cannon could not pierce), he repulsed with prodigious slaughter Pakenham's veterans, fresh from their European victories. This story of the rampart of cotton, as related in both English and American histories, is, however, purely apocryphal. Its origin seems to have been the fact that, many days before the battle of January 8 (for Jackson's troops had been working steadily at the intrenchments since Christmas), about fifty cotton bales

were taken out of a neighboring flat-boat and thrown into a line of earthworks to increase its bulk. About a week before the assault, in a preliminary skirmish, as Walker tells us in his "*Jackson and New Orleans*," the enemy's balls, striking one of these bales, knocked it out of the mound, set fire to the cotton, and sent it flying about, to the great danger of the ammunition. All the bales were consequently removed. "After this," continues the account, "no cotton bales were ever used in the breastwork. The mound was composed entirely of earth dug from the canal and the field in the rear. The experiment of using cotton and other articles in raising the embankment had been discarded."

Again, for eighteen years after this battle it was gospel with us that the British officers at dawn "promised their troops a plentiful dinner in New Orleans, and gave them 'Booty and beauty' as the parole and countersign of the day." In 1833 General Lambert and four other British officers, who had been engaged in the luckless expedition, denied this story, which accordingly has measurably vanished out of history. The absurd fiction of the "Booty and beauty" watchword reappears, however, at intervals in our own civil war, ascribed to General Beauregard and other Confederate officers.

Our ancestors, also, used to enjoy the story of Putnam's exploit at Horse-neck, where he escaped from a party of Tryon's troopers by forcing his horse down a flight of seventy stone steps (another account swells them to a hundred) that formed the stairway by which the villagers ascended to the church on the brow of the hill. This is the narrative in Peters's "*History of Connecticut*," a book which Dwight calls "a mass of folly and falsehood." The story of the stairway is sheer fab-

rication, founded on the fact that common stones here and there aided the villagers to ascend the hill; yet there exist pictures of Putnam charging down a long tier of steps as well defined and regular as those of the capitol at Washington, while the discomfited dragoons at the top pour in a volley that does not harm him.

A partial parallel to this exaggeration may be found in the current descriptions of "Sheridan's ride" at Winchester, a solid exploit, brilliantly touched up in Buchanan Read's verse, concerning which last the great cavalry general is said to have jocosely remarked that if the bard had seen the horse, he never would have written the poem.

The embroiderers of history may be trusted to duly stitch into Custer's last fight (a story sadder far than even that of Lovell's massacre, which wrung our schoolboy hearts) the figure of our *preux chevalier*, with long hair flying, as on Virginia fields, leading a sabre charge against the red devils, and falling a prey to an Indian marksman who had recognized the dreaded foe of his race. There was not a sabre in the column; Custer's hair was cropped; and the evidence goes to show that no Indian recognized him during the battle.

Everybody remembers how for many years after Wilkes Booth was hunted down by cavalry, and was shot in a barn by Corbett, there were stories that he had never been killed, but had escaped to Australia, where "intelligent gentlemen" had seen him. This sort of delusion is familiar in history. King Harold died on the day of St. Calixtus, and was buried on the fatal field of Hastings; but this did not prevent Giraldus, Æthelred of Rievaulx, and sundry other chroniclers in years following from making Harold escape alive to Saxony and Denmark, whence, after in vain seeking help to overthrow William, he returned to England, and devoted his last days to penance in a cell at Chester. It was probably the wish, as father to the thought, that started among Harold's

followers the rumor of his escape and his seeking for aid to return; analogous hopes or fears furnish the origin of many like delusive traditions.

When Farragut was starting, after our civil war, on his European cruise, Secretary Seward telegraphed him the playful admonition, "Do not glide too often to the masthead." The allusion was to the Admiral's prowess in Mobile bay, where popular fancy pictured him as directing the battle from the region of the masthead of the Hartford, whither he had "glided" before the battle, and where he had caused his men to "lash him," lest he should fall on being hit by the enemy's sharpshooters. The true version was given in his official report; namely, that he had stepped from the deck into the shrouds in order to see above the smoke of his flagship's guns; and as the smoke rolled up higher he also went up, till he found himself "in an elevated position in the main rigging, near the maintop." But popular history prefers to lash him up higher and against the mast ("He had caused himself to be lashed in the maintop," says Abbott's "Civil War in America," "and communicated his orders through speaking tubes"); while Mr. Seward, in asking the hero not to glide "*too* often" to the masthead, suggests how the fiction after all got the better of the fact.

The biographies of Nelson have a like embroidering in regard to England's great naval captain at Trafalgar. "It being known," says one of these books, "that there were select musketeers throughout the French ships, many of them Tyrolese, he was entreated to lay aside the frock coat bearing his various decorations, as these might cause him to be singled out; but with a sort of infatuation, he refused, saying, 'In honor I gained them, and in honor I will die with them.'" The reply was worthy of the hero who had shouted at Cape St. Vincent, "Westminster Abbey or glorious victory!" But Captain (afterward Sir Thomas) Hardy, many years

later, said that he had indeed expressed a fear that the embroidered order of the Bath might attract the enemy's fire, and that Nelson's reply had simply been that he knew there was danger, but it was "too late now to shift a coat." One queries, since Nelson has become so much of a Sunday-school exemplar, whether divers of the famous religious ejaculations attributed to him are not also built up on a somewhat slender foundation.

While English lads read this story of Nelson's coat at Trafalgar, French boys thrill at being told how the *Vengeur* went down with flags flying, under the broadsides of three English vessels. Driven successively from the lower to the upper tiers of guns by the rising waters, "still refusing to strike their colors, and shouting, 'Vive la République,' the crew went down with their ship." True it is that the *Vengeur* went down; but it was as an English prize, and the crew that perished in her was a crew of her captors. Nevertheless for many years the fable held its ground everywhere in France against the fact, as in painting and poesy, at least, it does to this day.

Returning to our civil war, we find it generally stated that Grant fought Lee in the Wilderness with odds of more than two to one. The best of American unprofessional military writers says that "Lee's army at this time numbered 52,626 men of all arms," while "Grant held in hand 130,000 men." Lee's last field report prior to the battle did indeed show "Present for duty, 53,891," but these figures excluded Longstreet's corps, then at Gordonsville, which at that date had "Present for duty, 18,387," and took part in the battle of the Wilderness. Grant's 130,000 was a "total" including sick and detached, as well as "present for duty," some of its detached forces being a hundred miles away. According to Badeau's citation of Grant's field report of even date with Lee's, the force "present for duty" under the former was 98,019; so that on this authority he fought the Wil-

derness with fewer than 100,000 men, while Lee put into the field upward of 70,000. This is but a single example of a class of errors in popular history whose number is legion.

Turning now to a different sort of historic events, some readers who visited the Centennial Exhibition may remember having had pointed out to them the cottage just above Belmont where Tom Moore lived, seventy odd years ago, and where he is supposed to have written "*Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved.*" There is not, however, a scrap of evidence that Tom Moore's cottage was ever seen by Mr. Moore. The poet, to begin with, passed only a fortnight in Philadelphia, and boarded in its densely populated part; his brief stay was a round of party-going and social life, and Tom Moore's cottage is a latter-day romance.

These last year's tourists, too, may have read or had recounted to them the story of how the old Independence bell originally "proclaimed liberty throughout the land." When the Declaration was voted, a lad rushed from the hall where Congress sat to the street in front, and shouted to the old bell-ringer to "ring"; and ring the graybeard did, with a clangor that roused the whole city to the glad tidings. This, we say, is the story, cut out of whole cloth by George Lippard. Nothing of the kind ever occurred.

In few departments of history has modern critical analysis made greater havoc than in that of the famous sayings and "last words" of illustrious men. Doubts have at length been cast even on the *Et tu, Brute*, of Cæsar, and the *E pur si muove* of Galileo. Talleyrand's impromptus are now discovered to have been (like Sheridan's) well conned, and also to have been largely derived from a jest-book called "*L'Improvisateur Français.*" Fourrier tells us that the Rougemont who invented his *mot* for Cambroune, performed the like amiable service for several other illustrious men; and of Harel, editor of the "*Nain Jaune*," he

remarks that this gentleman was in the habit of fathering his bright sayings on famous men, with a view of reclaiming his offspring in case the public should receive them well for the sake of their supposed parentage; for example, with true journalistic genius he invented an "interview" between Talleyrand and a lad, for the purpose of ascribing to the former the famous phrase, still credited to the diplomat, "Language was given to man to disguise his thoughts"—an epigram, however, originally made by Voltaire.

Louis Blanc, in his "History of Ten Years," records that, in the famous Diebitsch campaign against Poland in 1831, Skrzynecki, the Polish general, after performing prodigies of valor at Ostrolenka, reluctantly gave orders at night to retreat from the field he had so bravely held, "and, as he stepped into his carriage with Prondzynski, sadly repeated the famous words of Kosciusko, 'Finis Poloniae.'" This is very well, but Kosciusko, who is commonly thought to have pronounced these words as he fell, terribly wounded, on the fatal field of Maciejowice, October 10, 1794, expressly wrote afterward that he had never uttered them, and never could have had the conceit, even had he the want of patriotism, to imagine that his expected death was to be the "end of Poland." Evidently, however, with Skrzynecki the embroidery had covered up the history—unless, indeed, his repetition of "Finis Poloniae" be as apocryphal as its original utterance.

It is well known that Stonewall Jackson got his *sobriquet* from General Bee, who at Bull Run is said to have exclaimed, by way of encouragement to his worn men, on seeing Jackson's brigade still fresh, and drawn up in line ready for action, "There is Jackson, standing like a stone wall"; whence he is Stonewall for ever. But within a few months a reputable newspaper has contained a letter declaring, on the authority of a Confederate staff officer, that what Bee said was: "Men,

we have got to win this battle alone. There stands Jackson, like a stone wall, and will not help us. Let every man that is a man follow me." The probabilities are enormously in favor of the received version, but we see how doubts gather over what has been thought fully settled history.

The Germans have taken care sometimes to set their last war with France aright in history, from their point of view, by issuing an official narrative of it from General Moltke's headquarters. With like anxiety for the "truth of history," as well as for personal vindication, Prince Bismarck has repudiated the famous aphorism which Frenchmen attributed to him: "La force prime le droit." It was once believed, and perhaps still is, in France, that the cynical Chancellor uttered these words during the peace negotiations; and the very authority for the story was given, Count Schwerin, who accordingly disowned it. But a collection of Bismarck's speeches is said to show that he repudiated the phrase no fewer than five times in the Chamber at Berlin—a fact which suggests how the sham sayings of great men stick, and are hard to be got rid of. And despite his repeated denials, perhaps "might before right" may take its place in history as "Bismarck's maxim."

General Grant is popularly credited with inventing the humorous epithet "bottled up," as applied to General Butler's position at Bermuda Hundreds, in the last year of our civil war. The phrase does appear with this application in Grant's official report, but it had previously been originated by Butler, and applied to himself, in a communication to Grant. A parallel occurs in the proclamation which Louis Napoleon issued after his *coup* of December 2, containing the words *je suis sorti de la légalité pour rentrer dans le droit*. The telling phrase is his in history, but it was really formulated by a humble curé near Nancy, whose felicitous expression, *il est sorti*, etc., was forwarded through the Bishop to

the Prince, who "assimilated" it forthwith.

When Louis XVI. perished on the scaffold, saying, "I die innocent; I pardon my enemies; and you, unhappy people——" a roll of the drums, as we know, drowned his sentence, and the executioners, from whose grasp he had broken, seized him again, while the Abbé Edgeworth cried, "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!" This, at least, is the received story, though modern criticism has now set down the Abbé's exclamation among the purely fictitious flowers on the *parterre* of history.

And would not many another famous ejaculation be recognized as false were close scrutiny possible? Did Louis XIV. make those exemplary remarks from his death-bed to his great grandson and successor, the little Duke of Anjou? Did he turn to his officers and say, "Why weep you? Had you thought me immortal?" It was long ago noted that the germ of many sayings attributed to modern monarchs by their courtiers or chroniclers may be found in Greek and Latin lore, or else the stories are rechristened bodily. Scholars have often played the sycophant, and misused their erudition for princely favor; toad-eaters find their account in transferring to their sovereigns the credit of their wit. And not only of different princes, but of many illustrious men and women, we find substantially the same stories told in different ages, as it would be exceedingly easy to show by example. Nay, even in very commonplace and humble life we hear the same anecdote, eccentricity, or experience attributed to several different people, when it is perhaps as old as the language.

History also has a trick of condensing, by the evaporation of time, a diffuse saying into an epigram, and of turning, if need be, an indecorous exclamation into a noble phrase, fit for all to hear. She has pruned the message of Francis I., after Pavia, to the splendid "Madame, all is lost, save

honor"; whereas, instead of half a dozen words, the King wrote thirty, ending, "*de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré, que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauve.*" History, which has so kindly dealt with Cambronne's real ejaculation at Waterloo, has been equally generous with Taylor's at Buena Vista, substituting for his message to the Mexican general the well-known but most questionable phrase: "Tell Santa Anna General Taylor never surrenders."

The passion of mankind for hero worship is one cause of embroidery in history. We do not like to admit flaws in our historic models, and would fain hide them a little from view. The worshipper of the great Condé or the great Gregory VII. does not dwell on his insignificant stature. The enthusiastic lover of Nelson's gallantry and Byron's genius has a cloak of forgetfulness for their immoralities.

Popular taste would have military heroes imposing in presence as well as doughty in deed—a relic of impression by inheritance from what was anciently true, that prowess in battle required men of brawn rather than of brain. After its long experience of the outgoing of spears and breastplates and the incoming of steam and gunpowder, the popular mind still does not quite realize that stalwart Marshal Saxe, who twists a horseshoe like a wisp of straw in his fingers, is less formidable than aged Moltke, and that battles are planned in the closet and fought by telegraph. The popular conception of a great general is illustrated in the colored prints of the Bowery show windows. He bestrides a coal-black charger, from whose glistening eyes and distended nostrils red flames are shooting; he waves on high a sword fit for Goliath: bombs burst idly in thick profusion about the charmed hero, though dead soldiers are piled three or four deep around his horse's hoofs; steed and cavalier are of Brobdignagian mould, and the total is labelled "Major General Sherman at Resaca," or "Sheridan at Five Forks," as the case may be. Yet we know

that if Hancock, and Franklin, and Thomas were mighty in stature and massive in thew and limb, the reverse is true of Sheridan, and Grant, and McClellan. The popular idea of an infantry charge appears, also, in the old-fashioned pictures, where a straight line drawn from the bayonet tip on the extreme right of the charging regiment to the tip of the bayonet on the extreme left, would just graze every intermediate weapon.

The painter, whether with pen or brush, has not always skill or candor enough to present his hero in his faults of body and soul; besides, the hero himself has rarely so little vanity as to expose his own defects and deformities. If an occasional Cromwell stoutly demands to be painted with his wart, illustrious men are not equally eager to set forth their moral blemishes and mental blunders, but suffer their reports and their official chroniclers to excuse or deftly disguise them.

National pride and various kinds of partisanship also resent the rough handling of historic heroes. The portrait of William Penn which Macaulay drew roused the indignation of many Quakers, in whose minds Penn had come to be a figure quite free from the human frailties which the historian ascribed to him. When Thackeray, in the "Virginians," sketched Washington as an ordinary mortal, falling in love and quarrelling in a very ordinary way, the picture shocked many Americans, for Washington is our patron saint. We had preferred to divest him of the frivolous gallantries in which youth commonly indulge, and to think of him as "loving but once," when he led the widow Custis to the altar. Bishop Meade, however, tells us, in his "Old Churches and Families of Virginia," that Miss Cary had previously captivated the affections of young Washington, and rejected the offer of his hand; and there are rumors of other like experiences in Washington's life.

A rare, perhaps solitary lapse into profanity, under sudden irritation, is

hardly a matter to be concealed in Washington's life, since it really serves to bring into the light of positive virtues his habitual self-restraint and decorum; yet some eulogists would gloss even that speck on the sun. Such eulogists think it wise to figure our first President as a recognized demigod among his contemporaries, ignoring the fact that hostile newspapers called him a traitor, an ally of Britain, "a stupendous monument of perfidy, ingratitude, and degeneracy," and that his impeachment was called for. While the treaty with England, which he favored, was under discussion, "his merits," says Young, "as a soldier and statesman, were disparaged. His private character did not escape detraction. He was accused of having overdrawn the amount of his salary and appropriated the money to his private use." Washington himself, in regard to the attacks of the press upon him for his treaty policy, wrote that he could not have believed that every act of his administration would be tortured, and the grossest misrepresentations of them made, "and that, too, in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket."

Historical romances are of course responsible for a good deal of popular misconception about famous events and personages; but it is doubtful whether any department in the whole range of imaginative literature has given so widespread entertainment and instruction. To some people these novels furnish their chief knowledge of many parts of history; for others they clothe dry bones with flesh and breathe life into lay figures. Historical novels are deservedly made the source of much satire, by reason of the abominations that pass under their name; but we cannot cry down a class of writing illumined by the pens of Dumas and Erckmann-Chatrian, of Cooper and Hawthorne, of Scott and Thackeray. Only, in order to make a true historical novel, it is by no means

enough to pepper its pages with "prithees," "marrys," "welladays," "churls," "benisons," and "dungeons beneath the castle's moat." And again, when novelists play such tricks with established events and illustrious people as to mislead the ignorant reader, their historical studies of course deserve censure.

To the poets, the painters, and the dramatists a still greater license is due than to the novelists, in historical productions, and they have taken the full benefit of this privilege. For our English-speaking race Shakespeare, not Hume or Lingard, is the historian of the houses of York and Lancaster and Tudor. It is he and not they to whom we owe the Prince Hal and the Gloster whose images are stamped on our minds. "I might remind my critics," says Mr. W. G. Willis, an English writer of historical plays, "that Macbeth was, in history, a good and humane monarch, and never murdered Duncan; that Wolsey's disgrace was only temporary, and that he regained the favor of Henry; that there is no authority for an interview between Elizabeth and Mary, etc." And it is familiar experience that the playwrights are often suffered to sacrifice literal truth to picturesque effect.

The sculptors on their part put Jefferson and Webster in Roman togas, while the painters (as one of our national frescoes bears witness) compel Putnam to plough in a blue cloak. Where there is a clearly romantic treatment of historical themes no misconception is created, precisely as there is none when, on the ceiling of some public hall, Washington appears drawn through heavy, breaking clouds by Apollo's steeds, to meet Lafayette, who comes in an aerial ship, blown forward by fat-cheeked zephyrs; for everybody comprehends the difference between allegory and actuality, and admits that to allow no scope for the imagination would make photography the most meritorious of all artistic appliances. But if a painter undertakes to reproduce an exact scene at Gettys-

burg with all possible fidelity, and accumulates within half an acre twenty or thirty recognizable portrait figures of field and general officers who were really at the time represented scattered over half a mile of the battle-ground, the case is different.

We all remember an astonishing bit of sculpture at the Centennial Exhibition, representing the upper half of Washington joined to the back of an eagle. It was a monstrosity that struck some observers as simply hideous, but the majority, perhaps, as ludicrously preposterous in its odd audacity of conception. But you could hardly call the treating of Washington *à la Centaur* a deceptive or misleading use of historical subjects. It may be comical, to be sure, to figure our grave patron saint as—not exactly "half hoss and half alligator," like Roaring Ralph Stackpole, but half human and half aquiline; still, we allow a license of this sort, without objection on any but artistic grounds, whereas against a municipal statue of Lincoln which, instead of giving us his long, lank figure, furnishes a man with short, stumpy legs, we protest on grounds of historic falsification.

Perhaps that illustration from a kindred field may serve to show the difference between the deceptive and the harmless embroideries which the poets and the dramatists work upon history. Sometimes we are perhaps too scrupulous in insisting upon verbal accuracy with the poets in their treatment of historic themes. Whittier seems to have been overwhelmed and disheartened by the amount of topical criticism stirred up about his ballad of Barbara Fritchie and her flag. Still, the historic element in the verses which formed their basis could not fail to provoke rival schools of logicians, with Barbara and anti-Barbara arguments; whereas Longfellow, it is safe to presume, was never pestered to disclose the exact name and age of the extraordinary young man who, for purposes best known to himself, ascended an icy mountain

laden with a banner inscribed "Excelsior."

An instance of the value of contemporary records in fixing for ever its true character upon an important scene, destined otherwise, we might confidently presume, to be amazingly embroidered, is furnished in a passage from the diary of the late Chief Justice Chase, Secretary of the Treasury under President Lincoln. The issue of the emancipation proclamation forms an epochal event in American history, surpassed only in its kind, perhaps, by the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and destined, like that earlier event, to be the subject of study in art, oratory, and song. What the scene might have become, without authentic contemporary records, under the warm imaginations of painters and poets, it is hard to say; but the diary of Chief Justice Chase has imperishably portrayed the eventful Cabinet meeting of September 22, 1862, in a picture wonderfully simple, realistic, suggestive, and effective. "Went to the White House. All the members of the Cabinet were in attendance. There was some general talk, and the President mentioned that Artemus Ward had sent him his book. Proposed to read a chapter which he thought very funny. Read it, and seemed to enjoy it very much; the heads also (except Stanton). The chapter was 'High-Handed Outrage at Utica.' The President then took a graver tone, and said," etc. What the President then said—his introduction of the emancipation proclamation—offers so sharp and sudden contrast to the foregoing scene, and is withal so simple, serious, and noble, that one is sorry to strike out a line of it for the sake of brevity in citation. He took a graver tone and said:

"Gentlemen: I have, as you are aware, thought a good deal about the relation of this war to slavery, and you all remember that, several weeks ago, I read to you an order I had prepared upon the subject, which, on account of objections made by some of you, was not issued. Ever since then my mind has been occupied with the subject, and I have thought all along that the time for acting on it might probably come. I

think the time has come now. . . . When the rebel army was at Frederick I determined, as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a proclamation of emancipation such as I thought most likely to be useful. I said nothing to any one, but I made a promise to myself and (hesitating a little) to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfil that promise. I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending anything but respect for any one of you. But I already know the views of each on this question. . . . There is no way in which I can have any other man put where I am. I am here. I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take." The President then proceeded to read his emancipation proclamation.

These words, tranquil, sincere, and solemn, bear the stamp of authenticity. They are coinage of the mint that produced the immortal speech at Gettysburg—speech whose few eloquent sentences sank so deeply into all hearers as to eclipse the labored oratory of gifted Everett. Not otherwise did those few words, just cited, sink into the mind of Chase, making it easy for him to reproduce them a few hours later in his diary.

Without this portrayal by a witness and an actor, what might not "history" have made of the scene? We should have had, doubtless, supposed speeches of Lincoln, of Seward, of Blair, and of others. The facts of the verbal alterations which were offered to the President, in accordance with his request for suggestions of change in the minor matter of expression, and which, as Mr. Chase records, the President at once accepted, would very likely have been ignored or distorted. Above all we might have had everything grandiloquent, high-stepping, profuse in epigrammatic patriotism, as becomes the lofty historic style. But the scene is more impressive in its homeliness. That strange opening from the jest-book, contrasting with the touchingly frank and grave words that instantly followed, sets out, by a strange chance, in a memorable scene, whereon the fate of a race depended, the two sides of Lincoln's nature or temperament, which two sides need-

ed to be crystallized together in history. And whereas at first thought the prefacing of the emancipation proclamation by a page out of Artemus Ward may be the subject of sarcasm (as some future historian perchance will make it), yet the sense of incongruity passes away quite forgotten before the modest, resolute words of Abraham Lincoln are ended. At all events the scene is the true one, and has the matchless relish that truth gives; it is a scene ever memorable, though it may have spoiled a thousand novels and plays and pictures and poems, ready to be done in the heroic style.

Often, indeed, in history, there is nothing so affecting, so dramatic, so thrilling as the recorded fact, so that wise dramatists as well as chroniclers repeat without gloss what was actually said and done, to secure their greatest effects. The most picturesque and telling parts of history are not those in the *Ercles* vein, for even great men are not always mounted on their battle chargers. "*Esmond*" insists that in his time the muse of history, no less than the tragic muse, wears the mask and the cothurnus, and speaks to measure; he saw King Louis XIV. in his decrepitude, and found that, "divested of poetry, this was but a little, wrinkled old man, pock-marked, and with a great periwig and red heels to make him look tall"; he saw Queen Anne driving her one-horse chaise—"a hot, red-faced woman, not in the least resembling that statue of her which turns its stone back upon St. Paul's." The best biographies show that it is not wise to cover up the hero's defects, round out his deficiencies, and present him perpetually in historic pose. Benjamin West astounded Reynolds and the conventional, trappings-ridden painters of his day by a touch of nature in the "*Death of Wolfe*"—a path which it had been better for his fame to have followed, instead of becoming more academic and conventional than some of the men whom his comparative simplicity and freshness

had startled. "That art is the truest," says a cultivated writer, "which preserves and dignifies a defect. Let Agesilaus keep his hobble, and the Emperor's neck be awry in the marble. Biography admonishes pride when it displays *Salmasius*, the champion of kings, shivering under the eye and scourge of his wife, or bids us stand at the door of Milton's academy, and hear the scream and the ferule up stairs."

To the love of sensational scenery in history we owe the mythical politeness of Fontenoy, where, when Hay's regiment encountered that of D'Au-terroche, Hay rode out in front and with a bow said, "Gentlemen of the French Guards, fire first!" whereupon the Count responded, "We never fire first." Carlyle enjoys tearing up this gorgeous piece of embroidery, which was indeed too palpably false, one would think, to ever impose upon any but the most credulous.

Besides the embroidery which comes from sycophancy, from love of spectacular effect, from prejudice, or from ignorance, even a purely clerical blunder may perpetuate a mistake for centuries. Thus, from school-boy days, we may remember Dr. Goldsmith's assertion that, in the reign of Edward IV., "the Duke of Clarence, being granted a choice of the manner in which he would die, was privately drowned in a butt of Malmesey in the Tower; a whimsical choice, and implying that he had an extraordinary passion for that liquor." This story, in vogue for centuries, was adding insult to the poor duke's injury; for, as Bayley has shown, the original record, which was wrongly copied, only says that Clarence was killed, and his body, enclosed in a cask that once contained Malmesey wine, was thrown into the Thames.

But official contemporary records cannot always be trusted in history. "As lying as a bulletin" has become a proverb. Napoleon evidently treated official despatches like other appliances for accomplishment, and could

falsify them, if expedient, with as little compunction as he would have had in sending a false message into the hands of his enemy. Mr. Freeman tells us that the orthodox way, under William the Conqueror, was to look on the fight of Senlac as a sort of unhappy accident; and that in the official language William's entry is always spoken of as if it had been as peaceful as that of Charles II. or George I. The ignoring of Harold's reign he likens to the ignoring of Cromwell's rule in the acts of Parliament, which speak of 1660 as the twelfth year of King Charles—a kind of “regnal arithmetic which has given the world a Louis XVIII. and a Napoleon III.”

Even the “honest Griffiths” of history may chronicle errors through unconscious partiality or inability to get at the facts. Besides, as Falsehood travels half round the world while Truth is putting on its boots, there is a certain difficulty in stopping the historic counterfeit that once passes current. Cambronne's denial did not save the thrasonical phrase from being attributed to him in good faith in a hundred histories, and even verified, as we have seen, by a hearer, threescore years after. In truth eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses are among the greatest embroiderers of history. They are like that “Old Joe,” immortalized by Lowell, who saw “hot Percy goad his slow artillery up the Concord road”; but each successive time he told his story, in later years, “to the main fight drew near,”

And, ere death came the lengthening tale to lop,
Himself had fired, and seen a red-coat drop.

Again, the denial of an apocryphal story sometimes only causes it to break out afresh in another shape. Thus Bonnechose, who has a happy liking for famous sayings, and great care in not giving to any an unwarranted authenticity, says of Waterloo, “*Sommés de mettre bas les armes, quelques bataillons mutilés de la vieille garde répondent par ce cri héroïque: ‘La garde meurt et ne se rend pas.’*”

Thus the result of correcting Rougemont was that Cambronne multiplied himself into several battalions.

When we turn to ancient history half the heroic stories (more's the pity) grow doubtful under modern criticism. Thus, mists gather round the anecdote of Archimedes burning the Roman ships, in the defence of Syracuse, by reflecting the sun's rays from a mirror, since Livy, Plutarch, and Polybius say nothing about it, and they could scarcely have passed it over in silence, if known to their age: the first record of the alleged feat comes centuries later. And numberless are the classical stories that are thus dropping out of the rank of fully credited facts. Voltaire, in his preface to the 1750 edition of his *History of Charles XII.*, pleases himself by casting doubts on a dozen historic stories—on Plutarch's, that Caesar once threw himself in complete armor into the sea, holding in one hand papers which he wished to keep dry, and swimming with the other; on Curtius's, that Alexander (though a pupil of Aristotle) and his generals were astonished at seeing the tides of the ocean, of which they had never heard. Voltaire even doubts (though on slender grounds) Livy's story that the physician of Pyrrhus offered the Romans to poison his master for a bribe. Then, coming down to later times, Voltaire makes havoc with the yarns of historians and travellers like Father Maimbourg, Mezeray, Sieur de Joinville, and others, as any reader may see by referring to him.

Fictitious personages come and go in history. There have been half a dozen sham duplicates of Louis XVII., and the descendant of one of them was pushing his claim in a French court only a year or two ago. There have been so many false Sebastians of Portugal that a book has been written about them. As a counterpart to this surplus, some famous figures disappear bodily from history—vanish like vapors under the sun of criticism. Danaus, Pelops, Cecrops, Lelex, and the

other leaders of colonies who are said to have peopled Greece from Egypt and Asia, are under grave suspicion of being imaginary, chiefly because they are not mentioned in the Homeric poems the source of our knowledge of those early days. Other people who *are* mentioned in the Homeric poems do not thereby escape being equally set down as apocryphal; while Homer himself, as everybody knows, is accused of being a myth. But pray how could Homer hope to escape, when not only is William Tell's apple relegated to the realm of fiction, like Washington's hatchet, which Mr. Parton conclusively used up, but Tell himself is put among the mythical heroes of history? It is true that the skeptics are well matched by the loyalists and the enthusiasts. An unbelieving Wolf stirs up a Nitzsch, and sets afoot a zealous Schliemann, who has no trouble in discovering, to his own satisfaction, not only the tomb of Agamemnon, but the head-dress of Helen.

Besides the falling of trappings from heroes, and the total disappearance of historic figures from the canvas, we have a transformation of many. Mr. Froude reconstructed Henry VIII.; Mr. Meline, in "The Galaxy," rehabilitated Mary, Queen of Scots; John Lackland and Crookback Richard have found their apologists; M. Dubois-Guchan has championed Tiberius; M. Adolphe Stahr has bravely defended Nero himself, whom Herr Luchten also pronounces an amiable person, of artistic temperament, full of fancy and fine feelings, who carried off the first prize in a musical contest, and paid a soldier several hundred thousand dollars for having been much affected by his singing. How, then, can we believe the slanders of Tacitus, that Nero caused his mother to be murdered and the Christians to be tortured? Advancing from Nero, we might remind our readers that Mr. Cranch once reconstructed Satan in a "Galaxy" poem—but that was rather a prehistoric character.

Then Sir John Lubbock has re-

habilitated Helen of Troy, or at least has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the spouse of Menelaus. He has told us that during a journey in Asia Minor he read up all the Homeric and ante-Homeric literature without finding aught against the good character of Helen. All antiquity respects her; the Trojan graybeards bow before her; the poets have no censure for her; Menelaus makes no complaint against her. Would thousands of Greek and Dardanian warriors have perilled their lives for a creature they despised? Who knows, asks Sir John, whether Menelaus did not drive her away by his own unmarital conduct, and whether it is not he that deserves the scorn of history?

So run the odd doubts about historic figures—doubts very easy to create, at all times, by ingenuity, as shown in Archbishop Whately's most skilful, amusing, and suggestive argument thrown into the satirical form of "Historic Doubts" concerning the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte. Almost within our own memory we have seen the character of Cromwell rehabilitated. Perhaps some of the illustrious calumniated still living may take comfort from reflecting upon the variance of historic judgments with the lapse of time.

The current histories of our civil war are full of errors of fact and inference. At least half a century will be required to eliminate the majority of these errors, while scores of them will doubtless remain. To be sure, the petty events now magnified into decisive ones will take on their true proportions in the perspective of the ages; but in details the "lie well stuck to" must often hold its own. Our current political history shows almost as many distortions, exaggerations, and flaws. One may doubt whether the art of printing, and the facilities for obtaining and transmitting news, have had their expected effect in getting at the truth of history. They cancel a great many falsehoods, but they make a great many more that require cancelling.

G. E. POND.

THE "DEPRESSION IN BUSINESS."

THE disturbance of business which has been so marked during the past year or two has a deeper-seated cause than mere political agitation. It will be noticed that this "business depression" prevails principally at the North. We hear of little or no labor trouble, or of great stagnation of business in the South, unless in cases where the undertaking is intimately connected with a Northern trade. The reason is plain. The South is now rapidly passing out of what may be called a "transition state," and activity has taken the place of the indolence—physical, intellectual, and financial—engendered by the system of slavery.

Until within the past eight or ten years the North has been the prime factor for the South, not only in machinery, but in the very solids of their subsistence. This is now greatly changed. The South during the past two years has, according to trade reports, raised nearly enough grain of all kinds and bacon for home consumption. This cuts off from the northwest a heretofore heavy and steady market. The machine shops and foundries of New England and the east can too no longer compete successfully for the Southern trade with similar establishments now in operation at Atlanta, St. Louis, Mobile, and other points in the South that are nearer the sources of supply of the inanimate agents of production—iron, coal, water, wood, etc. As to the principal animate agent—man—the South has an immense advantage in having cheaper "cheap labor" in the blacks. Hence the South is now, to a great extent, manufacturing its own cotton-gins, factory machinery, engines, etc., and even passenger cars, all of which, in times past, were chiefly manufactured in the east, particularly in the Middle and New England States. The cost

of eastern and extreme northern-made machinery, sold in competition with these Southern manufactures, is enhanced by the cost of two transportations: on the raw material to the place of manufacture and on the finished work to the home of the customer. In the matter of railroad car wheels alone a saving is effected, we believe, of about eighteen cents per one hundred pounds, over those cast in the New England States.

In regard to the complaint of the great cotton manufacturers of the North, this pertinent question arises, How can it be possible for them to manufacture cotton goods, to compete successfully with Southern factories, when the first cost of the raw material and labor is greater to them than to their rivals? It is no secret, or ought not to be, while the Board of Trade's reports and the financial and market columns of the leading journals are so accessible. In Louisiana, Georgia, Alabama, and the Carolinas the average general ruling of cotton for the last ten days of February was 0.11.625 cents, while in New York it was 0.12.75 cents, and in Boston 0.12.875 cents—a gross difference of about .01.25 cent per pound in favor of the Southern mills, to begin with.

Taking into consideration also the fact that there are now over sixty cotton mills in the Southern States—forty-one in Georgia alone—all running on full time, and thanks to their cheaper labor (in the aggregate, skilled and unskilled), as well as the reduced cost of material, all paying fair dividends, it is no cause for wonder that eastern mills shut down or were running, as is claimed, at a loss, on half time. The South is the natural location for this great and important industry; and, lying central to coal and iron supply—not beyond it, as is New England—with splendid water powers and plenty

of them, with immense areas of timber which has not, as yet, been uselessly wasted, and on the very spot of actual cotton culture, is destined eventually to completely control this one of the prime factors of our national prosperity, however much we may strive to prevent it.

This is but a cursory glance at the present state of affairs. "Times will mend" when the country has settled down to its new equilibrium, adjusted to a completely free people, instead of the old basis whose cornerstone was "wealth in the souls of men." The business men of the North have been heedless that a new order of things must necessarily ensue, and continued manufacturing until one of the first principles of political economy was entirely lost sight of—that supply ought not to exceed demand. The market, with but few exceptions, has been heavily overstocked. In the language of an eminent political writer, "What is the use of manufacturing twelve shirts for a man who will wear but two?" As to crops, especially the cereals, no one can with any certainty forecast the demand and supply, and of necessity more or less uncertainty will prevail at all times as to full or short crops.

Thus we believe that there are other causes for the so-called "business depression," which may more properly be termed "business justification," as the North, doing a business largely in excess of its immediate sectional demand, has been forced to lessen its production and accommodate itself to the new balance, which course is of necessity slow, because of the great caution needed to insure safety to the immense amount of capital involved. An equitable division of trade between the North and South has hitherto been prevented through lack of capital in the latter section, which restriction is rapidly disappearing. The Southern farmer now has a capital—the seeds for the ground, provisions, forage for

stock, hire for his laborers. It is not unproductive, for it constantly returns with great increase in the annual product of his crops. The Southern merchant now has abundant circulating capital, which, by an unalterable law, has found its way where most needed, and where it *pays*; and the fixed capital, one of the most positive assurances of a prosperous community, has become so abundant as to form a sure basis for further advance in all branches of manufactures and commerce.

As far as money currency is concerned, it is not always necessarily the *sine qua non*. Value may be exchanged for value in any form. A small amount in the shape of money therefore may be sufficient as the medium of exchange of an immense amount of property—first cost barred. Exchange in kind is as much the rule in the South to-day—outside of cities—as in the North thirty years ago. Money is also more plenty and active in Southern centres of trade than ten years ago, and of course the amount of currency in the North is correspondingly reduced (*aside* from contraction), and by an inflexible rule less must be given for produce or manufactures bought with it, and prices, we say, have fallen.

We believe if these suggestions were thoroughly understood and acted upon, it would be found that the major portion of labor and business troubles and financial distress are attributable as much to gross violations of the laws of trade as well as to the ignorance of the financial branch of political economy, MM. Cary and others to the contrary. While Northern capitalists and manufacturers are dreaming and wrangling over a "financial method" to remedy the evil, the Southern worker in the same field will be the Blücher to defeat them, trans contraction, trans politics, trans currency, trans everything save sound, practical business sense and natural advantages.

CHAS. P. METCALFE.

A DAY AT A COUNTRY HOME ON THE HUDSON.

“IF you make an extra charge for the *matinée* you gave me this morning, I shall pay it cheerfully,” said I at the breakfast table. “It was certainly a delightful entertainment.”

Sylvan looked up with a puzzled air from the steak he was carving. “You are too deep for me,” he said.

“Oh, that innocent air convinces me,” I continued. “I fancied you might have gotten it up for my especial benefit. But do you really have them every morning? I thought it too good for an amateur effort. The robin especially was well up in his score.”

I had heard that robins sang early in the morning, and knew I could make no mistake here. I wanted to show my country friends that, though a city girl, born and bred remote from rural scenes, I was still educated in natural history, and perfectly familiar with the details of ornithology, as became a cultivated young lady. I paused to observe the effect.

“And the nightingale too,” I continued rashly, recalling another morning bird—“one could distinguish his voice in a hundred.”

Sylvan stared at me. “Is it possible,” said he, “that you do not know that this country possesses no nightingales? I have heard a good deal of the ignorance of city people, but I confess that this exceeds my worst apprehensions.”

I felt myself blushing, but resolved to put on a courageous air, and extricate myself from the “unpleasantness” like a girl of spirit. “Of course I know that,” I cried hastily. “It was a slip of the tongue. I am not sure of being fully awake yet. It was the whippoorwill I meant!”

Sylvan burst into a laugh outright. He has a fine voice, but it had an intensely disagreeable tone to my ear.

He laid down his carving implements in order the more freely to indulge his horrible merriment. I saw that I was the victim of some atrocious blunder, for Sylvia and Hermine, and even the gentle Phebe, joined in his mirth; the very children too clapped their hands and shouted in glee. I was completely amazed. A guest at the country home of Sylvan and Phebe, and a city girl without a taint of rustic breeding, I expected to find novelties, but not insoluble conundrums. Here, however, was something quite beyond my comprehension; and with an impatience for which I am sure the sympathetic reader will pardon me, I demanded petulantly the reason of this untimely mirth. “And, meantime, your breakfast is growing cold,” I added, with a severity not, I trust, unwarranted by the circumstances.

“Why, cousin Celia,” said one of the children—I am always cousin with them—“don’t you know that the whippoorwills never sing in the morning? You must have been dreaming.”

Here was an opening for escape. I hope it may not be put down to my discredit that I am an absolute fool if I happen not to be posted in matters of country life; and it may be imagined that I lost not an instant in availing myself of a door opened for me in a manner so truly Providential. “Of course, my dear,” I said with recovered coolness, “it was a dream, and you can instruct your parents in the philosophy of a joke. But the birds sang very sweetly in my dream, I assure you. It was not past four o’clock. I had to go to the window to see the time, and the horizon was purpling with the hues of the unrisen sun. Upon my word, Phebe, it was as good as being wide awake. I never heard such harmony and such purity of tone. There were no false notes

such as one hears too often in the opera; and the trills and crescendoes did not split your ears."

"The opera is very well," said Sylvan, who had resumed his duties; "but it is art at the best; while this performance is nature and perfect. Compare too the cool and delicious air of the morning hour with the hot and noisome atmosphere of the stage: the one dewy, fresh, and healthful, and the other loaded with vapors of death. But don't you, in the city, ever get up to enjoy the pleasures of the early morning?"

"Never," I answered energetically. "I wait for the breakfast bell, which I do not always heed, but have my maid bring me up my breakfast, which I take in bed. If a morning out of doors is delightful, so is a morning nap. Do you get up with the birds?"

"Oh, he!" cried Phebe; "he will never rest after daylight! He has spoiled hundreds of those comfortable morning naps for me."

"I get the benefit then of all these *matinées*, as Celia calls them," said Sylvan; "and, to be consistent, she must admit that to be no slight advantage."

"I admit it," I replied, with a great show of magnanimity. "I am not sure, if I were younger, and my habits of life not formed, and I lived in the country instead of enjoying the full advantages of civilization which the city affords, and were compelled carefully to husband the few pleasures which such a lonely life afforded, but that I might be driven to adopt a habit of early rising on purpose to hear the birds."

I made this long speech with an impressive gravity which I thought very effective, and was somewhat shocked that Sylvan received it with a laugh. I paused, wondering if I had said anything silly.

"Hear her wisdom," cried he. "She is twenty-two, and talks of being younger, and of having fixed habits of life!"

"Do you deny that I *might* be younger, and that my habits *are* fixed?"

"Wait till you are married, my dear," said he evasively.

This reply I regarded as a cowardly elusion, and disdained further controversy.

The breakfast was not hurried, and the object of everybody seemed to be to enjoy it. Sylvan and Phebe were dear friends, and I had come up from New York to stay with them for a week—a month, they said; but I had an engagement for Saratoga which limited my available time. "You'll be sorry," said Sylvan maliciously; to which kind-hearted Phebe responded that she hoped not.

As well as we were acquainted, I had never before visited them. They spent a part of every winter in New York, and I was always too busy or too indolent to undertake an adventure to the country in the summer. To get ready for the watering places, and to get rested after them, consumed the season. In fact, to be quite candid about the matter, I was afraid of the country. Visions of hard beds and salt meat and early hours had risen before my affrighted soul and filled it with terror. I regarded the country as a region of physical discomfort and social—perhaps mental—stagnation. I wonder that I ventured to come at all. But the residence of my friends was at Hyde Park, one of the most charming of the many delightful spots on the Hudson, and I had often admired the wondrous beauty of the landscape as we sailed by on the noble river. So I finally yielded to their solicitations, and having done so, put my fears and scruples in my pocket, resolved to enjoy all that was possible, in order to please my friends, if nothing more. The other visitors were Sylvan's cousin Sylvia, the counterpart of himself in her love of rural life, and Hermine, beautiful and rich, with professedly literary tastes, which did not prevent her indulging her strong propensity for fashionable life.

I had arrived in the evening, and, a good deal fatigued, and in accordance with the habits of the family, had retired early to bed. My first experience in the morning was the delightful music of the birds, which had awakened me very early, and given to my experience a tone of luxury very refined and quite delightful. At first, while only half awake, I imagined myself in fairy land sure enough, such was the indescribable melody of the little songsters and so romantic my own dreamy mood.

The breakfast offered its own little surprises. It was not unseasonably early, and it was exceptionally good. The steak, much to my surprise, was better than that we got in the city; in fact, I learned that the country butcher took a personal pride in his meat, and had every incentive to keep up his prestige with his customers, who were also his neighbors and personal friends. The butter and eggs and milk and cream were simply delicious, being absolutely fresh. The berries had a flavor new to me; a richness of aroma to which I was a stranger. The surroundings were equally pleasing and novel. The dining-room was as nearly out of doors as a room could be; the windows were numerous and open, so that it seemed to embrace the surrounding landscape as a part of itself. It was almost like a banquet in a Grecian grove; for, whichever way I looked, I saw green trees, and vines, and grass, relieved and enriched with blooming flowers. The summer sun was shining over all, and the long shadows of the trees gave to the picture a deeper and richer tone. In the distance, swept grandly along the magnificent river; while beyond it the mountains rose, solemn and silent, hinting at some riddle of ages of which they held custody, and which, as ever, they refused to explain. Higher and further away than the others, towered the Catskills, bringing to mind innumerable legends, and notably his who slumbered his long sleep, under magic influences, amid

their wild recesses. Such was, in some sort, the reverie into which I fell unconsciously. Sylvan noticed my silence.

"Are you regretting Central Park?" said he.

"No," I replied candidly, "I regret nothing. Parks are excellent as substitutes, but only where you are debarred from the enjoyment of natural landscape. A park is an apology for what you cannot possess, a device to mitigate the loss of woods and rocks and lakes and grassy fields. Why is it that we don't build our cities among the mountains, so that the grand parks of nature shall be within easy drive?"

"There are difficulties," said Sylvan condescendingly. "Cities are the children of commerce. Time and Progress work wonders, however. When, ten years ago, a writer in the 'Times' called attention editorially to the romantic features of the Adirondack region, suggesting its appropriation as a resort and breathing place for the citizens of New York, easy of access, and abounding in everything that we seek in such a place in summer—great mountains, limpid lakes, and rapid streams—his words fell on irresponsible and apparently unappreciative ears. Since that, however, the State has taken steps toward that very end. And as regards building your cities among the mountains, wild as the jest may seem, it has a basis of possible plausibility. Cities spring up in the highways of commerce; and for many ages these highways have been seas and navigable rivers. Once, before ocean navigation was known, great cities grew up inland, wherever the flow of commerce dictated, as witness Babylon, Nineveh, Thebes, and numbers of others. Ocean navigation revolutionized all that; and now steam railways and mines may revolutionize it again. Governor Gilpin of Colorado, in a late and fascinating book, after conclusively proving (to himself at least) that the precious metals of the world lie concentrated

'in mass and in position' in that territory, goes on to argue that there, midway between the oceans, among the Rocky mountains, will inevitably grow up the world's greatest city."

Sylvan seemed to be informed on every subject, and I listened in wonder to his ready knowledge. When he paused, "How is it," I said, "that you know so much? You are not a great many years older than I, and yet you fairly bristle with information, while I don't even know the home of the nightingale."

"I don't lie abed till breakfast time, nor give my hours to trashy novels, nor spend one half my time in deciding how to waste the other half," said Sylvan, taking the matter quite seriously, and evidently thinking the moment auspicious for reproving certain of my indefensible habits.

We left the breakfast table. Sylvan went out to give instructions to his men, and to see the work of the day properly under way. I looked about the dining-room with curiosity. A charming woodbine had been trained over an east window, admitting with jealous care the bright sunlight, which fell in flecks on the floor, shifting and trembling with each motion of the leaves. A south door opened into a small conservatory, where a wealth of flowers bloomed placidly, unconscious of their glory and the pleasure they bestowed. "How beautiful your dining-room is!" I could not help exclaiming. "It puts the other rooms to shame!"

Phebe smiled. "We occupy it a good deal, and it is Sylvan's idea that the rooms we use most should be made most attractive." Did you ever know a woman who did not like to give her husband credit for every happy contrivance about the house?

"Well," said I reflectively, "I don't know just how it is done, but you have succeeded in this case most admirably. It is not by rich carpets and furniture, for you seem to have studied plainness. It must be by the exercise of genuine taste."

Phebe blushed a little. Whether the compliment was to herself or her husband it pleased her equally.

"Let us go into the parlor," she said after a moment—I think, because nothing else occurred to her to say. So we went. This was also a very pleasing room. She said Sylvan did not like display in the country. He liked comfort, and modest and tasteful surroundings.

"And, pray, what do *you* like?" I cried.

"She likes what Sylvan likes," said Hermine mischievously.

"Well," replied Phebe, "I might do worse."

A very cheery carpet covered the floor: the groundwork of neutral tints, not fatiguing to the eye, but enlivened by a few bright figures in harmonious colors; furniture made for use more than show; a few good pictures on the walls, at which you looked with ever recurring pleasure; and abundant windows, festooned with vines, which tempered without excluding the light. We looked out on a large lawn, as green and fresh as though moistened by English mists, and bordered with gigantic trees, conspicuous among which, several stately willows swung their pendulous branches lazily in the breeze, and preached repose. A few fruit trees intruded their presence on the grounds, and did not somehow seem out of place.

An open door from the parlor into a small room adjoining revealed Sylvan's books reposing in trim rows on the shelves of an elegant old bookcase, which he told me afterward had so struck his fancy at an auction shop that he had bought it. The collection was not very large, but it looked amazingly literary and scholarly and all that.

"I see now where Sylvan gets his wisdom. This cozy room is very tempting. Do you let him occupy it much, Phebe?"

"Of course I do, and wish he would occupy it more," replied Phebe half

indignantly. "It is such a comfort on hot days when he comes in tired, and takes a few minutes for rest among his books."

"Well," said I, "it is a cheap luxury, and seems as gratifying to you as to him."

"Of course it is a cheap luxury," said Sylvan, who had entered unperceived; "all real luxuries are cheap. Besides, it is a satisfying one, which leaves the mind refreshed and calm and the temper serene. Can you say as much, Celia, for a midnight ball?"

"I am afraid you are a barbarian, Sylvan, and cannot appreciate the institutions of civilized society," was the only reply I vouchsafed.

"Shall we drive or walk?" said Sylvan. "I assume that you are not going to waste an Arcadian day like this indoors."

"Well, walking will be a novelty at least; but where to go? You have no Fifth avenue—no Saunter—no Mall."

But Sylvia and Hermine chose the drive; and for them the horses were ordered. They had been here longer, and had sounded the depths and shoals of rural recreations.

We sallied forth—Phebe and Sylvan and I—toward the Hudson. The great river was visible from the house, but in glimpses—a ridge of wooded rocks interposing and hiding it mainly from view. Three minutes' walk, passing other masses of rock, and we reached this barrier, through which Nature had provided a passage, and another minute brought us to the brow of the hill and placed us in full view of the landscape below. There were no obstacles here: no impediments to one of the finest views I had ever beheld. The Hudson flowed majestically past about a quarter of a mile away, the intervening ground dropping to its level with gentle undulations, while the mountains beyond and nearest the shore rose steep and stern for half the length of the landscape, then terminating in an abrupt headland, past which the eye wandered through what seemed an opening in the hills, where

range after range rose, blue and melow, the Catskills terminating the picture, and the whole being diversified with green forests and with country houses and villages. The river itself was alive with boats.

We descended the steep hillside into the old orchard at its base. The ledge of rocks we had passed rose so sheer, and its covering of trees was so dense, that the sun at this hour was completely hidden, and the whole orchard rested in shadow. The delicious coolness of this spot cannot be described. The venerable apple trees, as much as we, seemed to rejoice in the grateful shade; and no grass ever seemed so fresh and cool as that on which we trod. I was overpowered by the beauty and serenity of the scene.

"Tell me, Sylvan," I cried, "if you have brought me to this delightful spot to intoxicate my senses and unfit me for all other enjoyments than those of rural life? Here would I live all my days, here build me a bower, and dream my life away, conscious of no taste which Nature cannot gratify, and no sense which she cannot soothe."

My auditors clapped their hands and cried, "Bravo!" I was getting on pretty well, they thought, for a city girl devoted to the fascinations of the gay world of fashion.

"How about the balls and races and theatres and parades? How about Saratoga and Long Branch, with their throngs of beaux and fierce rivalry of belles?"

"Well," I replied fretfully, "don't mention them now. I am having a season of joyous dalliance with Nature; and I don't like any coarse and artificial intrusions to disturb the pure joys she offers me."

"You see the flattering side of the picture, Celia. The reverse might disenchant you; mosquitoes, for instance, sometimes pay us a passing call. But let us go on to the river."

Every step gave a fresh variety to the landscape and revealed some new beauty. A bluff interposed in our

way, which we surmounted, and caught a view of a broader landscape than we had seen before. Up and down the river, new beauties lay revealed. The Catskill Mountain House appeared far away, a white speck on the hillside, and scarcely discernible through the blue haze. I renewed my demonstrations of delight.

My friends smiled. "We are getting a good deal of sunshine here," said Phebe. "Let us go on to the beach."

So we left the bluff and descended to the river, crossing the railroad track that stretched out its unending length, giving no sign of the mighty part it plays in the business of society. We stood on the shore. The tide was in, Sylvan said. The bright waves rippled restlessly upon the sandy shore, breaking gently on the rocky wall that formed their final barrier. A little distance from the shore other rocks raised their heads into sight, marking, according to Sylvan, the respective limit of deep and shallow water. All along the beach, whether of rock or sand, rose a fringe of green trees, knit together by a mass of interlacing vines, sometimes quite impenetrable, and marking, in the general picture, a verdant line of separation between the land and water very charming to behold.

We found seats on the rocks, underneath the trees, and fairly abandoned ourselves to the influences of the scene and hour. I suppose my ignorance of the charms of the country rendered me unusually susceptible. I could not forbear demonstrations of delight, greatly to the gratification of my friends. There was breeze enough to fill the sails of the sloops and schooners passing by, and to carry off the smoke of the steamers in level lines; and an occasional fisher's skiff shot out from some sheltering cove and added its tiny variety to the active scene.

"That," said Sylvan, pointing to the round mountain end opposite us, "is the termination of a range of

hills that reaches into the Southern States. It is known with us as the Hamburg range, and passes out of the State into New Jersey some forty or fifty miles west of New York. The abrupt ending which you see opposite gives our landscape one of its finest features, and reveals to us the ranges of hills behind, which are so accommodatingly arranged that the highest are furthest away, thus giving a view of all."

I think I could have remained there all day; but Phebe's household duties were evidently intruding their remembrances into the midst of her enjoyment, and she began before long to give hints to go. "We will come again," said she. "We can come this evening and see the sun set. Oh, our sunsets are beautiful! You must see them!"

"Can't I see a sunset anywhere?" said I, laughing.

"Well, not as fine as ours."

"Yes," said Sylvan, "you can see a sunset anywhere; and did you ever consider what a privilege it is? How fortunate too that the chief luxuries that Nature furnishes are provided free: the landscape, with its forests, its seas, its rivers, and mountains; its sunsets and sunrises; all the paraphernalia of its storms and variations of seasons. But, as Phebe says, all are not alike, and all are not like ours. There is something in the atmosphere of the Catskills that gives its hues a glory that I have never seen equalled except in the far west. Washington Irving noticed this peculiarity, and has recorded it: the vapors of these mountains, where storms always seem being born, seem to have the quality of transforming the sunlight into hues of wondrous beauty."

Returning, we slowly climbed the hillside, so covered and concealed by the forest as to tone down its more rugged features. Sylvan pointed out to me the different trees, and noted their distinctions: the stately oak and scarcely less stately maple, the hickory, the chestnut, the rugged and

picturesque locust, and the gigantic tulip tree, whose head was crowned with beautiful flowers, but so far away as almost to conceal their beauty from recognition. A little stream came out of the hillside and stole with a musical ripple quietly through the grass to the river. "Ah!" said I, "it is like the magic fountain in 'Undine.'"

We surmounted the hill, and presently came in view of the cottage. I could not help expressing my admiration of its rustic beauty. "Why, Sylvan," I cried out, "what charm is this you have invoked to make the cottage more admirable than the palace? It is really ravishing: the gentle eminence on which it stands, the great trees, half concealing, half revealing, and the vines lovingly embracing the porch and aspiring to the roof."

"It reminds me of the vine-covered cottage in 'Villa Eden,'" said Phebe.

And so it did me.

"If it only well shelters a real family," said Sylvan.

"What do you mean?" asked Phebe.

"I mean that the house is but the husk, the shell. If it is the sanctuary of high principles and pure affections, like the vine-covered cottage, it is well; if not, the sweet adornments of nature are but a mockery. In itself, the house is inert, while the sentiments of the inmates are vitalizing and give to it the character of a true home. Do generosity and self-control and unselfish love reign and prevail, all the fine qualities of the nature grow and blossom and bear fruit. How delightful to thus idealize the home, by associating with it all the comfortable and cheerful qualities of the house, as true to and representing the happy and contented spirit of the inmates! If the spirit that animates our little home is truly noble and good, the edifice becomes a temple fit for perpetual worship."

As Sylvan said this, we entered the

gateway. I confess I was a good deal impressed with the gravity and thoughtfulness with which he preached his little sermon.

The sun was now high in the heavens, and his rays fell with torrid fervor. We hailed gratefully the shadow of the broad-armed trees which sheltered the lawn, and whose cool shadows lay composed and tranquil on the grass. We sought a little knoll near the house, on which stood two noble trees, and which was screened from the street by a circle of protecting shrubs. Close by, the luxuriant woodbine, whose leaves glittered in the sunshine like the scales of a multi-form dragon, effectually intercepted the rays which struggled to enter the windows of the house. Seats were scattered about in the shade, and a hammock hung suspended between the trees. The robins still flitted from tree to tree, but with a relaxed and tired motion; and the brisk and cheerful song of the morning had given place to a plaint full of drowsy languor. A gentle breeze, indeed, fluttered the susceptible foliage of the locust, and turned out the white lining of the silver maples, which beautifully contrasted with the darker hue they had when at rest.

Hermine and Sylvia now joined us, loud in the praises they bestowed on the somewhat noted Hyde Park road. We all found seats but Phebe, who disappeared into the house on hospitable deeds intent.

"Well, Hermine," said Sylvan, lazily throwing himself on the grass, "you do not tire yet of our quiet life. The young men of Fifth avenue would marvel at the philosophy with which you endure the privation of their society."

Hermine smiled. "They do not know the fascinations which are substituted; and how the beauties of nature are illuminated and illustrated by the genius and culture they have drawn hither. Ah! you think I jest. Spare your mock thanks, for I do not. Say what you will about the pleasures

of country life: what would they be without the adjuncts which educated intellect can give? Who could live satisfied with the society of nature alone?"

"Thoreau did so, as well as plenty of others who had exhausted the shallow pleasures of society."

"Thoreau did so for a while, and others have wasted on solitude the sour remnants of disappointed lives. But for healthy and complete beings, solitude, even in Paradise, would not suffice; it did not for Adam. Physical discomfort alone would shatter your dream in a day. These fine trees would ill repay you for suffering the pangs of hunger; and when winter scatters their leaves, and petrifies all nature in a temporary death, his icy blasts would freeze all your enthusiasm and send you flying to the city."

"But why to the city? The city possesses nothing, either to allay hunger or impart warmth, but what it procured from the country. We send you both your fuel and your food. Why not as well enjoy them here? If you will come to us when the winter visits us with all the severity you describe, I will guarantee that you shall enjoy a satisfying meal and a refreshing slumber, in as genial an atmosphere as Fifth avenue can furnish."

"Well, I grant you, as far as these things are concerned, they are possible in the country, though not usual. But the soul starves if the body does not: you need society."

"And we can have it. What did you say, but now, about the charms of nature being illuminated by genius and culture? Was that only sarcasm?"

"Not at all: it was the exception which proves the rule. You cannot depend on society in the country."

"I do not see why," rejoined Sylvan, "if your social requirements are reasonable. If it is fashion you want—the conversation of the ball-room, indulged in the snatches of the dance, the parade and display, and the rival-

ry of a vanity in which mental and moral superiority are not elements at all—I grant you the city is the place for you. I am glad the country does not supply incentives for the cultivation of such vanity and the display of wealth. Let money parade itself in the city, with the pauperism for a foil which it at once creates and despises."

"You are severe."

"Am I? I do not think so. Death by starvation is severe; the sufferings of the sick mother, without money to pay her rent to the rich nabob who is her landlord. I admit that a modified pauperism would seem to be inseparable from any form of society yet devised; but everybody knows that the abject and degraded and vicious type might be nearly if not quite annihilated by a humane use of that wealth which gives to fashion its fascination and its power."

"I like society," said Hermine evasively; "I like fashion; I like gayety."

"Do you like misery?"

"No; I do not see much of it."

"You shun it, and in doing so but procrastinate a responsibility you cannot ultimately escape. And the most remarkable thing is, that those who think with you profess generally, in some way, the religion of Christ, whose teachings were directly opposite; who forbade the accumulation of wealth, and whose system, if it had any distinct principle, was to make the money of all His devotees contribute to the happiness and comfort of the whole."

"You make Him a Communist!" cried Hermine, aghast.

"I do not make him anything," said Sylvan coolly; "but if any man ever founded a community, that man was Jesus of Nazareth. The whole Christian world knows this. All the property of the early Christians was in common. When the rich young man sought immunity from the inexorable law, he was commanded to sell all he had and give to the poor. This was

more than communism. Yet you all close your eyes to these facts of Christianity, which so fatally interfere with your selfish luxuries and pet vices, and only profess to revere the name while you dishonor the teachings and practise formalities which He never heard of, to the utter neglect of vital principles."

Phebe interrupted the discussion with a summons to lunch, much to Hermine's relief, who, as I saw, began to wince under the invective of her host.

"Another city habit," said Sylvan, who seemed in a rather aggressive mood, "and one which takes but a feeble root in the country. The old-fashioned three-meal routine, the mid-day dinner, supposed to be essential to country life, gives place to a masquerade of cold meats and cakes and confections and tea, and leaves the hearty meal till night, which, in turn, prepares the way for late hours for retiring to bed and rising in the morning."

"Well," said I, "what would you?"

"I would exercise reason," he replied; "not performing hard physical labor, we do not need to eat three times a day. Let us break our fast after we have had time to get an appetite by exercise—say about eight o'clock; then let us do the real work of the day, till it is over, say three or four o'clock, giving the stomach ample time to do the work of digestion, and to rest after its labor, and then eat our dinner in leisure and quiet, enjoying it without care, and finishing the day with rational enjoyment."

"Well," said Phebe, "you have them so now."

"Yes, but for yourselves, and for me too, if I would allow you, you disturb the whole system by the intrusion of your detestable lunch, thus depriving the stomach of all chance whatever for rest and preparation for the great work of digesting the dinner. Well did Dr. Dixon style the midday lunch an abomination."

However just Sylvan's general ideas

may have been, this individual lunch was an excellent one. A huge dish of strawberries graced the centre of the table, flanked by the agreeable accessories of sugar and cream; while the bread and butter and cake and tea were perfect, and did Phebe's housewifery great credit. She was in her glory, and beamed radiant and happy on all. As for Sylvan, he spent the time in his library. Just as we were finishing, however, he came forth. Phebe had a plate of strawberries, ripe and sweet, and covered with sugar and cream, ready in an instant, and temptingly put by his usual seat at table. All watched the manœuvre, and she invited him in seductive tones to eat. Sylvan smiled. "Daughter of Eve," said he, "you know my weakness and take advantage of it. But strawberries are comparatively innocent." Phebe smiled, but was careful not to laugh aloud.

The dining-room was pleasant, but the lawn was pleasanter. We went again to our old place under the trees, provided with books and prepared for enjoyment. We were completely screened from the sunshine, and in the full enjoyment of a fresh southern breeze.

"I have always heard that the Hudson river was hot in the summer and cold in the winter. Surely this cannot be the case here." I said this from a full sense of the *dolce far niente*.

"It is a calumny," replied Sylvan. "People go to some town on the Hudson located on the river bank, beneath the hills, and as densely populated as New York, and wonder that they do not enjoy at once all the delightful suburban pleasures of an English country seat. To live on the Hudson in Yonkers or Tarrytown, if you are in the heart of the town, is no better than to live in New York. West street is as much on the Hudson as either of these towns, yet it would hardly be accepted as a fair criterion of a river life. If one wants a city life, let him go to New York: he has there a genuine metropolis, with its

innumerable advantages, and the Hudson and East rivers and the Narrows, with the ocean beyond, all at his service. But if he seeks a genuine suburban life, let him go on the hillsides of the Hudson anywhere, and he will get it. He may choose the Palisades, or the Highlands back of Tarrytown, or any of the incipient cities which have sprung up along her banks, and he will get the breeze, the scenery, the quiet, which belong to the country. If he get above the Highland range of hills, he will experience an atmospheric change which will give him a cooler but more bracing air, and one drier and containing a larger portion of ozone. To those with whom the saline and damp vapors of the seacoast do not agree, this change will be most grateful and wholesome. Many who cannot live in New York at all, enjoy excellent health here."

Sylvan paused, seeming to consider his argument complete. To my inexperienced ears it seemed so too.

"The best logic for invalids I have heard," said Hermine. "But I am well."

"And prefer the city," said Sylvan.

"On the whole, yes. But if you will insure me perpetual summer, with good company, at Hyde Park, I will abandon my cause and join yours."

Sylvan smiled. "You must take the goods the gods send," said he.

The afternoon wore away in light conversation, and the dinner-bell took us by surprise. Those of us who had taken lunch looked conscious, and were fain to confess that if we could follow Sylvan's theory, our appetites would be better prepared for the great meal of the day; for "the dinner," says Emerson, "is the capital thing."

Passing lightly over this event, so important in itself, we found the hour approaching when, by common consent, our thoughts instinctively turned toward the river, and the sunset that was presently to glorify the Catskills.

Eluding the clouds of dust raised by

the carriages which for some time had been passing by, enjoying their drives in superb weather on the splendid highway, we crossed the street, and struck for the brow of the rocky hill. The sun hung over the mountains about an hour high, and it was unanimously voted to witness his final disappearance from the beach. Proceeding thither, we found our seats of the morning under the trees, and devoted ourselves to laziness and curiosity, idealized by beautiful scenes and poetic fancies.

Tier upon tier of mountain lay in azure peacefulness on the west; and above the last range—the Catskills—lay a long bank of clouds, scarcely to be distinguished from it. You would almost have sworn it was but another stretch of hills, capping the Catskills; so motionless was it, and so deftly was its color blent with the haze that softened the latter. As the sun slowly moved down toward the horizon, the shape and color of this cloud changed, breaking into irregular masses of gold and colors that reminded one of the kaleidoscope. The reflection on the river, too, was strangely beautiful, extending toward us in a column of brilliancy almost too intense for our gaze. Presently the sun touched the cap of the mountains; the clouds shone all about it, in streaks and masses, every instant varying in shape and color, as it gradually sank behind the hills, till presently we saw the last remnant of its disk disappear, when the color again changed as by magic, and slowly faded away in a gentle and all-pervading rosy glow that bathed the entire western heavens in glory, and seemed to leave us a benediction for the morrow's dawn.

During the process of this sunset, there was little conversation, but many ejaculations of delight. With our pleasure was mingled a solemnity suited to the hour and the presence of such sublime features of the landscape. Quietly we retraced our steps, and soon stood again under the shadow of the cottage.

The day was drawing near its close. "Always a solemn thing," said Sylvan; "a reminder that we have spent another installment of our priceless heritage, and an incentive to remember what it has brought, and whether it has been well improved."

"Another step toward eternity," said Hermine sententiously.

"But what is eternity?" said Sylvan; "who can answer? I stand here on a point in the expanse of time, ever shifting, and with nothing to guide me but consciousness and memory. Neither of these teaches of eternity: that is but a name invented and taught, representing something unknown and only guessed at, like the last letters of the alphabet in algebra. Why does morality deal so much more with eternity than with time? Because it is held in charge of a class educated to instruct us in ethics, and who can have full scope in a future state for the play of imagination. Men are gradually learning that the present is a hundred times more important than the future, because we deal directly with the one which is a palpable entity, while the future is an uncertainty, taking different shapes in different fancies, and sure to be full of disappointments, if, indeed, it exists to the many. If I do right in the present, I shall secure the greatest happiness for myself and friends, and be prepared for anything the future can bring. Reflect a moment," said he, standing erect and speaking with an inspiring enthusiasm. "If I respect and obey the precepts of Jesus, the wisest of teachers, in good faith and humility of spirit, can any system of theology

do anything other than grant me a crown of glory in any possible future? Let us live unselfishly and beneficently in this life, and not waste our time in evil doing, trusting to a grant of forgiveness for some sectarian dogma which proves as unsubstantial as yonder illusive clouds which, but a few moments ago, we saw vanish into nothingness?"

"But may we not enjoy ourselves in this life?" said I, a good deal awestruck.

"Indeed, yes," he replied; "but enjoy yourself in a way that does not need you to ask forgiveness of God or priest; in a way that increases the happiness of all about you. And to prove my belief, I propose that you ladies shall close the enjoyments of the day with music; the birds will repay you in the morning."

Just then the melancholy note of the whippoorwill was heard among the trees. He looked mischievously at me. "That is the whippoorwill, Celia," he said. "You will know it when you hear it again, which will not be in the morning."

Our songs, if not equalling the music of the birds, gave pleasure and tranquillized our spirits. The surrounding silence, so different from the roar of the city, was impressive; and when we sought our beds almost the only sound that broke on the ear was the voice of whippoorwill. Listening to that, and endeavoring in vain to recall all the pleasant incidents of the day, I fell asleep, and thus closed my first day in a country home on the Hudson.

JAMES MANNING WINCHELL.

ABOUT DREAMS.

EVEN no longer than forty years ago a large majority of the residents of country towns and neighborhoods were firm believers in ghosts, and one who asserted his belief that the spirits of the dead did not sometimes make midnight excursions through graveyards and along lonely highways was looked upon as little better than an infidel. Intellectual advancement has almost overpowered superstition, yet if a vote could be taken to-day, it is quite likely that fully one-third of the adult population of the United States would be found believers in dreams, to say nothing of signs. Almost every hour in the day one may hear the subject of dreams mentioned, and the daily newspaper very often records what came of "A Strange Dream." The belief in dreams, good or bad, is but a relic of the days of witchcraft, although entertained and supported by men and women of such high social standing that the superstition nowhere receives the contempt it deserves.

What is a dream? A philosopher will reply that a dream is the workings of the mind; and yet he will also say that dreams come with sleep, and that in sleep the muscles rest, the mind is lost, and the senses depart for awhile.

When sleep comes we lose consciousness; we are as the dead; and yet we live; the mind is working; and on awakening we remember what we dreamed. The live, present mind picks up and recalls to memory what the second or dead mind thought of during the trance or sleep.

What causes us to dream? Physicians will answer a too hearty meal, over-loading the stomach, position, or strangeness of location. A believer in dreams will answer that dreams come from some spirit, to warn him

of good luck or ill luck. In past ages kings and queens were ruled by dreams, and dream interpreters were in great demand. We laugh at the idea, and yet in this the nineteenth century every book-store has its stock of dream-books, and lottery tickets are purchased and real estate sold on the strength of dreams. Men enjoying reputations as keen business men have been known to purchase largely or sparingly of goods, as dictated by dreams; women of sound mind have kept their children from school because they dreamed of fire; and out of one hundred young ladies who may pass the night in a strange room, ninety of them will put their shoe under the pillow, or "name the bed-post," in order that their dreams may bring good luck.

It would destroy many a pleasant romance and belittle many a thrilling story of imagination if readers were convinced that angels do not whisper to sleeping babes and bring the smile which delights the mother's heart, and that the spirits of kind friends do not warn the living (as they sleep) of danger close at hand or of ill luck to come. The delusions (if they are delusions) are wide-spread, popular, and nothing but time and a higher intellectual standard will destroy them.

Having suffered a serious injury not long ago, and being in a city of strangers, the writer was sent to a public hospital for treatment. One day, after the pain of the wound had been greatly reduced, and comfortable rest could be obtained, he fell asleep. It was a very quiet afternoon; the ward was still, and the sleep was heavy. A dream came. I dreamed that I stood on the bank of a river and saw and heard the swift waters breaking over rocks with a great noise. Great trees, rails, and logs were carried down, and I saw some of them ground

to splinters on the jagged rocks. Leaning over the bank to get a better view, I lost my hold and fell—no, awoke. A fellow patient in the ward was reading aloud to a friend, who was worse off than either of us. There was no other noise, and, concluding that his tones had shaped the current of my dream, I determined to make some experiments. At the other end of the ward was a patient who had received a knife-wound. Limping over to him, I found him snoring away in a sound sleep. Sitting near his head, and speaking in a low but distinct voice, I repeated a part of Poe's "Raven," commencing:

Once upon a midnight dreary.

I had repeated only three lines when the sleeper ceased to snore. At the fifth line he moved a little. At the tenth I saw perspiration on his forehead, and he was nervous. As I finished the fifteenth he awoke with a shout. He had had a horrible dream. He dreamed that he was struggling in the water, swimming to reach a boat, which kept dancing on ahead of him, always just out of reach. He was at length exhausted, and as he found himself sinking he uttered a cry and awoke. Had my tones caused him to dream of water, as the tones of the other man had caused me to dream? Hardly prepared to admit or believe, I proceeded to another cot, occupied by a patient who had been ill of bilious fever, but who was now convalescent, and whose mind was clear. He was sleeping very quietly and evenly, as I told by timing his respirations.

In tones no louder than before, and standing within six feet of his head, I repeated the celebrated war speech of Patrick Henry, as I learned it when a schoolboy. After I had uttered fifteen or twenty words the sleeper moved his head; ten words more, and his breathing was very irregular; I had not spoken above two minutes when he gave a sudden start and awoke; and it was half a minute before he could be convinced that his dream was not real. He had dreamed of be-

ing out on a rapid, muddy river in a skiff, and of losing his oars and being carried over a dam. To finish with this experiment or theory, I may state that out of twenty-one persons tested at one time or another, I have found that nineteen of them dreamed of water when one stood near them and held conversation or repeated verse or prose. It made no difference whether they rested upon the back or side, whether the head was low or high, or whether the bed was strange or familiar. In three instances the sleepers were enjoying other dreams when I commenced speaking, and these were put to flight, and dreams of water substituted. In each case also the dreams were of troubled waters and perilous adventures. It cannot be claimed that there was any influence in peculiarity of voice, for no less than six of us were engaged in the experiments; nor can it be argued that the minds of our victims were rendered nervous and susceptible by bodily sickness, for in twelve cases we tested people who were in perfect health. I have made repeated tests outside of the hospital; and while they were not perfectly satisfactory as a whole, they were still so successful as to convince any candid mind that the sound of a human voice, and perhaps the barking of a dog, or the neighing of a horse, will cause most sleepers to dream of adventure by water.

Within a day or two after our first experiment I fell asleep in the forenoon, and according to previous agreement, the men made another trial. An accordeon was brought in and one of them played softly for three or four minutes, and then struck out with a lively tune. I was not awakened, but there was a movement of the head, a hand was lifted, and it was not until the music ceased that my respiration became regular again. I dreamed of standing near a church in my native village, a spot which I had neither seen nor dreamed of for fifteen years. The church building and its surroundings appeared the same as when I last

beheld them. I saw many people going into church, and recognized scores of them, seeing among the rest a dozen or more who had been dead for several years. It was summer, and as I stood there sounds of low, sad singing and soft music floated out. When I awoke there were tears in my eyes, and it was only by a strong effort that I could shake off the feeling of sadness which the dream had left behind. Nearly every believer in dreams believes that to dream of seeing dead friends walking about in every-day garb is a sure warning that death will invade the family, or that some accident is to happen, and yet it was natural enough that the sounds of music made me dream of music, and called up tender memories. Continued experiments went to show that the minds of half a dozen others were just as susceptible. We tried the accordeon while the ward-master slept, playing soft and low again, and he awoke with tears in his eyes. His parents had long been dead, and he dreamed of seeing both, and of his mother singing a plaintive old ballad. Singing had the same effect as the notes of the accordeon on three patients, but another was totally insensible to both, though tried several times. Out of twelve cases experimented on, seven dreamed of dead friends; two of being in a boundless field, in the darkness, and hearing music; one did not dream at all, and two dreamed of riding in funeral processions.

I have since experimented on six persons, and four dreamed of dead people, one could not remember his dream, and the other awoke at the first sound of music. I am therefore confident that singing, music, the sighing of the wind, and other natural sounds, if not too harsh, will in most cases cause those dreams which so worry the minds of certain sleepers after waking.

Having once read that dreams are but flashes across the brain, I was anxious to confirm or disprove the the-

ory. Taking the patient whose mind had not been affected by the music, we gave him no hint and made no move until he slept. Then, while one watched him and another the clock, a third loudly slammed the blind of a window about ten feet away. The effect was almost instantaneous. The man sprang up at the sound, looked around in alarm, and then exclaimed:

"Thank God that it was only a dream!"

He had dreamed of being on a crowded street in front of a building which the crowd declared unsafe, but still lingered near it. The dreamer tried to elbow his way along, but the people jeered and laughed at him and held him there. He begged and entreated, coaxed and threatened, but they held him there, and the building finally toppled over on him, the shock breaking his dream. It seemed certain to us that he had dreamed the entire dream in a second, while the time seemed a long half hour to him; but to place the question beyond dispute we indulged in seven or eight similar experiments. Sometimes we let a weight fall to the floor, or struck a chair with a stick, and again we slammed the blind or a door, seeking to produce such sounds as are heard about a house at night. In every instance, whether the sleepers were ailing or well, they dreamed of having some startling adventure, and awoke with a start; and no dream lasted over a minute. One sleeper was run over by a horse; another fell from a cliff; another was crushed by machinery; and each dream seemed so real that the man sometimes felt of his limbs to be certain that they were not broken.

I was lying on my side one evening not long ago, on a lounge facing the clock. There was no one else in the room, and no noise outside to disturb me. I saw that it was eight o'clock, and was then overcome by sleep. I dreamed of walking along a country highway. I passed several farm-houses, rested for some time at the foot of a hill, held a long conversation with a

farmer, and then walked past three mile posts. Coming to an inn, and it being near night, I went in to engage lodgings. There was an ugly-looking man in the bar-room, and as I entered he called out:

"I say! did you kill him?"

I got up to go out, and he followed and struck me on the head, which caused me to awake. I had slept just three minutes, and the sound which aroused me was the rumble of an omnibus going by. I verily believe that my dream, while it seemed to cover a period of three or four hours, did not really occupy more time than taken by the omnibus to drive past—perhaps thirty or forty seconds. Many persons have been distressed in mind because dreaming of a bad accident, when the dream is simply the result of some harsh or disagreeable sound being conveyed to the ears of the sleeper.

More than one romancer has had his hero or heroine waken from sleep just in time to escape assassination, being warned in their dreams that the "heavy villain" of the story was stealing upon them. It is also generally believed by believers in dreams that presentiments of danger are whispered to sleepers who have friends on the other side of the mystic river. To test this theory I stole upon a sleeping patient, armed with a knife, and looking as fierce as anybody's "heavy villain" could be made to look, I skulked up to him, flourished the knife around his head and before his closed eyes until my arm ached, and neither was his sleep broken nor did he have a dream. The same experiment was tried with half a dozen others, and yet not one sleeper was influenced in the least.

That position has much to do with inducing bad dreams is admitted. One of the cases experimented on was that of a well man, who was a very sound sleeper. One could lift his arms, raise a foot, place a weight on his breast, and even turn him partly over as he slept, and he would not be aroused. It was seldom that he dreamed, but

we found two or three ways to make him. When we lifted his arms up over his head he had bad dreams, generally of suffering personal injury. The same result was produced by placing a weight on his feet, or by taking the pillow from under his head, or by making any great change in the position assumed when sleep came. In any case where we could raise the arms we could bring bad dreams. Probably two sleepers out of five, especially during warm weather, sleep with their arms raised above the head, and this accounts for many of the dream stories.

I believe it is a popular error to suppose that the sleeper who rests on his back will have bad dreams. Out of eighteen patients in my ward at the hospital, all well enough to assume any position, six rested on their backs to sleep, and their dreams were as cheerful as the dreams of those resting otherwise. Indeed, I can name two children who, if not permitted to lie on their backs while sleeping, will at once be aroused by bad dreams. In preparing for sleep one assumes the most comfortable position possible; and while that position may be the right side for some, the left side for others, there are yet others who will rest on their backs.

Perhaps every reader holds the idea that dreams are induced by the events of the day, but the supposition is not altogether correct. If one has met with a loss, heard exciting news, or met with an adventure during the day, he may dream of it at night, but it does not follow as a rule. Selecting six of the patients, without hinting my real object to them, I gave them each a charge. One was to receive a reward for guessing a conundrum; another was to come to me for money at a certain hour and moment next day; another was to remember to tell a nurse something at a particular moment; and each charge was something to excite the mind and keep the patient fearful that he would neglect his errand. And yet not one of the six

persons dreamed of what I had said to him. I have experimented with children and old people, and in most instances the rule, or the theory, has failed to work.

Where one hears of a case of somnambulism or sleep-walking, he generally hears that the person had something weighty or special on his or her mind before going to sleep. Persons will walk in their sleep when the mind has been serene and untroubled for days and weeks, being directed by their dreams just as people awake are directed by reason. One of the hospital patients was selected to experiment on, and as he was about to step out on the verandah for a quiet smoke at sundown the doctor handed him a diamond ring, wrapped up in paper, and asked him to take it to a jeweller's on the morrow and have it cleaned. The man was charged to keep it safely, as the ring was valuable in more senses than one; and he was talked to until his evening siesta was robbed of its pleasures by the fear that he would in some way lose the ring. When he knocked the ashes from his pipe the ring was taken from his pocket, and he believed that it had dropped and rolled into the yard. Lanterns were brought out, an excitement raised, and of course the ring could not be found. The man was charged to rise at early dawn and renew the search; and to worry his mind still more it was hinted that he would be arrested if he could not find the jewel. His mind could not have been more burdened, and no greater inducement could have been held out for him to rise in the night and at least walk across the room. Yet as soon as he fell asleep he began to snore "like a trooper," and he slept soundly until long after daylight, and had no bad dreams. He was greatly worried over the loss of the ring as soon as he opened his eyes, and when told that it had been found his relief of mind was correspondingly great.

Not long ago, and for the first time in my life, I walked in my sleep. I

was away from home at the house of a friend, and had no care on my mind. Nothing was said during the evening about dreams, nor did we relate adventures or tell stories. Being weary, I retired at an early hour, and was asleep soon after touching the bed. My friend had some writing to do, and sat up after all the rest had retired. About eleven o'clock I came down stairs into the room where he sat, being completely dressed and having no light. He looked up, and was about to make an inquiry, when my fixed stare arrested his attention. I was not acquainted with the house, having never entered it until that evening; but I passed through two rooms in the dark, avoiding all obstacles, and unlocked and passed out of the back door. Securing a lantern, he followed me as soon as possible, and walked close behind me to the barn. I opened the barn door, passed by three horses, and reached my own. I looked into the manger, as if to see if the animal had been fed, and then, apparently satisfied, I retraced my steps to the house. Other members of the family had been aroused by this time, so that there were other witnesses. As soon as inside the door I locked it, then pulled at the knob to make sure, and then found my way to my room, threw off my clothing, and got into bed, to know nothing of the affair until morning. I could hardly credit their assertions; for had I attempted to dress and visit the barn before going to sleep, I should certainly have failed to even get out of the house without arousing some one. I had not the faintest recollection of my walk; but there were four good, honest people who saw me make it. I had not worried upon going to bed for fear that my horse had not been fed—indeed, had not given him a thought.

But to go back to the hospital and our experiments. One of the nurses, after catching a few minutes' sleep one afternoon, said that he had dreamed of seeing a building on fire. The popular belief among superstitious

people is that to dream of fire means swift news and bad news. A dozen of us had been moving around while the man slept, and we compared notes to see what noises had been made to cause the dream. A patient, in clearing his spoon of rice, had rapped it half a dozen times on the side of a bowl, making a noise something like a fire-bell. Settling upon this as the cause of the dream, we experimented upon eight or nine sleepers. In three cases I tapped on the stove-pipe with my knife, and caused dreams of fire. The same dreams were caused in two other cases by one rapping on the window-pane. One of the five dreamed of standing in front of a fire-place, one of climbing up a ladder to help put out a fire on a roof, and the other three dreamed of seeing houses on fire. These five were residents of cities, where the quick, ringing tones of fire-bells are often heard. The others were residents of small towns or of the country, seldom hearing the sound. One dreamed of flying along with great swiftness; another of riding at great speed; another of seeing people running; and the fourth could remember nothing of his dream except that large red birds were flying over his head. The conclusion, then, is that the rattling of a window-pane, the clatter of a broken blind-slat, or any one of half a dozen every-night noises, may cause the sleeper to dream of fire. Not two weeks since a neighbor of mine, returning home at a late hour of night, rapped on the door several times before he could waken his wife, who is a sound sleeper. His raps aroused her after a moment, but they caused her to dream of fire, and to scream out as she awoke.

Almost every dreamer has at one

time or another dreamed of being stabbed; of Indians; that some one was in the room; of some one bending over him; and he has awakened to find himself trembling with excitement and his heart palpitating with fear. Position while sleeping, or late suppers, probably have a good deal to do with bringing about such dreams; but in the course of our experiments we found other causes. In two cases, by softly and slowly opening a door near the sleeper we made him dream of adventure. By seizing the corner of his bed-quilt and slowly dragging it off the bed we caused a man to dream that burglars were seeking to pry up a window in his boarding-house. By placing a hand on the sleeper, as might be done by one occupying the bed with him—as in case of man and wife—we made him dream that a huge negro stood in the door and glared at him and held up a knife to view.

However, it is not at all probable that the narration of any of my experiments will have the effect to make a single believer in dreams less faithful to his belief; and as for those who did not believe before, they may secure but poor argument in what I have written. There are dreams so pleasant that we would give much to dream them over again, and dreams so horrible that we start out of them, and thank God that they were only dreams. The belief that good or bad dreams are to affect the fortunes of the dreamer is pleasant to hold in many instances, and seldom works any great harm; so that we may call it superstition unworthy of this age of progress and civilization, and still not condemn it too harshly.

C. B. LEWIS.

OUR ICE MAN.

I.

WE are sitting on the piazza of the Ditworths' "cottage" at Newport. It is the summer of 1873, or rather the beginning of autumn, for it is just turned September. We are six in number: Mrs. Ditworth, her son Tenicke, Colonel Chadwick, my mother, and her two daughters, Rachel and Letitia. It is in the morning, just after breakfast, and we are sitting dawdling, digesting our breakfast, and yesterday's news dribbled out to us by the Colonel and Tenicke; for, as is the custom in households with masculine members, the men of the party have at once appropriated the newspapers.

I am listening vaguely to Tenicke's voice running along in a jerky account of some races somewhere in which I haven't the faintest interest, and catching Colonel Chadwick's exclamations of "By Jove," and "What a set of fools now," and "I knew the mare would win!" And I am thinking vaguely that it must be nearly time to drive to the beach, when Letitia breaks in, saying in one of her rapturous tones, "*What a handsome fellow!*" Letitia is always breaking into little fervors of feeling or imitations of feeling over somebody, always picking out charms unseen by other eyes; so I am not interested or moved by this exclamation. But the gentlemen of our party are not so stolid as I am. Letitia isn't *their* sister, and what she thinks of one of their sex is by no means an uninteresting matter to them. Tenicke stops his jerky reading and throws up his chin in that near-sighted way of his, and Colonel Chadwick wheels entirely about to follow the direction of Letitia's dark eyes; but both he and Tenicke fail to perceive the object of Letty's admiration. I laugh silently behind my fan, for I know the bent of my sister's

mind. I know that she makes great pretensions toward being democratic in her tastes, and that she delights to astonish her fine friends by breaking out into what she calls honest admiration for a coal heaver or some grimy giant of that ilk; and so, while Tenicke and Colonel Chadwick are entirely adrift and perceive no earthly object whereupon to waste that enthusiastic exclamation, I am perfectly aware that the great hulking fellow who has just disappeared up the carriage drive at our right—in short, our ice man—is the object of Miss Letty's present approval. "Blest if I can see anybody," says Tenicke after a moment.

"Must have been a hero of your dreams, an hallucination," says the Colonel, laughing feebly.

"Hush, here he comes again;" and Miss Letty nods her beautifully got up head to the right. "Oh, that fellah!" and Tenicke looks relieved. "Yes, very good-looking, put together well. Looks as if he'd pull a good oar if he knew how."

Chadwick yawns and says nothing. This "fellah" is out of the pale of his masculine jealousy, for Colonel Chadwick is put together well, and knows how to pull a good oar, and is something else besides—a great deal else, he thinks. And so it happens that Letty's little remark falls flat and the races start up again. But we are not to be rid of Letty's ice man quite so easily. Presently there he is again, and, as if our talk had mesmerized him, his face is turned fully toward us with a look of curiosity in his gaze, which Letty at once translates into a look of admiration for herself. Then a sudden second thought assails her, and with that innocent air of hers, as if she had entirely forgotten her first exclamation of admiration, says, "How like he is to you, Mr. Ditworth—how very like!" Then immediately she re-

collects, and calls up with that surprising will power one of those small blushes, and a pretty little air of confusion.

Tenicke smiles broadly, not displeased, and says, "Thanks, Miss Letty." Whereat I laugh, a discordant disagreeable laugh, I am perfectly well aware, for nothing sets my teeth on edge like these little *minauderies* of Letty's, and Tenicke's pleased acceptance of them. Letty flings herself at his head, as she flings herself at every man's head; and he likes it, as they all like it. At my laugh he turns quickly and flushes. Then with a half smile, "You don't agree with your sister, Miss Rachel?"

"I—what about, Mr. Ditworth?" I make answer with malicious assumed oblivion. He knows it is assumed, and he flushes still deeper.

"Now, Ray, that is so like you—to pretend not to know of what we were speaking, to pretend that you didn't see the most striking resemblance between Mr. Ditworth and the—the ice man who just passed."

I do not reply to the first part of this speech, but I stoutly maintain that I saw no possible resemblance to Mr. Ditworth in the handsome fellow of Letty's sudden admiration. But all the time I am going flatly against the truth; for even before Letty had spoken I had been struck with the curiously close resemblance, not merely of form but of feature, and something too of expression. But to feed Tenicke's vanity, to let him think for a moment that I was following in Letty's shameless wake! Never. I would perjure myself fifty times over before I would hazard the slightest suspicion of that. In the mean time Colonel Chadwick:

"Not such a bad-looking fellow really, but what a dog's life to lead."

"A happy dog, I dare say," returns Tenicke.

The Colonel shrugs his shoulders and quotes "If ignorance is bliss."

"I don't see why you need take it for granted that only the idlers have

any use for brains," I say satirically. "On the contrary, as far as my knowledge of history goes, the great men, the brainy people, always come up from the workers." And I quote freely, as far as my memory will allow me, the great names that have shone on the world unaided by birth and fortune. Tenicke smiles again, one of those easy exasperating smiles of his, and sitting back lazily in his chair he says:

"I take nothing for granted, Miss Rachel, and I dare say this son of the soil, to put it sentimentally, may be carrying a volume of Homer in his pocket while he carries his icy burdens; or perhaps he may be studying some of the sciences in his leisure moments, for I suppose he does have leisure moments. Perhaps he is a great geologist or a second Tyndall in embryo; and regarding those blocks of ice, he may be studying new forms of water."

I am in an inward flame, but outwardly I am as icy as the subject under discussion, and I manage to hum in an absent way a bar of a Strauss waltz to show Mr. Ditworth that his impertinent familiarity in chaffing me is unheeded.

And just here Letty says sweetly, "Oh no, not Homer, Mr. Ditworth, but *very* likely one of Bret Harte's books."

Mr. Ditworth rouses himself. "Miss Letty, don't you know that it is an established fact that Bret Harte is only appreciated by the people of culture or with the cultivated instincts, never by the class he writes about, unless it may be the John Oakhursts?"

"But this is a possible Tyndall, you admit, Mr. Ditworth, and consequently he *may* have the instincts of culture and be able to appreciate your Bret Harte," I suddenly say, forgetting for the moment my rôle of indifference and abstraction.

"Oh, yes; I will concede to the possible Tyndall, Miss Rachel," with a low laugh and a quick glance shot at me. And here again down the car-

riage drive he passes, this possible Tyndall, this bone of our contention. As I catch a full view of his face and see the straight brows, the square chin, and above all the level look of the eyes that seem to look into mine, I have a sudden odd sensation that something queer is going to happen, not then and there, but somewhere and *some when*, not far distant.

Tenicke, who had also been observing the man, suddenly drops into seriousness. "I dare say that fellow enjoys himself better than I do. He gets good wages, lives simply and heartily—no chance of his being bored, no chance of his making any great mistakes, no great risks possible to him. I'm not sure but I'd change places with him if I could."

"Oh, now, Mr. Ditworth, you know you wouldn't!" bursts forth Letty.

"Well, no, I don't suppose I would; but I stick to it a man might do worse. I'm not sure but Miss Rachel thinks we are all doing worse, such fellows as Chadwick and I, dawdling round here."

"I think nothing of the kind, for I have no *thought* upon the matter," I reply lazily.

"It is eleven o'clock, and if we are going to the beach it is high time," remarks Mrs. Ditworth, rousing from a close conference with my mother upon the iniquities of servants and other domestic topics. I have no idea that either of them has heard a word of the conversation just narrated; but I am no sooner in my room than my mother's very sweet voice says, at my elbow,

"Rachel, I can't think why you are so rude to Mr. Ditworth."

"Rude? I did not mean to be rude, mother; and I'm sure if you could see Mr. Ditworth as I do, if you could understand all his superciliousness, his idle affectations——"

"Rachel, you are usually clear-sighted, but I think you are strangely blinded in regard to Mr. Ditworth. I have watched him very closely, but I see nothing, nothing at all of what you

say: on the contrary, he seems to me to be very tolerant and kind to *you*, Rachel, who are anything but kind to him."

"Well, I'm sure he doesn't suffer for kindness. Letty fully makes up to him for anybody's cruelty," I retort rather flippantly, glad to find firm standing ground. But my mother doesn't seem to think it firm standing ground.

"Letty is polite to every one," she says with a slight frown.

I am exasperated, and unwisely, undutifully perhaps, burst out, "Mother, you must see that Letty flings herself at his head."

"Rachel, how *can* you use such slang? How can you accuse your sister of such things?"

"Because it is true," I say doggedly, "and Letty in her heart knows that it is true, and Tenicke knows that it is true; and it makes me hate him, the cool easy way in which he takes it—and likes it."

"Rachel"—there is a note in my mother's voice that brings me up sharply—"Rachel, if this is all true, I don't see why you have such special feeling about it. Letty, it may be, is unduly fond of admiration, and strives to please; but it is her way with every one, and—I never saw you so bitter about it before, Rachel."

I am in a flame, and I answer hotly, "I hate to see her make such a fool of Tenicke Ditworth—that's all. He's vain and idle and *blasé* enough, Heaven knows, but he was Jack's friend, and I hate to see him made such a fool of."

"Letty isn't making such a fool, as you call it, of Mr. Ditworth. I think he understands her better than you do, Rachel; and if he likes one of my daughters, I am sure I shall not quarrel with him for it. But—there is the carriage; don't keep them waiting, my dear."

I turn to the window. My cheeks, which were flaming a moment ago, feel stone cold. All my hot anger has gone out and left me. I hear my

mother's steps going slowly down the stairs. I hear her saying presently, "Rachel will be here in a moment." But I am hearing at the same time her significant words, "If he likes one of my daughters, I am sure I shall not quarrel with him." Am I quarrelling with him because he likes Letty? This is what my mother thinks. I forget for a few seconds the carriage that is waiting, forget everything in recalling all my mother's words, all my mother's meaning; and as I recall, every one of them pierces me like so many arrows. And how cheap and mean and pitiful all my life seems, and how the color and brightness goes out of everything; and it is then I suddenly hear, "What in the world keeps Rachel so long?" in Letty's clear tones. And I arouse, and looking down I see Tenicke sitting in the high beach wagon, and I meet his eyes and know that he has been silently observant of me all this while. I turn swiftly and run down the stairs, and in another moment I am seated beside Colonel Chadwick on the back seat, and we are whirling along the avenue.

"What *did* keep you so long, Ray?" asks Letty. She is in the front with Tenicke, looking round at me curiously and noting my pale cheeks and my lacklustre eyes.

"I couldn't find my hat." I lie boldly and briefly; and then all at once Tenicke asks Letty a question, and she forgets my existence. We drive on through the long English-looking lanes, sweet with fresh-mown lawns and the standing clover in the upland fields, and cool with the coolness that the close unseen sea brings. I hear as we go the chirr of the grasshopper, the whistling, calling, cooing notes of the robins, and the swift, swift of the lawn mowers, all blended together in a sweet summer sound, which will not shut out the sound of my mother's words, and Letty's careless chatter and light, happy, conscious laugh.

The tide is very high that day, for there has been a storm, and Letty, who has always a horror of the sea, hears

some one say that the undertow is dangerous, and straightway falls into a little panic of terror.

"I *cannot* go in to-day. I know I should bring on one of my palpitations," she says in answer to Colonel Chadwick's remark that there is no possible danger.

Tenicke does not urge her; on the contrary, he says with a queer shyness, "Don't urge her, Chadwick. Let her do as she chooses." And then to Letty, with a little eager hesitation new to him, and as if he were speaking to a child, "I wouldn't have you go in, Letty, if you feel like that. I'm sure it would harm you."

A flattered look in Letty's eyes, a soft pink blush, a real honest blush, on her peachy cheek, at this; and I turn away with my mother's words ringing through my brain. When I emerge from the bath house I see only Tenicke at my door. Colonel Chadwick is chatting in the beach wagon with Letty.

"I'm afraid of the undertow," he says, throwing a laughing look at us, a look that seems to embarrass Tenicke, but which only calls out another fine little blush on Letty's cheek. All is fish that comes to Letty's net, and she never ceases to feel triumphant at any indications of a nibble.

So it happens that I go in alone that day with Tenicke Ditworth. I can see everything as I saw it then. The brilliance of the sky, the wonderful clear atmosphere that showed far off to us an ocean steamer on the blue horizon line, and the great vexed waves that still remembered yesterday's rage and wrath. The water, with all the warm sun, is chilly, and I shiver as it breaks over me.

"You are cold," says Tenicke. "Perhaps you had better not stay."

"It will be over in a moment, this first little chill," I return. And as we breast the great waves and beat back the strong tide, my words are verified. The chill goes, and the keen sense of exhilaration comes back to me. But the undertow that Letty was afraid of

is a reality of which we have need to be careful if we do not fear it. I turn for an instant to look at the steamer far out at sea, and the next instant have lost control of myself. It is then that Tenicke flings his arm about me and says, "Give me your other hand." His tone is imperative, but I do not quarrel with it. The need I very well know is imperative; and if it were less, if it were not at all, I did not care then. I had forgotten my mother's words; I had forgotten his parting glance at Letty, his solicitous words to her, and what all these had meant to me. I forgot everything but just the moment—a wild, blind, intoxicating moment, in which I was alone out of the whole world with Jack's friend—Jack's friend: not the idle, *blasé*, supercilious gentleman I had sneered at for three weeks and more, had flung all my small shot of sarcasm at with a fierceness that had aroused my astute mother's suspicion and covered me with shame an hour before—Jack's friend; *only* Jack's friend, I lied to myself even then: even then, with his arm about me, with my heart beating wildly against his—even then and after, as we floated out together, my hand still unrelinquished, and myself caught now and again in that swift embrace as the tide beat upward in its reverse current, threatening overthrow and danger! Oh, how the beautiful day shone fairer than any day since Jack had died out of my days! How the rain-washed heaven smiled with new cheer, and the sun warmed me through and through with its friendly beams! As we go out, just up from the surf line we meet the beach wagon, and there is Letty smiling at us, or at Tenicke, who does not see her.

"Weren't you frozen?" she asks.

"At first, yes," I answer lightly.

"But you feel no chill now?" asks Tenicke, looking toward me.

I know my eyes are shining, my cheeks aglow.

"The sun was so warm," I answer irrelevantly.

For a second Tenicke regards me steadily, fixedly. Then I escape from all their glances as I turn and labor up the waste of sand in my water-logged garments. When I emerge from the bath house, no longer a dripping mermaid, but clothed on with the nineteenth century righteousness of fine raiment, I perceive that there has been a change in the arrangement of the morning. Tenicke is waiting to take his place beside me on the back seat, while Colonel Chadwick drives with Letty on the front. For a moment I am glad with the gladness that came upon me a half hour ago; but what is it—is it my own sneering, bitter spirit returned upon me, or is it Letty's *minauderies*—that changes the whole atmosphere, and makes everything seem so cheap and mean and trivial as we turn down the blossomed road that long ago I named my English lane?

Tenicke, who is beside me, is no longer Jack's friend. He is the idle, *blasé* man, with an affected languor in his voice and manner, and a superciliousness and condescension which I hate. And as Letty tosses him her arch glances, and pouts her lips for his benefit, he pays her back with a detestable interest of lazy smiles and glances which fill me with a kind of shamed wonder. Is this the man, I say to myself, at whose touch a half hour ago I flamed and thrilled? As this thought, this question assails me, I flame anew with a scorching misery of mortification. And then, all at once, again flash up my mother's words: "If he likes one of my daughters—" And he likes my sister Letitia. This is what these glances and smiles signify: in love with my sister Letitia. I look at her fair, smooth, complacent face, that no love will ever line with an anxious wrinkle, that no care will ever trace its worry upon, and I remember the stinging emphasis of judgment which Jack—my Jack—passed upon her last year. He was watching her at her fooleries with two or three young men at a party some-

where. "I shall despise the man who falls in love with Letty," he suddenly exclaimed to me. And when I said, "But girls must be girls, Jack, and you told me the other night that I liked to flirt altogether too well, sir," he returned, "And so you do, Rachel. You're a vain little coquette; but you're not of Letty's kind. Letty's so bloodless; she don't *feel*; she has only sensations, and the greatest of these is vanity."

As I look at her practising her fooleries upon Tenicke, as I turn and look at Tenicke himself, a sense of loss comes over me. Must I despise Jack's friend? And Jack? If he were here now and saw his friend and his sister Letitia, would he keep his word? would he be able to despise this man, whom he had loved with a love that passeth the love of woman?

That night there was a small party at dinner—twelve in all; and as I sat at the end of the table, with Colonel Chadwick, and looked across at Tenicke, I thought I had never seen him in such a brilliant, careless mood. His dark eyes were shining, his languid manner quite gone, and in its place a gayety that was almost boyish. And once or twice I met his eyes between the grapes and the tall *épergne* of flowers, and was held in spite of myself by the bright and winsome look.

"How handsome Tenicke is," says Colonel Chadwick as we dawdle over the dessert. I do not answer this, and the Colonel doesn't seem to expect an answer; and he is only following out the train of his own thoughts as he goes on, "And such a lucky fellow as he's always been—born with a gold spoon, you know. I wonder——"

I lift my eyes at the sudden pause, and then I follow the Colonel's glance, and see Barnet the waiter crossing the room with a yellow envelope in his hand—a telegram, and for Tenicke. He breaks off in the sentence he is in the middle of, and, with the momentary surprise and expectancy one always feels at a message upon his face, tears open the wrapper. "He has lost mon-

ey upon one of those horses," I instantly think as I catch the sudden contraction of his brows and the compression of his lips. But it must be a long message, I think also, as the seconds fly by, and he keeps that fixed look. I do not know whether any one else marks all this, nor whether the time seems so long to any one else before he lifts his head and resumes his place again, and attempts to resume the old look—*attempts*. I know very well it is only an attempt. Does any one else know it? The light stream of talk flows on, we all laugh and banter as we did five minutes ago; but the real gayety has gone utterly out of Tenicke's face, and I notice that he is doing what is unusual with him, drinking very freely of champagne. "He must have lost heavily. What a shame for men to do such things," I sum up with irrelevant indignation. My indignation deepens as I see the red flush rise to his cheek and the feverish glitter in his eyes, and as I see too that his mother is watching him anxiously. At the first possible moment she rises from the table, and as we go trooping into the parlor I find myself beside my host, and we two the last of the company, and thus in a measure alone together.

"Rachel!"

I look up at him in amazement. He has never addressed me in this unceremonious manner, but he does not heed my look. "Rachel," he repeats, "what was the name of Jack's friend in Colorado—that banking friend of his?"

"I—I don't know," I stammer in answer.

"Does your mother know? could she find out?"

"She might."

Some one speaks to him here, and he moves away. Presently I see him standing under the chandelier, laughing and talking much as usual; but I fall to wondering, as I note the deepening flush upon his cheek, if his talk is as odd and inconsequent as his words to me. And as I regard him a

swift, subtle, external change seems to have come over him. He looks all at once dissolute and degenerate. And while he stands there Barnett comes in with the mail. There are several letters and the New York papers. Colonel Chadwick, as is his custom, possesses himself of the paper, and runs his swift glance over the telegraphic column without breaking his frothy talk with pretty Mrs. Maverick. But in a moment he turns, forgetting all his fine manners, and reads aloud, in an excited tone, that first announcement of the Jay Cooke failure which startled the whole world two years ago.

There is a various outcry from various voices, notes of speculation, wonder, and dismay. Most of the auditors feel the shock evidently, yet as evidently it is a recoverable shock. But Tenicke Ditworth! For a few minutes I had lost sight of him. Now I turn to look at him. In that look I see all at once how I have blundered for the last twenty minutes. There is no perceptible change in his face. He sits idly drumming upon the table near him, but I am perfectly certain that this intelligence is not so new to him as to us; that not half an hour since he had read the announcement privately conveyed in that telegram over which he had lingered so long. And he had read with it his own ruin. I wondered then, I wonder now, that no one seemed to see what I did. Perhaps, however, they were wiser than I thought, and kept their own well-bred, unasking counsel.

At any rate, the party breaks up much earlier than parties usually break up at the Ditworths'. When the door closes upon the last guest Tenicke returns to the little waiting group in the parlor, and, with no sign now of excitement, says coolly,

"I must catch the early train to-morrow morning en route for New York. This affair is going to tell hardly upon us."

He seems to address himself to Colonel Chadwick, and the colonel answers,

"Yes; I thought so by your silence. I had no idea before that you were involved there, or I shouldn't have read——"

"Oh, that didn't matter. I had the news by telegram already."

My mother here rises, and we girls follow her example, and as we say good night I know very well that it is good by; but I little think what a long time it will be before I see Jack's friend again.

II.

"LETTY may go to the Cargills', mother, and I will stay with you. I shall like that much better."

"But you need a change, Rachel; you are not very strong this summer."

"I shouldn't get stronger at the Cargills'. I never cared for the Cargill girls; they tire me. But Letty gets on with them admirably."

My mother sighs and says no more. She is glad to have me with her, I know, but she is so truly unselfish that she will urge my leaving her if she thinks it is for my good. By and by Letty comes in, flushed and a little cross, her hands full of parcels. I acquaint her with my determination to stay at home instead of accepting the Cargills' invitation.

"Well, you can do as you like, of course, Ray, but I should think you'd want to go *somewhere*, and the Cargills' seems our only chance *this* summer. If it hadn't been for that horrid, hateful failure last year, we might be at the Ditworths' this minute."

"And we might *not*," I answer rather snappishly.

Letty flings up her head. "*You* might not. I am quite sure *I* should have been there, and very likely I might have invited you to pass the summer with me, Miss Rachel."

"Don't be silly, Letty, or at least any sillier than you can help. If Tenicke Ditworth had had such an interest in you as you imply, he wouldn't have let you remain in such ignorance of him all these months," I break out hotly.

"Tenicke Ditworth is a man of sense and some honor, I suppose, and of course he is very well aware that it would be in the very highest degree dishonorable for a man who is entirely without means to ask a girl to become his wife."

I hold my peace now. I always get the worst of it with Letty; she is so self-complacent, so entirely convinced in her belief in her own power, in her own judgment. I hold my peace, but inwardly I am in anything but a peaceful frame of mind. It is eight, ten months ago since I bade Tenicke Ditworth good by, and no word from him has come to us since. I *know* now that Letty never had his heart. I knew it when he said good by there; when he held her hand for the moment and *did not see her*. And equally as well I know too I do not lie to myself any more. I know that Tenicke Ditworth is more, immeasurably more to me, than *Jack's friend*. And he? I look back to that last day when he held me in his arms while the waves dashed over us, when his kind voice questioned of my safety, and later, in that last good by, the glance that held me for an instant as his arms held me a few hours before. This is all I have—very insufficient food for love to feed on; but I have grown quite shameless in these last ten months. I may be no more to him than Jack's sister, but I love him, love him, love him! He is to me the kingliest, goodliest of men; and if I think now and again of the faults I found in him, I think with remorse and humiliation of the bitter spirit, the demon of jealousy, which clouded my vision through all that summer time.

And here with the summer again I am as utterly separated from him as if he had gone into that undiscovered country where I lost sight of my dear Jack so little while, and yet so long ago. But yet I am certain he is not dead. I am certain that some day I shall see him again, as I saw him ten months ago; some day I shall hear his voice and feel the clasp of his hand. But in the mean time, during this

waiting summer, I choose my own thoughts for company, instead of Letty and the Cargill girls. And Letty is quite content with my decision. She is not so obtuse but that she feels now and then my critical spirit. But one day, as she sits plaiting a ruffle for her throat—it is the day before her departure—she says to me quite suddenly, as if the idea had all at once dawned upon her, "I think it is very strange, Rachel, that we have never heard from the Ditworths any way, don't you?"

"I don't know that I do. When Colonel Chadwick went to Europe last autumn, we lost our only link between us and the Ditworths."

"But I should have thought that Mrs. Ditworth would have written to mother."

"Mrs. Ditworth? Why should she? After all, our acquaintance was a very new one. We had only met the summer before at Rye, and her interest was through her son Tenicke's interest"—I have an inward tremor as I pronounce this name, like Tennyson's "Fatima"—"was through Tenicke's interest in us for Jack's sake."

"And so you think it was for Jack's sake entirely that we were invited for that month at Newport?"

I resume my book, disdaining to reply to this vain question so vainly asked with all Letty's simpering complacency. But presently I hear a new tone in my sister's voice.

"Rachel, Rachel, come here!"

She is sitting by the window, and I am lying upon the lounge with a book in my hand. I look up incuriously, but still perceptive of her change of tone.

"Rachel, isn't this funny? Here is that Newport ice man, who looked so much like Tenicke."

I do not wait for another call; in a second I am on my feet and looking over Letty's shoulder at the stalwart figure just leaving the gate. Letty goes chattering on, but I cannot speak to her. My heart is beating up in my throat, and I am trembling and cold to my fingers' ends. The sight of

that tall, sinewy figure, clad in a blue flannel shirt and black trousers, suddenly obliterates all these ten long months, and I am sitting on a wide piazza, listening to the "swift, swift" of the lawn mowers and an occasional news item read in a fluent voice at my elbow, or I am——

"He isn't so like as I thought," says Letty presently. I look with a last scrutiny as the man mounts the wagon, and I am constrained to admit that Letty is right. I am looking at a man of more muscular build than Tenicke Ditworth, with a face of red bronze entirely wanting in that fine Vandyke outline and brown silk beard of which I used to think then Jack's friend was so vain. But in spite of these differences, all the rest of the day I feel as if I was haunted. I go about the house with Tenicke's low voice in my ears, and with a close crowding memory of glance and touch and presence that at last gives me the only dream of him in my sleep that I have had since I parted from him.

The next day Letty goes, and I am alone with my mother and our one small servant; for, as Letty has said, the great panic has not passed us by, and we are by no means as comfortable in our circumstances as last year at this time. Letty goes, and I am left to my dreams undisturbed. And they don't "dim their fine gold" as the days go on. Vivid and clear they crowd upon me, until I am driven into a kind of desperation of desire that I must make them reality. I think with a shudder that it was just this wild trouble of fancied reality that haunted me when Jack died. Was Tenicke Ditworth dead? But I knew myself the most unreasonable, the most besotted of mortal women when I asked this question of myself; for I am perfectly well aware that the daily contemplation of what Letty was pleased to call Tenicke's double is really at the bottom of all these vivid fancies—the material upon which my hungry heart and impatient nature has been

building up these airy structures. Day after day I place myself at the window and peer at the red bronze face which is like, yet so unlike Tenicke Ditworth's. And every day I am startled by the strange likeness in unlikeness. Every day my pulses get some new impetus from some new suggestion, some trick of movement or glance. My mother sits reading a letter from Letty one morning. "What is this," she suddenly asks, "about Mr. Ditworth? 'Does Tenicke's double still bring you ice?'"

I hasten to explain Letty's fancied resemblance. I say nothing of my own fancy about it. And presently, as the gate clangs, my mother goes to the window to satisfy herself of this resemblance. After a moment's observation she turns away indifferently with but one remark:

"Letty has very odd ideas of likeness."

"And you don't think there is any likeness?" I ask amazed.

"To Mr. Ditworth? Not the slightest; not more than there would be between any two men of rather exceptionally fine physique and of that dark type. This man is larger, but not so tall as Mr. Ditworth, and with a heavier and coarser build."

Is all this resemblance after all half imagination? As I ask myself this question I watch this man of coarser and heavier build mount to the wagon seat and drive off down the street. At that moment certainly I could see with my mother's eyes, and I could find no likeness to Tenicke Ditworth.

It is at the latter part of this very day that my mother, regarding me earnestly and a little anxiously a moment, says:

"Rachel, you are growing thin with this confinement to the city. I think I did wrong in not insisting upon your going with Letty."

"Mother, I could *not* stand the Cargill girls and Letty in a lump. *That* would make a skeleton of me in a week," I answer with vehement emphasis.

"What unreasoning prejudices you do have, Rachel."

"I suppose all prejudices are unreasoning. It isn't a matter of reason, but of instinct and unlikeness. We are not of the same kind. Mother"—I am sore and irritable, or I should never have said this—"Jack felt *just* as I did about Letty, always."

A flush crosses my mother's face. She remembers all Jack's little trials with pretty, foolish Letty, remembers them with pain, as mothers must the natural antagonisms of their children. But she says no more of my going to the Cargills', and I think she has forgotten my thin face until she hands me an invitation to spend a week with an old friend of hers two or three miles from the city. I did not care specially to go, but when I find myself in the sweet country air once more, and scent the mown fields, and see the "far blue hills," I begin to relent of my apathy and feel that it is good to be alive and young. And when I find on the second day that there is to be "a garden party" in the great old-fashioned pretty garden which seems to lie all about the house, I am more interested in my fineries than I have been for months. And when I find at this party a rather handsome young man, who is of much consequence apparently to all the young women present, but who turns from their charms and persists in becoming my attendant cavalier, I am very far from displeased thereat, and am quite easily persuaded to drop "that everlasting croquet mallet" and go on a tour of investigation down the queer, quaint ways of the winding footpaths. That night when I stand crimping my hair before the mirror I look at my brightened face, and recall Jack's judgment of me—"a vain little flirt." And as the days go by I see no reason to doubt this judgment; for my fine garden cavalier, who turns out to be a near neighbor, makes himself my sole protector in sundry explorations over "the far blue hills."

At the end of the week my mother comes for me, as she had planned.

"Ah, I knew you needed a change, Rachel," she says in a pleased voice. "You are looking quite like yourself again."

"*Isn't* she?" repeats my hostess.

Then presently I see the two walking in the old garden and talking earnestly together. When a little later my new acquaintance, Mr. Richard Parsons, saunters up the steps, I see my hostess telegraph by a glance to my mother, and I guess at once all the mystery of that conference.

Mr. Parsons is one of the young men of whom mothers are sure to approve. He is well-looking and well-behaved, a genial, kindly soul, upon whom the world has bestowed good fortune befitting the good qualities. He is, to sum it all up, a safe man, and it is upon this safe man that I am expected to bestow myself. That this is the subject matter of the conference between my mother and her friend I do not need to be told.

Until now I had never thought seriously of Mr. Parsons's possible feeling; I had been a vain little flirt, but an unthinking one. But now I recall his looks, his tones, and a something *empresé* in his manner, which I had taken carelessly enough before, but which return upon me with a fuller meaning. It had been a long summer day to *me*—a day of transient pleasure, wherein I had rested a moment *while I waited*. To Richard Parsons it had been but the *beginning* of a summer which stretched out into an illimitable future. If I guessed at all this in that moment of retrospection, I have amplest confirmation in another week, for in that time Mr. Parsons has come to the point, and plainly declared his intentions, undeterred by the sudden stiffness which my awakened conscience has infused at that late day into my manner. His evident astonishment at my rejection of his suit is sufficiently humiliating, without the curious amazement of my mother's friend, and the surprised disappointment of my mother herself.

"You seemed to like him so much, Rachel."

"I *did* like him, but that is a very different matter from loving."

"It is often much safer to begin life with another on the *liking* you speak of than what young people call love," answered my mother with singular asperity.

I am dumb after this argument. Do all people, I wonder, outlive this love which is the burden of every poet's song since the world began? I remember an old story I have heard about my mother's beauty in her youth and the lovers that she had. "Your mother had the finest opportunities of any of us, and she married the poorest of them all," my aunt Catherine had often said to me, with a sharp frankness exceedingly unflattering to my father. I gather from this that it was most decidedly a love match, and I look at the handsome face of my paternal parent as it appears in the crayon portrait above my head, and hunt up all my childish memories to recall his pleasant voice and winning ways. I suppose that he once delighted my mother with this pleasant voice and with these winning ways; I suppose that she once thrilled at the touch of his hand or the sound of his footsteps like any love-smitten girl. But now this light that was never on sea or land has faded into worse than nothingness.

I think of a voice whose every intonation I know so well, of eyes that I could never meet even in my time of bitter cavil and jealousy without a quickened pulsation. Will there come a day when I shall look back with indifference, when I shall be able to meet the eyes and hear the voice perhaps with dulled senses? Now, with my blood at fever heat, I answer vehemently, No, no, no. But how can I promise for myself? How can I say that I shall make exception to the myriads who like my mother "preach down a daughter's heart," having over-lived the purple light of love and youth? But I have nothing to do with that gray and empty future day. I *will* have nothing to do with it. Here is

my youth, and with it my love that may never come nearer to me than now. But even so, I know, I know that "all other pleasures are not worth its pains." As I come to this triumphant conclusion, as I feel that nothing, nothing can ever dim my "light that was never on sea or land," I get a letter from my sister with this piece of information:

"What do you think, Tom Cargill has come home from Colorado, and he says that his cousin Harry saw Tenicke Ditworth about twenty miles from Denver, and that he has married a rich widow and is coming east shortly to buy back the Newport estate."

All in a moment, "down go tower and temple." Shame and humiliation assail me. I have been living in an ideal world, and bowing down, like many another foolish woman, before an ideal hero. Poor and unfortunate, struggling with adverse fate, I had seen my hero, and in that condition had glorified him, had felt that I had a right in him. But what had I to do with a man who had smartly retrieved his fortunes by marrying a rich widow?

"What does Letty say?" asks my mother, coming into the room when I had arrived at this point. I hand the letter to her. She skims it through, but makes no comment. But as she returns it to me I ask suddenly,

"Mother, did Mr. Ditworth ask you about Jack's friend in Colorado before he went away?"

"Yes, he asked me after dinner that day the news arrived in Newport of the Jay Cooke failure. It was Jacob Vanstart, you know. I gave him his name. That was sufficient, for Mr. Vanstart was the richest man in Colorado. I presume Mr. Ditworth wanted his influence in entering into some business. And I shouldn't be surprised if he had married Mr. Vanstart's widowed sister, Mrs. Baum."

So this was the end of my dreams! Married to Mrs. Baum!

"Mother, do you suppose Tenicke Ditworth had this—this Mrs. Baum in his mind—I mean was that his busi-

ness, to go out there and look up Mr. Vanstart's rich widowed sister?" I am reckless just now how I trample on and deface the clay image I have been worshipping.

"What a foolish question, Rachel," my mother replies to this. "It isn't at all likely that Mr. Ditworth knew anything of Mr. Vanstart's sister; or, if he did, that he would project such an undertaking in a moment."

I laugh feebly, and then all at once the room becomes intolerable to me. Everything seems dwarfed and pinched, narrow and mean. I go out upon the little side stoop for a breath of fresh air. As I stand there pulling down some half-starved honeysuckle blossoms, the gate creaks on its rusty hinge, and I look up to see *Tenicke Ditworth's double!*

The honeysuckle springs back from my hand and my heart beats up in my throat again, as the strange resemblance strikes me anew. How like, oh, how like he is! For an instant, just an instant, I forget Letty's news, forget everything but the face that is recalled to me. Then, swift and sharp, everything returns upon me, and I am trying to reconcile this face, the sweet, kind eyes Jack used to talk about, with Mrs. Baum's husband.

Well, the days go by; time gets on in a slow, sluggish fashion with me; I eat and drink, laugh and talk with my mother and the few guests we have, much as usual; but something has gone out of the days, and life seems disjointed and savorless. When I sit down to think now, there is no region of memory where I can rest apart from Jack and Jack's friend. Ever since I have had a young girl's thoughts, they have been interwoven with Jack and this friend of his. And now—well, I try hard, all through the dull afternoons and the duller evenings, to interest myself in the neighborly talk that comes in my way. But in the mornings, with a fool's insensate folly—in the mornings I render my afternoon and evening task as difficult as possible by the

observation I take at the side window of a certain stalwart figure whose every motion recalls with painful distinctness the man I am trying to put out of my mind and heart! In this consistent occupation all the little summer bloom I had gained fades, and my thin cheeks grow thinner yet, until there are ugly hollows under the cheekbones, and small wrinkled ripples beneath my eyes. But when did happy or unhappy lovers ever conduct themselves consistently? Do I call myself a lover still, with my hero a hero no longer? I do not call myself anything. I only feel that the past and I cannot separate without long throes of pain which I cannot measure. I only know that when I try to wrench myself away from my memories I am, like Milne's lover, in worse than an empty world.

So the dreary, dusty days go on from bad to worse. When I look at myself in the glass now I see a face unknown before: pale, and growing every morning paler still, and at night a hot red color burning in two hard outlined spots upon my cheeks. I have read all my life sentimental stories of young women pining away for love, and I suppose I thought it was a very pretty thing to do. But if this is what I am doing, it is anything but a pretty piece of business. I am not dying, nor on the road to it. I am simply growing unhealthy and ugly as fast as possible. Womanlike, a feeling of resentment kindles within me at this contingency. To lose love and happiness and one's good looks all together is a threefold tragedy. So with jeering bitterness I appeal to myself against myself as I sit late one Saturday afternoon, beneath the dried-up honeysuckle on the little side porch, where, when the wind comes from the south, a small puff will now and then find its way over our high board fence. Everybody has gone away for the evening, and I am left alone to keep house and nurse my foolish fancies. "Creak, creak," the cart wheels lazily roll over the pave-

ment outside, and now and then the swift, smart rattle of a smart carriage, and two or three organ-grinders belaboring their wheezy old instruments, in the vain attempt to produce melody. I am listening to all this with a dull ear and humming mechanically the "Blue Danube" waltz in broken time with the nearest organ, when the gate swings open.

"No, no," I call out. "Don't come any nearer." Then I stop in dismay. It is not the grimacing young scamp of an organ-grinder I expected, but a tall, well-known figure in a navy-blue shirt. I forget to explain my words in my surprise at this appearance at this hour. But as the tall figure sways past me, heavily laden with an extra amount of ice, I remember that it is Saturday night; that the day has been unusually warm, and so the belated time. I feel a little quiver of excitement as I make up my mind in the next moment to speak with this curious double as he comes back. For I must explain my sharp exclamation; one must be decent even to an ice man. Presently I hear his step crunching the gravel, and I meet him face to face as he turns the corner of the lattice. "I thought it was an organ-grinder when I spoke as you opened the gate," I began. Then I look up, standing quite near as I am, and I see, in the deep amber sunset light—I see a smile slowly, then swiftly breaking out of eyes and lips, a smile that can only, only belong—"Oh, Tenicke! Tenicke!" In a moment more I wonder for just a dizzy second or two if I am gone clean mad, for I am clinging fast to the blue-shirted arm and laughing and crying in a breath, "Oh, Tenicke! Tenicke!" Just a dizzy second or two, then I drag him in through the doorway, through the little side hall, into the cool empty parlor. The sunset light streams in through the half-open shutter and falls in one clear strong ray across the face, not of any stranger, of any vexatious double,

but the face—yes, the face of Tenicke Ditworth himself.

"To think you didn't know me before, Rachel. I should make my fortune as an actor, shouldn't I?" He smiles down at me, but there are tears in his eyes, in his voice; and at the sight, at the sound, I forget all about that foolish story of Mrs. Baum, all my proper decencies and proprieties are scattered to the winds, and I cast myself upon Tenicke Ditworth's breast, and out of my suddenly relieved heart, heedless of everything but the present, I make love, fond, desperate, shameless love, to our ice man.

By and by I lift my head. The sunset glory has gone, but the new-risen moon shines full in my darling's face—*my* darling's, not Mrs. Baum's, nor poor pretty shallow Letty's, as I had foolishly fancied, but mine, mine always from the very first, as I knew now. And it is now for the first time I ask a question, a question that the one great fact of presence had put aside for these swift minutes.

"How did it all happen? How did it come to this?"

"How did it come to *this*?" and he touched his blue shirt with a half laugh. "Rachel, I don't suppose you can have any idea how quickly a fortune can take wings. I don't think I had until I found at the end of a few months that I couldn't raise a dollar without borrowing. I tried in the mean time to find some occupation, but my idle desultory life had unfortunately left me at very loose ends in business adaptability. And besides that, it was a terrible time; all the situations were filled, and thousands like myself were out of employment. I was walking down Broadway one morning considering what I should try next, when I met Jim Borland, whose father is the largest ice dealer you have in your city. In an instant I recalled our banter at Newport, and thought to myself that as I couldn't find an occupation to suit *me*, I might as well suit the occupation to myself. When I

sounded Jim, he supposed I was after a clerkship in the counting room. Good fellow, he would have turned somebody out for me if he could, but that was out of the question. When I told him it was a carrier's place I proposed to take, you ought to have seen his face. I believe for a moment he thought I had been drinking, or that my losses had turned my brain. When he found that I was in earnest, he tried to dissuade me from my notion, as he called it. Something would be sure to turn up in a month or two, and in the mean time he would be my banker. But I was already in debt, and I knew better than he how unlikely anything of the kind that he supposed fitted for me was likely to turn up for the waiting. Well, that night I left New York with him, and two days after I was installed in my carrier's route."

"But *how* came you——"

"To be at *your* part of the city, and at your door? I had your address, Rachel, and I was such a romantic fool that I wanted to get a glimpse of you now and then; and a little spirit of fun possessed me too, the whole thing was so absurd. I had really no idea of wooing you, my dear girl, in this melodramatic sort of disguise. I wasn't proposing to play theatre. But I wanted to see if you'd know me, and it took you all summer——"

"If it hadn't been for that curious double of yours, that man who was so like you last season, I should never have doubted for an instant. But, Tenicke, what does your mother think of all this?"

"She doesn't know it. She had a few thousands secured, thank God, elsewhere; and her health failing in all the worry and excitement, I got her off to Geneva with Chadwick and his sister. So you see I am working on

the problem alone, Rachel. And I don't have altogether a bad time of it. I get eight hundred dollars a year, and it suffices me, for I don't live the life of a dandy now. I have one room six miles out of town where I sleep, and where on Sundays I cook my own dinner and read Thoreau and Emerson." He laughs a little, holding me away with two strong arms that he may look in my face. After a moment he resumes: "Rachel, there's to be a vacancy in the counting room next month, and the general, old Mr. Borland, has offered it to me. And, Rachel, this is not all. I have found that out of the wreck of half a million I shall finally rescue five or six thousand dollars, and I'm going to put it into this ice business. Rachel, will you marry me on these prospects?"

"I'll marry you now, Tenicke, on the eight hundred dollars."

"To-morrow, then; that's the carriers' holiday. My wedding suit will be out of fashion—a year old, Rachel; and you'll have to keep house with me in my one room and make my coffee at five o'clock in the morning."

"I can make better coffee than you ever tasted, sir."

We look at each other a moment, laughing, both of us; then suddenly the arms that have been holding me off for a better look at my foolishly fond face draw me nearer, and I am winking and blinking against our ice man's blue flannel shirt collar.

Two months from that time we are married. I do not go to housekeeping in one room certainly, but in a ridiculously small cottage ten miles out of town. Letty looking on does not envy me, but she only says, "To think that Tenicke Ditworth should turn out nothing but an ice man after all."

NORA PERRY.

THE HEART OF ENGLAND.

IT was on a bright Sunday morning in October that I set out from Warwick for Stratford-on-Avon. Autumn was more than half gone; and yet the almost cloudless sky above me was one of a succession of smiling welcomes which, meeting me in the southern counties, had gone with me to Cambridge and to Oxford, and now followed me into Warwickshire, the heart of England, for so this most midland shire is called. I see that I have just spoken of southern counties and a midland shire. It cannot be strictly said that those two parts of the country are thus distinguished; but although "shire" and "county" are synonymes to a certain extent, there is a difference in their use by which certain parts of the country are distinguished from others. Although *shire* is the older and the truly English word, all the shires are counties, but all the counties are not shires. Kent, Sussex, Essex, Surrey, Norfolk, and Suffolk are not called shires; and their people speak of going to or coming from "the shires," meaning the rest of England. I observed evidences of some little local pride in these people who "did not belong to the shires." Whence is the origin of this pride I do not certainly know; but I am inclined to think that it has two causes quite unsuspected by the people who have it, the feeling being traditional, while the facts from which it sprung are long forgotten. These are, first, that these regions have been English longer than any other part of the island. Kent was the first part of Britain to be settled by the "Anglo-Saxons;"* and in Kent the beginning of the English church was made by the conversion of the Saxon king Ethel-

bert, and his baptism by Augustine in A. D. 597 at Canterbury, whence it is that the bishop of Canterbury is an archbishop and primate of all England. The eastern and southeastern shore of the country, from its position, was that on which the Saxons first got foothold; and the names show the simple early distinctions made between themselves by the new-comers: Norfolk=north folk, Suffolk=south folk, Essex=east Saxons, Sussex=south Saxons. The other reason for the local pride is that these counties make up the larger part of the country which was not thoroughly conquered by the Danes and completely subjected to Danish influence. Evidence of this original English condition appears in the fact that these counties are not named from their county towns, as is the case with a large majority of the counties; *e. g.*, York, Yorkshire; Derby, Derbyshire; Oxford, Oxfordshire; Warwick, Warwickshire; Chester, Cheshire; but of Essex the county town is Chelmsford, of Sussex Chichester, while in Kent the county town actually takes its name from the county—Kent, Kenterborough or Canterbury, the town or borough of Kent. When the Danes were driven out it became necessary to reform and make again thoroughly English the counties in which they had for many generations subverted the English government, even to the obliteration of the old names; and in doing this it was natural to name the counties from their chief towns. It is not in the ordinary course of things for counties and county towns to have the same name, as may be seen by comparing those of New England, New York, and Virginia, for example, even although the names there are of such very modern origin.

But to return from names to places. My bright Warwickshire day was not, however, so pleasant as it might have

* Lest some of the more learned of my critics should pounce upon this paragraph and announce that Kent is supposed to have been settled by the Jutes, I let them know beforehand that I suspected as much. I am not writing ethnology.

been, or as some other bright days, or even as many cloudy days that I had seen in England. For the east wind was blowing, and had blown steadily for forty-eight hours. Now an east wind in England is not at all like an east wind here. To us it brings clouds, and, if long continued, a heavy, driving rain, so severe that hence has arisen with many "Americans" the very incorrect and unenglish use of *storm* for a mere fall of rain. A storm is a commotion of the air and its contents; and it may be perfectly dry—a wind storm. A fall of rain may, and in England generally does, take place in perfect calm; and a fall of snow may be accompanied by a storm, but so it may not. The east wind of England corresponds to our northwest wind; the wind with which our sky clears after a northeast storm. And, like that wind, it is to me at least the most dreadful of the skyey influences. It blows pitilessly, steadily, and pierces you through and through with a dry, rough-edged blast; it aggravates its essential qualities by exposing you to the glare of sun and sky unveiled by any cloud, unsoftened by any mist; it deludes you with a show of brightness, and then stings your cheeks and grinds your joints together, and takes liberties with your hat, your hair, and your clothing. And yet the weather that our northwest wind brings is what many people, merely, it would seem, because the sun is visible, praise as beautiful and bracing, uttering their eulogies with watery eyes, dripping noses, red, tingling cheeks, and a scowling brow, as they face the pitiless glare of the unmitigated sun.* A soft, moist, balmy air, a gentle breeze, a sky full of white, fleecy clouds, holding light, diffusing and yet mitigating it; these seem to me the elements of a truly beautiful day, and these I often found in England, although not while I was at Warwick.

Warwick is reckoned a Shakespear-

ian town; but I did not particularly care for it on that account, my liking for Shakespeare not taking the form of relic-worship or house-haunting. But Warwick has intrinsic interest for every student of England in the past, every lover of architectural beauty, or of that beauty of reclaimed nature which is found in perfection in great English parks, and around English country seats and farm houses. And my visit to Warwick was marked by one of those quiet unostentatious acts of attention of which I met so many, and from entire strangers, that I am sure that they were less a compliment to me than a manifestation of a characteristic kindness and hospitality of English people. A gentleman living in one of the beautiful suburbs of Birmingham, hearing accidentally that I was in England, wrote to me inviting me thither, and offering to show me Warwickshire, of which I found that he knew not only all the great places, but every by-path and every nook and corner. He sent me full and particular directions as to all that I ought to see, and asked me where he should meet me, if I did not choose to come first to Birmingham. It was more convenient for me to go there last, and I took him at his word and asked him to meet me at Warwick; and there he came, we meeting for the first time in that venerable town. He, a busy man, gave up three days to guiding me through his county. I mention this as a characteristic exhibition of English kindness, of which I saw so much that I never can forget it, but shall cherish the memory of it gratefully while I live.

Warwick is one of those towns, of which there are not a few in England, for the existence of which it is difficult to account. Why people should have gathered their dwellings together at this spot in sufficient numbers to make a large town is not easily discoverable. It has no trade, no manufactures, no cathedral, no schools, no centralizing attraction. How the people live there is a mystery. They must

* This wind is called by Crèvecoeur, in his "Letters of an American Farmer," "the tyrant of America."

devour each other, and the strangers within their gates. But strangers can do little to support the inhabitants of such a place; and where do the Warwickers get the money wherewith to pay each other? The castle, part of which was built before the Conquest, must be the nucleus around which the town slowly gathered through centuries, until it stopped growing. For there is nothing new about it. On the contrary, it has a charming air of having been finished long ago; of having got its growth, fulfilled its purpose; than which there can be to my eyes nothing more pleasing. I did not see a house in it, except in one street, that did not seem to be at least a century old, and many of its dwellings were thrice that age. These English towns of from five to fifteen thousand inhabitants, which have the respectable air given by an appearance of stability and comfort not of yesterday, and which have no ragged outskirts where cheap and showy houses are going up and lots are lying vacant waiting for improvement, while they change hands yearly from bankrupt speculator to bankrupting speculator, and into which even a railway cannot bring the nineteenth century bustle, seem to me, next to a genuine country house, the most perfect places imaginable for human habitation. You can walk out of them from any point, through clean, well-paved streets, in fifteen minutes; and then you are in green fields, on roads which are neither dusty in dry weather nor muddy in wet. Great trees and pretty hedges vary the country with their darker green as far as the eye can reach. The temptation to open-air exercise in England is never lacking. It is found everywhere, and it lasts nearly all the year round. Unless you live in London, or in one of three or four other great commercial or manufacturing towns, you are within easy reach of a country ramble; and even in London you are within easier reach of the next best thing of the kind, a walk through great parks, where the velvet verdure under foot,

and the majestic trees above your head, both seem to have prepared their beauty for you centuries ago, and in which, although they are well kept, you are not warned to keep off the grass. You may go almost directly out of the Strand into St. James's park, and from there Green park and Hyde park stretch away continuously for four miles in the midst of the great city. And there is Regent's park besides, not to mention the squares and gardens. You do not have to stand up in a street-car and hang on by the straps, or be squeezed half to death on the platform before you can get to the nearest entrance of your only ground for quiet, healthful recreation. Turn out of Fleet street through a narrow archway, and in one minute you pass from the heart of the city into the Temple gardens, amid greenery and seclusion. Of all the old cities in England that combine convenient smallness of size with a certain civic dignity and that air of being finished which I have already mentioned, and with the attractions of easily accessible parks and gardens of exquisite beauty, Oxford is the most admirable. But Oxford, which to these charms adds that of its succession of grand old colleges, is the most beautiful city in England, and I am inclined to think in the world; and as one cannot reasonably ask always for the beauties of Oxford, a man must be very exacting if he cannot be pleased with those of other places, even of one so very inferior as Warwick.

To Warwick Castle, the gate of which is within a stone's throw of the main street of the town, I went alone, my self-elected guide having not yet arrived. It was very strange to turn out of a paved, gaslit street, lined on either side with shops and dingy brick houses, into a gloomy causeway cut deep through the solid rock, shaded with great trees and winding gently up an acclivity to a grim gray mass of feudal masonry; and such was the approach to Warwick Castle. The buildings, which stand around a large

grassy quadrangle, are of various periods, but all of great age, one of the towers having been erected in Saxon times. I pulled the handle at the end of a chain hanging at the principal entrance, and was admitted. Within I found some half a dozen persons, decent English folk of the middle class, waiting to make the tour of the apartments. It is the custom in these great show places for an attendant to make the tour, as soon as a sufficient number of sight-seers have assembled to make it worth while to do so; and at Warwick Castle this happens usually about every hour or two during the daylight. Hardly had I glanced at my companions when a large and elderly woman advanced toward us and began to speak. She was a hard-featured female, with a slight, ragged, stiff moustache and big, stony teeth. She was dressed in black, and wore a formidable cap. She began her office immediately, without the slightest greeting or preface, plunging directly *in medias res*, and not addressing herself particularly to us, but sending out her voice into the great room as an owl might hoot in a barn. It was somewhat startling to find one's self in a strange place filled with armor and other relics, and to have a woman in moustaches begin thus as if she were touched off like one of the old firelocks: "The hold baronial 'all; this is the 'all that was destrzyd by fire; hancient harmor; Guy of Warwick's 'elmet; hetruskin vawses," etc., pointing with a formidable forefinger at each object which she named. Her pronunciation of "vase," *vaws*, one of the extreme affectations of the extremely elegant people at the end of the last century and the beginning of this, was in amusing contrast with her ill treatment of the letter *h*, and the sounds which she gave to other words. People in her condition of life in England very commonly have some well preserved affectation of this kind in speech or in manner, to which they hold as a sign of superior position. I have no doubt that she would

have thought it very unbecoming in the housekeeper of Warwick Castle to pronounce *vase* with the vowel sound of *ah*; and the fact that that is now the general pronunciation among the best educated people in England, she would regard only as a sign of the degeneracy of the times.

As we went through the rooms I could not but notice in my companions what had impressed itself on me before at Windsor Castle and other grand show houses, that the English people who visit them do so chiefly to see the state in which majesty and nobility live; to look at the grand furniture, the gilded cornices, and other splendors of the apartments, with little or no interest in architecture or historic associations, and with the density of stocks and stones as to the beauties of the objects of art which are generally found in such places. A queen's or duchess's state bed, hideous and ponderous, and overwhelmed with stuffy embroidered curtains, attracts more attention from them than the surcoat and gauntlets that the Black Prince wore at Poitiers, or a masterpiece of Titian or Vandyke. As far as the average native Briton is concerned, these visits are pilgrimages of prying snobbery. In Warwick Castle are some noble pictures by the great masters of the sixteenth century; but these, pointed out by the tremendous forefinger and set forth as to subject and painter in a somewhat amazing style both of speech and criticism, by our guide (as for example "Ed of a hox by Buggim"), were hardly glanced at. One gentleman did ask, "Oo's the old fellow over the door?" but suddenly corrected himself with, "Ho! it's a woman." When, however, we came to a gorgeous table, the top of which our guide informed us was "hall of preshis stones," there was an eager looking and a pricking up of ears; and as the pudgy, strong-nailed thumb with which she chose to point out its splendors moved over its variegated surface, and paused on one spot and another, as she explained

in a voice husky with importance, "hagate, hamethyst," etc., she was attentively followed; and when she closed her description with the announcement, "This table cost two thousand paounds," she evidently awakened a feeling of delighted awe. What was chain armor that had gone through the first crusade, what were Raphael, and Titian, and Rubens to that!

Among the paintings at Warwick is a portrait of strange impressiveness. It is that of a gentleman in the costume of the middle of the sixteenth century, standing with his left hand resting near the hilt of his sword, and looking out of the canvass straight into your eyes. Upon a plinth against which he leans, is an inscription in Spanish, telling that he was one who feared nothing, not even death.* There have been other men who were as fearless; but no such portrait of any one of them, as I believe. I never saw a painted face of such vitality and character, never painted eyes that seemed so plainly to have a thinking brain behind them, never painted lips that so seemed as if they could speak but would not. Then the perfect simplicity and ease of the position, the faultless drawing, and the color, of which the mere harmonies are a perpetual delight, unite with its other merits to make a picture the sight of which is worth a pilgrimage. I had seen Vandykes, and Rubens's, and Sir Joshuas almost by the acre, and it is with a memory of the best of these, and also of what Raphael, and Titian, and Velasquez, and Holbein have done in this way, fresh in my mind, that I say that this portrait by Muroni, a painter almost unknown to me, is probably the greatest in the world. Certainly I never saw one, or the engraving of one, that is its equal.

As we passed through one room our guide said with an affable air and a condescending wave of the hand, "The view of the park from these

windows is thought to be one of the most beautiful in Hengland." I stepped forward into the deep embrasure and looked out. She had spoken truly. The beauty of the scene in its kind could not be overrated. Bright, rich green sward was dotted with clumps of oaks and gigantic cedars that spread broad, sombre fans almost like roofs high above the grass. The soft, sweet blue of the sky was filled with fleecy clouds full of light, and here and there the verdure seemed to blaze like a pavement of emerald. Through all the little Avon, here a beautiful and freely flowing stream, wound from dark to light. The park stretched away, mingling with the distance, till it seemed as if all England must be a park, of which Warwick Castle was the centre, the heart of the heart of England; and just below was the castle mill, of which the turning wheel prettily suggested that union of the practical with the beautiful, and even with the stately, which is a characteristic trait of English country homes, whether they are castles or granges.

After making the tour of the apartments, including the chapel, where we were told that "there was service hevery day by their hown chaplain when the family was hat the castle," we retraced our steps, and my companions went out. I remained; and a slip of paper given me by a friend procured me the privilege of going through the rooms by myself and looking at the various objects of interest which they contained, at my leisure. I lingered so long, chiefly over the paintings, that a new party of visitors had gathered while I was still making my solitary round. And then I heard far off in the distance, but distinctly, the same sound with which I was greeted, "The hold baronial 'all—hancient harmor—hetruskin vawses—hagate, hamethyst—this table cost two thousand paounds," and so forth, word for word, letter for letter, haitch for haitch. And when I reflected that this good woman went over the same

* *Aquí esto sin temore y della muerte no he pavor.*

ground day after day, and many times a day, pointing out the same objects to knots of gaping sight-seers, I reproached myself for my criticism of her style of explanation, and bethought me of the Jew clothes dealer's reply to Coleridge, who asked him, "Jew, why cannot you say old *clothes* instead of old *clo'*?"—"Christian, if you had to say old clothes as often as I do, you would be glad to say old *clo'*, or anything else to shorten it." All the same, however, this obtrusion of housekeepers, and vergers, and warders, and sextons is the great drawback to the enjoyment of the places under their care. I was fortunate in being able to free myself from it on other occasions.

One of the most interesting places in Warwick is the Leicester hospital. It was founded by Robert Dudley, Queen Elizabeth's and Amy Robsart's Earl of Leicester, for twelve old men, who are called brethren, and a master. It is a fine and well-preserved specimen of the domestic architecture of the time; many-gabled and with dark oak beams showing on the outside, the interstices being filled with plaster; suggesting a man whose skeleton had struck through his skin. I think that it is the finest example of this style that I saw except Speke Hall in Lancashire; which is peerless, outside and in; in which the walls and the ceiling of the dining-room are rough with rich carving in dark oak, and where one of the bay windows is of such a size that it has on one side a larger fireplace than I ever saw here, even in the kitchen of an old New England farm-house. It is of architectural celebrity, but it is so remote from the line of travel, and so jealously guarded, that it is rarely visited by strangers. When I saw it, and others of its kind, I could understand Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's remark as to "America," that he "thought he couldn't live comfortably in a country where there were no Elizabethan houses." In their union of the expression of simple domesticity with quiet

stateliness, these houses leave nothing to be desired. One does not want to live in a castle unless one is a wealthy peer; but any man whose notion of a home is not limited to one of those houses described by the hideous phrase, "a brown-stone front," might long to live in one of these Elizabethan houses.

The brethren of the Leicester hospital wear, on state occasions, long gowns or cloaks, which have upon them in metal the badges formed of the device of the Bear and Ragged Staff; and these badges are now the very same ones that were worn by the first brethren three hundred years ago, so carefully have they been preserved. The eldest of the brethren showed me about the place, and in explaining to me the nature of the institution, or the "foundation" as it is there called,* said to me, among other things, "Th' Herl o' Leicester d'ow'd this haouse for twel' hold men an' a Master; an' th' brethren comes out o' three parishes, and none can come into 't but on'y they." Of a little house that I noticed he said, "That doant belong to we." This is a fair representation of the speech of a Warwickshire man of his condition. I went with him into the kitchen, where the brethren sit and drink ale before the enormous fireplace, and there he showed me an old three-legged oaken chair which had but lately been discovered in some nook or corner of the building, and which I saw from the carving upon it was made by a Saxon craftsman, and probably antedated the Conquest. There, too, he showed me a little piece of embroidery worked by poor Amy Robsart. It was framed and hung up against the wall. The frame, he told me, had been paid for by "a gentleman in America," of whom I probably had never heard (for he, like all others who did not know me, supposed as a matter of course that I was an Englishman instead of a Yankee of the Yankees), "one Mr. Charles O'Conor,

* "God save the foundation."—"Much Ado About Nothing," V. 1.

a great lawyer." Mr. O'Connor had seen it "laying araround loose," and for Amy Robsart's sake had furnished a frame for its proper preservation.

The house is built upon a declivity, the street or road which leads to Stratford descending rapidly there, and the chapel, a stone church of goodly size, is built upon an arch that extends over the roadway. The effect of this, as you approach Warwick and look up the hill, is very fine, the tower heaving itself up into the air almost with grandeur, although the building is comparatively small. This is worthy of remark as an example of the effect produced by the absence of that levelling and straightening mania which possesses all builders and that sort of folk here. Not a little of the beauty of the old towns and buildings in England is owing to the fact that architects used their art to conform their structures to the natural features of the places in which they were erected, instead of making the places conform themselves to the buildings.

Warwick has a church, the chief interest of which to me was the Leicester chapel and the crypt. In the former are the tomb and effigies of the great Earl of Leicester, as he is called, and of Fulke Greville, the founder of the present Warwick family, upon whose tomb it is recorded by his own wish that he was "servant to Queen Elizabeth, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney." He might have served a better mistress than that vain, vacillating, lying, penurious termagant, who drove Cecil, the real ruler of England in her reign, almost mad, and whose one merit was that she knew a man when she saw him; but he could not have had friendship for a nobler or more admirable gentleman than Sir Philip Sidney, as we all know. But this struck me as I looked at the tomb: Who now would deem it a distinction to have it recorded upon his tomb that he was the friend of any man? Is it that there are no gods among us, or that we have lost the faculty of worship, except for two idols—Me and Mammon?

In the crypt, the mighty ribbed arches of which spring from one enormous pier, there is an article which has long gone out of use—whether advantageously or not I shall not venture to say—a ducking stool, made for the public discipline of scolding women. This is one of the only two, I believe, that remain in England. It consists of a strong oaken frame on low wheels, from which a seat rises upon an inclined beam that works upon a pivot or axle. The scold was lashed into the seat, and then the "institution" was drawn to the river side at a convenient deep place, and rolled in until the patient sat just above the water. Then the land end of the beam was tipped up, and consequently the other end with its lading went down under the water, where it was allowed to remain not too long, and was then raised for breathing time. This process was repeated as often as it was thought beneficial to the lady under treatment, or necessary for the peace of her family and neighborhood. Whether husbands ever interceded for wives thus disciplined, as wives do now sometimes for husbands who are unreasonably interfered with in the gentle sport of blacking their eyes or kicking their ribs, is not recorded.

Among the striking features of old English towns are the massive gates that are found standing in them across some of the principal streets. These towns have almost all been walled. The walls have fallen into decay and have been removed, but many of the gateways are left standing. Warwick has at least one such, through which I passed several times without noticing anything in it to interest me particularly, except its massiveness and its age. But one afternoon, as I was walking out of the town, I saw an exceeding small boy trying to drive an exceeding big swine through this gate. The boy was one of the smallest I ever saw intrusted with any office, the beast was the hugest living pork that has yet come under my observation. He was

a very long pig, but he also was a very broad one; surely greater in girth than in length. His hams were so big that as he presented his vast rear to me he seemed to obscure a goodly part of the horizon, and as to the boy they must for him have blotted out the whole heavens; for the little man's head did not rise so high as the big beast's back. The group reminded me of Falstaff's exclamation to his little page, "I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one." Now the pig, for some altogether piggyish reason, did not wish to go through the gate. Perhaps he thought it was too small, although armies with banners had gone out of it to battle. He turned his head to one side and the other, willing to take the pathway which passed around the gate, through which his pigmy driver, however, was determined that he should go. Whereat the latter spread out his little hands, and applying them with his little might to the haunches of the huge creature, tried to push him on. He might as well have pushed against the great tower of Warwick Castle. Then he patted the fat white hams and coaxed and gently urged, but all in vain. Whereupon the dreadful ingenuity of boy-dom, early developed, came to his aid. Between the enormous haunches of the beast was an absurdly small cork-screw appendage, which for any possible use that it could be to such a monster might just as well not have been. It suggested that tails were passing away from pigs in their progress toward some highly developed animal of the future. But the boy put it to present and effective use. Reaching up to it as I had seen a lad reach to a door-knocker, he seized it, and gave it one more twist with a hearty good will, the consequence of

which was a swinish squeal and a hurried waddle through the gateway. The contrast between the venerable dignity of this frowning old portal, with its historic suggestions and associations, and the little comedy of boy and pig enacted beneath it, seemed to me one of the absurdest sights that I had ever seen.

I walked out the next morning to Guy's Cliff, the seat of Lady Spencer, which is some three miles from Warwick, and of the beauties of which I cannot write here and now. I will merely remark that in a little house, as small as house could be, in a little street on the very outmost edge of Warwick, I saw in the window a display of old china for sale. Who, I thought, would ever come here to buy? But this is characteristic of the Englishman of to-day. He will set up his shop in such odd out-of-the-way places that an "American" would as soon think of opening a store in a light-house. On the road to Guy's Cliff, which was as prim and as well-kept as a road in Central Park, although it was only the ordinary highway, I found seats by the wayside at convenient intervals, long, substantial benches under trees, one of the provisions for comfort of every kind which are found all over England. And this morning I saw, although I forget exactly where, a monument erected on a wooded knoll on the spot where Sir Piers Gaveston was beheaded in A. D. 1312, for the favor he enjoyed with Edward II., by the simple orders of the then Earl of Warwick. The possibility of having one's head taken off by a rich, powerful man was one of the comforts of old England which has passed entirely away. Then I turned back to Warwick and walked rapidly to keep my appointment for the visit to Stratford-on-Avon.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

DRIFT-WOOD.

TRAITS OF THE MODERN STAGE.

EACH age ascribes to some generation preceding the drama's palmy days. Whenever a playgoer whose recollection dates back to that golden age of theatrical greatness, admits that some living actor is worthy of the good old times, we feel this to be a concession on his part, and are thankful. But not often is the ancient frequenter of the stage in so gracious a mood. Usually when we talk of Clarke, he talks of Burton; when we mention Ristori, he turns the subject to Rachel; when we speak of Booth's cry "Off with his head!" the veteran crushes us with "You ought to have heard *old* Booth say 'Twas but a dream!'" If by chance we *have* heard *old* Booth, the antique playgoer floors us with Kean. I know a venerable lady who thinks no modern singing comparable to Tacchinardi's that she heard half a century ago—Tacchinardi, name long since in Lethe. Among certain experts of a humbler walk, we find no man an authority in melodrama unless he has seen Kirby "die"; the Chatham street formula for silencing pretenders to histrionic criticism was "Did yer eber see Scott take Don Kizer de Bazoon?" a negative answer bringing the withering retort, "Then yer don't know nothing."

Still, each age follows its tastes in playhouse entertainments, even though admitting that bygone days maintained a loftier ideal. The favorites nowadays are undeniably society and spectacular plays, while English and American writers of tragedies, or, at least, of acceptable tragedies, are very scarce. Why are our current playwrights content with producing *Rosedales* and *American Cousins*? Obviously, because the playgoer's ideal of a good play is not the "Stranger," but "My Awful Dad." It is the demand that regulates the supply of "Our Boys," "Our Boarding House," and "Ours." When we want something at once new and pathetic like "Les Danicheffs," the "Two Orphans," or "Rose Michel," we must dramatize a novel, or else go to the French for it.

For one, I do not share the current lamentations over the decline of the "legitimate drama" and the calls for a revival of the heavy old tragedies; for the modern society pieces of Gilbert and Robertson, besides being quite as interesting, are much more certain of being well done. In ordinary stage representation even the flippant and purposeless Byron who writes "Our Boys," may be more entertaining than the moody and majestic one who writes "Manfred."

In the acted tragedy we ordinarily get one star and many sticks, whereas the society comedy gives to every player a part that he understands, because it reflects manners and men of the world around him. In one sense, to be sure, the worst actors in tragedy are enjoyable because so extremely mirthful. For this sort of sport, the tragedy would be as good as any performance in the town, were it not for those other players who offend by their fatal mediocrity. Neither good enough nor bad enough to thoroughly please, they spoil the illusion of burlesque created by worse actors, and the illusion of romance created by actors of genius. It is largely on account of these mediocrity people that we are relieved to have the ordinary company essay those lighter tasks which they understand and do well.

One familiar accompaniment of a tragedian's playing is the imitation or else bold rivalry of him by the local actor, or other, who plays Richmond to the star's Richard, Macduff to his Macbeth, who interchanges with him Iago and Othello, Brutus and Cassius, who plays Laertes to his Hamlet, and so on. The humble imitation of the star is, however, less offensive than the preposterous effort to outdo him. If Roscius, the Richard, has a nasal tone, twang, twang goes Rufus, the Richmond; if Roscius strides widely, Rufus stretches his legs in accord; should Roscius shake his frame in utterance, like a portable engine vibrated by the thuds of its steam, even this peculiarity Rufus reflects or obediently shadows. In opera, too, when Mile. Diva sings, Miss Petrel, the contralto, affects

the prima's airs and graces. In the comedy, if the star is an *homme que rit*, the inferior actors are in mirthful mood, and there is an evening of cachinnation. Is the star a great dandy? The cane flourishes and heavy swell airs of the leading imitator are wonderful.

But when the stock actor whose name appears in second size letters, a little smaller than the star's and a little bigger than the names of ordinary actors, tries to show that he is a far more vigorous player than the star, his ambitious performance is not so endurable. He out-roars the star, outstrides, outstruts him, strikes more fire from his sword, and in general out-Herods him. Spared, as Richmond or Macduff, the hard work of the first acts, he comes on at the finish in great force, determined to outbowl and outfight the star. And, to say truth, the average audience, which sympathizes with whatever it considers unappreciated genius, makes it a point to loudly applaud the second-best actor or singer, when he overdoes his part.

But in the modern society play the meanest capacity of actors and audience can comprehend the scene, the situations, the language, the sentiments, the general requirements of the piece. This advantage makes Daly's "Divorce" enjoyable where the company might not do equal justice to Webster's "Duchess of Malfi." The admitted danger of society plays is that of being overloaded with upholstery and smothered under millinery. Ladies who stir a hum of admiration in parterre and balcony for their costly toilets, sometimes fancy that this sort of triumph is the chief one. There is point in the French story that when an actress, reproached by the author for tardiness at rehearsal, answered that she had been rehearsing with his collaborateur, and the author replied, "But I have none," she rejoined, "*Monsieur, vous oubliez la modiste.*"

One would suppose, regarding plays which serve as frames to show the fashions on, that ladies and gentlemen accustomed to see rich and new modes in their own parlors can hardly care to visit the theatre merely to see the same. Still, so many others enjoy this chance of peeping into a sphere of dress which they do not frequent, that doubtless those theatres that minister to this curiosity can always be sure of an audience.

As a counterpart people unused to low life sometimes, in order to get a glance at genuine squalor, furtively go to one of the theatres where real gutter snipes and prize fighters perform their parts *au naturel*.

It is fair to say for the society plays, that the small talk which makes up so large a part of them is commonly far more amusing, if less exciting, than the melodramatic claptrap which the authors of the last generation or two aimed at, and which "brings down" the gallery gods. "The man who lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness"—how was it that that fine sentiment ran which used to fill the theatre with yells and dust? The lines are in Tobin's "Honeymoon," and the fortunate actor who has them may count on repeated rounds of applause, as he styles the aforesaid man a "wretch whom 'twere gross flattery to call a coward." Again, in "Man and Wife," when one of the characters says, in appealing tones, "But do not, *do not* de-der-despise me!" the reply, received by the house with rapturous applause, is, as we all remember, "*Despise* you? No man who ever had a mother can despise a woman!" Nor does the exceedingly cautious qualification, "who ever had a mother," check the enthusiasm. But somehow the stage appears to be growing less fond of these glaring effects; and as audiences seem less sentimental than those of a century ago, so actors, as a class, take their business more coolly. If women in the boxes no longer shriek and swoon as when Mrs. Siddons played Jane Shore, actors themselves do not faint with excess of emotion at the cunning of the scene, as Mrs. Glover fainted under the power of the elder Kean's Sir Giles Overreach. The modern society play gives a gentle stimulus without the need of loud sobbing over the lost boy or of audible swearing at the knavish bailiff; the average modern audience, too, is not one to fight over rival dancers like Miss Taylor and Miss Giroux, or rival tragedians like Macready and Forrest.

As for its other specialty, the spectacular drama, our age is certainly strong in that. Its ambition has been to redeem the stage from that poverty of appliances which made Shakespeare ask whether within the "wooden O" of the Globe theatre he could be expected to

cram the casques that did affright the air at Agincourt.

Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance :
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see
them.

Now, in our modern drama, you do see horses, and occasionally even a coach and four; while, as to men, for each soldier of King Henry's army in Shakespeare's day, Rignold marshals a hundred now. "Wanted, one thousand supernumeraries for 'Sardanapalus!'"—"The five hundred extra performers engaged for 'Coriolanus' will meet for rehearsal, on Thursday evening, at," etc. This is the sort of pageant to which the modern stage treats its spectators, so that it has no need to beseech them to "be kind, and eke out our performance with your mind."

In the third act of "Henry V." the chorus says:

Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed King at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fan-
ning :

Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship boys climbing.

But the modern stage carpenter would not be obliged to have his audience play with their fancies in order to figure that scene; the ship and the ship boys "on th' inconstant billows dancing" would cost him little embarrassment.

Finally, in the prologue to the fourth act, the chorus says:

And so our scene must to the battle fly ;
Where (O, for pity !) we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see ;
Minding true things by what their mock'ries be.

We see, then, how our wealth of stage mechanism and of supernumeraries presents a battle, a procession, or a coronation as the playwrights of three centuries ago sighed in vain to have them presented. Boudoir or bivouac, hut or throne, Roman forum or Irish fair, the scene is now lavish in details, while artists, decorators, chemists, and drill-sergeants vie in enhancing the effect. The dramatist no longer trusts so largely to "the quick forge and working-house of thought" in his hearers, for whether his scene be maelstrom, railway train, exploding steamship, or mermaid's cave, be its locus clouds above or earth beneath, or waters

under the earth, the deft theatrical artists construct it for him.

Still, does not this excellence of upholstery and painting sometimes draw away the attention from mental to mechanical triumphs? Granted that the live steed is a power on the stage, what is there so marvellous in seeing a horse? Plenty of chargers, as gaily caparisoned, prance at militia trainings; a thousand better ones, in humble costume, are on the city streets. Can it be, then, that hoisting them into a house makes them more wonderful? Realism without genius is commonplace, while genius sheds a glow of illusion over poverty-stricken stage trappings. Still, spectacular plays, presented with historic accuracy in costumes and furniture, undoubtedly instruct as well as amuse by this careful fidelity. The genius of Garrick did not make it the less a fault that he played Macbeth in an eighteenth century periwig. Shakespeare's daring and needless anachronisms may be only infinitesimal blemishes, but they cannot be championed as merits. Cigoli, who put a pair of spectacles on his figure of aged Simeon, and Tintoret, who armed the children of Israel with modern guns, are hardly to be commended for these freaks. The modern aim at historic accuracy in costumes, at making a stage army consist, not of "four or five ragged foils," but of forty or fifty, or perhaps four or five hundred, is certainly gratifying to the senses; and still, unless the acting is equally cared for, this aim differs only in degree, not in kind, from that of Manager Crummles, with his real pump and his two splendid washing-tubs.

Thanks to the national taste and national aptitude the French have the reputation of being, as Polonius would say, "The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited." They supply plays in these varieties to the rest of mankind, while the advent of a new and good one excites Paris like the overthrow of a cabinet or a battle on the Danube. Perhaps with French pains at rehearsals the American stage might attain a part of French perfection in details; at all events, we find the best of our comedians

emulating the quiet, exquisite grace, the vigor without noise, the substitution of the eloquent look and gesture for primitive stampings and roarings—the matchless refinement and finish, in short, which mark the best French acting.

THE TRADE IN DIPLOMAS.

PHYSICIANS, &C., WHO DESIRE CHARTERED UNIVERSITY DEGREES can obtain them through I. CHISELM, Oxtou.

THIS was the advertisement in to-day's "Tom-Tom," that suggested a home demand for those medical diplomas which once sold freely in England, Prussia, Spain, and Portugal. The chief sources of supply have hitherto been "La Universidad de Filadelfia," as a Spanish circular had it, and the "Livingston University of America," at Haddonfield, a New Jersey town near Philadelphia. The latter institution is purely imaginary; the former, though once *en règle*, had its charter revoked some years ago, but its trade went on with agencies in London, Jersey, and perhaps Berlin. Mr. Sparkes, of Stokes-on-Trent, informed the London "Times" that he had been offered "a Philadelphia Ph. D." for £20, "hand-some diploma included." Mr. Thackwaite bought an LL. D. for £15, and then wrote to the Mayor of Philadelphia that he felt himself to be in a "dreadfully awkward situation." An advertisement of "Medicus" in the English papers offered "degrees *in absentia*." Minister Schenck exposed the trade; Consul Hancock at Malaga had long before made known its existence. The Prussian government noted "the abuses arising from the sale in Germany of American medical diplomas, nearly all of which purport to come from Philadelphia."

There was quite a chain of dignitaries in the trade—a "Dean of the University," in the Quaker City, a C. J. Sayer, LL. D., in London, a Dr. P. F. A. Vandervyver, in Jersey, England, who advertised diplomas in the "Correo de Andalusia," and offered Mr. Perez of Malaga to furnish his son, for 800 pesotas, a Philadelphia diploma in pharmacy, as he had done for other residents of Spain and Portugal—proceedings which caused Consul Hancock to publish Dr. Vandervyver in the "Correo" as a dealer in tinware and an impostor.

It is easy to see why this foreign demand for such American diplomas should have been great, but one is puzzled to explain their home market. Why should sham degrees be bought when real ones are so cheap? Why can Chiselm ply his trade as middleman when it is easy to deal with first hands? The reader observes that "physicians, etc.," can address Mr. Chiselm. I suppose his best customers are the "etc.," because most physicians start with diplomas. But so long as Ollapod's patients believe that his prefatory "Dr." makes him a physician, and the parishioners of Stiggins that his "Rev." entitles him to reverence, and the comrades of De Boots that his "Major" betokens desperate valor, there will be trade in titles. In England a "Medical Registration Act" has of late years attacked the evils of sham degrees; for there the faith inspired by professional titles causes them to be jealously guarded. Simply inscribing "Rev." on the tombstone of "Henry Kerr, Wesleyan minister," once caused a lawsuit upon the right of non-Conformists to the title "Reverend"; and when the Privy Council decided this to be "merely a laudatory epithet, which can be lawfully applied to persons not clergymen," great was the wrath in many quarters, but particularly in Little Petherick, whose rector, by advertisement in a Plymouth newspaper, begged to be written to as G. W. Manning, severely adding: "Correspondents who prefix to his name the now desecrated epithet of 'Reverend' will please not be offended if he rejects their letters."

In England, then, where professional titles are so important, the bogus American diploma trade may be as secretly cultivated on the one hand as it is indignantly denounced on the other. In Germany, where all the younger sons of a noble family sport the ancestral title, and where rich tradesmen covet honorary appellations, which their wives instantly wear in feminine form—Mrs. Aldermaness, and what not—there is evidently a field for American diplomas. But since in our country vicarious attendance on a course or two of lectures can make a man M. D., it seems hardly worth while to buy the title through a broker.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

AUTOMATON TALKERS.

A TALKING machine is said to have been invented which is able to say, "I was born in America. I can speak all languages, and I am very pleased to see you. I thank you for your visit." It has been humorously suggested that an apparatus of this kind could be used to announce the stations to railway passengers. This service is now performed by brakemen, and often in a way that makes the names almost unintelligible. The machine is said to contain a mechanical reproduction of the human lungs, larynx, glottis, and tongue. It is operated by a bellows, and is supplied with a keyboard and pedals. If the sound can be produced, there would be no difficulty in arranging the apparatus to run automatically, like a music box. Imagine a mysterious voice in each car of a train saying at intervals, "The next stop is at New York!" In connection with this subject it may be mentioned that Psyche, the famous automaton chessplayer of London, continues to be a great success, after about two years of constant exhibition. No one has yet been able to discover the mode by which it is operated.

BRIDLING NIAGARA.

THE late sale of the Niagara Falls water power has attracted attention to an enterprise that most Americans look upon with dread. It is true that 100,000,000 tons of water is said to pour over the edge every hour, and falling 150 feet develops a force of 16,800,000 horse power for the falls, and an equal quantity for the rapids, which have a similar fall. It is hardly necessary to say that all of this power could never be obtained by any artificial works, but it is true that a vast amount of utilizable force is developed by this natural fall that could be seized upon if engineers were possessed of suitable means for transmitting such quantities of power. Turning back to the fall itself, we obtain a striking illustration of the great forces at work in this quiet movement of water, by comparing them with what man obtains from

other sources. Dr. C. W. Siemens has done this, and finds that the fall does as much work as 266,000,000 tons of coal could do in a year, taking the consumption of fuel at four pounds per horse power an hour. Now the production of coal in the whole world is at present only 274,000,000 tons, so that we have in the cataract of Niagara as great a development of force as the vast coal industry itself can produce if applied solely to this end.

Fortunately for the preservation of the falls as a means of pleasure, the district in which they are situated is devoid both of mineral wealth and of those agricultural products which give rise to great manufacturing industries. It is in fact at a great distance from any region where such products are obtained. The question of transmitting power therefore becomes one of great importance, and the distance to which it would have to be conveyed for utilization is much greater than has been overcome by any existing appliances.

Dr. Siemens suggested that the water might be made to drive an electrical machine at the falls the current from which would traverse a copper rod, and he calculated that a rod three inches in diameter would transmit 1,000 horse power as far as thirty miles. At the end the electricity could be used to produce motion or light, the quantity of electricity being sufficient for about 250,000 candle power. But probably lovers of natural scenery who would be loath to see the great falls used for such a purpose need not fear any very speedy attempt to do so. The difficulties are great and the results uncertain.

THE BEST PROFESSIONAL TRAINING.

Two important professional societies united last year in a discussion on the very important subject of technical education. They were the Institute of Mining Engineers and the Society of Civil Engineers, and the published report contains the views of some of the best known and most successful men of these two

professions in this country. In spite of the marked advantages to be expected from a finished preliminary education in the theories of engineering work, it is noticeable that many of the most experienced engineers look upon this very instruction with distrust. They frequently lament the lack of scientific preparation in their own case, but when they sketch the course they would pursue with a young man, the schooling ends at fifteen or sixteen, an age too early to get much beyond a common school course. The cause for this is an extreme distrust of the professional schools, which are too apt to keep themselves apart from the operative part of the profession, and organize upon methods that the practical men mostly disapprove of. To remedy this defect of the schools Mr. Holley, then president of the Mining Engineers' Institute, proposed the establishment of schools for practice in the mines and smelting works, where the young engineers could go for one or two years' training under the supervision of the expert operators in charge. As a result of this proposal the two engineering societies were invited to discuss the following questions:

I. Should a course of instruction in works precede, accompany, or follow that in the technical school?

II. Is it practicable to organize practical schools, under the direction and discipline of experts in engineering works?

It is somewhat unfortunate that the second of these questions, which contains the suggestion for the practical improvement of the present educational system, was neglected. Perhaps this may have been because the members were agreed that it was practicable to have the schools for practice if it were expedient to have them, and they concentrated their attention on the question of policy. Each of the three alternatives found its advocates. Nine speakers, including one professor, advocated practice *before* scientific education; five, including two professors, thought the student should have his practical training while in school; and nine were for education first and practice afterward; the practice, however, to be had before the aspirant could be considered ready to undertake engineering work. Here we have a strong majority against the practice of mixing practical and scientific instruction. Near-

ly all of the most experienced engineers condemned the system of placing an instruction shop in the school. They held that it is impossible for these school-shops to fairly represent the real state of engineering work or to give effective training in anything important. Of the five who advocated a synchronous theoretical and practical course, two favored the second proposition of Mr. Holley; namely, practical schools in existing works to be carried on simultaneously with the other schools. It is in this respect that American schools show the most determined propensity to depart from the wishes of the active branch of the profession. Their managers seem to be easily dazzled with the prospect of giving their students that ability for active service which experienced men tell them can never be obtained in school.

The method of building instruction shops in connection with schools is stoutly defended by the gentlemen who have charge of the few shops which are so established at present, and they give such glowing accounts of the results, that this system seems likely to be extended. But there can be no doubt that the method is wrong if it is opposed by the most experienced men in the profession. The policy of all these institutions should be regulated in accordance with the sentiment of the active profession, a sentiment which is remarkably uniform on most general questions. There is little hope for an educational system that sets itself in opposition to those men from whom the graduates must receive their first start in life, and whose respect they must win if they wish to be spoken of as trustworthy workmen. To show what the experienced active engineers think, we will give a few quotations, necessarily short ones.

Mr. Thomas C. Clarke: "The schools should confine themselves to teaching principles only. The moment they attempt to teach the application of these principles to practice, and endeavor to teach their students how to design cars, engines, and other machines, permanent way, bridges, roofs, dams, and such pieces of construction, they either are ten to twenty years behind the age, or else they incur the ridicule of practical men by teaching how to make something of no use."

Captain Douglas Galton, F. R. S., of

London: "The real difficulty lies in giving a practical education to young men in the schools or in colleges. You may teach them by models the art of bridge building, or the principles involved in the construction of revetment walls; or you may cause various sorts of work, as a plaything, to be executed by or under the eye of the student; but it is perfectly impossible that those difficulties of engineering which are of daily occurrence in actual works and which are the things that give the engineer his real practical knowledge and education—I say, it is impossible that these can be taught in any schools."

Mr. Coleman Sellers: "I think the position held by Mr. Clarke is exactly the one that should be pursued, and that is to give them as broad an education as possible; but in giving them this education I would like to have one idea pretty well emphasized, and that is that a college will not teach them anything at all of practice, but that it will teach them what they want very much to know, and that is how to study." "Now I say that I thought of this very deeply in the case of my own sons. I was not at all surprised when I found my eldest son, after leaving the university, accepting a position in the workshop a little better than a common laborer. He commenced by chipping the scale out of the boiler. I tell you it was the best thing for him, because he made a beginning at the bottom and did not shirk his work; it was as much as to say that he was willing to learn all that could be taught in the shop, and he rapidly rose to a position higher than many who had been longer at work, but who had less book-learning to back them."

Mr. E. C. Pechin: "As far as regards blast furnace management, the schools can effectively *precede* actual practice." "I would start the graduate in the office, to become familiar with the method of making accounts. Many a hard-working iron man has been insensibly ruined by faulty book-keeping. Thence to the weighing department to find out how to receive supplies and ship products. Defective scales or false weighing may knock the bottom out of an otherwise fair balance sheet. Thence into the labor gang of the furnace, helping, filling, firing, keeping, until he is acquainted with

every-day furnace life, the petty misdeeds and the more serious complications."

The quotations above given have not been selected from the remarks of numerous speakers, but are taken from four successive addresses, and similar views could be quoted from most of the distinctively practical members of the profession. They show conclusively that the tendency to establish instruction shops in schools is one which is regarded with great disfavor by the men best able to judge of their results, but in spite of this opposition the formation of such shops seems to be a pet measure among technical schools.

AUSTRALIAN WONDERS.

A DISCOVERY has been made in Australia which confirms with singular minuteness the theory that assigns to cannel coal an origin from leaves. It is difficult to understand how leaves can accumulate free from dirt in sufficient quantity to form the beds of cannel coal, now several feet thick and representing many times their mass in leaves. But in Australia just such a mass of leaves has been found, partially, but not completely, altered to cannel. The appearance and fracture of fresh blocks are the same as of this kind of coal, but after some years' exposure it can be separated with a knife into thin laminae, which show that the mass is composed principally of leaves. The bed is six feet thick, and the Government geologist calls it "incipient lignite."

Another Australian curiosity is an igneous rock which has enclosed small stems and even leaves of plants without destroying them. The plants are found in a thin red clay lying on a mass of volcanic breccia, and they sometimes penetrate several inches into an overlying mass of cellular basalt, and are not much altered, the woody matter being almost natural. The red clay evidently formed the surface soil of the hill of old volcanic breccia, when a new eruption occurred and covered the soil and its delicate plants with a mass of igneous rock. But how the volcanic rock retained its plasticity without heat enough to destroy a delicate leaf is a mystery. The trunk of a tree about two feet in diameter is also embedded in this basalt,

which is pronounced to be of newer pliocene age.

PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE.

THE Academy of Sciences at St. Louis is one of the most active and persistent local scientific bodies in this country, maintaining its regular meetings with great interest and success. Mr. F. E. Nipher lately described to the Academy an automatic fire alarm. He said: "A great deal of wisdom has been lavished upon the public since the fire (in the Southern Hotel), and many excellent suggestions have been made which the public should insist upon, and I hope I shall be excused if I proceed to say what I had intended to say before the fire occurred. The best way to prevent the loss of life and property by fire is to prevent the fire. There are two methods of discovering fires in their early stages, one by the use of night watchmen, the other by automatic heat alarms. Either of these means can be used alone, but it is better to combine them. For controlling the movements of the watchmen many devices have been put before the public. Without stopping to point out the particular failings of any of them, I need only say that the instrument should fulfil these two conditions: it must be so constructed that it will not get out of order, and it must be so arranged that the watchman cannot injure it without immediate and certain detection." Mr. Nipher exhibited a machine invented by Charles Heissler which fulfilled both of these conditions. It involves the use of electricity, and really consists of a simple telegraphic machine by which the watchman signals from each room in the building that he is there. A recording instrument is placed in the office which marks the time of each signal on a moving dial. This, which is the only complicated part of the apparatus, is entirely out of the watchman's control, and a thing with which he has nothing to do. The only thing he touches is a key which he turns to the left when he enters the room the first time, and leaves in that position. At his next visit he merely turns it back again. These movements reverse the current each time, and the recording machinery is correspondingly affected. If the room is not visited, the failure is marked on the dial

by a blank. Mr. Nipher did not describe the construction of the automatic alarm, but merely said that it rings a bell upon any considerable rise of temperature, and may be made as delicate as is desired. It can in fact be so constructed that the heat of the hand, or even the mere approach of a human body, will set it off. The heat of a spirit lamp two feet off will ring the bell. Its delicacy has to be varied with the character of the climate and the position of the instrument, the most delicate apparatus being placed in basements and cellars that are protected from great variations of temperature. Mr. Nipher said that these instruments are now so perfect that any building worth protecting can be efficiently guarded. The instruments are like human beings in being liable to false alarms, the bell sometimes ringing from some elevation of temperature that is not due to a fire. But this indicates that they have what all means of protection should have, a margin of safety. On the other hand, they can be put up in such a way as to afford no protection, the adjustment not being fine enough. The principle upon which the Heissler alarm depends is the unequal expansion of metals, brass and steel being used. Two strips of these metals four inches long are soldered together throughout their whole length. One end is fixed to a firm support so that any variation of temperature causes the compound ribbon to curve toward one side on account of the greater expansion of the metal on the other side. At a certain point an electrical connection is made, and the bell rings.

MOUNTAIN OBSERVATORIES.

It is quite commonly supposed that high mountains possess one advantage over lower levels for astronomical observations in a dryer and less tremulous air. But Prof. Henry Draper has tested this question in the Wahsatch and Rocky mountains, and finds that the popular supposition is unfounded. Instead of the air being better in those regions it is probably not so good as at his observatory on the Hudson river. Out of fifteen nights in the best season of the year only two were exceptionally fine. As a rule the transparency of the atmosphere was greater and the steadiness perhaps a

little less than in New York. The Lick observatory, which the endower intended to place on a mountain top, might after all do better on the plain. Nevertheless it is possible that in the extremely dry regions of the southern part of our central area, say in New Mexico, the atmospheric conditions may be favorable. There precipitation is extremely small at heights under 6,000 feet, and the seven months of winter, which would make observatory work impossible on the mountains, would not be encountered.

SOME NEW ELEMENTS.

THE discovery of planets has gone on with a steadiness and frequency that has multiplied the number more than twenty fold above the classic seven, and in fact the planet-hunter's greatest difficulty now lies not in the scarcity of "game," but in the refusal of the astronomical authorities to calculate and publish the orbits of the incessantly appearing strangers. Their mass is so small that they have not individual importance enough to warrant the cost of the computations, and now that each astronomer will have to make his own calculations, and perhaps calculate the paths of half a dozen of the last discovered planets in order to be certain that the one he has in sight is really a new one, it is quite likely that the number of discoveries will diminish on account of the labor involved.

But this is not the case with new chemical elements. Their number, if we may believe the only law that has yet been enunciated, is a limited one. According to Prof. Mendeleef, only five remained unknown before M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran found gallium, and two others are now announced, leaving only two undiscovered. The search for them is beset with difficulties, and requires not merely patience and the closest observation, but also scientific knowledge and invention of the highest kind. But as the circle of the elements closes in, this search becomes extremely interesting and important. Some conjectures as to probable chemical laws depend upon the discovery of these new elements and the properties they have. But this is a field of conjecture indeed.

The latest announcement of a new element comes from Prof. Hermann, who, thirty years ago, published the name of

a new element which he called ilmenium. His methods of research and his conclusions were disputed, and the existence of the metal fell into doubt, and finally the doubt strengthened so much that it was usually omitted from the standard lists of the elements and their symbols. But Mr. Hermann lately returned to the subject, and now declares not only that ilmenium has existence, but that in looking for it he has found another new element which he baptizes neptunium. Both were found in tantalite from Haddam, Connecticut, and with them were associated niobium and tantalum. The existence of the new element was indicated by a salt of phosphorus bead which had a color different from those proper to the known metals. The so-called tantalite from Haddam was found to consist of equal parts of columbite and ferro-ilmenite, and by fusing with potassium bisulphate the hydrated oxides of the metals above mentioned were separated. The quantity of ilmenium and neptunium is small, and the characteristic reactions limited. Prof. Hermann has determined the atomic weight of ilmenium at 118. The subject is still doubtful, and needs confirmation from the work of other chemists. If the discoverer's work is sustained, the years 1876-7 will be memorable in the history of chemical elements.

The search for these new metals is combined in the most striking way with the study of solar and stellar physics, for the simple reason that the most efficient instrument for their discovery is the spectroscopic, which is also the one used for the analysis of the stars. Mr. Huggins, who has, after repeated trials, succeeded in photographing the spectrum of a star (*a Lyre*), found in this first photograph evidence that sustains a former conjecture of his, that calcium is a mixture of elements, and not single. This conclusion was previously reached by direct experiments on the spectrum of the metal. Now the confirmation arises from the fact that in this new photograph of the star's spectrum one of the lines of calcium is wanting, proving to Mr. Huggins that it is not a simple element. In such brilliant ways do the correlated methods of investigation prove each other.

THE EYES OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

DR. C. R. AGNEW informed the New York Medico-Legal Society that it was a mistake to suppose that near-sightedness as a result of modern school conditions is much less prevalent in America than in Germany. In Cincinnati out of 209 pupils of the district school examined 10 per cent. were near-sighted; in a higher school the percentage was 14, while in the normal and high schools it was 16 per cent. This shows a steady increase of near-sightedness with the length of study. In the first four classes of the New York Free College the proportion of myopic eyes was found to be 29.40, 34.75, and 53 per cent. respectively. These figures refer to different students, as the examination was made essentially at one time. We believe no attempt has been made to follow up one class in order to mark the effects of continued study. In the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn 10 per cent. in the academic department were near-sighted, and in the collegiate department 28.5 per cent. Dr. Agnew said: "Now while disease is going on in an organ so transparent as the eye, it is possible that during the same period of life damage is being done to other organs of the body which are not so transparent, and the morbid conditions of which we cannot so easily determine as those of the eye. I think that before we get through with this examination certain rules will be formulated by which parents at home will be able to apply the principles necessary to the care of their children much better than now. Also that schoolrooms will be constructed much better than at the present day. It seems to me that the very etymology of the word education involves the idea that the young child is to be taken, and that he is to grow stronger and better, if all his organs, all the way up through that process of education, until the wear and tear of life produces results which, of course, are to be expected, were equally and fully exercised in the right direction. Take a thousand children at six years of age, with properly regulated diet and management at home and in the schoolhouse as regards forms of desks and seats and light and heat and hours of study and school books: it seems to me that these thousand children ought to represent a

higher type of life when they reach the age of twenty-five years than when first taken in hand to be educated. We certainly ought not to damage the eyes in the process of education; and I believe that the damage done to the eyes is to be taken as an indication of the damage done to other portions of the body." The remedy he proposes is better care at home and better rules at school. "Parents at home are very often at fault in not teaching their children how to use their eyes. I have suddenly entered the dwellings of many people and seen little girls curled up on a sofa, or in a chair, with head down in the lap, the vessels of the forehead turgid with blood, remaining in that situation for a greater or less time; and often, before the child can read, some object, like a doll with its wealth of intricate clothing, or some other plaything—the child holding the object near her eyes—using her accommodation and focalizing its eyes; and all the time waste and repair is going on—because there can be no use of the eye without alterations of tissue, and the child will go blind because the proper nourishment of the eye is interfered with, and the tissues cannot be reproduced as fast as the wasting process. If the child uses the eye for a long time or too closely at any particular form of work, the tissue cannot be reproduced or nourished as it should be; and the pressure of the muscles upon the eyeball and the difficult act of the girl in focalizing means that the tissue of the soft and pliable eye is undergoing alteration, which will lead to a lamentable form of the disease. Then the child goes into the school, and is there put into forms and classes, and oftentimes is made to do work on slates and copy-books which, perhaps, might be better done on the blackboard, and thus the eye is strained until the mischief is perceived in its effects."

THE AGASSIZ MUSEUM.

THIS institution, which began in the collections made by Prof. Agassiz while a teacher in the Lawrence Scientific School previous to 1858, and in the gift of \$50,000 by Wm. Gray for the care of these collections, has now increased to a value of over \$322,000. It consists, in round numbers, of lands and buildings

to the amount of nearly \$100,000; collections valued at \$60,000; State grant to Agassiz Memorial Fund, \$50,000; permanent fund, \$108,000; and Humboldt fund, \$7,040. The loss of Agassiz's remarkable personal influence seems to have cut short the prospects of carrying forward his energetic plans for increasing the fund by such large gifts as he was in the habit of securing. State aid was no longer to be looked for, and the museum authorities determined to unite it with Harvard university. The Legislature consented, and the natural history departments of the university, for the benefit of which it already holds a fund of \$985,000. The faculty of the museum continues, and will direct its expenditures, while the college undertakes the educational direction.

MINING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

NONE of the mining fields in the neighborhood of New York contains such a variety of minerals as Nova Scotia, which in 1876 produced 709,646 tons of coal, 12,039 ounces of gold, 15,274 tons of iron ore, 16 tons of manganese, 45 tons of copper ore, and 6 tons of lead ore, besides gypsum and building materials. Every means is taken by the provincial government to encourage this important industry, and Mr. Henry S. Poole, as government inspector of mines, has published a valuable summary of operations in 1876. Unfortunately the district is not sufficiently prosperous to make frequent reconstruction of machinery and revision of methods in mining and treating the ores either necessary or advisable. But aside from this, Mr. Poole's annual report is one of the most valuable publications in mining literature on this side of the ocean. His tables of coal statistics contain particulars of production from each seam as well as mine, the royalty paid, amount sold and used at collieries by engines or by machinery; classified statistics of labor, both of individuals and days' work; a colliery construction account; dimensions of all ventilating furnaces, with length of air courses, and temperature and quantity of air; and similar statistics of pumping and winding engines. The gold industry is treated with the same minuteness, and the summary of one table is as follows:

Number of gold mines.....	43
Days' labor.....	111,304
Number of quartz mills	23
Steam power.....	13
Water ".....	10
Tons of ore crushed.....	15,490
Yield in Troy ounces	12,039 $\frac{3}{4}$
Minimum yield per ton.....	15 dwt. 13 grains.
Maximum ".....	19 dwt.
Yield per day's work (gold at \$18 per oz.)...	\$1.94

It is such accurate reporting and such close professional analysis of facts that the United States Government should provide for. It is a work the country needs, and there is no one else to do it. The importance of this industry to Nova Scotia is seen from the summary of fifteen years' work in gold mining. During this time 254,111 1-2 oz. gold, worth \$4,574,002, has been taken out, 340,853 tons of ore crushed, and 2,601,268 days' work afforded to the inhabitants. The ore averages \$13.42 per ton.

SCIENCE IN ILLINOIS.

THE control of the museum of the Illinois State Natural History Society has been transferred to the State Board of Education, and that body has very properly determined to make it an active element in the system of public education. It will supply collections to the public schools, aid in the collection of facts for a natural history survey of the State, and publish a series of Bulletins in which the fauna and flora of the State will be discussed. The first of these Bulletins has been published at Bloomington, Illinois, Mr. S. A. Forbes, curator of the museum, being the editor. It contains a list of Illinois crustacea, with a key, by Mr. Forbes; "The Tree in Winter," by Dr. F. Brendel; "Sodic Pinate as a Test for Lime," by Dr. J. A. Sewall, in which he says that the addition of so little as the 1-250,000 part of calcic sulphate in water will give a distinct turbidity, and after a few hours a satisfactory deposit, with this reagent; a partial catalogue of Illinois fishes by E. W. Nelson; of Orthoptera by Dr. Cyrus Thomas; and an article upon parasitic fungi, by T. J. Burrill. The coöperation of scientific men in the State is solicited, and the Bulletin deserves it.

POLAR EFFECTS OF CONTINENTAL MASSES.

THE Rev. Samuel Houghton, professor of geology in the University of Dublin,

has endeavored to prove that the original surface of the solid earth, before it became wrinkled by the operation of geological forces, or the "zero plane," as he calls it, lies at a depth of 1.42 miles below the sea level. In reaching this conclusion he discusses three surfaces: the surface of the sea, the zero surface of the solid earth, and the zero surface corrected for the weight of the ocean. The continents are assumed to be 1,000 feet high, and the ocean two miles deep. The zero plane from which these measurements are taken is the surface of an ellipsoid similar in form to the sea surface, and containing the same volume as the total solid matter of the globe. The original surface of the globe, according to these elements, has in the sea spaces suffered a depression of 0.58 miles, and in the land spaces an elevation of 1.62 miles. These data were used to calculate the effect of geological changes in altering the position of the poles, and it was found that the weight of the sea-water somewhat more than counterbalances the weight of rock which would lie in the 0.58 mile of depression, so that the excavation of the ocean bed has practically not affected the position of the poles. That action is the work of continental elevation, and Prof. Haughton calculates just what it has been for each continent. The greatest movements are those of the north pole, amounting to 199.4 miles toward Yucatan due to Europe and Asia, and 105.5 miles toward Rangoon due to North America. In both these cases the large amount of displacement is owing to the great east and west extension of the land along the parallel of 45 deg. N., which is the most effective latitude. The author says that these motions were positive, and must have occurred when the continents were formed, unless corrected by simultaneous elevations of equal importance in opposite quarters of the globe.

THE old University of Tübingen will celebrate its four hundredth anniversary in August.

THE Bessemer medal of the Iron and Steel Institute has this year been awarded to Dr. John Percy of the Royal School of Mines, for his able researches in metallurgy.

DR. SCHLIEMANN, the celebrated explorer of Trojan and Greek mines, is expected to visit this country.

THE Russian Government announces the discovery of valuable silver deposits in several islands of the White sea.

FROM two experiments it is supposed that it would require 5,400,000,000,000 hydrogen atoms to weigh one grain.

IT is said that it costs the State of New York nearly \$1,500 to graduate a pupil at the normal schools in Buffalo and Brockport.

THE little country of Switzerland has 46 scientific societies, with a membership of 54,955, and 816 educational societies, with 54,424 members.

THE Mississippi jetties are so far advanced that a steamer drawing twenty and a half feet of water passed down the river. It was the deepest draught vessel that ever left New Orleans.

THE Mexican "onyx" which was so much appreciated at the late international exhibition, and is now sold in American cities, is arragonite colored with small quantities of iron and manganese.

AN expedition consisting of Lieutenant Wood, United States army, and Prof. Taylor of the University of Chicago, with their assistants, has gone to Alaska to ascertain the height of Mount St. Elias.

A FRENCHMAN has discovered that metallic tubes give out musical sounds when a live coal is placed in them. He hopes to adapt the discovery to fog signals, and will exhibit some large tubes at Paris in 1878.

NOW that the *eclat* of the English Arctic expedition is dying away it is beginning to receive criticism. Dr. Ray of England thinks its failure was owing to many mistakes about the food required in the Arctic regions. There was an injudicious use of grog in the daily rations of the men, the food was poor, and the sledges were defective.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. HENRY JAMES, who needs no other passport than his name to the favor of the readers of "The Galaxy," has just published another novel,* which is so good that we regret very much that it is not better. For, as it seems, it so easily might have been made better, that we feel as if defrauded of a perfect enjoyment which, in the nature of things, we ought to have. Mr. James's purely literary work is always good, neat, finished, with an air of elegance about it which is too rare in the writing of American authors. In this respect "The American" is better than its predecessor, "Roderick Hudson." The writer's hand is steadier, and the work is of more even excellence. But we are not sure that in the former book there are not isolated passages of greater vivacity and stronger imaginative power than can be found in this one.

The plot of "The American" has the great merit of originality, and it is well constructed. Mr. Christopher Newman—well chosen name—is an American who, having left school at ten years of age, is knocked about the world, tries various modes of getting a living, even to making washtubs, fails, or at least does not succeed, and finally goes to California, where he strikes a lead, in business if not in mining, and ends by accumulating a very large fortune before he is forty-five years old. He is an exceedingly good-natured person, and gives up a prospective gain of sixty thousand dollars and the pleasure of victimizing in that amount a rival who has behaved shabbily to him, doing so simply because he don't care much for the money, and don't care much to take his revenge. He goes to Europe determined to see everything, and have everything of the best. Europe to him means chiefly Paris, of course; and there we find him desiring, among other things of the best, to have a very fine wife. He falls into the hands of an American lady, a Mrs. Tristram, who has long been a resident of Paris, and who, learning from him his

inclinations toward marriage, if he can find a first rate woman, one who is up to his mark, informs him that she has such a woman among her French acquaintances, and promises him an introduction to her, which she brings about. It must be confessed that Mr. Newman's notions as to the woman with whom he is willing to share his fortune are sufficiently exacting. She must be beautiful, well born, well bred, intelligent, accomplished, of kindly nature, and unexceptionable character. The only point upon which he is not exacting is just that upon which European men are very particular—money. Of that he asks none; he has no need of it, and he is generous as well as good-natured.

He is first shown to us in the Museum of the Louvre, somewhat jaded and worn with sight seeing. With "head thrown back and legs outstretched," he is lounging upon a divan, looking at one of Murillo's Madonnas; a man "long, lean, and muscular, he suggested that sort of vigor that is commonly known as 'toughness.'" In the gallery he scrapes an acquaintance with a very pretty young woman who is copying a picture, a Mlle. Noémie Nioche. He buys her copy for two thousand francs, which is just two thousand francs more than it is worth—doing so partly from good nature, partly in his utter ignorance of art. She turns out to be a thorough little adventuress, whose real object in life is to get some man to "take care of her." She fails entirely to succeed with Newman, but her fortunes become somewhat involved with his, and her conduct has a very considerable influence upon his fortunes and upon the story. The introduction of this exemplary young person is very adroitly managed, and her connection with the course of events in which Newman becomes involved is very skilfully wrought out; her character being, moreover, one of the finest delineations in the book.

The lady to whom Mrs. Tristram introduces Newman with match-making intent is Mme. de Cintré, who is of the Bellegarde family, one of the ancient

* "The American." By HENRY JAMES, JR. 16mo, pp. 473. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

haute noblesse of France. She is a widow, having been married in early youth against her will, and as it proves against her father's will, to M. de Cintré, a repulsive man, old enough to be her grandfather. He soon dies; and she is understood to be disinclined to a second marriage. Her father is not living; her mother, the dowager Marquise de Bellegarde, is, although of Irish birth, a thorough French *grande dame* of the old school, haughty, hard, polished, unscrupulous, and scheming. She has two brothers, the Marquis, a worthy son of such a mother, and the Vicomte Valentin de Bellegarde, a good-hearted, somewhat cynical representative of the *jeunesse dorée* of the Faubourg St. Germain; not very heavily gilded, however, for the Bellegardes are in need of money.

Into this family Christopher Newman, some time maker of washing-tubs, and present California millionaire, is dropped, somewhat to the amazement of all its members. To the still greater surprise of all, he soon announces himself as the suitor of Mme. de Cintré. For that lady meets all his expectations, fulfils all his desires in a wife. She has an elegant, slender figure, a fine fair face, with large, beautiful blue eyes, all the womanly charms and graces, and her manner is perfection. When he proposes to her she does not send him off or forbid him to speak again, but only imposes a period of probation, and *chateau qui parle et femme qui écoute va se rendre*. A *conseil de famille* is held, the consequence of which is that the American ex-washing-tub maker, and present millionaire, is accepted as a candidate for the hand of the daughter of the house of Bellegarde. Ere long the lady yields; the engagement is formally announced, and a grand evening party is given by the old Marquise de Bellegarde, to which all the swells of the ancient *régime* are invited, that Christopher Newman may be introduced to them as the future husband of Mme. de Cintré.

Meantime the younger brother, Valentin de Bellegarde, who has nobility as well as generosity of nature, and who forms a strong friendship for Newman, becomes enamored of the pretty little adventuress Mlle. Nioche. At the same time he has penetration enough to see through that young woman thoroughly,

and character enough to feel that any connection with her would be a mistake. Nevertheless he hovers around her, and finding her one evening at the opera, flirting with the son of a German brewer, who makes himself disagreeable, and finally becomes insulting, he challenges the young son of malt, and goes off, in spite of Newman's entreaties and protests, to fight the duel, in which he is mortally wounded. While Valentin is on this bloody expedition his prospective brother-in-law learns, to his surprise, that Mme. de Cintré is about leaving Paris for the Bellegarde country seat, without a word to him. He seeks an interview at once, which he obtains in the presence of the family, and is informed by all of them that the marriage is broken off because the dowager Marquise and the Marquis cannot finally bring themselves to consent to receive "a commercial person" into their family. In the midst of this complication he is summoned by telegraph to the death-bed of his dear friend Valentin. He goes at once, and Valentin manages to extort from him the truth as to the breaking of the engagement. The young man is shocked and ashamed at the bad faith of the proceeding, and apologizes to Newman in the name of the ancient family of the Bellegardes. In addition he gives him some information which he may use to further his cause, which is that the old Marquis de Bellegarde was poisoned by his wife, with the connivance of her eldest son, the present Marquis, to get rid of his opposition to the marriage with De Cintré. Newman worms the whole secret out of an old Englishwoman, an attendant upon the Marquise, to whom Valentin refers him. He faces the old Marquise and the Marquis with his evidence of the truth, and threatens them with exposure. Although startled and frightened, they show a bold, polished front, and defy him. He is baffled in his real purpose, which is to get his wife; and as to exposing the high-born poisoners, his good nature leads him to abandon that entirely. Mme. de Cintré takes the veil as a Carmelite nun; and there the story ends as regards the principal personages. But Mlle. Nioche is not neglected. Whatever the cause, the occasion of the breaking off of the match was the appearance in Paris of

Lord Deepmere, a fiftieth cousin of the Bellegardes, to whom, instead of Newman, the old Marquise conceives the project of marrying her daughter. Lord Deepmere, finding how matters are between Mme. de Cintré and Newman, is too good a fellow, although a rather weak one, to step between them and their prospective happiness, and Mme. de Bellegarde is baffled. But Newman leaves Paris for London; and there in Hyde Park he finds Mlle. Nioche, and with her Lord Deepmere, who, as he could not have Mme. de Cintré in marriage, takes Mlle. Noémie upon her own terms.

It must be confessed that, with such possibilities in the story, this is rather a lame and impotent conclusion. A story ought to have a manifest and impressive end, just as much as a house ought to have a manifest and characteristic entrance. The interest of Mr. James's story culminates when Mme. de Cintré finally enters the Carmelites; and this incident, together with that of the discovery of the murder of the old Marquis, which is very well conceived, and the effect of which is visible in the earlier parts of the story, might have been worked up into a very dramatic finale. Instead of this, the close of the American's career, the retirement of Mme. de Cintré from the world, the bringing to light of a deed of darkness that would have ruined the ancient house of Bellegarde, all are frittered away, and the end of the story "peters out" just as some tropical rivers which are deep and strong soak away in the sand and really flow no whither. When we merely learn in an incidental way that Mme. de Cintré takes the veil, that the Bellegardes, after being a little frightened, but not too much to keep them from bluffing it out, retire to their ancient seat of Bellegarde, and that Christopher Newman, Esq., resumes his travels, we wonder what all this fuss was for. As to the glimpse that we get of that pure and impulsive creature Mlle. Noémie in company with the husband whom the Bellegardes wished to impose on Mme. de Cintré instead of Newman, gratifying although it is, we are most distinctly of the opinion that it does not meet our natural and reasonable expectations of a catastrophe. Mr. James's story is like some pieces of orchestral music which really end, although in no

very marked way, some time before they stop, but which go on afterward, and on, about nothing very important, and at last give out rather than come to a decent end.

We have another fault to find with Mr. James, which is with the title of his book, and the inferences which it measurably warrants abroad. Mr. Christopher Newman is certainly a fair representative of a certain sort, and a very respectable sort, of American; but he is not such a man that Mr. James, himself an American living in Europe, is warranted in setting him up before the world as "*The American*." Men like Newman are already too commonly regarded as the best product, if not the only product, of two hundred and fifty years of American life, and a hundred of republican institutions. But let us argue a little *ad hominem*, and ask Mr. James if Christopher Newman fairly represents the larger number of his associates when he is at home. We fancy not. Why then put him forth thus set up on the pedestal of the definite article? If Mr. James had chosen to write his novel with Newman for hero, and to call it by his name, or Mme. de Cintré's, or any other, and to let Newman go as a representative of a certain kind of American who gets rich in California, very well; but to have an American hold this man up to the world as *the American* is not highly satisfactory.

And this objection has to do with another of more importance, which is that Mr. James's hero is entirely insufficient for the part which he is called upon to play. The motive of the book is the bringing of a representative, supposed to be admirable, of a democratic and trading community into contact with persons of the oldest and highest aristocratic family connections and traditions of Europe, and the presentation of the former in such a light that he carries with him the sympathies of the reader. Other than this the book can have no conceivable motive at all. Now to produce such an effect, Mr. James's hero should have been a man of some mark, clever, if not brilliant, a man of the best breeding that his country could produce, of engaging manners, of dignified bearing, in short a man who by the force of his own personality might be likely to break down the

social prejudices at least of the woman who consents that he may make love to her. Whereas, Newman, although an honorable and respectable man, intelligent in his way, and well-behaved enough, is so entirely lacking in attractive personal qualities, and, although not exactly uncouth, so raw in his manner, that no one wonders why the Bellegardes, being at heart dishonorable people, seize the first opportunity of getting rid of him. He is after all only just what Mr. James makes them call him, "a commercial person," which he might be, and yet be all the rest that he is not. Our only wonder is how a woman like Mme. de Cintré can be brought to look upon him with eyes of personal favor. We are speaking of a woman such as the figure of Mme. de Cintré stands for. For as to the heroine herself, her personality is of the vaguest. She leaves no impression of individuality upon us; we are told certain things about her, indeed, but she is almost a lay figure. Again, as to Newman, there are certain gross inconsistencies which prevent us from accepting him as a real living personage. We see that he is in mind and body rather strong; he is also in mind and body rather *gauche*. Nevertheless Mr. James from time to time puts words into his mouth and thoughts into his mind which only belong to a person of social and intellectual culture and of delicate apprehension. The old Marquise de Bellegarde, who does not conceal her haughtiness or her family pride from him, says to him one day frankly, "I would rather favor you on the whole than suffer you. It will be easier." To which Newman at once replies, "I am thankful for any term. But for the present *you have suffered me long enough*. Good night." And he takes his leave. Again, in reply to a cynical remark by Valentin as to the virtue of old M. Nioche, Newman says, "It seems to me that you [he and Mlle. Noémie] are very well matched. You are both hard cases, and M. Nioche and I, I believe, *are the only virtuous men to be found in Paris*." Now the delicate retort of the first of these speeches, and the irony of the second, are not in keeping with the rest that we see of Newman, nor are they consistent with the natural character of a man who left school at ten,

and who drifted round the far West in his youth, and in early manhood grew rich in California.

It is only with his hero and his heroine, however, that Mr. James has been unsuccessful. His French people and his French-Americans are admirable. They have the air, all of them, of careful studies from the life, and more. For that they might be and yet lack life themselves; but on the contrary, they live. The old Marquise de Bellegarde is clearly strongly imagined. How truthful the delineation may be as the type of a *grande dame* of the legitimist society of France can only be told by those who have had the opportunity of entering that society, but it has the air of truth about it, as certain portraits have of which we have not seen the originals. So it is with the brothers Bellegarde, the elder of whom, although he is a weak creature, kept erect only by family pride, still impresses us with his individuality, even when he "walks up and down the drawing-room in silence like a sentinel at the door of some smooth-fronted citadel of the proprieties;" while poor Valentin lives and breathes and wins us to love him and to mourn his death, his behavior as to the cause of which is thoroughly and exquisitely French. But perhaps the most vivid portraiture in the book is that of Mlle. Noémie. She is at least the Marquise's rival in this respect; and how the crime-blackened old *grande dame* would have drawn herself up at the thought of even the mention of Noémie's name and hers together! Mr. James has very deftly made this thoroughly Parisian young person reveal herself to us, instead of describing her himself. He has had the skill to show us what she is by the impression that she makes on others, and by acts and words of her own that rather suggest than tell plainly what is passing in her mind. And her father, poor old broken down reprobate, trying to cover up his consent to her life from his own eyes—he too is admirable and pitiable. Mr. James's book, for the sake of those personages, although somewhat disappointing at the end, will richly repay reading.

Who is the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal" we do not know, nor have we read that book, which we believe

was very popular and had a large sale. These facts are of course a sufficient reason for the publication of another book by the same author, but we fail to find in the one before us any other reason why it should be printed—and by Macmillan & Co.* We have rarely met with a more commonplace, feeble, shallower volume among all the commonplace, feeble, shallow volumes that have been sent to us in the form of poetry. The authoress—for it must be a woman—is an apostle of the gospel of gush, but even her gush is in the smallest possible stream of the thinnest possible fluid. The first stanza is:

Love caught his heart in a lovely surprise,
Just the first moment he looked in my eyes.
Poor little eyes! by no prescience lit,
They saw him three weeks ere I lov'd him a bit.

This mixture of high-ding-diddle and boarding-school girl sentimentalism is a fair specimen of the whole thing, with the story of which we shall not weary our readers. It is just what one would look for in the plot of a tale written for the "London Journal" or the "Fireside Companion." The rhyme and the rhythm are on a level with the substance and the style; in short, we cannot conceive any reason for publishing such a book other than the prospect that it will sell. If "Mrs. Jerminham's Journal" was of this sort, and if this book finds readers, there need be no limit to the nonsense that is turned upon the market. We regret that of the only two books that we have received for some time from the publishers of "Harry," one should be so unworthy of their highly respected imprint.

JOHN BURROUGHS is an author who goes to school to birds and learns lessons from the birds, an example for many a round-shouldered recluse. An improvement on Thoreau, healthier in mind and body, his only tinge of insanity is an overestimate of Walt Whitman, whom he is pleased to consider the Apostle of Purity. The title of his last collection of essays is "Birds and Poets,"† and with him the birds have the chief place. The

highest compliment he can pay to a poet's singing is an ingenious comparison of his style to some bird-note. Keats and Shelley have, he says, more than other English poets, the bird organization and the piercing wild-bird cry; the sharp semi-tones of the sparrows and larks. Emerson is a winter bird with a clear, saucy, cheery call, and Whitman soars aloft as an eagle (undoubtedly the bird of freedom). Such enthusiasm and intimate acquaintance with nature is inspiring and instructive. Burroughs studies birds, books, and men with equal earnestness, and puts the flavor of the wild wood and the melody of the groves into his own musical prose. Nature is to him a merciless power, all wise and infinite; reckless of individuals while carrying out her mighty plans. But all her moods are alike admirable to this passionate lover. He applauds her fierceness and grandeur and revels in her sweetness, and brings to those who have neither the time nor capacity for learning her unwritten language many a beautiful thought and wholesome lesson. Several of the essays included in this volume were originally published in the "Galaxy," among them that giving Mr. Burroughs' estimate of Emerson, which is singularly impartial and just. The closing chapter of the book is a characteristic rhapsody on Whitman.

—"Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio"* is a book for summer reading; nothing startling, but enjoyable throughout, full of amusing incidents, fresh anecdotes well told, with several love stories to leaven the whole. Mr. Freeman, who has given us these pleasant jottings from his diary, is an American, whose life has been spent in Rome, and his reminiscences of Leslie, Gibson, Crawford, Buchanan Read, and others have no suspicion of the interviewer's style, but are the off-hand, unpretending chat of an intimate friend. Each chapter is a pen picture complete in itself. One is given to Thackeray, of whom he says that "no one but a professional artist ever entered the art atmosphere of Rome with a heartier appreciation of it, or felt more genuine sympathy with the artist than the author of 'Vanity Fair.'" An-

* "Harry." By the author of "Mrs. Jerminham's Journal." 16mo, pp. 145. New York: Macmillan & Co.

† "Birds and Poets." By J. BURROUGHS. Hard & Houghton, Publishers.

* "Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio." By J. E. FREEMAN. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

other is devoted to Father Prout, the droll Irish priest. What a rare old place is the Café Greco—that dirty, insignificant restaurant, where artists of every nation, every age, and every grade of distinction may be found smoking, drinking, or sketching on the stained marble slabs portraits, landscapes, or caricatures, soon removed by the wet napkin of the waiter; a classic haunt, the resort for a century of artists and literary men. Turner had his pet corner there; Reynolds and West were frequent guests; Washington Irving and Cooper have tried its famous coffee and cheap wines. The habitués were accustomed to breathe into their glasses, then rub them with their napkins, and run the prongs of their forks into the coarse table cloth, to be sure they were clean; and John Gibson, from force of habit, went through the same performance at the table of Lady C., who rallied him about it for years afterward. The little volume closes with a description of the Protestant Cemetery in Rome, and tributes to the distinguished dead who rest there, among them Keats, Shelley, and Gibson. These entertaining extracts from Mr. Freeman's diary first appeared in "Appleton's Journal."

THE Collection of Little Counsels* is a practical book of a devotional character, which deserves a permanent place among the best literary works of its class. It is simple and charming in style, and full of strong and beautiful thoughts. Some of it is of special interest only to those who belong to the Roman Catholic faith, but the greater part may be read with profit by persons of all denominations, or even by those who claim to hold themselves aloof from all the creeds. We cannot imagine any one devoting even five minutes to its pages, without being both pleased and benefited. It is divided into a succession of little chapters, treating of a singular variety of subjects, but all of them having relation to affairs of daily life, and to the main purpose of the book as expressed in its title. The maxims and good advice,

which are pleasantly intermingled with quaint and touching incidents and examples, are all of a practical nature, and are made impressive by the simple earnestness with which they are urged. The author is certainly a person of large experience, and evidently a practised writer. The translation follows closely the French—perhaps too closely at times—yet the spirit and grace of the original are well preserved.

THE *ignis fatuus* which has lured so many gallant officers and men to a lonely death in the Arctic regions, has nevertheless given the world a rare collection of fascinating stories of travel and adventure. From the early days of Hendrick Hudson and Frobisher, when English and Dutch searched in vain for the mythical northwest passage, the records of Arctic travel have been full of interest. The means with which Arctic navigators struggle against the forces of nature are so inadequate, their success so much a matter of good fortune, that government expeditions, provided with all the aids of experience and modern science, have not succeeded in penetrating much further into the ice belt than was done by Scoresby the whaler, alone and unassisted, more than sixty years ago. The charm of Arctic stories, and the fascination of Arctic travel, consist partly in the novelty of the scenery and surroundings, but still more in the description of the courage and address called forth in a struggle with nature. Where all man's strength and that of his most powerful steam machinery are as nothing in the grip of the merciless ice floes, man's intellect, courage, and address are nevertheless often triumphant. This was never more conspicuously shown than in the celebrated Austrian expedition of Payer and Weyprecht in 1872-1874.* Of all Polar enterprises since those of Hayes and Hall, the Austrian expedition was the most romantic. Its description reads like a novel. In this it differs very much from the prosaic accounts of the English voyagers, like McClintock, who fill their narratives with dry details. The historian of the

* "Golden Sands: A COLLECTION OF LITTLE COUNSELS FOR THE SANCTIFICATION AND HAPPINESS OF DAILY LIFE." Translated from the French by Miss Ella J. McMahon. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

* "New Lands Within the Arctic Circle. Narrative of the Discoveries of the Austrian ship Tegethoff in the years 1872-1874." By JULIUS PAYER. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Austrian expedition—Payer—is a soldier, an old Alpine climber, a Tyrolese, full of poetry and romance, a good deal of an artist, and he sees things in a light very different from that of the sober, matter-of-fact Briton. His experience itself is singular enough, but the way he describes it is the greatest charm of his book, and gives it a fascination beyond that of any Arctic voyager who has written since our own Hayes. The Tegethoff expedition of 1872-1874 was, it appears, the result of a previous voyage made by Payer and Weyprecht, in a small Norwegian sailing cutter called the *Isbjorn* (Ice Bear) only 55 feet long, 17 feet beam, and 6 feet draught of water. In this little cockle shell, strange to say, the two officers penetrated in 1871 further to the north, between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, than any steamer had ever before done, and found the ice so thin and water so plentiful that they were encouraged to repeat their experience the next year in a well equipped steamer, the Tegethoff.

In this second voyage their troubles began very early, and the record shows how utterly futile are the best human precautions against the fies of the Arctic circle. This time they met the ice 240 miles further south than they had the previous year, and after striving their utmost to get through, they entered what they thought was open sea, September 1, 1872. That open place proved their destruction. It was an "ice hole" surrounded with fies, which gradually closed in, surrounding the fated ship, and finally carried her off into the grip of the merciless Arctic winter. The account of the terrible suspense endured during that winter by the crew of the Tegethoff must be read to be appreciated. Once beset, their troubles began, as the fies, urged by the winds and currents of the ocean, ground against each other with ominous roar and crash. Every day, often three or four times a day, for 113 days, the crew had to rush on deck with their bags, get the boats ready, and prepare to leave the ship, as the ice masses cracked and yawned into huge gaping clefts. More they could not do till the tumult abated, except to fill up the opening chasms round the hull with snow and ice, so that if the ship sunk they might leap out on the floe and try to escape. Three months of such constant

mental torture and anxiety had a wearing effect on the crew of the Austrian vessel. When the long Arctic night closed, and the returning sun showed them his light, they were all pale, haggard, and pinched in features. Throughout this weary winter, however, the ship had been carried about in a strange, zigzag course, at the mercy of the currents and winds. Finally the wanderings of the floe brought them up to the 80th parallel of north latitude, to a new island, which they named "Franz Josef's Land." They tried hard that summer to get out their ship, but in vain. Owing to her sharp lines she had been lifted out of the water, and lay on a floe of solid ice thirty feet thick. The summer passed, and then another winter. At last they were compelled to abandon the vessel, and travel home by sledges, over the ice. The record of this strange journey is full of weird interest. How they toiled on through the perpetual gloom, cheered by very few of those brilliant auroras that we are accustomed to associate with the polar night; how they met, notwithstanding the cold, abundance of bears and foxes; how their dogs behaved; how their motley crew of Styrians, Italians, and Tyrolese kept up their courage and sang songs of home, and how the weary travellers finally reached Norway in safety; all these strange experiences must be read to be fully appreciated. As a specimen of illustration and topography the Payer book is a decided success, the author having a fund of artistic talent that makes his pictures very attractive, and having been faithfully followed by some of the best wood engraving we have seen.

THE breaking out of the long-expected Eastern war, and the tremendous possibilities which it involves, give peculiar interest just now to all information relating to the belligerents. A few years ago the East had gone out of fashion. The civilized world was surfeited with "Views in the Orient," "Crescent and Cross" books, and the "Nile Notes" variety of literature. We had been given so much of Eastern romance that turbans and slippers were voted bores, Arabian steeds a delusion, and pessimist Mark Twain pronounced the only truthful traveller east of Malta.

Since it became certain that war would ensue between Russia and Turkey, Eastern travels have assumed a new value. We realize how little we know of either Russia or Turkey, and any book that promises to give us exact information is prized.

The eyes of England have been so long fixed on Russian progress in the East, and her apprehension of danger to her Indian empire from that progress has been so strong, that it is not surprising that English books on the subject are most plentiful. American publishers have made haste to reproduce the best that were offered.* They are, of course, full of the absorbing theme, and the conclusions of the different authors represent their characters, as modified by national prejudice or early training, in a very interesting light. Captain Fred Burnaby of the Royal Horse Guards is first on the list. He is a man who has been in Central Africa with Gordon Pasha, and whose travels in Europe and Asia have given him a great command of foreign tongues. Captain Burnaby, it seems, went to Khiva entirely on his own responsibility, to find out for himself whether the Russians really menaced India, and what were their prospects in such an event. He made his determination, so he tells us, at Khartoum in Central Africa, just because an English officer told him that it would be "impossible for him to get to Khiva." The obstinate Guardsman thereupon determined he would go at any cost or hazard. First he revisited England, and spent a summer in London in the arduous duties of an officer of the Guards, consisting principally of one parade a week in Hyde Park. In November he received a six months' leave of absence, and started for St. Petersburg on the first morning of that leave. Contrary to his expectation, he found very little trouble in going to Khiva, save only the perils of cold in a Russian winter. Once he was careless enough to let his hands drop out of his muff while he fell asleep, thereby nearly losing both arms, for they

were frozen to the elbows. Thanks to a vigorous rubbing with snow and *vodka* by some friendly Cossacks, he escaped with the loss of the skin of both arms. Arrived at the frontier, he was saved the detentions experienced by our own travellers, McGahan and Schuyler, in 1873. They were compelled to run the guard and travel through an enemy's country, pursued by Cossacks, till they found Kauffmann. Burnaby, more happy, enjoyed a peaceful ride. Travelling as he did, he was favored with very interesting glimpses of the economy of Tartar nomadic life in winter. According to his account, it resembles strongly that of our own Indians during the same season, being mainly a torpid waiting for spring. The horses are nearly starving; the sheep and camels huddle together in groups, trusting to their heavy fleeces for protection; while the Tartars keep to their tents and sleep most of their time away.

Arrived at Khiva, Burnaby saw the Khan, and transacted some volunteer envoy business on his own account, to excite the Khan against the Russians. Suddenly he received a message from the European frontier, announcing that a telegram was waiting for him there, and that he must go back to Fort Peter-Alexandroffsky to receive it. The telegram proved to be from the Duke of Cambridge, the English commander-in-chief, ordering the enterprising Guardsman to return to European Russia. His only consolation, as he sorrowfully obeyed, was that he had seen Khiva.

Of information interesting to Americans Burnaby's narrative contains little, except particulars about the pay, mode of life, and marching capacities of the Cossacks. Of military information as to the possible roads from Khiva to India there is no lack, and to Anglo-Indian officers his statistics will be a treasure, the appendix of the work being full of facts about Central Asia. On his showing, the danger of Russian advance to India is real and very formidable since the building of a railway to Tashkend. Whether Russia will try to follow the roads she possesses within the present generation is questionable.

Mr. Wallace is an Englishman of a very different type, a man of peace and study. He went to Russia apparently on

* Captain BURNABY'S "*Ride to Khiva*." New York: Harper & Brothers.

WALLACE'S "*Russia*." New York: Henry Holt & Co.

BAKER'S "*Turkey*." New York: Henry Holt & Co.

business, and stayed there six or seven years. To learn the language more thoroughly, he quitted St. Petersburg and departed to the little village of Ivanoffka, where he sojourned for several years among the peasants, learning Russian from the parish priest and diving deeply into Russian literature. Mr. Wallace seems to have studied the inner aspects of Muscovite life much more closely than any living author not a Russian. There are so few foreigners who go to Russia with a determination to identify themselves with the habits and feelings of the people, that when one of such a character is found his observations are always valuable. Mr. Wallace explodes a great many popular notions about Russians; one especially, that their native language is so difficult that all Russians in consequence find other languages easy. This idea he pronounces entirely erroneous. Russian, according to him, is no harder than French; comparatively easy to learn, but difficult to pronounce with perfect exactitude. On the other hand, he points out the true reason why Russians are thought such good linguists. Their nobility as a class consider their own language barbarous. Whenever they can, they provide German, French, and English nurses for their children, one after the other, so that the children learn the three languages almost insensibly and without labor. Captain Burnaby and Mr. MacGahan both make the same remark about Russian linguistic talent. It does not extend to the *mujiks* or peasantry. On the socialistic and Nihilist movements in Russia, Mr. Wallace is very full indeed. He makes the system of the *Mir* or village commune plain to the reader; tells of the *mokolani*, a set of Russian Presbyterians, and of the trials to which they are subjected, and describes the Russian priesthood with all its faults and virtues. The limits of a notice such as this are too small for more than a casual mention of the chapters on these topics. On the all-absorbing subject of the "March to India," Mr. Wallace is surprisingly reasonable. He makes the statements (astounding for an Englishman), that it would be preferable to have civilized Russians lords of central Asia, rather than barbarians; and that if India cannot be held by England through the love of the natives, it is

time for England to give up her empire. This, while natural sentiment in the mouth of an American, is very startling when found in an English book.

A Briton of a still different type is Mr. James Baker, M. A., "lieutenant colonel of the auxiliary forces," who has spent about the same time in Turkey that Wallace passed in Russia. Mr. Baker has the Russo-phobia in its most violent form. He went to Turkey to live and he loves the Turks, but he hates the Russians even more than he loves the Turks. While not devoid of information (for no man can live among a people six or seven years without knowing something about them), his book is a piece of special pleading from beginning to end in favor of the Osmanli. According to Mr. Baker no Turk ever does wrong, and every Russian is a born incendiary and generally worthless vagabond, with a special aim to steal India from England by taking Constantinople. From the first page to the last this nightmare haunts Mr. Baker, and colors all his pictures. He even excuses the Bulgarian massacres, and such Turkish cruelties as he cannot justify he boldly discredits. Still he gives us much topographical and other information about European Turkey, of interest just now. A great deal of the purely military part of this, however, is taken at second hand from Von Moltke and Chesney, whose works, by the way, are perfect storehouses of exact information on the military strength of Turkey. Taken all in all, Mr. Baker's "Turkey" is the least valuable of the three books under consideration, being largely a compilation of material that has already been published in the professional papers of Europe, especially England; apart from the present crisis, it would have attracted little attention.

It has become an established formula with American editors to refer all books treating of parts of the civil war of 1861-'5, to the ideal "future historian" as materials for his contemplated work on that contest. Such a representative person is always convenient as a repository of the doubts and fears of the editor, who often feels decidedly nebulous on the subject of strategy, and hopelessly lost on questions of tactics. We have been

waiting for this "future historian" for many years, and in vain till 1877. He has presented himself at last in the person of Dr. A. Mahan, and the first instalment of his work has just been published.* In selecting his time, the Doctor has displayed some rashness. Had he taken the example of Sir Archibald Alison to heart, he would have waited until twenty-eight years after the death of all the prominent generals, when he could have made his own facts and quoted liberally from all the parties who had written memoirs. If a historian of this kind be astray in his facts, there may be nobody alive to correct him, or if still living they may be too old to write sensibly. To be sure in such a case he must begin young, as did Alison in 1815, and must have money and time to travel for fourteen years collecting material, besides writing another fourteen years on the work itself. The result may be ponderous, but it cannot fail to be respectable.

Dr. Mahan's "Critical History" is neither ponderous nor respectable. If the Doctor be right he has settled the questions of the civil war for all future historians in a single volume of 460 pages. We shall never have our promised history, according to the Doctor, because it is not worth writing. Therefore no Napier would deign to undertake the task. The Doctor regards the whole war as a stupendous series of blunders on both sides; insists that it ought not to have lasted a single year, nor cost a hundred thousand men; that all our commanders were incapables or traitors, except Fremont, Pope, and Butler; and tells us that it was all owing to the Doctor's own advice, presented in writing to Mr. Sumner and President Lincoln, that Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House and Johnston in Carolina. The

Doctor further informs us that all the best minds of the country agree with him, and that no person of common understanding can doubt his conclusions.

It must not be thought, nevertheless, that the Doctor has written an absurd book, though he undoubtedly has a bold one. No really conscientious student of the late war can read Dr. Mahan's "Critical History" without coming on many undeniable truths, and agreeing with many of the author's *negative* judgments. It is so much easier to find fault than to do better, that we cannot expect to agree with the Doctor in his *positive* ideas. He puts at the end of each chapter a piece entitled "What should have been done," which reveals his exact status as a military critic. He is decidedly impracticable, and we cannot wonder that he was not listened to at Washington, where he appears, from his own account, to have made a nuisance of himself. His pet grievance seems to be that the military generals were not placed under the orders of the civilians in office at Washington after Bull Run. He insists that the citizens knew more about war than the soldiers, and that he himself had "studied war from his youth up." This is the ridiculous part of Dr. Mahan's book, and will justly subject him to severe castigation. The petulant conceit shown by him in the introduction and elsewhere, in speaking of himself, is rarely made so plain by an author. It does not appear, with all his study of war, that the Doctor ever volunteered on service, though he had as many of his wife's relations there as Artemus Ward, besides a son killed at Fredericksburg. Altogether his book is a strange compound of sound criticism and bitter egotism. Military students who already know something about the war may study Mahan with advantage. To all others it is a dangerous book, as it deals in assertions unsupported by any trustworthy evidence given by the author.

* "A Critical History of the Late American War." By A. MAHAN. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

NEBULÆ.

— THE tremendous power of success has never been more strikingly illustrated than in the recent experience of the ex-General-in-Chief of the United States army and late President. Next to the Russian-Turkish war, the great event of the season in England is decidedly the visit of General Grant. He is welcomed by mayors in speeches; he is made a citizen of London; a Doctor of Laws at Oxford; great entertainments, which have almost a national character, are given in his honor by dukes; and the Queen herself has ordered that the usual etiquette is to be set aside in his case, and that General Grant and his wife are to be invited, as a matter-of-course, to all royal entertainments, without the intervention of the United States Minister. In his own country he is now only Mr. Grant, a man of no official position, of moderate means, of no great influence, hardly more than he had fifteen years ago, when his very existence was known to but few of his countrymen; in England he is treated as if he were a crowned head. Mr. Motley dies there, and his funeral sermon is preached in the Abbey by the Dean of Westminster, who eulogizes him, and General Grant being present, makes flattering references to *him*, which sound like those which English clergymen used to make three hundred years ago to Queen Elizabeth, when they had the honor of worshipping God in the presence of the royal termagant. All this must be gratifying in a certain way to General Grant, although we have no doubt that he is dreadfully bored by much of it; and the Westminster Abbey part of it would be the acme of delight to Mr. Motley if he could only be alive and a witness of his own obsequies. But, although there is doubtless in it a certain appreciation of his ability as a soldier, and of Mr. Motley's as a historian and a man of letters, it has a much broader and more important significance. Dean Stanley is reported to have said in his sermon that England took pride in making these events the occasion of showing her recognition of the fact that

the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race are really one friendly people. This is all very pleasant; and we hope that it is true. It should be so. It is infinitely better for both the branches of that great race that it should be. But what a change in the tone and the manner of one of them! It would be an amusing piece of cruelty if General Grant were to look up a few copies of the London "Times" and the "Saturday Review," and other daily and weekly newspapers published in 1862, 1863, and 1864, and read aloud from them to his royal and noble hosts and flatterers certain passages in which he and his countrymen were spoken of at that time. The effect, we take it, would be rather startling—in the phrase of the day, "awful"; indeed, "awfully awful." The change is astounding; and it means that the people and the government of the United States have achieved a great success, and have taken a position in the world which places them, even with their now dear brothers of the other branch of the Anglo-Saxon race, on the footing of the most favored nations.

— SATISFACTORY as it is to us all to have compelled at last this recognition, there is in it an element not quite so gratifying. For we all know that except in the position of consolidated, unsubvertible power to which our government has attained, we were far more worthy of the respect of our British cousins thirty years ago than we are now. For then we were intrinsically a more respectable people, more worthy of our own self-respect. It is not necessary to be a believer in the good old times, and a despiser of everything new, to see that we are now politically, socially, and morally degenerate. We acknowledge this to ourselves daily. We were an honest people; and honesty is at the foundation of character, national and individual. Our deterioration in this respect during the last ten or fifteen years has been great and rapid; and of it we can hardly open a newspaper, have hardly been able

to do so for some years past, without finding evidence. Of the corruption and also of the enfeebling of our politics, there is as little question. Political rings did not exist thirty years ago, although individuals were dishonest, as at all times they have been among all peoples, and Tweeds were impossible. Then Jim Fisks were not, nor Daniel Drews. And where in the length and breadth of the land is there one statesman, one political orator, one publicist, who displays the ability of that throng of strong, brilliant men of both parties, the last of whom to pass away was Seward! In manners our falling away has been not less manifest. We give more costly entertainments and dress much more expensively. But courtesy, deference to age and to weakness, respect for the rights and the feelings of others in the daily intercourse of life, where are they? We have fallen into a rude, splendid, showy selfishness. But what matter is all this to others, and even to ourselves! We have become immensely rich and powerful; and besides riches and power what has life to give? To be weak and poor is to be miserable.

—SEVEN plays have recently appeared, written in verse of varying blankness, and differing in many respects, but all alike in one—they are all unactable. They might, indeed, by main force be put upon the stage, and declaimed before the footlights; so might a dictionary; and a true lover of the drama would find almost as much pleasure in the one as in the other. A drama for the closet only, a play not meant to be played, is a self-evident absurdity. A dramatic poem it may perhaps be, but never a drama, whose essence is action and the development of character by action. First among the ingredients of a fine play is the action, the plot, the distinct and definite purpose held from the start, and from which there is no swerving until the finish. To this first and greatest essential belong, as Mrs. Kemble has shown, the stage effects and theatrical situations so often and so ignorantly sneered at—ignorantly, because if it is worth while to make plays at all, it is worth while to know all the tricks of the trade. Next in importance to the construction of the plot is the delineating

and revealing of character. Lastly comes the item of poetical diction. No amount of incidental poetry can atone for the lack of a homogeneous and well-articulated plot, adapted to the requirements of the stage as it exists. Now it is exactly in this first and great essential of a good play that the modern poetical drama is deficient. In our theatres there are plays with plots—and little else. On our shelves there are plays, like one of those we refer to, peopled with characters and rich in poetic feeling, but without the skeleton structure which a drama needs as much as a man.

—THE subject of Mr. Leighton's "Sons of Godwin," one of the seven of which we speak, is almost the same as that of Tennyson's "Harold," and the two plays are in many points alike. Both authors have leaned heavily upon Mr. Freeman; both have borrowed less largely from Bulwer. Although "Harold" in form and subject was a great advance on "Queen Mary," it is still a dramatized chronicle, a history—to use the Shakespearean word—not a drama. Nor is Mr. Leighton's tragedy a drama. It has neither exposition nor *dénouement*. It has a beginning and an end, fixed by chronology rather than by the definite purpose of the dramatist. Now, real dramatic interest can be put into a chronicle by a born dramatist—witness "Julius Cæsar" and "Richard III."—but however instinct with dramatic vitality the work may be, the imperfection of dramatic form cannot be concealed; and in spite of the vigor and virility of the "Sons of Godwin," in spite of its firm and resonant blank verse, we do not detect in it "that liberal handling of cross-speaking passion and humor which, with a strong constructive faculty, we regard as the sign of a genuine dramatist," any more than the keen and accomplished critic from whom we have quoted these words could discover it in "Queen Mary."

—A FINER subject for a drama than "Harold" it would be hard to find. There is in the many-colored and swiftly moving events of his troublous times just the background which the poet playwright would choose to project his play upon. But to write this would be far

more difficult than to merely dramatize history, and Mr. Leighton, like Tennyson, has chosen the easier task. It is as a chronicle play, then, that the "Sons of Godwin" is to be considered, and as such it deserves high praise. Mr. Leighton possesses his subject fully and sets it before us distinctly. There is no indecision of touch, no groping in the dark. In blank verse of varied modulation and infused with poetic vitality, he tells the story of Harold's life and death, letting his *dramatis personæ* reveal their characters themselves, though the self-revelation is shown rather in talk than in action. And it is to be noted that the character which stands out most distinctly—perhaps even more distinctly than Harold himself—is Tostig, and this is simply because he is shown so often doing as well as talking. In the "Sons of Godwin," Tostig legitimately holds a larger space than in Tennyson's "Harold," and that the two portraits of the fiery earl differ but little, indicates how closely both writers have followed Mr. Freeman. It is in the management of the turbulent and reckless Earl of Northumbria, that Mr. Leighton is at his best. What that best is, can perhaps be seen from the following extract (p. 61):

King.— We know the story:
How you oppressed and injured this poor man
Because he murmured that you took his mate.
Oh, fie on you, a Christian earl, to steal
And slay the victim to atone the theft!

Tostig.—Steals men the lion when in forests
dark
He leaps upon his prey? or steals the eagle
When from his dizzy height he swiftly swoops
On frightened dove? No, king, these do not
steal;
They take by lordly power and right of might.
So, like a lion 'mid the beasts of field,
An eagle 'mong the birds, Earl Tostig rules
With men; and Nature gave him his fierce heart,
Strong arm, and dauntless courage, as it gave
Tooth to the lion, talon to the eagle. . .

—MR. BROOKS in his preface asserts that "King Saul," which we classify also with the unactable drama, is not a historical drama nor a dramatic poem, but a tragedy. As such, it is not worthy of serious consideration. It seems to be little else than the stringing together of certain familiar biblical incidents made manifest in language compounded partly of commonplace and partly of Scriptural

quotations. The story of Saul, which Alfieri made the subject of a noble tragedy, is degraded, in the hands of Mr. Brooks, to the exhibition of the simulated insanity of David, and of the vulgar plottings of a melodramatic villain, Abner. The picture of Saul himself is confused and indistinct. No one would derive a better idea of the characters or the events from Mr. Brooks's tragedy—which is tantamount to saying that it has no excuse for existence. The weakness of its verse is in marked contrast to the firmness and dignity of the blank verse of the "Sons of Godwin."

—SECURE in the consolations of a philosophy which is proverbial, Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper has put forth another specimen of the unactable in "Washington," a drama in five acts. It is a drama only by courtesy; a few episodes of a great life cut into weak dialogue and dealt out in lines of five feet each do not make a drama. It shows no more knowledge of the human heart than of the modern stage. Mr. Tupper takes a different view from Sparks of the events of American history, and a different view from Shakespeare of what constitutes English poetry. His blank verse is as smooth and as soft, as formless, and as empty, as decasyllabic prose by any possibility can be. His great characteristic, to judge from this play, is mildness—well-meaning and good-mannered mildness. In narrative he is mild; in dialogue he is mild; in action—when there is any—he is mild; when murder is attempted, even then he is mild; in the very wind and whirlwind of his passion, he will aggravate his voice so that he will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; he will roar you an 'twere any nightingale. Indeed, Mr. Tupper's muse seems to be a goody and grandmotherly sort of person in constant need of coddling.

—THREE theatrical versions of the "Scarlet Letter" have recently been produced, in Paris, London, and Boston. Two others which have got themselves printed and are before us are also specimens of the unactable drama. The simultaneous appearance of these many

plays may at first sight seem evidence of a healthy interest in what is best in our literature. And so to a certain extent it is. But it also shows an entire misunderstanding of the relative positions of the novelist and the dramatist—or rather an ignorance of the proper attitude of the dramatist toward the novelist. A good play cannot be cut out of the “Scarlet Letter,” yet a dramatist may well see in the novel a fine subject for a play. When the younger Colman used William Godwin’s “Caleb Williams” as the basis of his “Iron Chest,” a play which keeps the stage to this day, he took from the tale only its central idea and its dominant characters, and around these he built a play, making no attempt to put the whole novel on the stage. There is, as we have just said, a noble theme for a dramatist in the “Scarlet Letter,” but he must needs treat the subject independently, in accordance with the rules of his art, just as Hawthorne had previously developed it according to the rules of the novelist’s art. But it needs the skilful touch of a dramatic artist. No novel is less fitted for the hacking and hammering of the stage-adaptor than the “Scarlet Letter.” The hazy dimness in which Hawthorne, with infinite art, has shrouded the events of his tale, is wholly foreign to the genius of the stage. Neither of the versions before us is of any value. One by Mrs. Elizabeth Walter Peck is without form and void. Mr. Gabriel Harrison, the author of another, sticks to prose, save in certain scenes, in which—improving on Hawthorne’s hint as to Mistress Hibbins being, perchance, one of the witches of the forest—he gives us the regular witch and incantation business of a third-rate theatre, with a solemn seriousness which would be ludicrous indeed, were it not that the lowering of the high level of Hawthorne to the low level of Bowery melodrama strikes us as akin to desecration.

—THE two plays remaining on our list can be discussed in a few brief lines. Both are in mingled prose and verse; in both the verse is as irregular as may be; both come to us from the West; and both have something of the wild western freedom from restraint and conventionality. In one, “Napoleon and Josephine,” by R. S. Dement, one of the *dramatis personæ* is the Comte de Barras. The author apparently believes that a French soldier habitually talks to his fellows in the broken English of the stage Frenchman. The piece ends with the death of Josephine, after seeing the future of France in a vision; apparitions of Louis Napoleon and “Napoleon IV.” convince her that France is at last to be happy. Ghosts of another kind are to be found in “Brantley,” by Mr. John Lynd, which is probably the first drama printed in Colorado, and likely for that reason to be highly valued by the coming bibliomaniacs of the State—and by no others. Brantley, the hero—at least we opine that he is the hero—is in the chamber of a priest in Rome when the spirit of a Protestant divine enters, the concluding lines of whose harangue are:

The press is now the teacher, not the pulpit.
 Alas! alas! Oh! oh!! Oh! Oh-h-h! Alas! (*sic*).
 The spirit of a priest holding a cross succeeds, and his soliloquy concludes with the same final line. These ghosts are followed by personifications of “Science” and the “Progress of the Age.” Of the plot of “Brantley” much might be said. Théophile Gautier relates that when he had to criticise Bouchardy’s “Sonneur de St. Paul” on its first performance, he attempted an analysis of its plot, and filled nine columns in narrating about half of the first act. The almost inconceivable number of incongruous and unnecessary incidents set forth in the five acts of “Brantley” could scarcely be contained in twenty pages of this magazine.

THE GALAXY.

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THE PICTURE SEASON IN LONDON.

WITH the advance of the spring and the development of the season, in London, the streets (in the West End) begin to present to the eye of an observant stranger a great many new characteristics. The dusky metropolis takes on, here and there, in spots, a perceptible brightness, and as the days elapse these spots increase and multiply. At last they produce a general impression of brilliancy. Thanks to this combined effect, the murky Babylon by the Thames becomes cheerful and splendid. At the climax of the season, of a fine, fresh day in June, the West End exhibits a radiance which, to my sense, casts into the shade even the charming brightness of Paris. The brightness of Paris is, as I say, charming; it is a very pretty spectacle; it flashes and twinkles, and laughs, and murmurs. Stand on the edge of the Place de la Concorde, at the bottom of the Champs Elysées, on any fine-weathered Sunday in the late spring—on a day when there are races beyond the Bois de Boulogne—and you will feel the full force of all the traditions about Paris being the gayest, easiest, eagerest, most pleasure-taking of capitals. The light has a silvery shimmer, the ladies' dresses in the carriages a charming harmony, the soldiers' red trousers a martial animation, the white caps of the *bonnes* a gleaming freshness. The carriages sweep in a dense line up the

long vista of the Champs Elysées, amid the cool, fresh verdure, and the lines of well-dressed people sitting on neat little yellow chairs; the great mass of the Arc de Triomphe rises with majestic grace, transmuted by distance into a sort of violet shadow; the fountains sparkle and drizzle in the vast sunny *place*; the Seine sweeps by in an amber flood, through a channel that gleams like marble beneath the league-long frontage of the splendid Louvre, and beyond that, crowning the picturesque purple mass before which the river divides, the towers of Notre Dame stand up and balance in the opposite distance with the softened majesty of the Arch.

All this is irresistibly pretty. You feel that it was made to please. It has a kind of operative harmony, and the impresario has thoroughly understood his business. But in that fine intermission of the London gloom of which I speak there is something more impressive, more interesting. It was not made to please, and it doesn't think of the spectators. It pleases by accident, by contrast, and by the immensity of its scale. It is an enormous, opulent society expanding to the enjoyment of the privileges and responsibilities of wealth and power, with nothing of that amiable coquetry of attitude toward the public at large which seems somehow to animate the performers in the Parisian spectacle. Except that part of

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it which takes place in the Park, the London spectacle goes forward in the midst of ugly accessories—smoke-blackened houses, an undeveloped architecture, a dingy and hungry-looking population—but for ten weeks it overbears these things by its mass and brightness, and makes you believe that you are in the city of pleasure, and not in the city of pain. Then the flunkied chariots, with flower stacks in front, stand locked together in the genteel neighborhoods; then the admirable types of English beauty look forth with quiet eyes from the shadow of lace-fringed parasols; then the rosy women sit flushed and panting on glossy thorough-breds along the misty, red-earthed vistas of the Park; then the juvenile members of a hereditary aristocracy diffuse themselves over the slopes of Piccadilly, and excite the admiration of the passing stranger by figures which tell of rowing matches, and garments which hint at Poole.

Then, in the mansions of Mayfair and Belgravia, the windowsills are bright with wondrous tulip beds, and the thresholds and porticoes flamboyant with still more wondrous footmen; then the streets are bedizened with motley placards and the names of all the great singers, and players, and actors, and painters, confront you at every turn, with thrilling familiarity; then the amateur coaches, driven by the gentleman of leisure and heralded by the mellow horn of the scarlet-coated guard, come rattling up to the classic door of Hatchett's; then the plumes and diamonds of bare-shouldered duchesses nod at you from the gilded coaches which, in drawing-room days, are waiting to deposit their noble burden in the presence of its gracious sovereign; then, too, the Life Guards and the Blues, the "finest men" in the world, come flashing and clashing on their sable chargers from attendance on the same august personage. Then, at the hour of the vast pink sunset which filters upward so picturesquely through the hovering London exhalations, every rattling hansom

contains a hurrying diner-out in a beautifully tied choker, and then, later, when the pale starlight twinkles down feebly into the dim, innumerable streets, the lines of lamp-lit broughams at the doors of houses given up to a "crush," stretch away into neighboring parishes. These are a few of the features of that external manifestation of the London "season" which I just now spoke of as impressive. No single one of them, doubtless, will seem to deserve so exalted an epithet, but such certainly is, upon a simple Western mind, the effect of their aggregation. Such a vast amount of human life, so complex a society, so powerful a body of custom and tradition stand behind them, that the spectacle becomes the most solidly brilliant, the most richly suggestive, of all great social shows.

It was not, however, of its general suggestiveness that I meant to speak in making this allusion to it. It was one of its more trivial incidents—a mere detail in that daily multiplication of visible detail which, from Easter onward, goes forward in the London streets. The pitiful old men who perambulate in portable stocks increase a hundredfold. I mean by this those ragged starvelings who are induced, by pecuniary considerations, to merge that small remnant of individuality which survives the levelling action of soot without and whiskey within in the conspicuous neutrality of advertising mediumship. We only know them as we know the tortoise, by their shell. This shell is a kind of two-sided pyramid, from which their chins emerge, and from which, from the knee downward, their legs depend. Or it might be likened to a sort of over-starched shirt, with the skirts left flying, upon the rigid bosom and back whereof the attractions of concerts and galleries are inscribed in letters of crimson and azure. The wearers stand on the street corners or stroll along the curbstone for days, weeks, and months together; though occasionally, I suppose (to carry out

our metaphor), they may be observed to have affected a change of linen. In the London streets their number is always great, but after Easter it becomes greater than ever. This season ushers in a quickened activity in those two forms of entertainment on whose behalf they chiefly appeal—the concerts and the picture shows.

Judged by the testimony of the wood-en-shirted fraternity, the English are both the most musical and the most pictorial of races. There are half a dozen concerts every day; there is a special “exhibition” in every print shop. Every song, every singer, every picture, is the subject of a special placard, and you thus walk about in a wilderness of æsthetic mementoes. If you are a perfect stranger, you will at first be led to suppose that you are in a city whose native inspiration is a kind of *résumé* of the arts of modern Germany, mediæval Florence, and ancient Athens. If you are an older inhabitant, you will not be led into this illusion, but I think I may say that your reflections will be, on this ground, only a few degrees less interesting. You are not among the greatest artistic producers of the world, but you are among the greatest consumers. The supply is for the most part foreign, but the demand is extremely domestic. The evidences of the demand are, in England, to a certain extent always before one’s eyes; but in London, among the various vernal phenomena, they are not the least striking. They are a part of that redundancy of luxury of which the “season” is an expression. The English are as largely addicted to intellectual luxury as to material; and these things may, I suppose, come under the former head, or in other words under that of “culture.”

I am conscious at this point of the temptation to wander off into a long parenthesis and note down a few of my impressions of this same intellectual luxury—enumerate a few of those more particularly social tributes to culture which strike an observant foreigner. But remembering that it

is only with the sidelight projected from picture shows that I am concerned, I content myself with the briefest allusion. An American could not be long in England before he discovers that its inhabitants are a much more “accomplished” people than ourselves—that in those graceful arts which mitigate the severity of almost obligatory leisure they are infinitely more proficient. I should say that, in the educated classes, eight English persons out of ten have some small specialty of the artistic, scientific, or literary sort. Of course I include both sexes, but I do not include the purely muscular and athletic, or, more correctly, the purely sporting members of society; these should not properly be numbered in the educated classes. The others either sketch, or “play,” or sing, or botanize, or geologize, or write novels; they are amateur anti-quaries, entomologists, astronomers, geographers, photographers, engravers, or wood-carvers. If they are nothing else, they are addicted to private theatricals. But these, perhaps, should be accounted a form of athletics. The ladies in particular cultivate their little private plot of æsthetic or scientific learning; thereunto impelled in a large measure, I imagine, by that peculiarly English institution of country life which is so beautiful, so stately, so respectable, and so dull. “Que faire en un gîte à moins que l’on n’a songé?” What can you do in a country house unless you sketch, or make music, or scribble? The answer to this question sometimes takes the shape of an off-hand affirmation that country houses are always filled with visitors; but the stranger is free to suspect that this is true only as regards the minority of rural residences and the scantier portion of the year. Even if his glimpses of these enchanting spots have been infinitely briefer than his desire, he will probably have gathered our impression that, for many months together, the hours are as spacious as the great smooth-rolled lawns, and the days as long as the neatly gravelled avenues.

English culture, then, in so far as it is a luxury, is a child of leisure; whereas leisure, in America, has not yet reached that interesting period at which the parental function begins to operate. We have, it is true, a great many young ladies who "play," but we have, as compared with the English, a very small number who sketch, either in oil or water colors, who write three-volume novels, or produce historical monographs. For my own part, I regret it; for I subscribe to the axiom that culture lends a charm to life. But I have a friend, a compatriot, with whom I often discuss these matters, who takes a very different view, and who pretends that (speaking particularly for instance of the sketching) it is better not to sketch at all than to sketch badly. He here makes, as you see, two questionable assumptions: one is that we Americans do not sketch at all, the other is that the English sketch badly. In fact I should say that we do sketch a little, and that the English often sketch very well. They certainly sketch a great deal; you will hardly find an English family, I think, of which one member at least is not a client of Messrs. Windsor and Newton, the people who manufacture those delightful little miniature gingerbread-pans of cobalt and crimson lake.

My friend has a theory that English sketching is not only no proof of æsthetic talent in the people, but that it is positive proof of the absence of this gift. "It is a proof of their leisure, of their culture, of their luxury, of their wisdom, of their prudence, of their propriety, of their morality, of anything on that line that you will," he always says. "But it is not a proof of their having the painter's disposition. If they had the painter's disposition, they couldn't stand that amount of amateurishness. Observe that they always frame their sketches and hang them on the walls. It is therefore not simply the process that they value, as teaching them (as it is the pertinent fashion now to say)

how to look, how to use their eyes—it is the result as well. In nine cases out of ten the result is grotesquely amateurish—the drawings are, seriously speaking, pitiful. But the English can stand that; *we* couldn't. We feel we couldn't; therefore we don't risk it. The English have the grossness which is proof against offence; we have the delicacy which shrinks from it. In other words, the English have not, as a people, the artistic sense, and we have it in a certain degree."

To this I always make a point of replying that if, as a society, we don't sketch, it is not because we won't, but because we can't; and if we don't hang indifferent water colors on our parlor walls, it is because we have not got them to hang. If we had them, I say, we should be only too happy. It is mere want of culture, I say, and not our native delicacy. Delicacy is shown, not in barren abstinence, but in beautiful performance. This I say, and a great deal more; but I confess I don't convince my friend, which, however, hardly matters, for he is sometimes very bitter against the English, and always judges them from the foreign point of view. Among the other things I say is that, besides, all English sketching is not bad, by a good deal; that I have seen a great deal that is very charming, and that I believe in the existence of a great deal more. I believe that there are charming things done, so quietly and privately, in those beautiful rural homes of which I was speaking just now—at those wide Elizabethan windows that look out on far horizons of their own. To this my friend answers that when I get to talking theoretically about what "must" be produced in English country houses I become very fantastic; and indeed I think it possible that I go too far. Still, I by no means give up my theory that there are water-color sketches suspended in many of them more beautiful than any that I have seen.

The reader, however, must have

perceived that what I started to say was that the taste for art in England is at bottom a fashion, a need of luxury, a tribute even, as my friend says, to propriety; not an outgush of productive power. So the reflective stranger concludes, after having gone the rounds of everything in the way of an exhibition that the season offers him; and so, if he had time to make the reader perform the same interesting tour, he would expect the latter to conclude with him. But if art is a fashion in England, at least it is a great fashion. How these people have always needed, in a certain sort of way, to be entertained; what handsome things they have collected about them; in the absence of production, on what a scale the consumption has always gone on! A great multiplicity of exhibitions is, I take it, a growth of our own day—a result of that democratization of all tastes and fashions which marks our glorious period. But the English have always bought pictures in quantities, and they certainly have often had the artistic intelligence to buy good ones. In England it has not been the sovereigns who have purchased, or the generals who have “lifted,” and London accordingly boasts of no national collection equal to the gallery at Dresden or the Louvre. But English gentlemen have bought—with English bank notes—profusely, unremittingly, splendidly. They have stored their treasures in their more or less dusky drawing-rooms, so that the people at large have not, on the whole, been much the wiser; but the treasures are at any rate in the country, and are constantly becoming more accessible. Of their number and value the exhibitions held for several years past, during the winter, in the rooms of the Royal Academy, and formed by the loan of choice specimens of the old masters, have been a liberal intimation. These exhibitions give a great impression of the standing art-wealth of Great Britain, and of the fact that, whether or no the English people have painted,

the rest of the world has painted for them. They have needed pictures; it is ungracious to look too narrowly at the grounds of the need. Formerly it was supplied almost exclusively by the lordly operation of purchase; now it is gratified by the simpler process of paying a shilling to an extremely civil person in a front shop and passing into certain maroon-draped *penetralia*, where the London daylight is most artfully economized, and where a still more civil person supplies you with a neat literary explanation of the pictures, majestically printed on cardboard, and almost as clever as an article in a magazine.

They do all this wonderfully well in London. I always appreciate it; but then, perhaps, I am too appreciative. I have just come out of a place in Bond street, which struck me as a particularly characteristic example of its class. The exhibitions in Bond street, indeed, are legion, and are surpassed (if surpassed) in number only by those in Pall Mall. In this case I saw by the outside announcements that a great religious work by Sir Noel Paton, R. S. A., LL. D., was on view within, and I furthermore perused a statement, glued to the middle of the plate-glass window, that the picture had, on Thursday, May 10, been conveyed to Marlborough for inspection by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Here was a combination of attractions not to be resisted. A religious picture, painted by a baronet, a Royal Scottish Academician (I believe that is the meaning of the first batch of initials), and a Doctor of Laws, and further consecrated by exposure to the awful gaze of royalty—a glimpse of such a work was certainly cheap at a shilling. “C’est pour rien,” said that friend whom I just now quoted, who happened to be with me, and who interlards his conversation most unconsciously with disjointed scraps of French. We paid our respects—that is, our shilling—to the blond young lady posted *ad hoc* in the front shop, and then we were inducted by two blond gentlemen—

very "fine men," as they say in England—to the compartment in the rear. This was a charming little place, draped in maroon-colored stuff, which was elaborately fluted and festooned, and lighted by concealed gas burners, which projected a mellow glow upon a single picture disposed at the end of the apartment.

The title of the picture was "Christ the Great Shepherd"—a title whose latent significance, together with the beauties of the work, was set forth on a large card, which was placed in our hands by the attendants. We were instructed by this document that, the Christ being clad, like most Christs, in garments of red and blue, the former color represented love and the latter wisdom, and that both of these qualities are necessary to the character of a perfect man. Sir Noel Paton's Christ is walking through a rocky country, with a radiance round his head, and a little lamb in his arms, toward whom he gently bends his face. The little lamb is very good; it occurs to me that, the painter being a Scottish Academician, the picture was perhaps painted in the Highlands, where there are great opportunities for making ovine studies. As regards the subject, my companion took occasion to remark that he accepted all representations of Jesus on easy terms; his admiration of the type depicted was so great, his sentiment about it so vivacious, that his critical sense was suspended. If the painter was at all clever, the battle meanwhile was won. I called his attention shortly after this to the interest of looking at a picture by a Doctor of Laws; I think I even remarked upon the beauty of the frame. At all events, I talked about everything being so comfortably arranged. By this time his good humor of a few minutes before appeared to have evaporated. "Yes," he said, in his incorrigible French; "*il n'y a que la peinture qui manque.*"

This has been a very good year, from the sight-seer's point of view, inasmuch as it has witnessed the incep-

tion (I believe that is the proper word in such cases) of an artistic enterprise of an unusually brilliant sort. I suppose it is correct to speak of the Grosvenor gallery as primarily an artistic enterprise; for it has had its origin, on the part of its distinguished proprietor (Sir Coutts Lindsay), rather in the love of pictures than in the love of money. Sir Coutts Lindsay is himself a very clever painter, and I see no warrant for the ill-natured intimation which I heard put forth somewhere, that he built the Grosvenor gallery in order to have a place to exhibit his own productions. These works would make a very honorable figure at the Royal Academy. In so far as his beautiful rooms in Bond street are a commercial speculation, this side of their character has been gilded over, and dissimulated in the most graceful manner. They are the product of a theory that there is a demand for a place of exhibition exempted both from the exclusiveness and the promiscuity of Burlington House, in which painters may communicate with the public more directly than under the academic dispensation, and in which the more "peculiar" ones in especial may have a chance to get popular. Sir Coutts Lindsay is his own counsel, his own jury, and his ambition, I believe, is to make of the Grosvenor gallery a sort of "Fortnightly Review," or more correctly, "Nineteenth Century," among exhibitions. He plays the same part as the thoroughly "catholic" editor of the latter periodical, who invites the lion and the lamb to lie down together, allows an equal space in his pages to Cardinal Manning and Mr. Huxley.

There are people who expect the Grosvenor gallery to be simply, for a year or two, a success of curiosity, and then to go the way of all those other brilliant failures in the attempts to entertain this mighty metropolis, whose more or less mouldering relics are scattered over its thankless bosom—the Crystal Palace, the Alexandra Palace, the Westminster Aquarium, the Albert

Hall. Then there are people who hold that it corresponds to an essential yearning of the public heart; that it will become a permanent institution, pursue a glorious career, and reimburse the owner for the £100,000 it has cost him. I am unable to hold the scales on so momentous a question, and can only say that for the present the place is very pretty and elegant, and the pictures, in general, are very clever. A good many of them are from foreign hands, and it is interesting to see the work of continental artists in juxtaposition to that of Englishmen. A whole long wall in the first room is covered with the contributions of MM. Heilbuth and James Tissot, who are probably (with a single exception) the most brilliant members of the large colony of foreign painters established in London, and basking in the golden light, not of the metropolitan sky, but of British patronage.

Tissot is a Belgian and Heilbuth is a sort of Gallicized German, whose specialty is Græco-Roman "restorations." Both are extremely clever, but M. Tissot is perhaps more brilliantly so. He is a painter of modern manners, and he generally chooses a subject which it takes a kind of *tour de force* to render. One of his pictures represents a corner of the deck of one of the Queen's ships at Portsmouth, with two ladies and a young officer leaning over the side and looking down at a boat containing a party of their friends, which is putting off. They are women of high fashion, and dressed in garments which have come straight from Brussels; the one in front, in particular, who twists her perfect figure with the most charming gracefulness as she rests her elbows on the bulwark, and, with her head a little thrown back, smiles down lazily and luxuriously at her friends. She wears a dress of frilled and fluted white muslin, set off with a great number of lemon-colored bows, and its air of fitting her well, and, as the ladies say, "hanging" well, is on the

painter's part a triumph of perception and taste. M. Tissot's taste is highly remarkable; what I care less for is his sentiment, which seems sterile and disagreeable. Like so many other pictures representing the manners of the day, his productions suggest a curious and, I confess it seems to me, an insoluble problem. What is it that makes such realism as M. Tissot's appear vulgar and *banal*, when an equal degree of realism, practised three hundred years ago, has an inexhaustible charm and entertainment? M. Tissot's pretty woman, with her stylish back and yellow ribbons, will, I am convinced, become less and less charming and interesting as the years, or even the months, go on. Certain I am, at any rate, that I should not be able to live in the same room with her for a week without finding her intolerably wearisome and unrefreshing. This is not of necessity because she is dressed in the costume of a particular moment; the delicious Dutch painters, Terburg and Metsu, Mieris and Gerard Dow, dressed their ladies in the current fashions of their time, and we find their satin and silver, their velvet and swansdown, their quilted hoods, and their square-toed shoes, delightful still. The only thing I can say about it is that the realism of the Dutch painters seems soft, and that of such men as M. Tissot seems hard. His humor is trivial, his sentiment stale. Is there then to be no more *delightful* realism? I sometimes fear it.

M. Heilbuth is very real, and he is a good deal softer than his companion, but his Roman skies are strangely gray and cold, and his pictures have to an inordinate degree that deplorable look of being based upon photographs, which is the bane of so much of the clever painting of our day. The painters have used photographs so much in their work that the result is tainted by that hideous inexpressiveness of the mechanical document. You see that the picture has been painted by a short cut. But I have not the heart to bear too hardly on M.

Heilbuth; he recalls so many of those delightful things that compose our Roman memories—the benignant *monsignori* with their purple petticoats and stockings, and their servants in ancient liveries made to fit the household in general; the little crop-headed seminarists, marshalled into a crooked file like a long, innocuous serpent, and petticoated, too, beyond their years; the stately nurses of well-born babies, with their embroidered head cloths, their crimson bodices, the silver daggers in their coarse back hair, and the gold beads on their ample brown bosoms.

Putting aside the remarkable productions of Mr. Burne Jones, of which I will presently speak, the most interesting work at the Grosvenor is that of Mr. G. F. Watts, the first portrait painter in England. Mr. Watts is serious and manly, gravely and profoundly harmonious in color, and full of style in drawing. Though he has made his reputation by his portraits, which constitute his usual work, I believe he has a great longing to deal with "subjects." He has indulged in one of the pictures at the Grosvenor, and the result certainly justifies him. "Love and Death" is an allegory, an uncomfortable thing in painting; but Mr. Watts's allegory is eminently pictorial. On a large canvas a white draped figure, with its back to the spectator, and with a sinister sweep of garment and gesture, prepares to pass across a threshold where, beside a rosebush that has shed its flowers, a boy figure of love staggers forth, and, with head and body reverted in entreaty, tries in vain to bar its entrance. The picture has a certain graceful impressiveness, and the painter has rendered with peculiar success the air of majestic fatality in the pale image which shows no features.

Next this work hangs the portrait of an admirable model, Mrs. Percy Wyndham. "It is what they call a 'sumptuous' picture," said my companion. "That is, the lady looks as if she had thirty thousand a year." It is true that

she does; and yet the picture has a style which is distinctly removed from the "stylishness" of M. Tissot's yellow-ribboned heroine. The very handsome person whom the painter has depicted is dressed in a fashion which will never be wearisome; a simple yet splendid robe, in the taste of no particular period—of all periods. There is something admirably large and generous in the whole design of the work, of which the coloring is proportionately rich and sober. For the art of combining the imagination and ideal element in portraiture with an extreme solidity, and separating great elegance from small elegance, Mr. Watts is highly remarkable.

I will not speak of Mr. Whistler's "Nocturnes in Black and Gold" and in "Blue and Silver," of his "Arrangements," "Harmonies," and "Impressions," because I frankly confess they do not amuse me. The mildest judgment I have heard pronounced upon them is that they are like "ghosts of Velasquez"; with the harshest I will not darken my pages. It may be a narrow point of view, but to be interesting it seems to me that a picture should have some relation to life as well as to painting. Mr. Whistler's experiments have no relation whatever to life; they have only a relation to painting. Nor will I speak of Mr. Millais's three heads of youthful specimens of aristocratic loveliness, because I am certain that his beautiful models (daughters of the Duke of Westminster) must have measured out to him whatever ire may flow from celestial minds. That Mr. Millais's brush has at its worst a certain indefeasible manliness there is no need of affirming; this the artist has been proving to us any time these ten years. Neither will I stop longer before Mr. Holman Hunt's "After-Glow in Egypt" than to pay my respects to its beauty of workmanship, and to wonder whence it is, amid all this exquisitely patient labor, that comes the spectator's sense of a singular want of inspiration. Do what he will, Mr.

Holman Hunt seems prosaic. At the end of the room in which this picture hangs the crowd is perceptibly thicker than elsewhere, and, glancing over people's heads, you are not slow to perceive an excellent reason for their putting them, as the phrase is, together.

Here hang, more than covering a complete wall, the productions of Mr. Edward Burne Jones, who is quite the lion of the exhibition. Mr. Burne Jones's lionship is owing partly to his "queerness" and partly to a certain air of mystery which had long surrounded him. He had not exhibited in public for many years, and people had an impression that in private prosperity his genius was growing "queerer" than ever. This impression will probably have found itself justified. To say everything that Mr. Burne Jones's pictures suggest is to undertake much more than I have either space or ability for; I must content myself with calling them by far the most interesting things in the Grosvenor gallery. They are seven in number, each of them is large and elaborate, and they represent altogether an immense amount of labor, science, and skill. In my own opinion they place their author quite at the head of the English painters of our day, and very high among all the painters of this degenerate time. I hasten to add that this is the opinion of a spectator not at all in sympathy with the school of art, if school there is, to which Mr. Burne Jones belongs, not at all inclined to look at things after that morbidly ingenious fashion which seems to me the sign of this school, and able therefore to enjoy its productions only with a dozen abatements. But after these abatements are made there remains in Mr. Burne Jones a vast deal to enjoy. It is the art of culture, of reflection, of intellectual luxury, of æsthetic refinement, of people who look at the world and at life not directly, as it were, and in all its accidental reality, but in the reflection and ornamental portrait of it furnished by art itself in other manifestations;

furnished by literature, by poetry, by history, by erudition. One of Mr. Burne Jones's contributions to the Grosvenor is a very charming picture entitled "Venus's Mirror," in which a dozen young girls, in an early Italian landscape, are bending over a lucid pool, set in a flowery lawn, to see what I supposed to be the miraculously embellished image of their faces. Into some such mirror as this the painters and poets of Mr. Burne Jones's turn of mind seem to me to be looking; they are crowding round a crystal pool with a flowery margin in a literary landscape, quite like the angular nymphs of the picture I speak of.

I can easily imagine what these artists find there being intolerable to some people, and in so far as it offers itself as subject matter for painting, can conceive of their having no patience with it. "It is not painting," I hear them say, "and it has nothing to do with painting. It is literature, erudition, edification; it is a superior education, a reminiscence of Oxford, a luxury of culture. Painting is a direct rendering of something seen in the world we live in and look at, we love and admire, and in that sense there is certainly no painting here." A part of this is very true. What such a critic brutally calls the reminiscences of Oxford occupies a very large place in Mr. Burne Jones's painting, and helps it to give us that feeling that the painter is thinking, not looking, which the critic in question finds so irritating. But it is equally certain that such a remarkable work as the "Days of Creation," such a brilliant piece of simple *rendering* as the "Beguiling of Merlin," could not have been produced without a vast deal of "looking" on the painter's part. It is just the difference between Mr. Burne Jones and a weakly master, that while the brilliantly suggestive side of his work holds a perpetual revel of its own, the strictly plastic side never really lapses. It never rises beyond a certain point; his figures, for instance, to my eye, always seem flat and

destitute of sides and backs. If it rose beyond this point, the painter would, with his great suggestiveness, be one of the very greatest of artists. His amateurishness of drawing, his lack of being pledged to a single personal type, diminish considerably the weight of his impressiveness; but they have a chance for much that is exquisitely beautiful in execution, and, in particular, for the display of an admirable art of color.

Mr. Burne Jones's most important contribution, the "Days of Creation," is a series of six small pictures in a single frame. The fulness of their mystical meaning I do not profess to have fathomed, but I have greatly enjoyed their beauty. They consist of different combinations of seven female figures, each of whom (save one) bears in her two hands a wonderful image of the globe we inhabit, and represents one of the stages of the process of creation: the light and darkness, the sun and moon, the heavens, the earth, the birds of the air, the human race. Each is accompanied by the mystic nymphs who have figured before, and who are crowded behind her into the narrow canvas, after a fashion which displays the artist's extreme ingenuity and grace of composition. The great burnished ball, its sides embossed with planets and birds, is in each case a beautiful piece of painting, and the folded wings of the angels, overlapping and nestling against each other as they press together, are rendered with even greater skill. Out of this feathery wall rise the angels' faces—faces upon which the artist's critics will find it easy to concentrate their dissatisfaction. We have seen them more or less before in that square-jawed, large-mouthed female visage which the English pre-Raphaelite school five-and-twenty years ago imported from early Florence to serve its peculiar purposes. It has undergone various modifications since then, and in Mr. Burne Jones's productions we see its supreme presentment. Here, it must

be admitted, it looks very weary of its adventures—looks as if it needed rest and refreshment. But it still serves admirably well what I have called the peculiar purpose of its sponsors; it still expresses that vague, morbid pathos, that appealing desire for an indefinite object, which seems among these artists an essential part of the conception of human loveliness.

In the "Days of Creation" this morbid pathos, this tearful longing, are expressed with wonderful grace. You may, of course, quarrel with Mr. Burne Jones for desiring to express it, and especially for expressing it so much. He expresses in fact little else, and all his young women conform to this languishing type with a strictness which savors of monotony. I call them young women, but even this is talking a grosser prose than is proper in speaking of creatures so mysteriously poetic. Perhaps they are young men; they look indeed like beautiful, rather sickly boys. Or rather, they are sublimely sexless, and ready to assume whatever charm of manhood or maidenhood the imagination desires. The manhood, indeed, the protesting critic denies; that these pictures are the reverse of *manly* is his principal complaint. The people, he declares, look debauched and debilitated; they suggest a flaccid softness and weakness. Soft they are, to my sense, and weak and weary; but they have at the same time an enchanting purity, and the perfection with which the painter has mastered the type that seems to say so much to his imagination is something rare in a day of vulgar and superficial study. In the palace of art there are many chambers, and that of which Mr. Burne Jones holds the key is a wondrous museum. His imagination, his fertility of invention, his exquisiteness of work, his remarkable gifts as a colorist, cruelly discredited as they are by the savage red wall at the Grosvenor—all these things constitute a brilliant distinction.

The Royal Academy is, I believe, this year pronounced a rather poor

academy; but such, I also believe, is the regular verdict. Every annual exhibition, as its day comes round, is thought to be rather worse than usual. I am not in a position to compare the Academy with itself, having seen hitherto but a single specimen of it. The most I can do is to compare it with the Paris Salon. This, indeed, I found myself doing spontaneously, as I walked through the brilliant chambers of Burlington House. I call them brilliant advisedly, for the first impression that one receives is that of extraordinary brightness of color. The walls of the Salon, by contrast, seem neutral and dusky. What shall I say that the next impression is? It is too composite and peculiar to be easily expressed, but I may say that, as I roamed about and eyed the pictures on the "line," it defined itself, on my own part, by a good deal of inoffensive smiling. My smiles were by no means contemptuous; they denoted entertainment and appreciation; yet the sense of something anomalous and inconsequent had a good deal to do with them.

I had had my private prevision of what the Academy would be. I had indeed not spent four or five consecutive months in England without venturing to elaborate a small theory of what, given the circumstances, it *must* be; and now I laughed to myself to find that I was so ridiculously right! The only way in which it differed from my anticipatory image was in being so much more so. That the people he lives among are not artistic, is, for the contemplative stranger, one of the foremost lessons of English life; and the exhibition of the Academy sets the official seal upon this admonition. What a strange picture-world it seems; what an extraordinary medley of inharmonious forces! The pictures, with very few exceptions, are "subjects"; they belong to what the French call the anecdotal class. You immediately perceive, moreover, that they are subjects addressed to a taste of a particularly unimaginative and unæsthetic

order—to the taste of the British merchant and paterfamilias and his excellently regulated family. What this taste appears to demand of a picture is that it shall have a taking title, like a three-volume novel or an article in a magazine; that it shall embody in its lower flights some comfortable incident of the daily life of our period, suggestive more especially of its gentilities and proprieties and familiar moralities, and in its loftier scope some picturesque episode of history or fiction which may be substantiated by a long explanatory extract in the catalogue.

The Royal Academy of the present moment unquestionably represents a great deal of cleverness and ability; but in the way in which everything is painted down to the level of a vulgar trivial Philistinism there is something signally depressing. And this painting down, as I call it, seems to go on without a struggle, without a protest on the part of the domesticated Muse, with a strange, smug complacency on the part of the artists. They try of course to gather a little prettiness as they go, and some of them succeed in a measure which may be appreciated; but for the most part I confess they seem to revel in their bondage and to accept as the standard of perfection one's fitness for being reproduced in the "Graphic." Here and there is a partial exception; one complete and brilliant exception, indeed, the Academy of the present year contains. Mr. Frederick Leighton has always "gone in," as the phrase is, for beauty and style, and this year he has defined his ideal even more sharply than usual by sinking it in sculpture. His "Young man Struggling with a Python" is quite the eminent work of the exhibition. It is not only a wonderfully clever piece of sculpture for a painter, but it is a noble and beautiful work. It has that quality of appealing to our interest on behalf of form and aspect, of the plastic idea pure and simple, which is characteristic of the only art worthy of the name—the

only art that does not promptly weary us by the pettiness of its sentimental precautions and the shallowness of its intellectual vision. Whenever I have been to the Academy I have found a certain relief in looking for a while at this representation of the naked human body, the whole story of which begins and ends with the beautiful play of its muscles and limbs. It is worth noting, by the way, that this is to the best of my recollection the only study of the beautiful nude on the walls of the Academy. In the Salon last year, I remember, every fifth picture was a study of the nude; but I must add that that nude was not always beautiful.

It must be allowed that quite the most full-blown specimens of that anti-pictorial Philistinism of which I just now spoke are from the hands of the older Academicians. (I am speaking only of pictures on the "line"; above it and below it one may find things a little better and a good deal worse.) Some of these gentlemen are truly amazing representatives of the British art of thirty and forty years ago, and there is something cruel in their privilege of Academicians, admitting them into the garish light of conspicuity. There is a portrait by Sir Francis Grant, President of the Academy, of a young lady on horseback, on a nanorial greensward, which surely ought to be muffled in some kind of honorable curtain. The productions of Mr. Horseley, Mr. Cope, Mr. Ward, Mr. Rodgrave, Mr. O'Neil, are an almost touching exhibition of helplessness, vulgarity, violent imbecility of color. Of the younger painters it may very often be said that they have the merits of their defects. M. Taine, in his "Notes on England," pointed out these merits with his usual vigor. "It is impossible to be more expressive, to expend more effort to address the mind through the senses, to illustrate an idea or a truth, to collect into a surface of twelve square inches a closer group of psychological observations. What patient and penetrating critics! What connoisseurs of men!" This is

very true; if there is something irritating in the importunately narrative quality of the usual English picture, the presumption is generally that the story is very well told. It is told with a kind of decent good faith and *naïveté* which are wanting in other schools, when other schools attempt this line. I am far from thinking that this compensatory fact is the highest attribute of English art. It has no relation to the work of Gainsborough and Reynolds, Constable, Flaxman, and Turner. But in some of the things in the present Academy it is very happily illustrated.

I found it illustrated, indeed, in the spectators quite as much as in the pictures. Standing near the latter with other observers, I was struck with the fact that when these were in groups or couples, they either, by way of comment, said nothing at all or said something simply about the subject of the picture—projected themselves into the story. I remember a remark made as I stood looking at a very prettily painted scene by Mr. Marcus Stone, representing a young lady in a pink satin dress, solemnly burning up a letter, while an old woman sits weeping in the background. Two ladies stood near me, entranced; for a long time they were silent. At last—"Her mother was a widow!" one of them gently breathed. Then they looked a little while longer and departed. The most appreciable thing to them was the old woman's wearing a widow's cap; and the speaker's putting her verb in the past tense struck me as a proof of their accepting the picture above all things as history. To this sort of appreciation the most successful picture of the year, Mr. Long's "Egyptian Feast," appeals in a forcible and brilliant manner. A company of the subjects of the Pharaohs are collected at a banquet, in the midst of which enter certain slaves, who perform the orthodox ceremony of dragging round the hall, over the polished tessellated floor, as a *memento mori*, the lugubrious simulacrum of a mummy.

It is literally the skeleton of the feast, and the purpose of the picture is the portrayal of the various attitudes and facial expressions produced in the assistants by this reminder of mortality. These are represented in each case according to the type of the figure, always with much ingenuity and felicity. From the painter's own point of view the picture is extremely successful; but the painting is of a light order.

Of what order is the painting, by Mr. Millais, of an immense ulster overcoat, flanked by a realistic leather valise and roll of umbrellas, and confronted by a provisional young lady with clasped hands and a long chin, the whole being christened "Yes"? A lithograph on a music sheet, mercilessly magnified—such is the most accurate description of this astounding performance. Mr. Millais has a very much better piece of work on exhibition at one of the private galleries, an "Effie Deans," in which M. Taine's "expressiveness" is forcibly exemplified. But I prefer his large landscape at the Academy, "The Sound of Many Waters," possibly because, after all this emulation of the *tableau vivant*, it has the merit of having no expressiveness

at all. The best picture in the Academy is one of a series of four by M. Alma-Tadéma, that Anglicised Hollander and extremely skilful painter whose contributions "to Burlington House" have for some years past attracted so much attention. These things are called the "Seasons"; they are all admirably clever, but the scene representing "Summer" is in its way a marvel. M. Alma-Tadéma's people are always ancient Romans, and in this case he has depicted a Roman bath in a private house. The bath is of yellow brass, sunk into a floor of yellow brass, and in the water, up to her shoulders, sits an ugly woman with a large nose, crowned with roses, scattering rose-leaves over the water, and fanning herself with a large, limp, yellow ostrich plume. On a narrow bench, against a mosaic wall, sits another ugly woman, asleep, in a yellow robe. The whole thing is ugly, and there is a disagreeable want of purity of drawing, sweetness of outline. But the rendering of the yellow stuffs and the yellow brass is masterly, and in the artist's manipulation there is a sort of ability which seems the last word of consummate modern painting.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

SUPERB and sole, upon a pluméd spray
 That o'er the general leafage boldly grew,
 He summ'd the woods with song; or typic drew
 The swoop of hungry hawks, the lone dismay
 Of languid doves when long their lovers stray,
 And all birds' passion-plays that sprinkle dew
 At morn in brake or bosky avenue.
 Whate'er birds did or dreamed, this bird could say.

Then down he shot, bounced airily along
 The sward, twitched-in a grasshopper, made song
 Midflight, perched, primped, and to his art again.
 Sweet Science, this large riddle read me plain:
 How may the death of that dull insect be
 The life of yon trim Shakespeare on the tree?

SIDNEY LANIER.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER XXV.

VICTOR—PROPOSITI?

THE election was over. All the principal persons with whom we are concerned had come back to town. Keeton had nearly relapsed, for the time at least, into its ordinary condition. The riot, noisy and alarming as it was, had cost no life, not even that of the poor policeman who seemed most in danger. No doubt the seeds of a popular discontent were sown pretty broadly in the place which will bear thorny growth some future day; but Keeton just now seems only the sleeper for the reaction after its unwonted excitement. The persons of this story who were concerned in the election might be said to be in somewhat similar condition. They seemed much the same as before; but the days in Keeton had sown some seeds for them too, which will probably grow into influence on all their lives.

Lady Limpenny paid a visit to Mrs. Money. She had not seen her friends in Victoria street since the election, and she was in great curiosity to hear something about it, and about some rumors indirectly connected with it, which had reached her ears. She went early, in order that she might find Mrs. Money alone.

Mrs. Money might be described as alone, so far as visitors were concerned. Only her younger daughter was with her. Lucy was looking very pretty, but pale, and with a certain restlessness of manner and quick brilliancy of eyes which Lady Limpenny observed, although usually a woman rather imaginative than actually observant. Lady Limpenny smiled and nodded to herself, as it might seem; after the fashion of one who congratulates her self on having judged cor-

rectly, and who says to her own soul, "Exactly; it is just as I thought it would be." But the smile and nod might be taken as partly intended for the general company in this case. Lady Limpenny appeared as if she were willing that Mrs. Money and her daughter should be taken, in an unacknowledged and modest way, into the confidence of her self-congratulations.

Mrs. Money went eagerly forward to welcome her old friend, and was cordially glad to see her, as, indeed, she was usually glad to see most persons. Lucy, as we know, did not greatly care for Lady Limpenny. She had now to submit to a peculiarly tender embrace, which she did with a particularly bad grace, looking all the time away from Lady Limpenny, even while she submitted to be kissed by her. Then she withdrew to a little sofa of her own, and was heard to express a wish that Nola Grey would come soon. On hearing this utterance Lady Limpenny looked round at her, and smiled and nodded again more benignly than ever.

"And so our dear friend Heron is in Parliament," Lady Limpenny said, in her soft, thunderous voice. "He is actually an M. P.! I am so glad; and you have all had such delightful adventures! Your names in the papers! I read it all with such envy. Yes; I always longed to be in an adventure and to have my name in the papers. I tried to get Sir James to listen to it, but he does not care for these things. You were all near being killed! And our friend, the handsome poet—now do tell me again what his name is—he was lost, and actually supposed to be killed, or taken prisoner, or assaulted, or something of the kind. How delightful! I should so like to have been with you."

"Oh! Mr. Blanchet was not much hurt," Lucy said in a rather scornful tone. "He only got into the fight somehow; I don't know, I'm sure, what brought him there; and then he went away to London. I think something must have offended him."

Lucy had seen and had not forgotten nor forgiven the poet's conduct when Mr. Sheppard was brought to the hotel during the riot, and she had not seen his subsequent dash into the strife, and paid but little attention to what was told to her about it. But in any case poor Blanchet had long ceased to be a hero of hers. There was a time when he was her idol and when she tried to believe in all manner of quaint artistic theories because they were his; and when if he had expressed an æsthetic opinion that a lady ought to wear a coal scuttle on her head, Lucy would have fought hard to get her mother's permission to mount the article. It is strange, as the once popular song used to say, how woman can think the man a bore she thought a god before. At least, it is strange, perhaps, that she should make the change so soon; or, if it be contended that even that is not strange, it will surely be admitted that it is strange she could not contrive or attempt to make the change a little less glaringly apparent. One might have thought that this good little Lucy had already forgotten that she ever looked to Mr. Blanchet with wonder and admiration.

"Mr. Heron says that Mr. Blanchet was in great danger, Lucy, my dear," her mother interposed in remonstrance; "and Minola Grey speaks very highly of his conduct all the time."

"But why did he disappear in that abrupt sort of way? why didn't he tell any one where he was going?" the pertinacious Lucy kept on. "We were all alarmed about him, and all for nothing; and we had quite enough to think about without that."

"But, my dearest, darling Lucy, don't you look on a poet as different from ordinary people? I am sure I do. I should not like to think of our dear

friend—now *do* tell me again what *is* his name—I shouldn't like to think of his acting just as every one else would do. Oh, no; I like a poet to be a poet. I am so passionately fond of poetry; and I have had to give it all up of late. I dare not read a poem now."

"For your soul's sake, Lady Limpenny?" the irreverent Lucy asked saucily.

"Darling, yes. For my soul's sake, as you say. I was forgetting all my higher duties in life, and all that I owe, dearest, to the future life, in my love for the poetry of that delightful writer—oh, now what *was* his name?—who wrote that lovely poem in the winter that everybody was talking about. My dear, the doctrines taught in that poem were something awful—I do assure you, awful. No one could read them long and be assured of safety in the higher sphere."

"I think I remember the book," Mrs. Money said; "I think you lent it to me, Laura; but it did not strike me as containing any doctrines of a dangerous kind. It did, indeed, protest in powerful accents against the system under which this country is rushing to her destruction."

"I dare not read it, dearest Theresa; I dare not, indeed; it would unhinge my mind. But I dare not read any poems now."

Lady Limpenny presently rose to go; but she paused even in the act of making her adieu, and, taking Lucy's hand in a manner of the tenderest affection, she asked:

"But now, darling, what is this I hear about you? Is it true, this very delightful piece of news; at least, delightful if it *is* true? Do tell me, dearest; it can't be always kept a secret, you know."

Lucy tried to get her hand away; the unconscious Lady Limpenny retained it as if she were a privileged lover. Lucy could only look away and try to keep as composed as possible.

"Really I don't know what you mean, Lady Limpenny. I don't know

what the news is, and so I don't know whether it is delightful or not."

"You very, very naughty, sly little thing! So you won't tell even such an old friend? Well, your mamma won't be so naughty I am sure. I'll come in and talk to her to-morrow or next day, when I am quite sure that you are not here. Oh, indeed, I will! I am sure now it *is* true; and I offer you my congratulations."

Mrs. Money seemed as if she would try to interpose some protest against Lady Limpenny's conclusions; but there was no possibility of stopping that lady, or correcting any apprehensions she might have formed. She gathered her skirts about her and was gone, chattering all the time, before any one could put in a word of explanation, and firmly convinced that she knew all the truth about everything, and that her way of exhibiting it must have been delightful to everybody.

Her display of knowledge was certainly not pleasing to Lucy Money in this instance. She seemed greatly annoyed, and, when Lady Limpenny had gone, she left the room and hid herself away somewhere. Mr. Money came home almost immediately, and his wife took the opportunity of expressing some of her fears to him about Lady Limpenny's talk and Lucy's way of taking it.

"She's quite put out about it, Money dear, I do assure you. I never saw her so much hurt by anything of the kind before."

"I wish that silly old Laura Limpenny didn't talk in that way," Money said with more earnestness in his manner than the talk of Lady Limpenny might have seemed to be worth. "It annoys Lucy of course; and then what she said here she will say in half a dozen places before the day is over."

"But, Money dear, it can't always be kept a secret. These things always do get talked about. I really don't see what harm it does even if they were."

"No, perhaps not; in an ordinary case, perhaps not. But somehow I

don't like it in this case. I wish nothing had been said. Do you think Lucelet is quite happy, Theresa?"

"Surely, dear, I should think so—oh, yes, she must be happy, very happy. Of course it is a trial—all girls feel it so, especially when they are brought up so much at home."

Mr. Money seemed unusually grave. He stood and beat time on his chin with his fingers.

"I don't know," he said, "somehow, but I think everything is not quite right with the little girl. She *is* fond of him?" he asked, turning abruptly to his wife.

"Oh, yes, dear—she adores him."

"Yes? You think so? Well, I am sure I think so too; I was quite certain of it. Of course she is young, and girls often don't know their own minds a bit—no, confound it, nor boys neither, for that matter. I think at one time she used to be fond of that fellow Blanchet; and now she does not care twopence about him. I say, Theresa, if this should be the same sort of thing?"

"But, my dear, it isn't; you may be quite sure of that. I can tell you that for certain. Why, only look at her eyes when he is near! and Lucy has told me again and again that she never thought about Mr. Blanchet in that sort of way."

"Yes, I have watched her, Theresa, as you say, and I have looked at her eyes and all that; and I did believe, certainly, that it was quite a different thing this time. If I hadn't thought it, my good heavens! should I have meddled or made in the affair?"

Mr. Money walked uneasily up and down the room once or twice. His wife looked at him anxiously, but she did not quite follow his meaning or appreciate his alarms. She was, indeed, at the moment, engaged in thinking whether something could not be done to make the life of poor Mr. Blanchet a little more happy than it seemed at present to be. She was convinced in her heart that Blanchet must be suffering keenly on account

of Lucy, and, as the helper of unhappy men, she burned with a wish to do something for him. She had so completely made up her mind that Lucy was having all her desire in life, and, having it, must be satisfied, that all her anxiety on her daughter's behalf seemed to have come to an end, and her cares properly reverted to the outer world.

"Yes, I thought it was all right." Mr. Money suddenly came to a stop in his walk. "I had not the least idea that it was not all right; but then one doesn't know—at least *I* don't—whether it isn't a peculiarity of girls that when you get for them what they want, then, by Jove, they don't want it any more; and I tell you, Theresa, I have been thinking of this a good deal lately—in the last few days."

There are, perhaps, women who might have been disposed to remark to Mr. Money that anyhow the affair was pretty well all his own doing. There are women who possibly would have given him no better comfort than the reminder that they had not advised him to do the things he had done; and that, perhaps, if he had sought the advice of his wife a little more, the result might have been more satisfactory. Mrs. Money had no ideas of the kind. Even if she had known more clearly than she did the meaning of his alarm, it would never have occurred to her to doubt that he had done the very best thing possible under any given circumstances. If things went wrong after that, it must be the fault of the things; it could not be the fault of Mr. Money.

The talk was interrupted for the present by the arrival of visitors, for this was one of Mrs. Money's days of reception. Presently Lucy herself returned. Mr. Money drew her aside, and asked her one or two casual questions. Then he said suddenly, and fixing his eyes on his daughter without giving her any time to think of herself or to conceal her feelings:

"Isn't Victor coming here to-day, Lucelet?"

The eyes of the girl sparkled again as she answered, and his eyes watched her answer:

"Oh, yes, papa dear, I expect him every moment; you don't think he is not coming, do you?"

The smile that sometimes made Mr. Money's rough face look almost handsome came over it as he saw the expression in his daughter's eyes. He took Lucy playfully by the chin.

"I should think he was coming indeed, Lucelet; I rather think you know more about his movements than I do. So Laura Limpenny has been talking her nonsense!"

Lucy colored.

"Oh, yes, papa dear. I wish that dreadful woman did not come here; she talks of such things; it is humiliating to hear one's self talked about in that way."

"Oh, that's all, is it? Don't you mind her talk, Lucelet; it can't be helped anyhow; and remember that if you were a princess, all the gossips of Europe would be talking about you."

Then he left his daughter and went to talk to some one else, somewhat relieved in his mind for the moment. He watched his Lucelet, however, all the time.

Presently he saw her eyes light up and her cheeks color, and then her eyes droop again; and she looked wonderfully pretty, he thought, and so, indeed, might any one else have thought as well who happened to see her just then. If any one of us looking on might have admired the expression on the pretty girl's crimsoning face, what admiration must he have felt for whom that brightening color came and those eyes sparkled—the king for whom—as Lady Castlewood so prettily said—that red flag was displayed? For Mr. Money knew, before he had seen any new comer enter the room, that the visitor whose coming caused all that brightness was the member for the borough of Keeton. Victor Heron had entered the room, and was already talking to Lucy.

Victor then had won everything for

which he strove, and something, too, for which he had not striven. He had won a brilliant and an unexpected victory. Never before in the memory of man had the borough of Keeton been represented by a Liberal. There was nothing else of any particular interest going on in politics, and the attention of the country had really been turned for some days very keenly on Keeton. The riot, the family quarrel, the fact that Heron had to fight against family influences, Tory influences, and the red republicans and the proletaire all at once, had made his enterprise seem so dashing that, even if he had lost, he would have got a certain repute by it. But when it was found that he had positively won, he became the hero of the hour with the public, while with his own party he was a person to be made the very most of, and applauded to the echo. No fear of his not finding men of mark to take up his grievance now.

The adventurous St. Paul had kept his word. Nothing but his intervention could possibly have carried the place for Victor, or kept poor Sheppard out of Parliament. Coming just at the right moment, St. Paul had caught the affections of the fierce democracy, the proletariat with the dash of atheist in it, and had drawn the voters away from Sheppard. Many of them had determined to give their votes rather for the man whom they called their outspoken enemy—the Tory, that is to say—than for the doubtful friend, as every professing Liberal seemed to them to be who could not go all the way with the social revolution and them. St. Paul captivated enough of them to leave Sheppard solely to the support of the thorough Tories, who had no grievance against the ducal family; and the result was that Victor Heron won the election, or had it thus won for him, without his knowledge or consent. Not the faintest suspicion of “a put-up thing” existed in any mind. It was perfectly well known in Keeton and elsewhere that Victor Heron had

positively refused to have anything to do with St. Paul, and that they had all but quarrelled; and, indeed, the general opinion was that St. Paul had undertaken his candidature for the sake of spoiling Victor's chance. He fancied, people thought, that the extreme “rads” or “reds” might give their votes to Victor for lack of any stronger Liberal, and he therefore cut in between merely for the sake of destroying the game of the man who would not accept his assistance. A great many people were amused at his folly and his odd miscalculation; and even Money wondered how he could have been so badly advised, and how he could have failed to see that in what he did he was playing Victor's game and not spoiling it.

Victor Heron, then, has won, and is on the high road to be a political and a social success, and to have his grievance set right now, if he cares about it or has time to think about it any more. It is said that he is to be married to Mr. Money's pretty daughter, who will have a great fortune, people are certain; to say nothing of the fact that Money has no son, and that at his death most of his property will probably go to his rising son-in-law. Truly does young Heron seem to many persons a man who has dropped from the clouds to fall into fortune. A disappointed politician of sixty who started with splendid self-conceit, good abilities, and very fair chances, and with all has come to nothing, draws the moral of his personal failure from the story he hears of Victor Heron's success. “You see he can do what I never could do,” he says; “he can entertain the party. I defy any man to make his way in political life in a country like this if he has not the means to entertain his party, and this fellow will be able to do that with the girl's fortune and what Money must leave him some time.”

It is true, then, what the people say—what Lady Limpenny has been so broadly hinting at? It was, then, as Minola Grey supposed? See, she her-

self has just come in, and is talking with Mr. Money now. She seems full of spirits; at least she is talking in a very animated way. A lady who is present has already remarked, in a low tone, to another lady, that she thinks Miss Grey talks too much, and is too sarcastic for a young person. Was it as Minola supposed, and did the influence of the moonlight and the walk home *that* night in the park at Keeton prove too much for the inflammable heart of Victor Heron? No; that night had passed over, and although Heron had felt the influence of the place, the hour, and the circumstances, he had not been able to understand his own feelings clearly enough to give them expression in words or in acts. It was when he came in fresh from the excitement of the Keeton riot, and when he saw that Lucy, who with all her love for her father had borne up gallantly against the sight of his hurts, became faint the moment she caught a glimpse of Heron's wounded face, and had to be taken from the room—it was then that the truth was borne in upon Heron for the first time, and he was made aware that Lucy Money loved him. He was almost overwhelmed by the discovery. This was something of which he had never thought. It was all true what he had said to Minola Grey that long-past day in Regent's park—he had really had a sort of goddess theory about women. He had lived so much out of the world of fashion, and of what we call life, that he had no chance of having his ideal destroyed. If the few Englishwomen whom he met in a far colony—the wives and daughters of elderly, experienced officials, and such like—were not all that his fancy painted womanhood, he had always the conviction to fall back upon that these were no fair illustrations of the maids or the matrons of merry England at home. He had always thought of a woman as a being whom a man courted and served, and at last, by immense exercise of devotion and merit of all kinds, persuaded

to listen while he told her of his deep and reverent love. It had not occurred to him to think that sometimes, even among the maids of merry England, the woman makes the love, and the man only puts up with it. When it flashed upon his mind that Lucy Money loved him he was like one to whom some wholly new and unexpected conditions of life have suddenly revealed themselves. He felt, in a strange sort of way, stricken humble by the thought that so sweet and good a girl could love him, and wish to trust her life into his hands. Is it any wonder if, in the flush of his shame and his gratitude, he told himself that he was in love with her?

CHAPTER XXVI.

“LUCKLESS LOVE'S INTERPRETER.”

THE event in which so much success had fallen to the share of Victor Heron had not, on the whole, turned out badly for his rival, Mr. Sheppard. The latter had lost the election, it is true, but he had made a certain repute for himself as a Conservative candidate. He was now before the eyes of his party and the country as one who had fought a good fight, who had made sacrifices for his cause, and who therefore ought to be considered when another vacancy brought an opportunity of choosing and supporting a candidate. Mr. Sheppard's name was in the political playbill, and that was something. After the defeat of Novara, Count Cavour, then only a rising politician, remarked that Piedmont had gained enough to compensate for all her losses in having got the right to hoist the national flag. Mr. Sheppard had got by his defeat the right to hoist the flag of his party, to be one of its bearers, and that was something. He was now looked upon everywhere as a man sure to be seen in Parliament before long.

Mr. Sheppard made arrangements for the carrying on of his business by other hands than his, and he came to

live in London. He took handsome lodgings in a western street, not far from where Victor Heron lived. He was elected a member of a new Conservative club, and apparently he went about the task of getting into society, at least into the political dinner-parties and crowded drawing-rooms of society. In that which he had set out to himself as the great object of his life he was not, as we have seen, by any means despondent. He saw that he had greatly risen in the good opinion of Minola Grey. She had never been so kind and respectful to him as during the contest at Keeton. Always before she had treated him with contempt, which she took no trouble to hide; then, for the first time, she had shown some respect and even regard for him. He settled himself in London, a hopeful and almost a confident man as regarded alike his ambition and his love. He could afford to wait, he said to himself. He cultivated as much as possible the acquaintanceship of Mr. Money and of Victor Heron, whom, it is needless to say, he no longer regarded with any feelings of jealousy. Mr. Money and every one else admitted that nothing could be more manly and creditable than Sheppard's manner of taking his defeat. Minola seldom heard him spoken of but with respect.

The women are not many on whom the public opinion of those immediately around them has no influence in determining their estimate of a man. Minola began to see that there were qualities in her old lover for which she had not given him credit. This, indeed, she had seen for herself during the contest at Keeton. He had, at all events, a certain manly dignity, even if he was slow and formal. She may, too, have been impressed in certain moods with the strength and patience of his feelings for her. In some melancholy moments she felt a sympathy for him, and found a sort of sad amusement in admitting to herself that she and her old lover were alike in one part of their destiny at all

events. But she was sincerely glad to hear that Sheppard was beginning to go out a good deal, and she had a strong hope and conviction that in society he must very soon get over his old feelings for her. All that was natural enough, she thought, when they both lived in the country and he knew very few women; but here in London he must meet with many girls a thousand times more attractive—so she was honestly convinced—than she could possibly appear even to the most prejudiced eye, and he would soon get over the weakness that exalted a country girl into a heroine and a goddess. He would meet with women who knew the world—the world of politics and of society—who could assist a man in his public career and his natural ambition, and some one of whom would doubtless be found to marry him. The thought gave Minola sincere gratification.

Some of this is told a little in anticipation; for we are, as yet, in the first few weeks that followed the Keeton election. There is one, nay, there are two, of the personages most prominent to our eyes in that contest, of whom we have some account to render before the story resumes its regular march.

Poor Herbert Blanchet found himself a man sadly changed in his own estimate when the subsidence of the riot in the Keeton streets left him stranded, high and dry, and still alive. Not only was he alive, but he was absolutely uninjured. The dignity of the slightest wound was not on him to make him interesting. All that commotion that had seemed to him so terrible that his very soul shrank from it, turned out to be, so far as he was concerned, more innocent and harmless than a schoolboy game of wrestling. He had been ridiculous when shrinking from the riot, and he now felt that he must have been ridiculous when by sheer force he mastered his quivering nerves and threw himself literally into it. In the very thick of the battle, and when he came to Heron's aid, he thought he saw an inclination to good-

humored laughter on Heron's face at the sight of him and his weapon. When the riot was over and the crowd began to disperse, and the Liberal leaders went into the hotel, nobody took any notice of him. He seemed to be of no account in the eyes of any one. Men whose companion he had been during his share of the campaign in Keeton passed him rapidly by and did not seem to recognize him; they were all thinking of other things and other persons, clearly. Even Heron, to whose help he had come, did not think it worth his while apparently to make any inquiry about him.

We know, of course, that Heron did find time and thought to ask about the poet; but the poet did not know this. The thought, however, which most disturbed Blanchet's mind was not that Heron had been ungrateful to him, but that clearly, in the mind of men like Heron, the whole affair was a matter of no moment—an ordinary event at an election, involving an amount of danger such as men encounter in their huntings and their other pastimes of which Blanchet knew little, and not enough to be seriously thought of a moment after it was past. It was, then, for danger such as this that the poet had twice made himself ridiculous in the eyes of Minola Grey. It was for danger like this that he had exposed himself to hear from her the bitterest words that man can hear from woman. In truth it is not certain that the poor Blanchet was really a coward. He had been put suddenly in front of a sort of trial entirely new to him, and his physical nerves had shrunk from it at first. He had not a virile nature; he had none of the strong animal spirits which carry so many men through all manner of danger without giving them time to think about it. He had not much, if we may say so, of the English nature in him; of that cool, strong, unimaginative nature which takes all tasks set to it very much as a matter of course, and goes at them accordingly to win or lose.

When Nature was making Herbert Blanchet there was for some reason or other a little too much of the feminine material put into his composition. We often see these slight mistakes on the part of Nature. We meet with a tall and bearded creature in whom a superabundance of the feminine is always showing itself; we find some pretty and delicate being in whom the judgment, the inclinations, the way of looking at things, are all unmistakably masculine. Blanchet had not lived a manly life; he had, indeed, not lived a life that would be wholesome for man or woman. It was not, be it understood, harmful or immoral, as lives are accounted on our somewhat dwarfed and formal principles of social good or harm; but it was a life without bracing strength of any kind. It was a life of sickly affectations and debauching conceits. It made sham as good as effort. In that sort of life it sufficed to think yourself a great person, and to say to your friends that you were so, and there was no occasion for the long, healthy, noble labor that, with whatever genius, is needed to develop success. It was a life of ghastly groping after originality; a life in which one became fantastic not out of superabundant fancy, but of set purpose. The moment an entirely new situation was presented to Blanchet, and he was called upon to act under circumstances not previously thought out and reduced to theatric form, all the shams were suddenly blown away, and the weakly, naked nature was left shivering and shuddering in the rough, unaccustomed air of reality.

Little Mary Blanchet was sitting alone the day after the riot at Keeton. It was drawing on toward evening, and she had her books of manuscript out on the table and was at work at her poems. She was very particular about the copying of her poems; she began a long poem in a bound volume with ruled leaves, and if, in copying, she made any mistake, even of a word, she put that volume aside and began another.

er. Therefore the one poem at which she was now engaged had already produced several of these manuscript books without itself approaching much nearer to completion. She was seated before the work with her pen in her mouth and her eyes fixed on the ceiling, and was in a little doubt between a rhyme which was of excellent sound, but doubtful grammar, and one of which the grammar was all right, but the sound was open to challenge. Her own sympathies went altogether with the good rhyme, and she was strongly inclined to run the risk of being a little superior for once to those narrow grammatical rules which offend so many poetesses. While thus, like the Achilles of Pope's Homer, "in anguish of suspense delayed," she was told that her brother wished to see her.

Mary sprang up in excitement, let her ink-steeped pen fall on her book, thus reducing a new volume to worthlessness, and, scarcely stopping even for a plaintive murmur, ran out and brought Herbert Blanchet into the room. She was convinced that he must have some important intelligence. Could it be that he had proposed for Minola, been accepted, and had come back to London in all speed to arrange for the wedding? His face, however, did not look like that; it was haggard and miserable, and the poet had evidently not slept the past night. Mary felt her heart sink within her as she looked at him.

Blanchet sat down and passed his hands wildly through his unkempt hair—hair that, however, looked so beautiful, Mary thought.

"Well, my sister," he said, with a gloomy effort at being light and careless of speech, "I have come back, you see."

"What has happened, Herbert dear?" the affrighted old maid asked; and she trembled all over.

"Nothing particular, Mary, only that your brother has made a fool of himself."

Then he smiled in a dismal way, with ghastly lips and livid face; and

then he put his hands to his forehead, and he burst into tears.

Never was a woman more frightened than poor Mary. She had never seen a man in tears before; she remembered having read and shudderingly admired a line in a poem of Mrs. Hemans's, in which she, Mary Blanchet, and all the world in general, were advised not to talk of grief until they had seen the tears of bearded men. Poor Mary always thought that the tears of bearded men must be something very dreadful to see; but she never expected to see them, for she did not think it possible that Englishmen, the only race of men she knew, could shed tears under any provocation. Now she was compelled to look on the tears of a bearded man whom she dearly loved; and she found that Mrs. Hemans's suggestions fell far short of the dreadful reality. She tried all she could to comfort her broken brother; but comfort is particularly unavailing when one does not even know the source of the trouble. It was some time before poor Blanchet could give his sister any coherent account of his distress. When the story was told, however, it did not seem so hopeless to Mary as she had expected. He had not been refused by Minola; he had not even proposed to her. She did not attach much importance to the fact that Minola had supposed him—wrongfully of course—to be a coward. He could easily prove, if indeed he had not done it already, that he was as brave as she, Mary, knew her brother must be. It was wrong of Minola to judge so quickly and so harshly, and very unlike Minola; but, after all, what did it prove but the deep interest which she took in Herbert? She was disappointed when she thought he was not all that she had expected. What did that prove but that she had expected great things? Well, it was not by any means too late to prove that her first expectations were true estimates of Mary's brother.

It is a truth that Herbert Blanchet gradually became encouraged, and al-

most quite restored, if not to his good opinion of himself, yet to his hopes. It was wonderful what a person of importance, a wise counsellor, a trusty friend, his sister grew to be in his eyes all at once. How long is it since he thought her an absurd little old maid in whom no person of artistic soul could possibly feel any interest? How long is it since he fully believed that Minola Grey was kind to her partly out of pity, and partly because it looked picturesque and charming for a handsome young woman to be the patroness and friend of an unattractive elderly woman? How long is it since he was ashamed of the relationship, and would gladly have given Minola to understand that he considered his sister only a poor little, old-fashioned person, whose pretences at poetry and art had his entire disapproval. And now he wept upon her faithful bosom, and drew comfort from her flattering but very sincere assurances; and poured out his feelings over and over again; and asked her to tell him over and over again this, that, and the other thing that Minola had said; and found comfort in her talk; and would rather have been in her company that evening than in the centre of the beloved school, or in the drawing-room of a lady of rank. If poor little Mary could have thought of such a thing as being revenged upon her brother for all his long neglect, his selfish desertion of her, she might have found herself well avenged that night when he clung to her, and hung upon her words, and was only restored to think life worth having, by her flatteries and her promises that she would do all for him, and had good hope to make everything come right even yet.

So far as Mary was concerned, she had hardly ever been so happy. It was enough to make her happy at any time to know that she was of importance to her poet brother. But she had also now from him the confession of his passionate love for her friend. It had always smote a little on Mary's conscience that in helping her brother

in his scheme about Minola, she was not quite certain whether, after all, the poet really loved Minola as Mary thought Minola deserved to be loved. Now she was satisfied on this point. Herbert had poured out his whole heart to her, and had showed her that his love for Minola was deep, passionate, eternal. It did not occur to Mary to suspect that there could be a woman on earth, even Minola, who was capable of rejecting the love of a man like Herbert Blanchet. That was Mary Blanchet's happiest night thus far in London; her happiest night thus far in life.

In his misery Blanchet had told the truth. He was really in love with Minola. He had gone in for money and a beautiful wife, and he had lost himself hopelessly in the game. His self-conceit had readily made him believe that the handsome, simple country girl who thought so much of his sister, must fall in love with him. It was only by degrees it dawned upon him that there was a clear strength in Minola's character such as he thought no women ever had. He began to see that she was friendly to him, but otherwise unconcerned; and that he was fairly in love with her. He began to be ashamed of the pitiful hopes he had formed about her money; he began to be ashamed of a good deal of his character and career. The genuine extravagance of the delight which he felt when she enabled him to put his poems before the world in such splendid dress had almost as strange an effect on him as the gift of the bishop's candlesticks on poor Jean Valjean. It shook all his previous theories of life and its philosophy, to find that there was so much of simple generosity in the world; especially to find it in the heart of a girl over whom his charms and his affectations seemed to have no manner of influence. He found that he had his world to reconstruct. He went home and passed some wretched days. He looked back on his life, its theories, its affectations, its pitiful little vanities, and he wondered how he

could ever have thought to make genuine poetry out of such shams of emotion and simulacra of beauty. It would require fairy power indeed to spin such rubbish of straws into gold.

Still, he had some hopes from Mary and her influence over Minola. It had come to that; his sister now was his chief resource and his star of hope. The artful Mary was not long in bringing her plans to maturity and to proof.

"Minola dear," she said one evening after Miss Grey had settled down in London again, "do you really never think of getting married?"

"Never, Mary. Why should I, if I don't like?"

"Well, you can't live always alone in this kind of way."

"But I am not living alone in any kind of way."

"Not now; not exactly now. But I may not live, you know; I don't feel at all like myself lately; and I shudder at the idea of your being left alone. I am so much older than you, Minola."

"But, Mary, my dear little poetess, if you think marriage such a good thing, why didn't you marry?"

Mary sighed, and cast at her leader a look of gentle, melancholy reproach.

"Ah! there were reasons for my not marrying which happily don't exist for you. And then my life would be a wretched one, Minola, but for you. Where are you to get a husband, Minola, dear, when you come to be as old as I am now?"

The prospect of growing old never frightens the young. It is their conviction that, at worst, they will die before that comes about. It was not, therefore, the thought of becoming like Mary Blanchet that made Minola seem melancholy for the moment. It was the thought of the weariness that life must have for her in any case, young or not. She remained thinking for a second or two, until she became conscious that Mary was waiting for her to say something. Then she tried to get rid of the subject.

"Well, Mary, at all events I need

not trouble myself about marriage just at this moment. I don't want to be like the girl in the old song, who refused the men before they asked her. No one has been asking me lately."

"I know some one," Mary broke out, "who would ask you if he dared. I know some one who loves you—who adores you."

Minola looked round in amazement. It did not occur to her at the moment to think of what or whom poor Mary meant.

Mary rose from her chair and ran to Minola, and threw herself on the ground near her in supplication, with her eyes full of tears.

"It's my brother, Minola; it's my brother! He adores you. He would die for you. He will die for you if you won't listen to him. Oh, do listen to him, darling, and make us all happy!"

Minola rose from her chair in such anger as she had seldom known before. She was not even particularly careful how she extricated herself from Mary's clinging grasp.

"Are you speaking seriously, Mary?" she asked in a low tone, and with determined self-restraint.

"Oh, Minola, darling, it's only too serious. He was here the other day. He is wretched, he is miserable, because he thinks you were angry with him. I thought he would die—I think he will die. He didn't want to tell any one; but a sister's eyes can't be deceived. And it's no use, and he so loves you."

Minola could have found it in her heart to curse love and all his works. This distracting revelation was too much for her. It was utterly unexpected. She had never for a moment thought of this. Herbert Blanchet had always seemed to her a person to help and pity, and sometimes to be angry with and despise. Even if she had been a vain girl, it is not likely that the announcement of his love would have gratified her vanity.

"Did he send you to tell me this, Mary?"

"No, dear," Mary said humbly, losing heart and hope with every moment, as she looked into Minola's face, which was pale, and cold, and almost hard in its expression. "No, dear; but I thought it would be better, perhaps, if I were just to speak to you a little about it first, just to know how you felt, and then I might perhaps encourage him or not, you know; and I thought that might not be so unpleasant, perhaps, Minola."

"You are right, Mary; it is much less unpleasant. But I think I need not give you any further answer, need I?"

Minola's manner was strangely cold and hard. She could not help feeling as if there were something like treachery in this secret arrangement of brother and sister to try to persuade her into a marriage which she would otherwise never have thought of. Both brother and sister seemed for the moment mean in her eyes; and Minola hated meanness.

Mary looked wistfully into her leader's cold, stern face. It must be said for Minola that the coldness and sternness came from disappointment rather than from anger. It seemed to her that her closest friend had betrayed her.

"Is there no hope for him?" Mary asked faintly.

"I wish you would not talk in that foolish way," Minola said coldly. "It is not worthy of you. It ought to be no hope to any man that a girl who does not love him or think about him in any such way should marry him. And if a man is so silly, his sister ought to have better wishes for him. I would not degrade my brother—if I could say I had one and were fond of him—by speaking of him in such a way. I hope your brother has more sense, Mary, and more spirit, than you seem to think."

"He so loves you; he does indeed," Mary feebly pleaded.

"If he really loves me—and I hate to use the word, and I hate to hear it—I am sorry for him, Mary; and I am

ashamed of him, and I feel a contempt for him, and that's all. I hate to think of men grovelling in that way, or of women either; but I do think that if women are such idiots, they generally at least have the spirit to hide their folly and not to degrade themselves."

"But, Minola, a man must speak some time, you know, or how can he tell?" Mary argued, plucking up a little spirit on behalf of her misprized brother.

"Your brother might have known perfectly well. He must have known. What word did I ever say to him that could make him think I cared for him? Do you think if a girl cares for a man, and wants him to know it, she doesn't let him see it? I believe," Minola added in her bitterness, and with a meaning known only to herself, "women have trouble enough to hide their feelings even when they don't want them to be known."

With this word she left the room abruptly, and would hear no more.

So ended poor Mary Blanchet's first attempt to plead the love cause of her brother.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"WAS EVER WOMAN IN THIS HUMOR
WOODED."

THE days were not pleasant for Minola or Mary which followed this disclosure. The two friends for a time did not seem as if they were the same persons; there was a cold constraint between them. Minola soon got over her anger to poor Mary, and was only angry with herself for having spoken harshly to the unhappy old maid; but she could not revive the confidence that had existed between them before. She felt that between them now was something that killed confidence. She tried to speak to her companion in tones and words if possible more kindly and friendly than ever; but the genial heart of friendship which makes mere words into sweet realities, was hardly there any more.

Mary Blanchet was not very good at disguising her feelings. Even from Minola, whom she loved, and of whom she stood in some awe, she made little effort to conceal the fact that she felt herself a sufferer. The curse in the dead man's eye, which told so heavily on the ancient mariner, was far more bitter, doubtless, than the silent reproach in Mary's eye; but Minola was much oppressed by the latter. She felt as if she had been doing some wrong to Mary and to the cause of friendship and common sisterly womanhood; and, like all generous natures, she was disposed, when the heat of anger and surprise was over, to throw all the blame on herself, or at least to be troubled with the fear that she must have been to blame. She began to long for a full reconciliation with Mary. She reproached herself with having brought the poetess away from her home and her friends at Keeton; as if poor Mary had any home there, or any friends there or elsewhere except Minola herself.

"I am going to see my brother," Mary Blanchet said one evening, not without a gentle reproach in her voice.

"Yes, Mary? I am glad. You will give him my regards—my very kind regards—will you not?"

"Oh, yes; certainly, if you wish it." This was followed by a little sigh, as if Mary would have said, "I don't think there is much comfort in that, if that is all."

Minola looked up and saw the melancholy little face. She was greatly touched. She thought of their long friendship, going back to the days when she was a little child, and regarded Mary as another Elizabeth Barrett. She remembered her own brother, and her love for him, and her heart was pierced by the expression in Mary's face. She went to the poetess and put her arms round her neck, and the poor poetess fairly gave way and was drowned in tears.

"It's so unhappy; it's all so unhappy," sobbed Mary. "I never thought it would come to this. I can't bear to

think of him so, and that he should be so wretched; I can't indeed."

Minola waited for a while to let this grief have way; and indeed it must be owned that her own tears were hard enough to restrain. Then, when the passion of the poetess had a little abated, and Minola thought she could listen to reason, she began to reason gently, very gently.

"I know you blame me for this, Mary, my dear old friend, even when you try not to show it. But tell me, Mary, where I am to blame? You know I don't want to marry, and you know I ought not to marry any one if I don't—if I don't love him, dear. I do not love your brother in that way; and it would be doing him a great wrong if I were to marry him merely because I was fond of you, you foolish, kind old Mary. *He* would only feel offended by such an idea; and quite right. I almost wish I could marry him, dear, for your sake, and for the sake of all the old times and the pleasant days we have had together, and the evenings, and the confidences—all the dear old times! But you would not ask me to do that, Mary—you would not let me do it if I were inclined?"

Mary sobbed a doubtful assent to this proposition. It is to be feared she felt in her own heart that she would be glad if her friend would marry her brother on any account.

"You don't know what it is to me," Mary murmured out, "to see him so unhappy."

"But, my dear, that won't last always; he will get over that. I am not so foolish, Mary dear, as to believe that there is anything in me which your brother will not find in twenty other girls."

"But that's because you don't believe he has any strong feelings at all," Mary said reproachfully. "You do him wrong, Minola. You don't mean it, I know; but you do him wrong. He has strong feelings, indeed he has. Don't you think I know?"

Minola might, perhaps, with truth

have said that she had no profound reliance on Mary's power of reading character even in the case of her brother; but she did not touch that point.

"I am sure he has strong feelings, Mary; I am sure of it now. I didn't think so once, perhaps—you are quite right in that—but I am sure now that I was mistaken. I have a great regard for your brother; much too great a regard," she added, with a certain bitterness in her tone, "to believe he could waste much of his life in idle regret because a girl like me did not marry him."

"It's all very well for you, Minola," Mary said, raising her head and throwing something like downright anger into her voice—"it's all very well for you, who don't have any of these feelings. You don't care for any one—in that way, I mean. You don't care for any man. Other people can't have such strong feelings."

Minola broke down. Why she did so only the benign powers that understand human, and especially womanly weaknesses, can tell; certainly Minola never could explain. She had gone through ordeals, one might have thought, far worse than this, and kept a serene face and her secret safe. But there was something in this unjust reproach, coming from the poor old friend whom she knew so long, and for whom she had persistently done so much, that quite overcame her. The words found out the very heart of her womanhood and her weakness; the place where her emotions had no steel plates of caution ready put on to protect them. Half in tears, half in hysterical laughter, she broke away from Mary.

"Oh, you unjust, silly, foolish old Mary! It's not true a word that you are saying. I am as great a fool as *he*, and as you, and as all the rest, I suppose! Don't I know what such feelings are? Oh, how I wish I didn't!"

Mary looked up in utter amazement.

"Why, Minola, darling, it *can't* be——"

"But I tell you it can be, and it is, Mary. And now do let me alone for the future. "Oh, yes, I *am* in love—up to the roots of my hair, dear, if you like the words—I can't think of any other. There, I have made a fool of myself, and humbled myself enough for one day, I think! There, now go and see your brother, like a good, dear creature, and leave me to myself for a little. Don't ask me to tell you any more; if I ever do tell you any more, it shan't be now. I hate and despise myself for all this; but it's true, Mary, as true as death, or any other certain thing you like."

Then Minola turned away, and resolutely sat down to the piano and began to play. Mary knew that there was nothing more to be got out of her just then; and indeed she was too much overwhelmed by what she had heard to have any clear purpose of extorting more. She made her preparations to go out in silence; but the very manner in which she tied her bonnet strings gave expression somehow to a sound of wonder. She went out with no other good-by to Minola than was conveyed by a gentle pressure on her shoulder as she passed, meant to express all a world of renewed sympathy, fellowship, and devotion.

It could hardly be said that Mary had yet had breathing time enough to allow her to begin forming any conjecture as to the person who must needs be involved in Minola's bewildering confidence. The revelation itself filled her mind for a while, to the exclusion of all other thought. But, as she was going along the street, she saw coming toward her a figure which, even with her short sight, she thought she recognized. It was that of a man taller than any one else she knew, even than her brother, and who had stooping shoulders and a walk of lounging complacency—a walk as of one who rather fancied that all the street belonged to him. When this person came near he raised his hat and made a bow of recognition to

Mary, and then the poetess saw that she was not wrong in supposing that it was Mr. St. Paul. He was evidently going in the direction of Minola's lodgings. A sudden thought flashed upon Mary Blanchet's mind.

"Can it be *he*?" she thought. "I should never have supposed such a thing. But he was very attentive to her, certainly; and of course he is a man of high family—not like poor Herbert. But I never should have thought of him."

While Mary went her melancholy and meditative way, Mr. St. Paul arrived at Minola's door, and asked to see her, adding that he came to take leave, and would not keep her long. The servants at Minola's lodgings had an immense awe and veneration for Mr. St. Paul. When he called there once before and saw Minola, the day of the unholy compact, Mary, having heard of the visit, could not keep down the pride of her heart, but let out the fact that he was a duke's brother. In that quiet region the brothers of dukes are rare visitors, and it was not likely that the face and form of this one could have been forgotten. Therefore, even if Minola had taken the precaution to say that she would see no one that day, it is very doubtful whether the servants would have understood this general order to apply to a duke's brother. Any how, it was intimated to Minola, in tones of some awe, that the gentleman who was a duke's brother wanted very particularly to see her.

Minola was not in spirits for enjoying the visits of dukes, not to say of the brothers of dukes. But she felt that she really owed some thanks to Mr. St. Paul; and she had never seen him since the night of the Keeton riot, and if he was really going away, she did not wish him to go without a word of thanks from her. It may be said, too, that in spite of all his defects and his odd ways, Minola rather liked him. There was a sort of reckless honesty about him; and his talk was not commonplace. So she agreed

to see him, not without a dread that there might still be traces of the tears which had lately been in her eyes. "What does it matter," she asked of herself in scorn of her own weaknesses, "even if he does see? I suppose he knows very well that women are always in tears about something."

"Well, Miss Grey," he said, as he came in—and he seemed positively to grow taller in the gathering dusk, like the genie in the story of Bedredin Hassan—"I haven't seen you since the night of the row at Keeton. Wasn't it capital fun? The poet ran away, I hear; they say he never stopped until he reached London." Mr. St. Paul laughed his usual good-humored laugh, and he held, as if unconsciously, Minola's hand a moment in his own. His manner was never a love-making one, and Minola hardly noticed this slight familiarity.

"Oh, there was no truth in all that!" she said hastily, and not without a half smile. "Mr. Blanchet did nothing of the kind; although, like me, he does not like noisy crowds."

"Well, I kept my word, you see, Miss Grey. I sent your man in, in spite of them all."

"You did indeed; and I ought to feel very much obliged to you, and I do feel obliged, Mr. St. Paul; although my conscience is still sadly distressed to know if I did anything very wrong in allowing you to do anything of the kind."

"Don't you mind that; it's all right; it was a much more honest trick than half the dodges by which elections are won, I can assure you. There are always wheels within wheels in these affairs, you know. You were in your rightful place too; in all these things there is sure to be a petticoat at the bottom. It might as well be you as any one else—as my sister-in-law, for instance."

"And you are going away, Mr. St. Paul?"

"I think so; yes. If things don't turn out as I want them to, I shall go away again, I think. I don't see what

I want here; I have done my duty as a brother, you know, and kept old Sheppard, my brother's man, out of Keeton."

"Are you going back to America?"

"In the end, yes; I suppose so. But not just for the present. I feel inclined to take a run through Thibet. I am told by some fellows that the yak is the most extraordinary creature; and the place hasn't been used up. You see, Miss Grey, I have enough of money one way and another; and I am inclined to consult my own whims now a little. Come, what are you smiling at?"

"I don't feel inclined to explain, Mr. St. Paul."

"I'll do it for you—you smile because you think I never did consult any whims but my own; is not that it?"

"Yes; if I must give an answer, that was it."

"Of course; I knew it. What I meant was that I don't intend to bother any more just now about the making of money. But I do particularly want to be allowed to consult the whims of some one besides myself."

"Indeed?"

"You say that satirically, I know. You don't think much of us men, it seems; at least you say you don't."

"Do you, Mr. St. Paul?"

"Do I what?"

"Think much of men?"

"Oh, no, by Jove! If you come to that, I never said I did, nor women neither. But we all like to believe, I suppose, that you women think us fine fellows, and greatly admire us—that is, when you are young. Any how, I don't mean to discuss the defects of the human race with you just now, Miss Grey. I have come for a different purpose. But won't you sit down?"

She had not asked him to be seated; and it seemed like a mild rebuke of her lack of hospitality when Mr. St. Paul now handed her a chair. But he had no such meaning. He was positively a little embarrassed, and did

not well know for a moment how to get on. Even Minola noticed the fact, and made a good-natured attempt to help him out of his difficulty, greatly amazed to find that he could have hesitated about anything.

"You were saying that you want to consult somebody's whims, Mr. St. Paul?"

"Yes, so I was; that's what I have come about. I should like to be allowed to consult your whims, Miss Grey."

"That's very kind; but I don't know that I have any whim just at present. When there is another election coming off somewhere, then, indeed——"

St. Paul laughed. He was holding a chair. He turned it and balanced it on two of its legs, and then leaned on the top of it with both his hands in such a way that Minola began to be afraid it would give way under his bulky pressure and send him prostrate at her feet. The odd attitude seemed, however, to give him a little more self-possession.

"Look here, Miss Grey; let's come to the point. Will you marry me?"

He now let go the chair and stood upright, looking straight at her, or rather down upon her.

Minola felt her breath taken away. She actually started.

"That's what I am here for, Miss Grey. To come to the point at once, will you marry me?"

"To come to the point at once, Mr. St. Paul, I will not."

"Why not?" He put his hands into his pockets and coolly waited for an answer.

"But there are so many reasons——"

"All right; tell me some of them."

"But really I don't know where to begin."

"Well, just think it over; I can wait. May I take a seat?"

"Oh, yes; pray be seated."

He sat quietly near her. His manner was now once more perfectly assured, but, with all his odd roughness, perfectly respectful.

"Now we can talk the matter regularly out, like sensible people," he said.

The situation was new, to say the least of it. Minola began to be a little amused now that she had recovered from the first shock of her embarrassment; and she saw that with such a wooer it would be far the wisest policy to talk the matter out as he had proposed. So she began to rack her brain, not for reasons against accepting the proposal, but for the reason which ought properly to come first.

"To begin with, Mr. St. Paul, I am not sure that you are in earnest in such an offer."

"Oh, if that's all, I can easily reassure you. I am confoundedly in earnest, Miss Grey! As you say, I have generally been in the habit of pleasing myself more than other people; and the truth is that nothing on earth would please me now half so much as for you to take me as I offer myself. But I think I shouldn't make half a bad husband after all; and honestly, do you know, I don't believe you would be sorry in the end?"

"But why do you want to marry me? why not some other woman? why not some one in your own class?"

"My class? Fiddle-de-dee! What's my class? I am a cattle-grower from Texas; I am a land speculator from California. If I had been depending on what you call my class, I shouldn't have enough now to give a girl bread and cheese, to say nothing of her milliner's bill. I have plenty of money, thanks to myself. I'm the son of my own works; I'm the son of Marengo, as what's-his-name—Napoleon—said."

"But there are so many women whom you must have met, and who would be suited to you so much better——"

"Look here, Miss Grey; cut that! You are the only girl I ever saw—I mean of course since I was a boy—that I care a red cent for. There's something about you that other girls don't have. You have no nonsense in you, not a bit! A man need not feel

ashamed of caring about you or trying to please you. I saw that long ago; you are a woman to do a man some good. You are not spoiled by society and all that rot. I suppose you never were in society—what they call society—in your life?"

"No, Mr. St. Paul; I never was. I never was in any house in London but Mr. Money's; I suppose that isn't society?"

"Well; there it is, you see. I like a girl who is not just the same pattern as every other girl. Look here! I don't say that I am madly in love with you in that sentimental way; I suppose that sort of thing does not last at my time of life with a man who has knocked about the world as I have; but I do say that you are the pleasantest woman I know, and the cleverest, and I'm sure the best; and you are the only woman I would marry."

"But I am afraid, Mr. St. Paul, that we like to be loved in that sentimental way, we foolish girls. I don't think I could be quite pleased with anything else; and I am glad you are so candid as to tell me the whole truth." Minola now thought she saw a way of getting good-humoredly out of the affair without seeming to take it too seriously.

"Not a bit of it; you are not that sort; you have too much sense for nonsense like that. Why, just listen. I was sentimentally in love before I was quite twenty years old—I wonder what age were you then—and I was wild to be allowed to marry a poor girl, the daughter of the fellow who taught me French. Didn't I get into a nice row at home? and the poor girl, they hunted her out of the place—my people did—as if she and her old father had been mad dogs. I dare say my people were right enough in opposing such a marriage; I dare say I should have been tired of her long ago; but if you want sentimental love and so forth, that was my time for it, and that was what it all came to."

"You are glad now you did not marry her," Minola said; "you will

be glad some time that you did not marry me. I will be generous to you, Mr. St. Paul; I will not take you at your word."

"No, no! that's all nonsense; you don't understand. I only told you about that to show you how that sort of sentimental love is nothing at all. I know what I am about now; I know my own mind; it would be time for me, by Jove! Yes; I know my own mind."

"So do I; and I can't accept your offer, Mr. St. Paul."

"But you have not told me a single reason yet——"

"I don't want to marry; I had much rather remain as I am. I am not a great admirer of men in general, and I think I am more likely to be happy living as I do."

"If you marry me," he said, "you may live in any part of the world you like, and any street you like, and any way you like."

Minola smiled. "How happily you would pass your life," she said, "living in the west centre of London with me and Mary Blanchet!"

"Well, if the wandering fit came on me, and I wanted a rush half across the world, and you did not care to come too, you might please yourself, and remain here with old Mary until I came back. I rather like old Mary; I met her a few moments ago."

"I fear it would not do, Mr. St. Paul."

"You bet it would—I mean I am quite sure you and I could hit it off admirably, if you'll only give us the chance and let us try."

"But if we tried it, and did not hit it off, what then?"

"I know we should; I know it. And do you know, Miss Grey, I have often thought that you rather liked me? I don't mean the sentimental falling in love, and all that. You are too sensible a girl for that; and I'm not exactly the sort of fellow to make a woman feel in that way. But I often thought you rather liked me, and liked to talk to me, and did not look at me

with horror as if I were a sort of out-cast, don't you know?"

Minola saw the great virtue of being frank and outspoken with this strange lover.

"You are quite right, Mr. St. Paul; I did rather like you, and I do still. I did like to talk with you, and I did not feel any particular alarm when you were good enough to talk to me. I fancied that you liked to talk to me."

"You couldn't well avoid thinking that," he said with a smile; "for whenever I saw you in the corner of a room I made for you at once. I liked you from the first moment I saw you. Do you remember the day I first saw you?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. St. Paul; perfectly well."

"Come, then; tell me something about it."

"It was at Mrs. Money's one day. I was there in the drawing-room, and you came in with Mr. Money. It is not so long ago that I should forget it." Minola had other memories, too, connected with the day which she did not disclose to Mr. St. Paul, but which brought a faint color into her cheeks.

"Yes, yes; that was the day. I had seen one of old Money's daughters—the younger one, the girl that is going to be married to that young fool Heron—and when I came into the drawing-room I thought you were the other daughter; and I said to myself that, by Jove, Money's elder daughter was worth a dozen of the other, and that I shouldn't be half sorry if she would marry me. I hadn't spoken a word to you then. So, you see, it is not an idea taken up on the spur of the moment."

"I am greatly obliged to you, Mr. St. Paul——"

He made a deprecating gesture. Minola went on:

"And I do feel indeed that you have paid me a compliment and done me an honor. But will you take me at my word, and believe that indeed, indeed, I never could accept your offer?"

It is out of the question. Mr. St. Paul, I may speak out with you? If I were in love with you, I would not marry you."

"Why not?" he asked almost vehemently, as he confronted her.

"Well; because we are not the sort of people to be married; we have such different ways, and such different friends——"

"By the way," he struck in, "that reminds me—your speaking about friends—of something I wanted to say; I am glad I have thought of it before you made up your mind. It's this—I hear you have money, or houses, or something of that kind. Well, don't you see, if you marry me you can give it all, whatever it is, to old Mary what's-her-name. I don't want a dollar of it; I have plenty; so just take that into account before you decide."

"Thank you, Mr. St. Paul. I should have expected some generosity from you."

"It isn't every fellow would do it, take my word for that."

"No, I suppose not; if I gave any one the chance. But I don't mean to do so, Mr. St. Paul. If I wished to marry, I don't really know that I should refuse your offer. I am sure you would be more generous than most men, and I do like you; but, indeed, the thing is out of the question. We have no tastes or habits in common; and you would be tired of me very soon."

"Not a bit of it; we have tastes in common. I don't know any woman who can understand a joke so well as you can; and you don't always suppose everybody is in earnest, as women generally do. Most women are so dreadfully serious—don't you know?—that I find it a trial to talk to them. You are not like that."

"No," said Minola quietly; "I don't insist on people always being in earnest; and so I shan't treat you as if you were in earnest now."

"But I am in earnest; and I tell you what, Miss Grey, you must be in earnest too. I must have a serious, de-

liberate answer from you. I tell you on my honor, and on my oath, if you will allow me, that you are the only girl in the world I would marry; and I must be treated like a man in earnest and have a serious answer."

"I have given you my answer already, Mr. St. Paul. I can't say anything more."

"Then you won't have me?" he asked, taking his hat from the table on which he had laid it.

"No, Mr. St. Paul."

"And this is quite serious, and for the very last time—as the children say?" and he held out one hand toward her.

She put her hand frankly into his.

"It is quite serious, and for the very, very last time."

She felt a strong grip on her hand, so strong that it hurt her keenly for the moment. But she did not wince or make any attempt to draw the hand away. He released it in an instant.

"Well, I'm sorry," he said, "and that's all about it. I had hopes that I might have persuaded you, don't you know?—not that I thought a fine girl like you was likely to be in love with a fellow like me; but that I fancied you could do with me, on the whole, better than with some others. You see I was not too self-conceited in the matter, Miss Grey. Well; that's all over, and there's an end of it. Good-by; I dare say I shan't see you soon again. I shall be off for another run round the world. On the whole, I don't see anything better to do just now."

He was going.

"I am sorry if I have disappointed you; I am indeed," she said, and held out her hand to him again.

The bold blue eyes showed a gleam of a softer light in them.

"Oh, never mind about me, Miss Grey; I shall come all right, you needn't fear. I told you, you know, that I had outlived the age when men break their hearts; and, by Jove, a year ago I should have said I had outlived the age when I could ask any

woman on earth to marry me. But I'll come all right; and I forgive you," he added with a laugh; "although at my time of life we don't like to make fools of ourselves before women. Good-by. If you are in London when I come here next, I'll look you up; and if you want anything done then in the electioneering way, I'm your man. Hullo! here's old Mary back. I saw her passing the window. Good morning, Miss Grey; good morning."

He nodded in his old, familiar, easy way, and was out of the room somehow before Mary Blanchet got into it. Minola hardly saw how he got away. There was an odd moisture in her eyes and a swimming in her head, which made it hard for her all at once to fall into talk with little Mary.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MEMBER FOR KEETON.

"The member for Keeton!" How strange it seemed to Minola that Victor Heron should thus have come to be connected in the mind of every one with the old home of her youth. On the day, not to be forgotten by her, when she saw him for the first time at Mr. Money's door, who could have thought that such a thing as that was likely to come to pass? Ah, who could have thought that other things yet more deeply concerning her were likely to come to pass? We may be all excused if sometimes, under the pressure of some peculiar pain, or in the exaltation of some peculiar joy, we tell ourselves that there is a special fate in the things that concern us, and that the Destinies have our lives expressly in their care to gladden or to punish us. It is something of a consolation apparently to think that this trial, which we find it hard to bear, is not such as falls to the chance lot of ordinary mortals, but is set out by some special destiny for us alone. To Minola there seemed something fateful in the way in which Victor Heron had been so often and strangely made to

cross her path. "The member for Keeton"—and she had, it would seem, made him member for Keeton. In her brighter moments she was sometimes amazed and amused to think of the extraordinary part she had been made to play in the political affairs of her native town. If she had been inclined to vanity, she might have found some consolation for any disappointment of her own in the homage that had been paid to her by such different admirers. But it gave her neither pride nor pleasure to know that some men admired her whom she could not admire in turn. "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" was the thought that often filled her; and she cordially applied it to herself as well as to others. In truth, her secret love would in any case have kept her pure of vanity. Her pain gave her sympathy and made her strong.

Meanwhile the months went on, and she saw little or nothing of the member for Keeton—her member in a double sense: the representative of her borough, and returned by herself. The time of the honorable gentleman was now pretty fully engaged. He had no free hours left for strolls in Regent's park even if he had been at all inclined to go in that direction. He found himself more and more closely occupied by day and night. Victor Heron was successful in a double sense; he was a political and a social success. He had spoken in the House of Commons, and he had, by universal acknowledgment, made a hit. There is hardly any other success so delightful, so rich in immediate effect, left in our modern English life. His manner was fresh, easy, and animated, with now and then a stronger dash of something that went as near to eloquence as our House of Commons will endure in these days. He knew his subject—a question of foreign policy—thoroughly, and he was never dry or heavy. Then he became a social success as well, and at once. He was invited everywhere. He was envied for many things: for his political

chances, for his prospects as one who would probably be able to "entertain his party," and for the prospective possession of the very pretty girl who was seen so often with him, who was known to be the owner of a large fortune, and whom he was, everybody said, about to marry.

Heron never knew what an important person he had become until he saw the difference which his altered position made in the number and kind of the letters which he found on his table every morning. They lay there in piles: letters on all manner of political, social, industrial, educational questions; letters from inventors, from theorists, from men—oh, how many of these there were!—from men with grievances; not a few from women with grievances. He soon found that even to look into half the questions of this kind which he was besought to investigate for himself would take up his whole time every day and night, making no allowance for food or sleep. At first, remembering his own grievance, he used to make a desperate effort to grapple with this huge bulk of complaint. Then he called in the aid of a secretary, and tried in this way to accomplish the task, and to be member for the aggrieved generally. But even this had to be given up. A staff of secretaries would have been necessary to get through the mere reading and answering of letters in cases with which, when he had mastered their details, he usually found that he could do absolutely nothing. This was in itself a disappointment and a pain to our young Quixote. He found that the task of redressing all or half the supposed human wrong that thrust itself querulously upon his notice would have been beyond his power, even though his summers to such length of years should come as those of the many-wintered crow himself.

He was approaching, and with every prospect of success, the great business which had brought him back to England. He had given notice of a motion to call the attention of the House

of Commons to the whole subject connected with his administration of the St. Xavier's Settlements, and to move a resolution on it; and he had obtained a day for the debate, and a very animated and interesting discussion was expected. It had been hinted to him that if he merely wanted another appointment, and a much better one, the government would be only too delighted to avail themselves of his services, and it was gently suggested that there never was any intention to visit his former administration with any censure whatever. But Victor remained, it is needless to say, absolutely deaf to all such suggestions as this. He desired to vindicate a principle, he said, and not to satisfy any personal interest. It is needless, perhaps, also to say that the suggestion was made to him in the most cautious and unofficial way. It was made by a mediator, who, if Heron had shown any disposition to accept it, would soon have put him in the way of receiving an official offer, but who, the moment it was declined, was able to speak of it as a personal suggestion or conjecture, only offered in the beaten way of friendship, and binding nobody to anything.

All this made a change in the position of Mr. Heron since the time, not so long ago, when he came to London almost unknown, and for a while haunted vainly the ante-chambers of great officials, and could not even get to speech of them. Victor was modest enough, and often thought with a kind of wonder and humiliation of the chance he once so nearly ran of sinking down to be the mere possessor of a grievance, or one possessed by it, going round the world of London pestering people with the tale of a wrong in which they felt no manner of interest. He could not but feel proud and happy at some moments when he thought of the change a short time had brought about for him. He was well aware that he owed three-fourths of his success to the advice and the energy of Mr. Money. If he had not stepped

out on the balcony of the Louvre Hotel in Paris that memorable night, he might never have met Mr. Money, and things might have been so different. In all his pride and his gratitude were there ever moments when he was inclined to wish that he had not stepped out on that balcony, and that things had been different?

Was our young Quixote ungrateful or hard to satisfy? was he morbidly discontented, or mean, or intolerably fickle, or absurdly self-conceited? No; he was not any of these things. Yet it is certain that he was not happy. He had won success; he seemed likely to win much more, and he was already looking back many a time, and with genuine bitterness of regret, to the bright days when he appeared to be all a failure. Except in moments of excitement Victor Heron was unhappy. He made his moments of excitement as many as he could, and he dreaded when they were over. He dreaded to be alone, and even that was not the worst, for there was society which gave him more pain than any solitude. When he came home of nights he sometimes sat in his chair and leaned his chin on his hand, and remained there for an hour thinking. Any one who had seen him at such times would have wisely said the late hours of the House of Commons were telling heavily on him already, he looked so haggard.

He was indeed in a miserable dilemma, if that could by any possibility be called a dilemma which seemed to have no alternative or second way to it or out of it. He had made a fearful mistake and found it out too late. In an impulse of gratitude, regard, surprise, generous humiliation, he had believed himself in love with Lucy Money—when he saw beyond mistake that she was in love with him. For a moment that light seemed to surround her in which a man sees the chosen one—the only one, the loved. The moment he saw that the sweet, good girl was in love with him, it seemed as if heaven, and gratitude, and fate

ordered him to marry her, and for the hour it was easy for him to believe that he loved her. Nor did the glamour pass away all at once. For some time yet he continued to believe that he had all he desired in life; that he loved and was happy, and had indeed found measureless content. There may have been even then a sense of unsatisfied craving in his heart, as of something missing which he had once hoped to find and possess. But he shut all such vague emotions down, and pressed the lid of what he told himself were his real convictions strongly down upon them. He told himself that he was happy. It has come far on the way toward unhappiness when a young man has to tell himself that he is happy in the woman he is to marry. Victor Heron caught himself arguing the question sometimes, and started and turned his thoughts another way, as some good person might have done in older days if he found a diabolical temptation inducing him to blaspheme a saint or question his own faith.

The horizon only began to grow darker as his knowledge of himself and his state of mind grew clearer. Then there followed an interval during which he felt like one conscience-stricken. It seemed to him that in admitting to himself what he felt, he was doing a wrong to poor Lucy which no kindness and no devotion on his part could atone for. Now came fits of devoted attention to her, when the poor little maid thought that never had there been a lover like hers, and her soul floated softly in a golden haze of affection and gratitude. Then came what we may call the common-sense and worldly mood, when Victor Heron strove to get himself to regard his engagement as an ordinary young man of sense would doubtless have regarded it. He told himself that, after all, he ought to be one of the happiest of men; that he was going to have a charming young wife, as sweet a woman as any in the world. He remembered how Coleridge had said that a

Desdemona is the wife that in his heart every man would like to have. He argued with himself about the impossibility of having everything exactly as one would appoint it for himself; and he sometimes marvelled how so sweet a girl as Lucy ever could have cared about him. On the whole, he reasoned with himself as a sensitive and unworldly young man like him might be supposed to do, who has in a moment of impulse committed himself to a responsibility which he cannot any longer even wish to avoid. In truth it was his grievance and not himself that was to blame. His grievance had so possessed and absorbed him that he had not had time or thought for anything else. He had never asked of his heart what it would have until the hour for such a question had gone by. There was left to him one general frank resolve, to do his duty and make the very best of everything, and make, above all, those happy whose happiness in any way depended on him. After all, perhaps, marriage is not very often undertaken in much better spirit. A man's life, he had always heard from wise people, lies for the most part outside home and love.

But the member for Keeton kept clear of Miss Minola Grey. He did so rather in obedience to an undefined instinct than to any deliberate resolve. He had not searched into his own feelings—rather, indeed, he had resolutely kept from all such search. But he avoided Minola Grey. Their sudden and sincere friendship had suddenly come to an end somehow. He thought that for some reason she had lately been displeased with him, and on the whole he was not sorry. It was better so. He heard of her a great deal from Lucy and from others, but he saw her very seldom.

One afternoon, early, Minola set out to pay a visit to Lucy Money. Lucy had written her a reproachful letter because she had not come more often lately, and insisting that she must see “*dear, darling Nola at once, at once!*”

because of something most particular on which she wanted her advice “so much, oh, so much!” Minola had not great faith, perhaps, in the importance of the matter in hand, but she went promptly to see her friend. When she got to the house in Victoria street, she was shown at once into the drawing-room, and sat down, expecting every moment to hear the light step of Lucelet. But Lucelet had gone out for a short time, and had only left instructions that if Miss Grey came, she was to be shown into the drawing-room without a word, lest she might go away if she were told in the first instance that she, Lucy, was not at home. While Minola was waiting, the member for Keeton called; and the member for Keeton now was hardly supposed to ask any question, but to go and come in the house as though it were his own. If Lucy was not at home, some other member of the family was likely to be, and, if any one was there, it was assumed that Mr. Heron would come in and talk, and wait.

Minola sat down to the piano to beguile the time, and began to sing and play to herself in her soft, pure, low tones. She sang the song of the lover's farewell to Northmaven, and to the maid who was to look over the wild waves in vain for the skiff of him who came not again—the song from “*The Pirate*,” which she had herself adapted to the music of an old ballad. When Victor approached the drawing-room, and heard the sound of the piano, he thought at first that Lucy was the performer, and he paused a moment to listen, without interrupting her. But as the voice reached his ears, he knew its tones and he knew the song, and remembered when he had heard it last—when he had heard it first. The blood rushed into his face, and he literally started back. His sensitive lips trembled; his hands caught at his moustache in his old way when something excited or embarrassed him; and a sound almost like a groan involuntarily broke from him. Oh, how unhappy, how wretch-

ed he felt at that moment! and how like some one guilty of a crime or a deceit, merely because of the pain that he could not conceal from himself any more! At first he drew back and was about to go away. But he recovered himself, and asked of himself what possible excuse he could give to Lucy when she heard that he had actually been in the house, as she must hear from the servants, and that he had gone away without seeing her. He assumed that Lucy was in the drawing-room with Minola, and at that very moment they might come out and see him retreating as if he were a detected robber. He felt ashamed now of the sudden, absurd instinct of flight, and the ignoble, guilty suggestions it brought with it. "In heaven's name," he thought, "why should I back out? Why should I not see Miss Grey or anybody else? Am I a fool or a boy?" He went on and crossed the threshold; and then for the first time he saw that Miss Grey was alone. It was too late to retreat, even though she was alone, for she had heard his footsteps, and stopped her song and rose from the piano, and waited to receive him.

"Oh—Miss Grey—I hope you are well!" was the remarkable observation with which Victor began.

"Quite well, thank you," was the appropriate reply.

There was much embarrassment on both sides. Naturally the man was the more embarrassed of the two. On him fell in all duty the responsibility of conducting the conversation. Yet having got thus far he did not seem inclined to try any further.

"I thought I should find Lucy in," Minola said, since it seemed clear that she must say something, or let silence settle down upon them.

"I thought she would be here too," he said. "I suppose she has gone out."

This was so obvious an inference that it hardly called for addition or supplement of any kind. Minola said, "I suppose so," and that attempt appeared likely to come to an end.

"I hope you like the House of Commons," Minola began again.

"Oh, yes, certainly; very much! that is, I like it very well indeed. Have you never gone to hear a debate?"

"No, never."

"You must go. Oh, yes, you ought to go! You could go some night with Miss Money."

"With Lucy?"

"Yes, with Lucy I mean, of course."

He spoke in a sort of irritated way, very unlike the old manner of the chivalrous man with a grievance.

"I should like to go very much," Minola said; "I should like to hear you speak."

"Oh, I shan't speak often! I shan't speak, perhaps, more than once again; I don't care to be one of the talkers; I haven't the gift to make much of that sort of thing."

"I heard that you were a great success."

"Who told you so?" He put the question with some of his old directness, but not with the kind of boyish friendliness that used to make his simple straightforwardness seem sweet and genial. Now his tone sounded almost harshly. Minola began to think that his manners were not improving in his Parliamentary career. Is it possible, she thought, that success is already spoiling him?

"Several persons told me," she answered quietly; "and I read it in the papers. I am fond of reading the papers."

"Several persons told you so? Who were they?"

"Well, let me see"—Minola became all the more composed and mistress of herself in proportion as his manner seemed to grow more brusque and odd—"Mr. Money told me for one; and of course Lucy told me; but she is prejudiced, and counts for nothing; and Mr. Sheppard told me."

"Do you see him often—Sheppard?"

"Not very often."

"When is he trying for Parliament again?"

"I don't know."

"But you wish him success surely?"

"I shall wish him success if it does him any good, or makes him at all happy—or improves him in any way," Miss Misanthrope said demurely.

"You think it does not always improve people to be in the House of Commons?" Victor said, with a somewhat forced smile.

"Not always perhaps; but I have had so little opportunity of judging."

There was a moment of silence.

"I don't think I can wait any longer," Victor said. "Are you waiting to see Lucy, Miss Grey?"

If Minola had spoken out the plain truth, she would have said that if he was going to wait, she was not, and that if he was going away, she would stay. Perhaps if he had spoken out the plain truth, he for his part would have said much the same thing. As he was evidently going, she said—

"Yes, I shall stay until she comes in. I shall take up a book and read. She will not be very long away, I should think."

"Will you be kind enough to tell her that I was here, and waited for her some time?"

"Certainly; with pleasure."

He seemed to be going and yet he did not go. In truth he was only thinking whether he ought to shake hands with her in ordinary friendly fashion, or whether he had better make a bow, and so take himself off. Not a matter of great moment, it might appear, and yet it was enough to torment Heron just then. If he seemed cold and distant and unfriendly, would not Miss Grey wonder at his manner, and perhaps think him rude and uncivil, or think him changed, and begin to conjecture what the reason of the change might be? If he showed himself friendly in the old way, would she become also friendly in the old way; and would not that perhaps be rather more of an ordeal than he could safely bear? But as he glanced toward her he thought he saw a look of surprise on her face,

and this settled the matter. He could not allow her to think him cold or rude; and why should he not try to show himself as a friend?

Minola was seated, and had already taken up a book. He went up to her and held out his hand. Then he noticed for the first time how pale she was looking.

"Good morning, Miss Grey," he said. "I am sorry I have to go so soon; it seems so long since we exchanged a word."

With this happily chosen speech he came to a pause.

A faint color came over the paleness of her face.

"You have become a public man now," she said, with desperate ease, "and your time is occupied. But we shall meet sometimes, I hope. I shall be always delighted."

There are incidents of martyrdom, perhaps, with which it is less difficult for the sufferer to deal than it was for Minola to assume the expression of smiling friendly ease that accompanied these words. Even as she spoke them she was thinking of how often she had warmly disputed the truth of Thackeray's constant assertion, that women are all skilled by nature in hypocrisy. She felt that she was then playing the hypocrite with a skill which she would once have believed it impossible for her to attain, and with a skill, too, which once she would have despised herself for possessing.

"Do you still walk in Regent's park sometimes?" he asked.

"Yes, very often."

"I have not been there this long time."

"Oh, no, you have no time for that sort of thing now, I am glad to think. That is for idlers."

Meanwhile the ceremony of shaking hands had been duly executed. Victor was going, when his eyes fell on the book she had in her hand. He stopped again.

"That is Blanchet's volume of poems, isn't it?" he asked.

"Is it? Oh, yes, of course it is! I

had only just taken it up, and I hadn't noticed." She colored a little, a very little. She was somewhat embarrassed by his discovery of the fact that she had not known what book she held in her hand.

"Do you know, Miss Grey, that I always feel some remorse of conscience about that book? It was a shame that you should have been allowed to pay all that money; you ought to have allowed some one to share the cost with you at least."

"But I explained to you at the time all about that; I could not allow my Mary Blanchet to be indebted to any one but me for any kindness. There was some selfishness in that I know; but I could not help the feeling. And in any case I am sure Mary would have been wretched at the idea of any one doing it but me. So it was not all selfishness on my part."

"The idea of your doing anything selfish! I don't believe you ever thought of yourself in all your life. Well, you were very generous to poor Blanchet. I hope at least he will not prove himself ungrateful."

"Oh, I don't want him to be grateful! I dare say he would be as grateful as any one else—any other man I mean, of course—if I wanted him to be."

Victor smiled the most natural and genuine smile he had yet shown during their conversation.

"Now you want to become the Miss Misanthrope again," he said. "But it doesn't deceive us who know you, Miss Grey. It was I who called you Miss Misanthrope, wasn't it—who suggested the name, I mean?"

"Yes, I believe it was. I am very well content with the name, and I think myself fairly entitled to bear it."

"Not you," he said; "I knew it didn't apply then, and I know it far better now."

"But to be a Miss Misanthrope isn't to be a criminal."

"No; but you couldn't be a misanthrope, unless in some time when there was no possibility left of trying

to prove that you loved the human race."

"Which, however, I can assure you, I do not."

"All the same, you try to help people. Well, good morning."

"Here is Lucy," said Minola, looking up. "I am so glad you did not go at once."

Lucy ran into the room dressed as she had just come in from the carriage. She rushed at Minola and embraced her.

"So you were not going to wait for me?" she said breathless, and pointing to the hat which Victor held in his hand. "Yes, I know you were impatient, like all men, and you were for darting away, only dear Nola kept you and would not let you go! Now that was so kind of you, Nola."

"But, dear, I can't take the compliment or the thanks; it was no doing of mine; Mr. Heron was just going, only that you came in time and stopped him."

"I did not know when you were coming back, or whether you were coming at all," Victor said, "or I shouldn't have thought of going away; but I really have lots of things to do."

"Well, I am glad to hear that you were growing impatient," Lucy said with a smile, "for it looks as if you missed me, Victor; and I like you to miss me when I am away. It was Theresa who would have me to go out with her; and she said that there was some committee or something, and that you could not be here to-day, Victor—somebody told her."

Lucy looked very pretty. There was a light of surprise and gratification on her face because of the unexpected coming of Victor, which almost supplied the place of the expression that high intelligence can lend. Minola looked at her with sincere admiration, and could not wonder that she had found a lover even in a man who might be supposed to seek naturally for a level of intellectual companionship higher than hers. But Victor

was for the moment silent, nor did he and Minola speak to each other again until Victor rose to go, saying he had only looked in to see Lucy for a moment, and that he had an appointment.

"You are coming to dinner?" Lucy asked, with a color of anxiety and hope on her pretty face.

He shook his head.

"I am afraid not," he said. "I fancy your father and I must put up with a hasty dinner got anyhow this evening, Lucy."

He was bowing to Miss Grey and about to go when Lucy said—

"Have you two been quarrelling, might I ask? Victor, do you generally take leave of Nola in that cool sort of way? Why, you used to be such friends."

"I am sure I hope we are 'such friends' still," Minola began, with a strenuous effort to be at ease.

"As good friends as ever," Victor rather awkwardly added.

"Then why don't you shake hands?" inquired the pertinacious little Lucy. "Give me thy hand, terrestrial—so," she said, seizing one of Victor's hands in hers, and continuing one of the Shakespearian quotations which she had caught up from Minola, and was rather proud to display—"give me thy hand, celestial—yes, Nola darling, you deserve to be called celestial, I think—give me thy hand, celestial—so"; and with pretty and gracious compulsion she drew Minola and Victor together, and placed Minola's hand in his and made them clasp.

The friendly clasp was over in a moment. But in that short moment the eyes of Minola and of Victor met unavoidably, suddenly, for the first time that day, and then were as suddenly withdrawn; and each knew for the first time, and now to the full, what a misfortune had fallen on them all; and Lucy looked from one face to the other and felt her heart stand still.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A LOUNGE IN THE PARK.

It is true that this man and woman knew by one single meeting of the eyes that secret which he had never known before, and which she had never dreamed of. But each, as we have seen, was fatally prepared for the discovery. Each had for some time—one of the two for a long time—been brooding over the thought which represented one half of the secret. Each heart was prepared to receive the impression of the other. The two natures were ready to affect each other as two substances are—as flint and steel are, as the burning-glass and the darkened paper. If any one could have asked Minola Grey whether she thought Victor Heron loved her, she would have answered, if she thought such a question worth answering at all, that he did not; that he never had cared about her, except perhaps as a friend. If Victor were asked whether he thought Minola cared about him, he would have answered in all good faith, that he believed of late she rather disliked him than otherwise. Yet it is certain that each learned the secret of the other in the same moment as each glance betrayed its own secret. Come what would, from that moment these two were isolated from all others by their common knowledge of the truth.

That was a trying hour for Minola which she spent in Victoria street after Heron had gone. It was not perhaps less trying for Lucy; but Minola did not then know that. Fortunately for both of them, Lucy and her mother had an engagement that evening which made it impossible for Mrs. Money to press Minola to stay long with them. It was lucky, too, that visitors came in, and that while Minola was there she and Lucy were not left alone. If Minola had been less distracted than she was, she must have seen how very different Lucy's manner was from that which was usual to her; and how she was in alternation of wild, flighty spirits, and

strange, shy, shrinking despondency. But in truth Minola's soul was all engrossed in the terror of the discovery she had made and the necessity of hiding it, of burying it, at all risks. She was so little used to concealment or suspicion of any kind that it never occurred to her to think that perhaps Lucy might have seen what she had seen. Had the two girls been left alone for a moment, some revelation, some explanation, must perhaps have come. But contrary to her usual way, Lucy did not try to get her friend into a separate corner or a separate room with her, and Minola was only filled by the one desire to get decently away, out of the house and into the open air. She felt like some one shamed and guilty, like some treacherous, deceitful friend who had no right to stand beneath that roof any more. There were moments when the whole horizon of her hope seemed bounded by the moment when she could once more be in the open street, and free of the house which had always given her so kind a welcome.

Victor Heron walked slowly along Victoria street. The day was warm and sunny; the spring was growing rapidly toward summer. Even the sombre lines of Victoria street were cheered and gladdened by the bright and youthful beauty of the season and of the day. The sense and sight of all this spring loveliness, tantalizing often, even to happy dwellers in the town, because it told them of the delights of the country they could not reach just then, sent a new pang into the heart of the distracted Heron. He had some appointments to keep, some persons to see, but he was unable to think of anything then but himself and his misfortune. He sauntered slowly, with dragging steps, almost like an invalid, into St. James's park, and sat down there and looked on the ground, and appeared, for the time, to be engrossed in drawing lines on the dust of the walk beneath him with the point of his cane.

He knew it all now. For some time

back he had known only too well the state of his own feelings. He had known it, although he shrank, as far as he could, from any search into his heart to find what stirred it so, holding it a sort of treason to his engagement, and to the girl who loved him, to ask any question of himself which must be a secret from her. But despite of this it had become known to him only too well that he had made a terrible mistake so far as his own fate was concerned. Yet what was that compared with what he now knew? This morning his course was clear. He had nothing greatly to repent of. He believed that he could not possibly have had the woman he loved and would have chosen; it was not much of a sacrifice to marry the sweet girl who loved him, certainly not wisely, but far too well. But now he had the misery of knowing that it was only his own fatal and stupid blindness that had stood in the first instance between the girl he loved and him. She too was to be a sacrifice. There were three unhappy creatures linked together in a cruel bond of misfortune, which might never have been forged for them but for his astounding folly and darkness. There was no way out of it now but with misery to all. He was so tortured by the thought of the unhappiness he had brought on others that he had hardly yet a sense of mere regret for the happiness that might have been his. It was but after some period of distracted emotion that he began to be able to think of this.

Sudden and wholly unexpected as the discovery of the morning had been, there was no shadow of a doubt left on his mind as to its genuineness. It was an instant—a flash of bewildered, pathetic light in a girl's eye, that drooped and turned away in the very glance—and he was as certain that Minola Grey and he stood isolated from all the world by a reciprocal and hopeless love as he was that the sun was now shining on his pain. He had little experience in love-making, but he knew this. All now seemed

clear to him. Every strange word or mood or look of Minola which had puzzled him in other days, was made clear to him now. Words and looks that he positively had forgotten, came back, living and burning, on his memory. All was now made consistent, like a well written tale—like a harmony. Yes; he might have been happy. She would have loved him. She was the only being on earth in whose company he had always felt that he could be quite himself, and all that was best in him seemed to grow without effort. She would have loved him! He would have had in her a companion to share every mood and feeling and hope. To her intellect he could have looked up as well as to her heart. Good heavens! How did he fail to know all that before? When he found that involuntarily there was growing up in him a love for every place in which he knew that she walked; when the sound of her footfall brought a joy with it; when the voice of her singing made his heart thrill—how could he have failed, even for a moment, to know that it all meant, not friendship, but love?

She knows it all now, he kept thinking. He knew by the expression in her eyes that he had betrayed his secret as she had betrayed hers. Her life, too, was spoiled. And poor Lucy—the affectionate, innocent girl whose unsuspecting little freak of playful, childish confidence had of itself brought about all this discovery—was there to be no feeling, no pity, for her? The very thought of the simplicity with which Lucy had brought their hands together was a new pain. She seemed so innocent and he seemed so treacherous. In his misery he grievously exaggerated his own fault, and thought of his impulsive error as if it were a treason and a crime.

What fatality sent him into that place to remain there so long? Why did he not shake off all the brooding that was so futile, at least until his hours of work were over, and he was

free to brood and be miserable alone? What has a busy man, for whom all sorts of persons and affairs are waiting, to do with sentimental regrets and the lamentations of a ruined lover—at least what has he to do with them in the daytime? He was sitting there in a broad walk, near the little lake; and the seat he sat on was just near a turn of the walk, so that any promenader might come on him unthinking, and recognize him before he had time either to rise and go away, or to compose himself into attitude and demeanor less likely to attract attention. Poor Victor thought nothing of all this. He had forgotten for the time all business and appointments and constituents, and only knew what had happened that morning, and that he was very unhappy, and had made others so. But if he committed a breach of duty as a public man in thus idling away his time, his error did not go unpunished, for a step came near him, and he looked up, and he saw Minola Grey. He had just been saying to himself again and again, as one who is stamping a resolve down into his mind: "Come what will, let any one suspect what he likes, I must not see her any more." He was thinking, with a certain grim satisfaction, of the probability of his soon getting some colonial appointment, and of the quickness with which he would leave England; and when he could not help asking himself how poor little Lucy would like such exile from her family and her friends, he answered firmly that anything would be better than the chance of seeing Minola Grey. And now he looked up, and Minola Grey was there before him, and saw him.

He had staid too long in that place. For Minola, leaving Lucy with a heart bursting to be relieved from the restraint that was on it, had remembered, just as she was in the street, that if she went any way in the direction of the House of Commons, she might very possibly meet Victor Heron, or at least Mr. Money. So she turned

away and made up her mind to go through the Park, and out into Waterloo Place, and home to the west centre by that way.

She was close upon Victor before she saw him, and they saw each other at the same moment. So much change had been made for both of them by that one glance from each in the morning, that it did not seem possible to Minola to make any attempt at mere acquaintanceship and casual conversation any more. She had no time to think. She did not well know what she was doing, but she was passing Heron without a single word, or more than a scared and startled look.

An instant before, Victor had made up his mind that, come what would, he must not meet her any more. Yet, by a strange inconsistency, he was made angry by her attempt to pass him without a word. He resented it as though it were a casting of deliberate scorn on him. For the moment he almost looked on Minola as one might look on an accomplice who turns away from his friend in some hour of trial.

He leaped from his seat and went toward her, and prevented her from going any further.

"Are you not going to speak to me?" he asked.

She stopped and looked down, and tried to seem composed. A woman seldom so loses her sense of the proprieties of things as not to keep in mind the fact that there are people likely to pass by and take account of unusual demeanor. Minola saw, too, that Victor Heron was not in a mood to remember that or anything else just then; and that for his sake and hers she must give some way to his humor. She was trying to compose herself to this when he repeated his question.

"What shall I say, Mr. Heron?" she asked gently, and in a tone of subdued remonstrance. "I don't see any use in anything I can say: it is all so very unhappy."

It was strange how they both as-

sumed the reality of the discovery that each had made. It was curious how each assumed that in the other's mind was a clear understanding of the meaning of every word. There was no supposed need of explanation. Between two natures alike so candid there was not the faintest attempt at any fencing off the reality.

Victor turned the way she was going and walked by her side. She had no power to prevent him, and was only somewhat relieved to find that they were going on.

There was silence for a moment or two; then Victor spoke.

"We are very unfortunate," he said; and there seemed to Minola something almost terrible in the simple acknowledgment of companionship involved in the little monosyllable "we."

"We are indeed," she said, accepting the companionship as an acknowledged reality.

"It was all my fault," he said. "I was a fool—a blind and foolish idiot. I only wish that I alone had to suffer for it: I do indeed."

"I am sure you do," Minola said. She knew him too well to doubt that it must be an added pain to him, things being as they were, that she should feel for him as he felt for her.

"You blame me for all this, Miss Grey?"

"Oh, no! I don't blame any one; yes; I blame myself, but only for allowing any one to know—it would not have been so bad only for that." She stopped; she feared she had said too much.

"How long have you known of this?" Victor asked. He walked slowly by her side, and looked, not at her, but down at the dusty path. It was curious how both spoke without any distinct reference to the matter of which they talked. All that was assumed between them. Between them now, as between the brother and sister in Goethe's tragedy, was to be the simple truth. That was the necessity of their condition.

"This long time; I don't know how

long, but very long," she answered. There was something peculiarly pathetic in the simple humility of her answer.

A groan came from Victor. A long time—and he had never known anything or thought of anything until lately, but rushed headlong on like a blind fool.

"Then all might have been well if I hadn't been a fool and a madman!" He struck the point of his walking-cane fiercely at the ground, as if he were stabbing at some enemy—himself perhaps.

Minola plucked up heart to say something which she thought she ought to say.

"I don't know, Mr. Heron;—I am afraid it would not have been much better—somebody would have had to suffer. There is—there is Lucy, you know; we must not forget her."

"Yes, yes," he said, "we must not forget her; it is not any fault of hers."

"Oh, no!"

"But when you knew this," he said, suddenly looking into Minola's face for the first time during this curious promenade, "why did you go on as if you never could like any one in the world? How was I to know? Good God! it never occurred to me to think that a woman like you could care for a man like me—in that sort of way. Do you remember when I told you one day, long ago, that I had a goddess theory about women? Do you remember my saying anything like that to you one day?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Heron, quite well!"

"That was true enough," he said with a sort of smile. "I did think of women like that. I thought of you as if you were a goddess, Miss Grey, and I did not believe it possible that such a woman as you could care about me. I was quite grateful when I found that poor little Lucy was foolish enough to think about me—I was indeed. But why did you play at being a hater of men and all that? Why did you deceive me? You should not have

stooped to any such follies. I knew you didn't really hate men or hate anybody; I knew you were a great deal too good for that; but I did believe you were not a girl to care about any of us in that way."

"I am sorry for any affectation of any kind; I don't suppose any good ever came of it; but I did believe that my feelings were like that at one time.

"But when you found that they weren't, then why did you keep up such a pretence any more?" He remonstrated in the earnest way of one who believes that he has been heavily wronged.

"I will tell you—I will tell you all the truth. I suppose we ought not to speak in this way at all; I suppose it is like a treason to Lucy, and to all our friends; I feel now almost like a traitor. But this is only for once, Mr. Heron, and to settle all; and perhaps we shall both be better, and see our way the clearer for having said this—although I came into this place only because I was afraid that if I went the other way, I might meet you—and see how things happen!"

She felt ashamed to go on; it was as if they were culprits. He too felt humbled to think that she should have had to try to avoid him.

"Well," he said, "you may as well speak out now the whole truth, and let us know once for all; I wish we had been a little more outspoken before this, both of us."

For the moment in his pain he seemed to forget that he only could have spoken out, and that he had not known truly what he would have until it was too late.

"No, it would have been no use," Minola said simply—"at least somebody would have had to suffer. The truth is this, Mr. Heron: Lucy told me long ago all that she felt, poor child. She trusted all her secret to me. What could I do after that, but try at least to keep my own? You do not suppose I was to go round the world—our little world I mean—as the girl who was in love, and whom nobody cared

about?" There was a natural touch of the "Miss Misanthrope" in Minola as she spoke these words.

"Then this was why you seemed to dislike people, because of that?"

"I didn't see anything else to do."

They walked on a few steps in silence.

"It's all hopeless now," Victor said.

"Hopeless as far as that goes, but not hopeless otherwise for you, Mr. Heron. You will be very happy some time."

He turned upon her almost angrily.

"Do you call that happy," he asked, "to be married to a woman I don't love, and to know that I might have married the woman I do love, and to know that it is all my own fault, and that I have done as much wrong and brought as much unhappiness to one as to the other? Do you think that is a prospect for a man to look out to and be happy? I wish to heaven I had been killed in any of these trumpery affairs out there!" He tossed his head impatiently and contemptuously, as indicating the St. Xavier Settlements, and the slight esteem in which he held his colonial career now. "I wish to God I had been killed there and forgotten before I ever saw her face or yours!"

The intensity of his tone when he spoke the word "forgotten" might have served as an indication of his character, for one of the passionate dreams of his youth and his manhood had been that his name should be remembered somehow, as that of a man who had done good work in the service of England. It may be that if he had had less of that sort of manly ambition, he might have better understood how to see his way in the more familiar trials of character. That ambition had supplied for him the place of the dreams of love, and of loving women, and of romance, and all the rest of it; and when the new feelings—new to him—came at last, he did not understand them as a commonplace young man would have been sure to do.

Minola listened to him quietly, and

let him speak all he cared to say just then. She answered after awhile.

"Oh, no, Mr. Heron, I don't mean that! I don't mean that you could help feeling this for a while. But you will grow reconciled after a little time; and you know how Lucy deserves to be loved—any one must love her, I think; and then you will have a career and success; and the lives of men are so full and so active, and you have so many things to think of; while we——"

She stopped. She did not care to utter the immemorial lament, the ever true, ever pathetic, pitiful lament, over the narrowness of woman's life, that was wailing in her heart at that moment—on that bright spring day in pleasant St. James's park.

But the words touched Victor profoundly. He turned away from thoughts of self to her.

"It's true," he said; "I suppose we have the best of it always. I was thinking of the shame that all this is to me. You don't feel that; you have done wrong to no one."

"I don't know," Minola answered sadly; "I think I am doing wrong in speaking of all this to you; I think I must have done some wrong when that can come to be possible, and when it seems the best thing left to do. I am Lucy's friend; she trusted all her secret to me—and now!"

"There is nothing to be done," Heron said moodily; as if it were possible to think of anything that could be done!

"Nothing, except to make the best of what is; and for you to make her happy, and to be a success; and to go back to the House of Commons now." She tried to speak in a firm and cheery tone.

"I can't even ask you to remember me——"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Heron! why not? If you think it likely that I should forget how kind you were and what a friend, then ask me to remember you by all means. I shall remember you whether you ask me or not."

"And you," he asked, looking round at her—"do you ask me to remember you?"

"No; you will remember me, I know—why should you not? We shall have to meet again sometimes, I suppose, and why should we not be friends?"

He understood her this time. She was making a determined effort to replace their relation to each other on the basis of friendship. She had said all she meant to say about other feelings, and how they came to be felt in vain. He respected her decision, as indeed he now respected all she said or did. Up to that time they had both spoken with a certain shamefacedness and contrition, as if both were conscious of degradation in their strange and chance confidence. From the time when she spoke these words they both became calmer, and looked around with less sense of humiliation.

A hurrying step was heard behind them. Victor stopped and turned round. "How is it with me when every noise appalls me?" How is it with us when we start at a hurried step on the path behind us? This was a very harmless intruder. It was a poor woman who had picked up something, with which she was hastening after Minola. As Victor stopped and she came up with him first, she spoke to him in good-natured breathlessness:

"It's the handkerchief, sir, the lady dropped—your good lady; I saw it on the walk, and I said to my husband, it belongs to the gentleman or his wife." She handed the kerchief to Victor, delighted to have been of any service to any one.

Minola heard the well-meant words as well as Victor. She could not keep the color from her cheeks; but she took the kerchief, and was able to thank the poor woman in coherent words, and even with a bright smile.

They only walked a few yards on together. At the first turning to which they came Minola stopped.

"Good-by, Mr. Heron. I am going

this way." She did not give her hand.

"Good-by," he said; and then came toward her and held out his hand. She put hers in his; there was a formal farewell—no pressure which either might feel; they did not allow their eyes to meet this time. Then he went his way and she went hers, neither at the moment knowing or thinking whither the ways led; and that was all, and all was over.

CHAPTER XXX.

"LEAN'D HER BREAST UP TILL A
THORN."

MR. MONEY and Victor Heron walked home that night together from the House of Commons. It was more than half an hour after midnight when they left the House, but both considered themselves getting off rather well so early as that, and neither loved going to bed at prudent and wholesome hours. Victor walked with Money to the door of the Victoria street house, and then Money asked him to come in that they might talk a little. "There are two or three things I want to talk about," he said, "and we are sure to have a quiet hour now." Victor was willing, and Money brought him up to his study, where a fire was looking very cheery, although the spring was a little advanced, and there were cigars and other preparations for making a quiet hour pass agreeably.

"I like this time of night," Money said, "because one is sure to be let alone. There can't be any people wanting to see one now; and there are no newspapers and no letters, and all the house is in bed. This is about the only time of the day when I really feel that I am my own master. Come, take a cigar; there's Apollinaris and anything you like."

Victor sat down and began to smoke, and they fell to talking for a while about things in the House, and the debate on Victor's great question, which was soon to come off.

"By the way," Money said suddenly, "and before I forget, I saw our friend, your rival, to-day—Sheppard, you know; and he had something to say to me that I want to ask your opinion about, although perhaps it ought to be a sort of secret as yet. What would you think of him as a husband for our friend Miss Grey?"

Victor almost started. He looked up so suddenly that Money followed unconsciously the direction of his eyes, fancying perhaps he had seen some unexpected sight.

"Did you think you heard some one stirring?" Money asked.

"No, I didn't. Well, about Sheppard?"

"What would you think of him, I was saying, as a husband for Minola Grey?"

Heron blew several straight puffs of smoke from his cigar before he answered. When he did speak his answer was not encouraging. "Absurd," was the remark he made.

Money smiled.

"Well, I should have thought so too, perhaps; but I believe there is something to be said for the idea after all. This man Sheppard came to me in rather a frank and straightforward way to-day, and asked me straight out to give him the help of my influence in persuading Miss Grey. He did propose for her already. Did you know that?"

"No, I did not."

"Nor I, although I dare say my women folk did. Oh, yes, he told me candidly that he had proposed for her not only once, but twice, or more often perhaps!"

"Yes; and she—what did she say?" Victor seemed to have some difficulty about his cigar; apparently it required tremendous puffing to keep it alight.

"That's a bad cigar, I think, you have got hold of; an odd thing, too, in that box. Throw it away. Have another."

"No, thanks; this is all right. Well, what did she say?"

"Well, of course, you know, we

may easily infer what she said when, after his having pressed her in that sort of way, she is not Mrs. Sheppard yet."

"Oh!" A kind of groan broke from Victor at the bare idea of Minola being Mrs. Sheppard. "I can't imagine how any man can persecute a girl in that way," he went on indignantly. "I think he ought to be kicked; if I were the brother of a girl like that, I would kick him, by Jove!"

"Yes, just so, and perhaps the girl would not thank her brother in the least for his kindly intervention. My dear fellow, have you never heard that in such things nineteen naysays make one grant? It's all very well for you good-looking fellows, with a sort of conquering, careless air about you, who find the girls only too glad when you ask them—it's all very well for you to talk about not persecuting girls. But a man like Sheppard must press his case a little, or he will have no chance at all. He isn't by any means a bad-looking fellow either, but he has not the way that takes women; he must be content to ask perhaps and ask again. I have a good deal of sympathy for fellows like Sheppard."

"Well, but what does he want? He has asked Miss Grey, and she refused him—I should think so: what does he want now?"

"To ask again and not to be refused, I suppose."

"But what can you do for him?"

"He thinks that if I were to see the thing as he does, and to speak to Miss Grey about it, and advise her to think it over as favorably as she could, it might perhaps have some influence on her. You see, it's all very well just now while she is young, but she must grow tired some time or other of the kind of lonely life she leads, and she will not make new friends, and we are all in a manner breaking up. Theresa will be married very soon, and then Lucelet of course; and when the girls are married I think sometimes of leaving England, Victor, my boy."

This was said with an air of care-

lessness, but, at the same time, Mr. Money closely watched Heron's face to see how he took the announcement. Victor certainly did look surprised.

"What on earth do you think of doing that for?"

"Well, you know my interests in a money way are much more in other countries than in this. In Russia, for instance, I have found people in authority to appreciate the things I do in a way that the people here never did. As long as the girls remained unmarried of course I should never have thought of that; but now, thank God, they are both going to be married in the happiest way, and my wife does not care for this country any more than I do, and one could often see one's children—a journey is nothing in our days—and on the whole I don't think I am much longer for England if things go as I expect. But there's time enough to talk about that," and he seemed a little relieved for having got even so far. "The thing I wanted to speak to you about now is this business of our friend Sheppard. You don't like the idea?"

"The thing seems to me absurd and preposterous. He is a slow, formal, dull sort of Philistine, and to marry him to such a girl—good heavens! how could you think of it?"

Victor Heron jumped up in his usual excitable way, and began to walk up and down the room.

"Look here," he said, stopping suddenly, "how should you like the idea of your own daughter—either of your daughters—being married to a man she cared nothing about, and had refused again and again? Put it in that light."

"But, my good fellow, a girl like that must marry some one. She can't help herself. She is handsome and clever, and she has some money, and fellows will get around her, and the more generous she is the more easily she will be imposed upon. That fellow Blanchet has been trying hard to get her to fall in love with him. I'd rather trust her happiness a thousand

times to a man like Sheppard than to a fellow like that. And, do you know—our friend, St. Paul, actually fell in love with her—downright in love—and wanted her to marry him, and offered as a proof of his sincerity that she should begin by handing over every sixpence she has to little Mary Blanchet?"

Heron flung himself down in his seat again to give due ear to this revelation.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"St. Paul himself came and told me. He said she was the only girl he ever could have cared about, and that he would have given her money enough to make ducks and drakes of in any benevolent projects she liked. Confess, Heron, that there must have been something tempting in that—at least there would have been to most girls. St. Paul, after all, is the son of a duke and the brother of a duke, and a clever girl might have hoped to cure him of all his nonsense, and bring him to terms with his people again, and get him back into society, and get herself there along with him. I tell you what—my wife is a terrible Radical and all that, and yet I am not by any means certain that if such an offer had been made to one of our girls a year or so back, she would not have been delighted at the chance. But our friend Minola would not hear of it."

This was trying news to Victor. He knew only too well, because only too late, why Minola refused every love offer that could be made.

"According to all established ideas," Money said, "the girl ought to have been in love with some one else; but that is not so, I suppose, in this case. It seems that she knew no one in Keeton but this poor Sheppard. He tells me that she told him she was in love with nobody but a man in a book—that was while she was in Keeton; and here in London she only knew just the two or three fellows we have been talking about; and so far as I can see she has refused

them every one in turn. There's positively no one left but you, Victor, and I suppose you never proposed for her?" Mr. Money laughed good-humoredly.

"No," Victor replied, "I never proposed for her."

"The right man has not come along, I suppose; but the question is, will he ever come?"

"Suppose he never comes," Victor said with sudden energy, and jumping from his seat again—"suppose he never comes; what then? It would be a thousand times better for a girl like that to live alone—yes, and die alone—than to marry a man she did not love, and to have to drag through life with that sort of man, or with any man she did not care for in the right way. She is too good for him; she is too good for any one for that matter; but to marry him would be a shame. Don't have anything to do with it, Money! Think of your own daughter. How would you like to have Lucy married to a man she did not care for?"

"That would not be the worst," Money said. "There might be much worse than that. It might be Lucelet's chance—thank God, it isn't—not to be able to love any one in that sort of way, and yet she might marry some good fellow, and make him a good little wife, and be happy in the end. No; it isn't that I should dread for Lucelet so much. It would be her marrying a man who did not really and truly love her."

Money said all this in a thoughtful, almost dreamy, sort of way, holding his cigar in his hand the while. He spoke as one might speak of a danger which exists no longer, but of which he can hardly think even yet without a certain drear impression; and he ended with a sigh of relief.

"She is saved from that, my boy, thanks to you," he said, and he stretched out his hand to Heron, who was near him at the moment, pacing up and down in his still unquelled excitement.

Heron felt his heart torn with pain

and shame. He hardly knew how to take that outstretched hand. He seemed as if he were driven along to say, "It's not true. I don't deserve your confidence, and you and your daughter ought to hate me." What might have come of the impulse no one can know; for just at that moment the attention of Mr. Money was suddenly drawn away.

"I have certainly heard some one stirring outside the door there," he said; "odd, that. I thought every one was in bed long ago. Stop a moment, Heron; I will go and see."

He went to the door and opened it. Heron was hardly even listening to his words.

"Why, it's Lucelet!" Money exclaimed. "What on earth are you doing here, you little creature, at this time of night? Look here, Victor, here's a little eavesdropper."

He came into the room, bringing with him the palpitating and rather affrighted little Lucy. She blushed crimson red at being thus caught, and finding that Victor was with her father.

"Oh, no, papa—for shame to say such a thing! I was not eavesdropping; I was only listening to be sure that you were alone. At first I thought you were; and then I heard you talking, and I did not know who was with you, and I listened just for one moment in order to be sure."

"You did not think it was Victor was with me, I dare say?"

"No; at least I didn't think so at first."

Lucy still looked embarrassed and alarmed. It must be owned that Victor Heron did not seem quite at his ease. Money was considerably amazed, for he had never had a visitation of this kind before.

"Take a seat with us, Lucy," Victor said at last, "since you have paid us a visit." He handed her a chair. She looked at him timidly, and only said, "Thank you, Victor," but did not sit down. Her father put his hands on her shoulders and scrutinized

her with a manner of good-humored authority.

"So you have not been in bed at all, Lucelet? But that isn't anything very new—for you to sit up too late. But what did you want, pray, in this part of the building at this hour? Think of the possible shock to our nerves, you foolish young person. Suppose we had fancied we saw a ghost and expired of fright?"

Lucy smiled a rather wan smile.

"I wanted to speak to you, papa, and I thought I would sit up until you came in—it wouldn't be very late, perhaps; and then I heard you come, and I was not quite certain if you were alone, and after a while I came down to try."

"Was it such very important business, Lucelet, that it would not keep until to-morrow? and must it be told to me in solemn seclusion and at the deadeast hour of night?"

"I thought I should like to see you by yourself, and when you were not likely to be disturbed——"

"Likely to be disturbed by any one but yourself, you mean, I suppose, Lucelet?"

Lucelet somehow had no mirth in her to-night. She still looked scared and uneasy, and unlike herself.

"You have been to the House, Victor?" she said, as if she would turn the conversation away from herself.

Before Victor could answer Money struck in:

"Confess, Lucelet," he said, with something like gravity of tone, "that you expected Victor here; and that that was the reason why you came stealing down to our midnight conference?"

She shook her head.

"No, indeed, dear; it was not that. I did not expect to find Victor here."

"And I ought not to be here," Victor said, "at such an hour as this. You want to talk to your papa, Lucy, and I must not interrupt you." He seemed as if about to go.

"Oh, it's nothing!" Money said.

"Can't it be told before Victor, Lucelet—or can't it wait just a little? We were talking of something that would greatly interest you, I know, when you came in; and since you have given us the benefit of your company at a time when you ought to be in bed, I don't object at all to taking you into our council. Do you, Victor?"

"Oh, no, if Lucy would not rather speak to you now alone. I can come in to-morrow, and we can speak of the other matter."

"I think when Lucelet hears what it is she will not be inclined to put it off for any business of her own. It is about Miss Grey, Lucelet."

Lucy looked up with a start, and the color rushed again into the face that was so pale a moment before.

"About Nola? You have something to say about Nola?"

"Yes, we have. Will you come into council, Lucelet?"

"I don't know—if you wish, yes. What is it about?"

"No, no; it would be cruelty," said Victor resolutely. "It is clear that Lucy is too tired for much consultation; and as she has stayed up for a particular purpose, she ought not to be interfered with. No, thank you, Money; I'll not stay now. It's quite time for me to go."

Lucy made no attempt to induce him to stay. Money looked at her and then at Victor in some surprise.

"Good night, Lucy," Victor said.

"Good night, Victor." She put her little cold and tremulous hand into his, and she looked up at him. There was such an expression in her eyes as made Victor's heart thrill with pain. Their eyes met for a moment, and her look was full of unhappiness. There was no complaint in it, there was no angry protest against man, or fate, or heaven, or anything; only such settled unhappiness as one might have thought that young and pretty face could never be made to show. As she looked into his face and her hand was still held in his, a tear began to gather in the child-like soft eyes, and the little lips

began to quiver. She withdrew her hand quickly, but not ungently.

Victor was going; Money rose to accompany him to the door, but Victor saw Lucy put her hand upon her father's arm as if to detain him, and he at once insisted that Money must not leave his room. As Heron went out and closed the door behind him, he heard Money say to his daughter,

"Why, Lucelet, my dear, what is this all about?"

Victor hastened away lest he might hear any more. He felt miserably unhappy. He felt conscience-stricken, although it might have puzzled a casuist to say where there could be found anything to blame in any part of his conduct in which Lucy was concerned. It is much to be feared, however, that in real life only those feel the stings of conscience much who have done lit-

tle to deserve the torture. In the realms of poetry and art indeed, conscience may "call her furies forth to shake the sounding scourge and hissing snake," and may show "what lesson may be read beside a sinner's restless bed." But in ordinary life the sounding scourge is usually only for the sensitive skin of the man or woman who is always trying to do right, and the regular sinner sleeps a sleep of infantile depth and sweetness. For Victor Heron, although it was not certain that poor Lucy's melancholy eyes had anything to do with him at all, there was little sleep that night. "Conscience anticipating time," in the lines from which we have just quoted, "already rues the unacted crime." In Heron's case, conscience rued a wrong which it never had been in Heron's heart to do.

THE REBUKE.

WHEN loving Psyche in the veiling darkness sought
To gaze upon her dream-mate's unknown splendor,
She had not learnt love's lesson, which as naught
Doth all life's eager quests with grace surrender.

Her restless heart unblest in secret, sweetest joy,
Longs to behold with clear sight her possession,
Then turns a mortal light upon the mystic boy,
Whose angry eyes reveal her sad transgression.

Dare not to turn upon my soul's reserve the blaze
Of eager, prying lights of mortal fashion,
Else flying love will vanish from your wondering gaze
And die the dreams of tender shrouded passion.

EMILY E. FORD.

AN EVENING WITH VICTOR HUGO.

CALLING, in the capacity of an interviewer, at Victor Hugo's residence, 21 Rue Clichy (he had just returned from his long exile in the Jersey Islands, and was living once more in his beloved Paris), I was shown into a little waiting room in rose tapestry, with curtained passage ways instead of doors, and some beautiful old candlesticks on the mantleshef. I had, however, not long to wait before Victor Hugo came in, welcomed me in a few kind words, and alluded to a visit he had once received from a gentleman from Illinois, who had called upon him on account of the letter which he (Victor Hugo) had addressed to the United States Government at the time of John Brown's raid.

"The gentleman paid me a very fine compliment," said Victor Hugo, "comparing me with Shakespeare to no positive disadvantage to myself. 'Shakespeare is like a spire,' said the gentleman, 'a lofty spire pointing heavenward. You are like a dome, a mighty dome. I read him for elevation, you for breadth.' The language was peculiar as well as flattering, and I never forgot it."

The quotation was scarcely finished when two beautiful, butterfly children with bright, spiritual faces (Victor Hugo's grandchildren) came bounding in, climbed upon his knee, and flung their arms about his neck. It made my heart leap to see these little rosy-kneed things taking possession of the old-man poet—the loveliest picture of youth and age I ever looked upon. He kissed their cheeks and kissed their hands as they nestled in his arms, and I thought it was absolutely wicked longer to doubt the sincerity of a man who says such wonderful—ideally wonderful—things about children, mothers, and I may as well include grandmothers (see his poem "La Grands-Mère"). I instantly recalled

the child scene in the tower described in "Ninety-Three," the only really fine thing in the book. The scene is familiar to all who have read it: The wild and furious battle rocks the ancient castle with its roar, but three little children, unconscious of their danger, romp and play in the tower in which they are confined. At length, upon a dusty shelf where it had lain for years, they find the treasured heirloom of a race—a rare old volume, whose pictured pages they turn in admiration for a while, until, seized with the destructive spirit of childhood, they tear out the gorgeous leaves, and flinging them from the tower exclaim, *Butterf'ies! butterf'ies!* as they watch the tattered fragments flutter downward in a long and devious flight. I recalled, too, a little scene described by Victor Hugo in the autobiographical sketch which introduces "The Men of Exile," written by his son Charles Hugo. He is seated with his children at a large table. They are transcribing copies, and he is busy with his manuscript. Presently the younger of the two boys, a little fellow of four years, looks up and says: "How droll, papa; you have a big hand and make little bits of letters, and I have a little hand, and make great, big, black letters." Was it not a childlike, pretty observation?

But Victor Hugo disengaged himself from the grasp of the little ones and said:

"Come into the dining-room. Louis Blanc is there, and I will give you an introduction."

It was early evening, and the *salon* through which we had to pass was not yet lighted. My conductor stumbled over some of the articles of furniture, indicating to me thereby the detours to take, and emerged presently in the light of the dining-room, where the family and guests were engaged in

looking at the bottoms of their coffee cups and talking, dinner being just concluded.

The contrast between the two men who were thus brought together was great in the extreme. Louis Blanc was boyish or student-like in appearance, pale-faced, large-nosed, erect, and small. He seemed to me that evening the embodiment in spectacles of all that was cold and classic—a dogmatic little *bonhomme*—pert and formal. Victor Hugo thrust his hands into his pockets now and then and looked like an athlete, being a little above the medium size, with a strong and easy movement not unlike a swagger. He stooped a little, sometimes, but rather like a giant than like an invalid. His hair was perfectly white, likewise his beard, worn full, but closely cropped, and making with his uniformly flushed cheeks and forehead a very striking contrast. Every inch of cuticle exposed to view showed blood in it, and impressed me as a man of tremendous physical energies. His forehead was broad, projecting, and massive, but his eyes small, much smaller than I had ever seen them in any picture.

The eloquent Castelar, by the way, describes him as follows: "Victor Hugo's face is bright and animated, like his mind; his head is large and spherical; his forehead broad, like a heaven destined to contain many stars; his eyes small, but deep as the abyss of his thoughts; his nose is aquiline, his beard snowy white, and his whole expression indicates the culminating qualities of his spirit; athletic powers, indomitable energy, the countenance of a warrior, who retains his Olympian serenity in the midst of the rudest shocks of battle . . . the soul moulded in the bronze reserved for the greatest human intelligencies."

It was Victor Hugo's reception evening, and as soon as he had finished his coffee we all passed into the *salon*, where the people soon began to arrive, including many distinguished literary men and artists. Among others came two tall, graceful young ladies, evi-

dently dear friends of the family, whom Victor Hugo received very graciously, pressing their hands to his lips.

Now Victor Hugo is not, and never was, lacking in gallantry; but he is pure. He never stained his pages by allusions a girl or a woman would blush to read, and of how few French writers could you say that! What good angel stood by his side! No matter; he was never licentious, that is enough. Open him anywhere, you feel there is no sort of taint about him; only (we must confess) a certain constrained or overstrained way of writing about love which has made it bud and develop into the most extraordinary stock of flowers and leaves that ever love bore. The conduct of his lovers reminds one of dust adoring ashes, one star paying court to another, metaphysics wooing poetry, a professor in Greek or Hebrew kneeling to a village spinster, or the male and female figures in a sculptor's studio becoming enamored of each other in the night-time when the sculptor is asleep, but it suggests nothing of love such as we know it or dream of it ourselves.

Mme. D—, who, in the absence of Mme. Hugo, presided that evening, desiring, I know, to see all her guests at ease and let no one lack for entertainment, came and sat down by my side. She mentioned the names of a number of Americans she had met, and quoted the saying of Charles Hugo, "An agreeable American is an equivalent for two delightful Englishmen," so laughingly, and with such a look, I was afraid she didn't think it could be true.

Another lady member of the family, with the same benevolent intentions, I am sure, opened a conversation with me in English.

"Since you are an admirer of Victor Hugo," she said, "I must ask you, Have you ever read 'Last Day of a Condemned Man'?"

I was obliged to answer in the negative.

"Then you must read it. I have

read it five times, and I think it the finest thing he has written. Have you ever read 'Notre Dame de Paris?'"

Here again I was obliged to answer in the negative. I felt quite shamefaced, and hastened to enumerate the books I *had* read—including nearly all his other prose writings. These we discussed a while, playing a sort of battledoor of conversation, until the children attempted to hoist the house cat into Victor Hugo's lap, when, diverted by this incident, we talked of *him*.

"He is just as you see him here to-night," she said, "quiet and good-humored. He loves little children, as you can plainly perceive by the gambols of those little ones. He loves humanity—the very dregs of it. I do not believe there was ever a better or a purer man. He is to be classed with John Brown, whom he tried to save, Garibaldi, Mazzini, John Howard, Plimsoll, and Samuel G. Howe, if I pronounce your English names aright. He is one of nature's children. He loves flowers and the east wind, scorpions and the blue sky—*whatever is nature*. He loves criminals and poor people for just the same reason—they are all God's children, he says—and always keeps a tender side open to their woes. As for his style, you can judge of it as well as I; but I must tell you an anecdote. We are talking confidentially, you know, and under cover of your language. Once he prepared a letter to accompany the manuscript of a new work he was about to send to his publisher, and into that letter he put nothing but a huge point of interrogation. The publisher, to be equally cute and spiritual, replied in a letter which contained nothing but a huge point of exclamation. It was the same as saying, on the one hand, How do you like it? and on the other, I admire it! His stories are precisely like that correspondence, ingenious in the extreme, and if you do not read them too long at a time, very pleasing. But one chapter a day, and not more than one book a year, are

enough for me. He is too much like pickles and confectionery, wedding-cake and ice cream, for a regular literary diet. Even 'Les Misérables' wore me out, containing, as it does, a quantity of odds and ends, of which it is as full, I am sure, as this salon is full of bric-à-brac, and of which, by the way, every one of his books has a superabundance. To look up everything they contain—to *verify* everything—would make you a walking Musée de Cluny or a leg-endowed British museum. They are stitched through and through with facts—little out-of-the-way facts, knock-kneed intruders that he whips into the page with the fury of a type-setter bent on finishing the last items of a morning's paper. They are an amalgamation of learning and wit; of love rather than learning, of curious observation rather than wit, his detractors say; being full of vapor and suicides (each ends with one), spirituality and tricks, clairvoyance and legerdemain, with scraps of old songs, love songs, robbers' songs, old wives' songs, Greek, and *argot*. He displays his knowledge in archaeology, botany, American nicknames—heaven knows what. He makes a collection of these, and then tumbles them into the page pell mell, or he flings them at intervals one at a time. Excuse me."

She left me to greet a new comer, and I could not help reflecting how beautiful and suggestive were the side glimpses of things afforded by the eyes of a woman, often so much better, it must be confessed, than the long-continued stare in which a man is more likely to indulge. I looked about the *salon*, which (as she had hinted) was full of bric-à-brac, but not so much so as to give it a trifling aspect. The *objets de vertu* were of a rare and costly description, for the most part, and in connection with the all-pervading sentiment of color which characterized the place, reminded me of Victor Hugo's books themselves. The *salon* was tapestried in rose satin, which afforded an admirable back-

ground for the flashing mirrors and crystal lights, the pictures, vases, statues, urns. There was a general absence of ornamentation in gilt, and the rose and silver hues which predominate produced a superb effect. A central column, around which stood richly cushioned divans, both such as I have almost invariably seen in the homes of artists and literary men in France, seemed at once to enlarge and fill up the *salon*. People came and went with an ease and dignity I never saw before. Everybody seemed to know just what to do, and how to do it. There was no violent gesticulating, no loud talking, as indeed there never is in French society of the better sort, but perfect good breeding, and the appearance of an immense reserve power of accomplishments and energies in case emergencies should arise.

The hour was pretty well advanced, and I was about to take leave of host and hostess, assuring them the *soirée* had seemed to me the epitome of all that was elegant in human intercourse, when I recognized, in one of the corner groups, the face of a Parisian journalist whom I had known several years before. The recognition was mutual, for he immediately advanced to meet me, and taking my hand in both of his with the cordiality and grace of former times, pronounced himself enchanted to see me. While we were talking together Victor Hugo came forward, and putting his hand on his heart, said to the journalist:

"Monsieur has come all the way from America *expressly* to see me!"

"A worthy mission," said the journalist.

"The pilgrimage of an admirer," I added, and ventured, furthermore, to say that my admiration was based very largely on "The Man Who Laughs"—notwithstanding the comparatively limited sale of the book, and the

comparatively unfavorable views of the critics.

"There is," I said, "a profound idea in that book—a profoundly ingenious idea, a——"

"Yes," said Victor Hugo, "I meant it for a little photograph of England."

This was a declaration I was not expecting. What he had in mind was not what I had had in mind at all, but a profound mastery of the art of story-telling, displayed in following out the vein of horror comprised in the history of the "Man Who Laughs."

But our interview closed. The *soirée* was breaking up. The people were taking their departure, and we came away—the journalist and I—together. I valued his opinions highly, and paid good heed to what he said while our way home continued the same:

"One half of Victor Hugo is no better than the murder columns in the newspapers, and this makes his books sell: the other half is far above the level of the people. He puts the spiritual and the ugly side by side in a way that makes one think of those beautiful regions of the Alps, where the people, by some strange freak of nature (if she has any), are afflicted with cretinism and the goitre.

"I do not believe he is going to reform society, or do any great good in the world, with his vague ideals and pictures of the horrible. A man who makes eighteen mistakes—so the naturalists tell us—in his description of the devil-fish, is too imaginative and careless to bring about great practical results. But he is a dreamer, a radical, a splendid, salient figure, and it is too early to judge of him yet. The most splendid equivocate of the nineteenth century—time has him to adjust. Perhaps we shall know better what he is when we meet again."

And so our last words were, "Au revoir!"

GILMAN C. FISHER.

FIGURES OF SPEECH.

SPEECH is full of imagery; that is to say, of imagination; of imagination fresh and imagination so stale that the speaker is generally as unconscious of it as *le bourgeois gentilhomme* that he talked prose. "All words expressive of immaterial conceptions are derived by metaphor from words expressive of sensible ideas." This fact, first distinctly announced by Locke, is now fully established by the researches of comparative philologists, so Max Müller tells us. Sensible ideas, too, are very often expressed metaphorically. The horse was named from his swiftness, and wheat was called the white. "From roots meaning to go, names were derived for clouds, for ivy, for creepers, serpents, cattle, and chattel, moveable and immoveable property. With a root meaning to crumble, expressions were formed for sickness and death, for evening and night, for old age and for the fall of the year." A star is etymologically a strewer of light. Brim comes of a root signifying to whirl about as applied to fire, and next to the dividing line between sea and land where the waters surge like flame, then to any border, but most appropriately to one confining a liquid. Words of shorter pedigree also hold a simile. For example, a person in tribulation is as if under the *tribulum*, a Roman machine for rubbing out corn, and *tribulum* itself comes from *terere*, to grind, whence our contrition. Miscreant, originally meaning a misbeliever merely, through the hatred the crusaders bore their Painim foe, has come to describe any great scoundrel, though as orthodox as Jonathan Edwards said the devil was. A similar but earlier change borrowed the name of the *pagani* or rustic villagers—with whom belief in the old mythology long lingered—for all believers in false gods.

So universally is imagery the rule in

language, that Richter calls it a "dictionary of faded metaphors," and Emerson, more happily, calls it "fossil poetry." "The deadest word," he says, was "once a brilliant picture." Here "brilliant" is a fossil metaphor differing a little from those at which we have looked. It does not need the practised eye of a scholar to recognize its true character, but we are not likely to know it for what it is unless our attention is specially called to it, as it has gained a secondary signification. A busy fancy, like that which from a root meaning to shine, to be bright, made names for the heavenly bodies, the precious metals, the eyes, play, joy, happiness, and love, transferred the attributes of bright objects, of fire and light, to other things. We not only speak of a "brilliant picture," but of "fervid" eloquence, an "enlightened" nation, a "glowing" description, and a "luminous" statement. Sheridan, upon hearing that his parliamentary allusion to Gibbons's history as "luminous" had given the author great pleasure, maliciously said "I must have meant *voluminous*." When a poet writes of "words that burn," we readily detect the figure which, in the expressions just cited, escapes our notice. The phrase "sparkling wit" we may perhaps class as transitional. A little fresh imagination still keeps the life in it. A metaphor that is forgotten in its petrified form is often renewed in a form easily recognized, as when we say an argument is "fine spun" we repeat the image conveyed by subtle, Latin *subtilis*, from *texere*, to weave. Sometimes a figure is as little noticed in its foreign as in its vernacular dress. Thus, although our meaning differs slightly, the metaphor is the same whether we say that we are "inclined" to do a thing, or that we are "bent upon" doing it. Example

might be added to example of the unconscious use of figurative language, but enough has been said to make it plain to any one who cares to think of the subject that such use is universal.

The conscious employment of imagery is by no means peculiar to literary people. It is common with every class, and with almost everybody in every class. Familiar in the mouths of those eccentric characters in the humbler walks of life who amuse us so much by their odd but apt comparisons, racy of daily experience, and by their quaint application of old saws and anecdotes, it is no stranger to the most matter-of-fact people. The latter, indeed, have not the exuberant invention and humor of a Weller, a Swiveller, or a Tapley, but they like to season their talk with the savor of fancy, which, however, they generally are obliged to borrow, lacking mother wit of their own. A simile or happy phrase hits the popular taste and becomes common property. We hope that a friend will "pull through" a serious illness; if he grow decidedly worse we say that he is "at death's door." A man may be "beyond his depth," though never in the water, "flighty," though never off the ground, or not have "a leg to stand on," although his limbs are sound; it is his resources, material or intellectual, that are "crippled." Wiseacres have been called "amazing shallow," and "the deep" is another name for the sea. Spendthrifts are said to be "open-handed," and misers "close-fisted," or "tight as the bark of a tree." The last saying must call to mind a multitude of comparisons which are in constant use, such as "true as steel," "straight as an arrow," "stiff as a poker," "brown as a bun," "still as a mouse," "dumb as an oyster," "merry as a cricket," and others still more homely, smacking of humor and belonging to slang, or on its confines, like "snug as a bug in a rug," "shining as a nigger's face," and "happy as a clam at high water," that is, when the flood tide protects

him from the spade. Proverbs, too, come in to relieve the dulness of plain talk. "Make hay while the sun shines," "One swallow does not make a summer," "A burnt child dreads the fire," and a hundred others are every day figuratively applied. Old anecdotes, historical or pseudo-historical, fables, and jests do a similar duty. To mention two or three out of a host, there are the stories about Mrs. Partington's attempt to sweep out the ocean, Canute's bidding it retire, the fly on the wheel, and the coon's offer to come down if Captain Scott would not fire. The animal kingdom is freely resorted to for terms of abusive or affectionate comparison, and to make them more striking we often drop the formal part of the simile and say bluntly to a man we despise, "You are a pig, a goose, an ass," or call a child we pet a "puss, a chick, a duck." A little boy gravely told his elder brother, who was plaguing him, "You are a toad."

Slang is little else than metaphor and comparison of a homely sort drawn from the farm, the shop, the mine, the fore-castle, the camp, the street, or from any matter of common observation. A few random instances will be enough to make this plain: "to blow a cloud," "to flare up," "to cotton to," "to play second fiddle," "a chip of the old block," are expressions that need no explanation; others, while similes clearly, are not exactly understood, like "go to pot," which refers, it is said, to the melting pot for refuse metal. Others gather *vim* if we stop to think whence they come. No doubt a teamster, cracking his whip over his four or six horses, was the first to describe something weak or shabby as a "one-horse concern," just as, conversely, his enthusiasm for a fellow always ready to pay for the drinks, found vent in dubbing him a "whole team and a little dog under the wagon." New phrases are continually reinforcing or superseding the old, but both new and old are of one nature. The gambler's lingo is used when a

dead man is said to have "passed in his checks," and the gold-seeker's when a speculation is said "to pan out" well. Persons whose pretensions to refinement forbid their use of slang and of expressions which they think belong to the vulgar, have their own set of metaphors. To them the clouds are "fleecy," and the sunset "golden," home is "sweet," to part with friends is "bitter," and so on through a list which the reader shall be spared. Their speech is garnished with scraps from all the poets and from Holy Writ, instead of with proverbs. A glance at Mr. Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," grown in the last edition to a stout volume, will give an idea of the great number of fragments of prose and verse that pass from mouth to mouth like the pipe around an Indian council fire. Children, too, as well as their elders, indulge a liking for figurative talk, particularly for slang, a taste they often keep until well on in years. A comprehensive term of comparison they have of their own; when their stock of similes falls below the occasion, as the teamster's oaths did, they say as cold or as hot, as big or as little "as anything."

Imagery such as we have been sampling as consciously used, no doubt is sometimes not so; but in most cases there must be at least a dim recognition that the speaker is implying a comparison which makes his remark stronger or livelier, and this is why he puts it in a form that he knows is not the simplest and most straightforward. If we hear a merchant called insolvent, the metaphor is forgotten; it belongs to the fossils; but when we are told that he has "busted up," the imagination of most of us takes a flight into the wide region of universal smash. We feel the metaphor, perhaps, without apprehending it as a definite comparison with the fracturing of a boiler or a gun. Even when we are ignorant of the meaning of a simile we often know that there is one, and that the comparison is belittling or otherwise. We may not know that a

"shote" is a young hog, but we do know that contempt is cast upon a man who is called "a poor shote."

Speech, we have seen, is as full of figures as an arithmetic. They grow from an effort to make our words, written or spoken, clear and graphic, as naturally and properly as the wool normally grew from Uncle Ned's head, "the place where the wool *ought* to grow." A like metaphor is in common use, for a style which is fancy-free is called "bald." To know anything is to class it by comparison with other things, as it agrees or differs. Hence metaphors by a single suggestive epithet, and similes, by expanding and explaining the comparison, not only enliven style but make our conceptions more distinct. Max Müller, whose etymologies we have generally followed, has declared that "no advance was possible in the intellectual life of man without metaphor."

The unconscious use of figurative language is one cause of mixed metaphors, for instance, when Addison writes of "extinguishing the seeds of pride." Another and more potent cause, to which may be referred the familiar line "To take arms against a sea of troubles," is an imagination, like the old woman of the shoe, with so many children that it doesn't know what to do. Trope so crowds upon trope that each hinders the other's full growth. An imagination of this kind which doubly deserves the name of tropical, was Shakespeare's, as the French historian of English literature has pointed out with critical severity. Taine, coming from a land of "sober writers," is shocked to find in Shakespeare's poetry "bold images instantly broken by images bolder still, ideas scarcely indicated completed by others which are a hundred leagues off, no connection visible, an air of incoherence. . . . Metaphor is not the caprice of his will, but the form of his thought." Slips such as have been cited are little noticed, and would be worth little notice were it not that carelessness in this respect leads some-

times to grotesque consequences. We might believe that only an Irishman could be guilty of saying, "I see the storm brewing in the distance, I smell a rat, but I'll nip it in the bud," had not an Oxford law lecturer perpetrated such a jumble as this: "The student, launched on an ocean of law, skips like a squirrel from twig to twig, vainly endeavoring to collect the scattered members of Hippolytus." One of the latest blunders of the kind, not so absurd, however, occurs in the Pope's remarks upon Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet about the civil allegiance of Catholics. The ex-Premier is said to have "suddenly come forward, like a viper, to assail the bark of St. Peter." A similar ludicrous effect may come of dropping the figure too abruptly. "My clients," said a lawyer, "adopted a bold course; they took the bull by the horns, and indicted him for perjury."

Habit blinds us to the defects of common figures. M. Alphonse Karr once suggested to an artist to paint a beauty exactly as the poets describe her—with eyes of sapphire, hair of ebony, cheeks of roses, coral mouth, and ivory forehead. A doll will show us what the effect would be. How often we are asked to admire a snowy bosom, or a swan-like neck; but a moment's thought will tell us that a healthy flesh color is much more like cream than snow, and that the swan's long, writhing neck would be disagreeable enough on a woman's shoulders. A partial resemblance is hit upon which fails the writer's purpose when pursued. To make a figure excellent the terms of the comparison should "go on all fours together," as the lawyers say when a case in hand is exactly covered by an authority. A neglect of this rule exposes the speaker to have his illustration turned against him, and if he is engaged in debate his discomfiture may be severe. A case in point is Atterbury's reply to a noble adversary who likened him to Balaam. "I am sure," said the witty bishop, "that I have been reproved

by nobody but his lordship." Another instance is to be found in the famous debate between Webster and Hayne on Foote's resolution. The senator from South Carolina asked if it was "the ghost of the murdered coalition which haunted the member from Massachusetts, and which, like the ghost of Banquo, would never down," referring to the charge that a corrupt coalition had elected Mr. Adams to the presidency, a coalition that received its quietus from General Jackson's election in 1828. Mr. Webster, after denouncing the charge as a calumny "wholly impossible to be true," went on: "It was not, I think, the friends but the enemies of the murdered Banquo at whose bidding his spirit would not down. . . . It was at those who had begun with caresses and ended with foul and treacherous murder that the gory locks were shaken." The orator added that there was another particular in which the honorable gentleman might have seen something in the story not pleasant to contemplate; and concluded, looking significantly at Vice-President Calhoun, "Those who murdered Banquo, what did they win by it? . . .

"A barren sceptre in their gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of theirs succeeding."

Tropes taken from nature sometimes betray ignorance or forgetfulness, as when lobsters are called "cardinals of the sea." Max Müller, who had said that Kant's "Critique on Pure Reason" "will stand forever like the rocks of Niagara," was reminded by a reviewer that the rocks of Niagara are wearing away.

A simile is faulty when the resemblance of the something compared is obviously shared with many another thing. Dickens's comment will be remembered on the saying "dead as a door nail," that a coffin nail was "the deadest piece of ironmongery" that he knew. This familiar comparison brings us to the sin of triteness. A hasty allusion to an old figure may give pleasure, as people feel a compli-

ment in the assumption that they remember it; and a novel application of it is also agreeable. There are similes, however, like those of the "phœnix upastree," "sands of life," etc., so worn that they have become ridiculous. Others even more common seem to force themselves into use. The "ship of state" is one of these. The word government comes through the Latin from a Greek original, signifying to handle a rudder, to steer. That fact once forgotten, the comparison has been renewed by almost every political speaker since. Thiers has preserved a happy turn given to this figure by the great Napoleon. Speaking of the necessity of an aristocracy in a free State, where the democracy has a preponderating influence, he continued: "A government which tries to move in a single element is like a balloon in the air, inevitably driven whither the winds blow. On the contrary, one placed between two elements can use either at its will; it is not subjected. It is like a vessel upborne by the waves and using the winds to carry it forward. The wind propels but does not master it." Objection has been raised to tropes which are so striking as to fix attention upon themselves at the expense of the argument. These must owe their effect to the beauty of the language in which they are clothed, or to the brilliancy of the image suggested, and not to the pertinence of the figure, for in the latter case the mind will grasp illustration and application together. The tropes complained of must then, as such, be ineffective, no matter with what "pomp and circumstance" they are set out. There is no danger of finding similes that are too close.

A review of their defects leads to the conclusion that figures of speech should be fresh, or if not, should take the succinct form of metaphor; that they should not readily suffer a rival near them; that they should be to the point and extend along a line of sufficient length to be not easily outflanked; and that they should not be so decked

out as to divert attention from themselves to their garb; indeed, provided they can be understood without difficulty, the briefer they are the better. These, of course, are only general rules, admitting of numerous exceptions, and eminent authors have disregarded them all, particularly the last. A facile fancy tempts to add detail to detail, and a florid taste to load the illustration with ornament. Voltaire allowed no exception to his rule that metaphor should suggest an image that can be painted, but English writers consent to no such restriction.

Poetry, eloquence, and wit largely depend on figurative language to make them what they are. Look where we may "down the grooves of change," from the days when the Greeks sang of "rosy-fingered Aurora, daughter of the Dawn" to our own, we find poetry always soaring on the pinions of metaphor and simile, pinions which, to be sure, are set in motion by lofty or graceful thought, and are shaped and colored by apt and musical language. The poet cannot even an "unvarnished tale deliver" without recourse to imagery. Next to him in fertility of fancy come the prose dramatists. To judge by some of them a century or two old, one would think that all the world went about telling why this was like that and unlike the other.

If we turn the pages upon which eloquence is written we find metaphors on every one, and the imagery richest when the orator is at his best. Sometimes a simple image is developed into a minutely finished picture, where nothing is left to the reader's imagination to supply, like Jeremy Taylor's admired comparison of prayer, when the mind is disturbed by anger, to a soaring lark beaten down by a tempest; again, a few words are enough to display a striking simile, as in the passage where Everett says that after the discovery of America, "the old continent and the new, like the magnetic poles, commenced those momentous processes of attraction and repulsion from which so much of the activ-

ity of both has since proceeded." We see a rapid succession of changing figures when Webster, alluding to the French invasion of Spain in 1823, speaks of the power of offended public opinion. "It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre; that it shall confer neither joy nor honor, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice; it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind." What is at bottom one fancy may be thrown into various form, as in Burke's description of Chatham's ministry, which is said to have been "so checkered and speckled, a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed, a cabinet so variously inlaid, such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tessellated pavement without cement—here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white . . . that it was indeed a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch and unsure to stand on." Here the diversified repetition of the same idea intensifies the ridicule cast upon this heterogeneous administration; a ridicule still further barbed by the vulgar figure with which the orator concludes. There were persons in the government, he says, who had never spoken together till they found themselves, they knew not how, "pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed."

A lowly image has another office than to excite contempt: it may, by contrast, enhance the beauty of a thought. We feel a pleased surprise to find an admirable simile in the mud-puddle under our feet. "It is at your own will" (Ruskin is speaking)

"that you see, in that despised stream, either the refuse of the streets or the image of the sky. So it is with almost all other things that we unkindly despise."

To frame a definition of wit, broad enough to cover its every exhibition, is not easy. And we need not undertake the task, as there can be no doubt that, in a very large number of instances, our amusement is born of a surprising simile; and this is enough for our purpose. Addison quotes with approval the remark of a celebrated philosopher, that in metaphor and allusion, "for the most part, lies that entertainment and pleasantry of wit which strikes so lively on the fancy, and is, therefore, so acceptable to all people." The essayist adds, that not only the resemblance, but the opposition, of ideas, very often produces wit. Of course, in both cases, there is a comparison. Sidney Smith, who certainly ought to be an authority, agreeing with Addison, that surprise is of the essence of wit, defines the business of a wit to be, "to discover the more trifling relations (of ideas) which are only amusing." A few examples of wit, lying in unexpected, trivial comparison, would prove nothing; and "The Galaxy" has not room for the many that could be easily gathered. If any one doubts their abundance, let him "overhaul" his memory, or some convenient jest-book, keeping in mind the caution, that a comparison often lurks where it does not formally appear.

Rhetorical figures are not without their dangers as well as their beauties. They illustrate an author's meaning, but very seldom fortify his argument, although sometimes supposed to do so by both writer and reader. Because this truth is obvious in most cases, is a reason the more for keeping it in sight in others. The fable of the gardener who miserably failed in exercising the Jove-granted power of regulating the weather, is, as Whately has in substance remarked, a mere assertion in another form, that man is incapable of

judging what weather will best suit his crops; an assertion completely disproved by his experience with hot-houses, watering-pots, and irrigation. Illustrations of this kind, which must be recognized as pure inventions by all but the very careless—there are many such, however—are much less likely to appear to have an argumentative effect than similes drawn from observation. Just now we had occasion to notice, for another purpose, Napoleon's estimate of the value of an aristocracy in a free state. His figures of the balloon and the ship very possibly might seem, to persons inclined to adopt his opinion, to tend to prove it to be correct, but such is not the case. The analogy which is here claimed to exist between a ship and a government, rests entirely on the assumption that the latter will work better when there are two elements around it, than with one. Because a ship is more manageable than a balloon is evidently no reason for holding that a government is more efficient if it has to deal with an aristocracy, than if it represents a democracy alone. Burke, speaking of the notion that states have the same period of infancy, manhood, and decrepitude that individuals have, makes a remark equally applicable to our case. "Parallels of this sort," he says, "rather furnish similitudes to illustrate or adorn, than supply analogies from whence to reason. The objects which are attempted to be forced into an analogy, are not found in the same classes of existence. Individuals are physical beings—commonwealths are not physical but moral essences." An analogy, no doubt, may exist between things very unlike, for analogy is "a resemblance in the relation they bear to certain other things." But extreme caution is necessary in attempting to reason from it, for a fanciful resemblance is very likely to be mistaken for a real

one, and the real resemblance we may easily try to push too far. An analogy on one point raises no presumption of an analogy on another point when the factors are essentially unlike. These are rules that the rhetoricians teach us.

There are numerous doctrines which have no surer foundation than imagery, and they are to be found in many departments of thought, certainly in religion, politics, and morals. "The idioms of the language of Jesus," says Emerson, "and the figures of his rhetoric have usurped the place of his truth; and churches are not built on his principles, but on his tropes." Matthew Arnold has strongly expressed a similar thought. It is not worth while to stir the proverbial bitterness of theological wrath by giving examples of this kind of dogma; Protestants know where to look for some, and rationalists can find others. A Calvinist preacher in a Massachusetts town years ago warned his flock of the absurdity of the Unitarian notion that the Bible contains metaphors. "How would it sound," he said, "to read that 'the Devil, like an Eastern metaphor, walketh about seeking whom he may devour'?"

These few specimens are enough to satisfy us that the danger of misconceiving figurative language is real; and it is unavoidable, for protean fancy is perpetually active in the human mind. Man speaks in simile and metaphor as naturally as he breathes. A judgment sharpened by instruction and discipline is needed to overcome this danger, which, however, has its compensations. If we are sometimes deceived by imagery, oftener it makes our conceptions more exact; it gives energy, variety, and beauty to the expression of our thoughts, and out of it come, not only wit, eloquence, and poetry, but our very language itself.

HENRY W. FROST.

TYPICAL TURKS.

THE OLD TURK.

TO the bench upon which you are sitting, on the Scutari steamer, comes a Turk of the old school. He is dressed in black broadcloth of the shiniest. His vest is cut high in the neck, disclosing about three inches of unstarched shirt and a paper collar tied with a red ribbon. His face is absolutely covered with deep pits which the small-pox has left upon him. A closely-cut beard of jet black adorns his countenance, following every curve of cheek and chin. His eye is hard and unflinching. If you are a mild man you will quail before it; if you are an obstinate man you will wish to kick the owner of that eye every time you encounter its gaze. The old Turk is not old in years. This specimen is not more than thirty-five.

The bench on which you sit is already overcrowded, but that does not make the slightest difference to this Turk. "I can stand it if you can," is his motto. Therefore as he approaches he roars as if commanding a battalion, "Toplanin"—gather yourselves together. His voice is so harsh and rasping in its tones that every one turns to look. The Turk, however, takes no notice of this tribute to his commanding qualities. In fact, he never looks to see whether his order is obeyed, but calmly backs into the seat, sure that he will not be the principal sufferer.

As he sits down his eyes are fixed on the distant horizon, and in a griefed tone he says, "Oh, Lord! Thou knowest!" You have never heard a Turk say such a thing before, and from that moment your attention is rivetted upon him. The suggestion of these words is that the man is pious. You could have much more readily accepted the suggestion of cannibalism on his part.

Albeit your gaze is now ready to be-

come admiration on slight pretexts, the Turk does not observe it. In fact, he has not looked at his neighbors from the moment that he made up his mind to sit down on the whole company. A look might be construed into apology. Nevertheless you are confirmed in your interest in the man. Every five minutes a heavy sigh comes from cavernous depths in his chest. With the sigh is always exhaled in touching resignation some aspiration, some ejaculatory prayer. Now it is simply "Allah! Allah!" again it is "Ya Moubarek ya!"—oh, Holy one!—or "Ya Rabb!"—oh, Lord! His face is not winning, but his devotional ejaculations, made with an oppressive seriousness and solemnity, prove him to be a truly religious Moslem. You soon discover a large black rosary in his hand, the beads of which he tells over with his fingers, while his lips move in cadence with the motion. You can sometimes detect the words he whispers, "the Merciful," "the Glorious," "the Holy," and so on. You begin to feel that this man lives for Allah alone, and is oblivious to all mundane things. The mysticism of the Orient evidently rules his soul. An example of the order of humanity to which he belongs has never before crossed your path.

Just at this moment an event occurs which was perhaps expected by the Turk when he chose his seat. The smallest man on the bench, squeezed beyond endurance, suddenly gets up and flees to the bow of the steamer. Before any one has time to expand, the Turk appropriates the whole of the vacant space by getting both of his feet upon the bench. His left foot he doubles under him, and he raises his right knee to form a rest for his arm. Again he sighs, but this time there is a more contented tone in his voice as he says, "Ya Hakk!"—oh,

God of Truth!—as if in praise for the amelioration of his condition. Your admiration for his piety receives a check. The Turk's foot is pressing the side of your neighbor, a meek Armenian. The Armenian looks at the Turk, then at the foot, then once more he looks at the Turk, who meets his gaze with a perfectly unembarrassed stare, unconscious of a cause for the interest of the Armenian.

At last the mild man ventures to suggest that if the Turk would put his foot down from the bench it would be an advantage all around. This impertinence is too much for the Turk, who glares fiercely as he roars, "Zorun mē?"—what's the matter with you?—"If you don't like your seat you had better get another. Allah! Allah!"

This manner of viewing the case is sure to result, sooner or later, in the sudden withdrawal of the Armenian. The Turk is thus left free to settle back in comfort and to exchange salutations with the green-turbaned Dervish opposite.

"How are you?"

"Glory be to God! How is your excellency?"

"Praise be to Him!"

Here the Turk notices that the Dervish has made a cigarette, for which he has no light. He wishes to show courtesy to his friend, without prejudice to his own store of matches. So he looks about him. In the seat behind him is a Frenchman who smokes as he reads a newspaper. The Turk is a man of action. Without a word he reaches over and takes the amber cigarette holder from the Frenchman's hand and passes it over to the Dervish with the air of a man who is conferring great gifts. The owner of the cigarette is astonished, but says nothing. When the Dervish has lighted his cigarette, he hands that of the Frenchman over, that it may be returned to its owner. The Turk has, however, concluded to smoke himself, and rolls a cigarette and lights it from the captive "light" before he will allow the Frenchman to recover his own.

And when he does return the other cigarette he does not turn his head to look at its owner. He simply calls out "Al" (take). As he thus passes the cigarette over his shoulder he unwittingly brings its lighted end in contact with the ear of another man, very naturally eliciting by this means an expletive from the ear's owner. The Turk, however, waves the matter out of existence, saying to him of the injured ear, "No matter. It is of no consequence," and there the matter rests.

The right hand neighbor of the Turk is reading a newspaper. The Turk becomes interested in one of its paragraphs over the shoulder of the owner, and holds the edge of the leaf until he shall have finished spelling out the whole of it. If the owner of the paper tries to turn the leaf in spite of him, or thinks to take the paper away, he may succeed, but he will tear the sheet in doing so, and will receive a sounding lecture on politeness from the Turk. Another homily on politeness follows the dispenser of tickets, who on his rounds persisted in waiting on all the passengers in turn, thereby obliging our devotional Turkish friend to hold his money in his hand for full ten minutes before his turn came.

If you inquire who is this man of religious words and secular deeds, your friend will tell you that he is the celebrated Haji Izzet Bey. He was formerly a servant to Assi Pasha, and was appointed by that dignitary Mudir of the village of Kara Sou, on the borders of Koordistan. He remained in this place for some time, getting rich without a salary, until the affair of the Armenian priest's daughter. His carrying her off for his harem was the cause of his removal, for if he had not got the girl that night the Captain of the garrison at the fort in the Pass would have had her. The Captain had his plans laid for having the girl stolen by the Koords the very next night, and their failure made the Captain the enemy of the Mudir. Haji Izzet Bey was

removed and ordered to Erzroom for trial. He spent a round sum of money, however, on an Arab mare which some Koords had for sale, and presented her to the Governor of Erzroom. This saved him. He was very shortly promoted, and the investment paid. He was appointed to be Caïmakam of the town of Batakjilar in the district of Smyrna. The week after his arrival he took three troopers, and rode down and captured four brigands after a six hours' chase. This was a warning to the brigands of the district that he was not a man to be trifled with. The four men all escaped a few nights afterward, and no brigand was ever disturbed by Haji Izzet Bey again. Six months afterward the Cadi or judge of the district quarrelled with him as to the division of the friendly contribution paid by the robber chief Lefter toward their support. The Cadi wanted half, the Caïmakam would not give him but a quarter. The Cadi was on friendly terms with the Grand Vezir's Imam, and as a result of complaint to that functionary, Haji Izzet Bey was dismissed the service within three weeks after the first unpleasantness.

He then went to Constantinople, made a present of a jewelled pipestem to the Grand Vezir's man of affairs, and thus ascertained what would be most acceptable to the great man who had the power in his hands. With this knowledge Haji Izzet Bey looked around among the houses in the Sultan Mahomet quarter of Constantinople until he found a Circassian girl who was pretty enough. She was a tall, fairfaced girl, with gray eyes and a vast flood of brown hair which came below her waist in masses. She could neither read nor write, but then she was not bought to be a clerk. Haji Izzet Bey bargained for her, and after two days' negotiation agreed to pay one hundred and fifty-five pounds for her, with her clothes thrown in. Then he got Dr. Black to go to see her, and it is from him that I received the description of the girl. After Black was ushered

into the presence of his patient and found what was required of him, he positively refused to proceed with the case. The Bey stormed, and swore, and begged, and offered Dr. Black twenty-five pounds, but Dr. Black turned his back on him and went off, and so the Bey had to get a Greek doctor to come and examine the girl's lungs and her teeth, and certify, in fact, that her physical condition was such as would become one destined to the harem of a great Pasha. Then Haji Izzet paid the price to the brother of the girl (who was selling her), and presented her to the Pasha. Haji Izzet Bey soon received his appointment to the great Constantinople custom house as chief appraiser. He still holds this position. His salary is two hundred dollars a month in copper, although he is only just learning to write now, in the fourth year of his office. He is, however, getting quite rich. He owns a nice house in Scutari, paid for out of his savings. Moreover, he keeps a horse and has a servant waiting for him on the ferry wharf every night. He has also three wives, the first of whom was given to him from Assi Pasha's harem at the beginning of his official career, and two added since. The daughter of the Armenian priest has, however, disappeared, and they tell an ugly story about her having run away and never being seen again after her recapture.

Haji Izzet Bey is likely to be long retained in his present position. He has endeared himself to the merchants of the city, who will use strong influences in his favor if any one ever talks of removing him. It was he who once allowed Gulmez Oghlon to take thirty cases of woollen goods from their lighters without paying a cent of duty. It is said that he made twenty pounds by the transaction.

Every day at the prayer hour Haji Izzet Bey retires to an elevated place, in full view of every one, and performs his devotions with unction. Such times of spiritual refreshing are begrudged the poor man by the custom

house brokers. They hound his steps, and impatiently watch his genuflections afar off. As soon as he is through they struggle with one another to buttonhole him, for it is observed that immediately after a period of prayer Haji Izzet Bey is open to propositions in a peculiar degree. At such times, however, you cannot get him to touch filthy lucre. He becomes nervous if he sees you fingering your purse, and makes haste to point with his thumb over his shoulder to his clerk as one open to such blandishments. He also makes haste, however, to consult the clerk as to the amount paid, and is not above urging you to go another fifty cents, because the boy has a large family to support.

During the late troubles in Bulgaria Haji Izzet Bey wanted to go as Bashi Bazouk chieftain to Batak, but as the spring trade was keeping the custom house occupied with rich cargoes, he sent a substitute at his own expense.

When the new constitution was talked about, Haji Izzet Bey bought a double-barrelled shot-gun and two long bowie knives, and declared that the Christians were getting so ridiculously bold in their demands that there was but one way out of the difficulty. This remark was accompanied with a vicious curl of the lip and a motion of the open hand edgeways downward, as if he were slashing cornstalks. When his friends of the Ulema were arrested and banished for resisting reforms, Haji Izzet Bey suddenly ceased talking, but if you have his confidence he will tell you that he does so under protest. For him the old ways are good enough. The new fashions have almost ruined the country already, and it may yet be the duty of every patriot to rise and strike a blow to restore the ancient laws of two hundred years ago.

THE YOUNG TURK.

THE young Turk is a slim, well-dressed gentleman, with carefully wax-

ed moustache, with immaculate shirt front, and with cuffs of mighty width and depth. He wears his fez cap rather far back on his head, so that the tassel may fly about jauntily as he moves briskly up the street. His hands are gloved, and twirl a cane effectively. His face is beaming in its sprightliness, although it is only clean-shaven once a week.

On Fridays it is that he appears, clean-shaven and polished, at one of the places of resort—the Sweet Waters of Asia, for instance. There he establishes himself near the road when the long string of carriages is passing, to smoke and drink coffee while he ogles the veiled beauties who gaze upon him in frank admiration as they pass. After sitting for three or four hours, he will put on his coat and vest—he has been sitting in his shirt sleeves all this time because of the heat—and will walk with two or three companions among the thronging beauties on the turf. With a glance at one, a sign to another, a sigh in the hearing of a third, and a whispered “You are a piece of my heart” to a fourth, he keeps well in hand a multitude of flirtations, which are all the more exciting because he has no idea who the ladies are whom he is addressing.

The young Turk is a clerk at the Porte. He goes languidly to his post between eleven and twelve o'clock each day, and, like Charles Lamb, makes up for the late hours in arriving in the morning by early hours in departing in the afternoon. At his post he seems to have plenty of leisure for jokes with his fellow clerks, or for joyful greetings of the ambassadorial dragomans who are sure to haunt the Porte daily, either to extract a coveted order from some one of the ministers or to chase the order, when obtained, through the various departments and stages of engrossal, lest it stay by the way before receiving the mystic sign for execution. The young Turk, Akif Bey, is fond of these dragomans because they speak to him in French and flatter him, during a brief five minutes,

into the belief that he is very like a foreigner and very unlike a Turk. It is only with them that he can talk sympathetically of the latest actress at the Concordia or the last cantatrice of the Café Flamm.

Akif Bey was one of the thirty young men sent by Sultan Abdul Aziz to Paris ten years ago to learn—everything. He was not directed to follow any particular study. The Turkish mind had not stooped to grasp the idea of specialties in study. Besides, was not the pressing need of the empire education? Time could not be spared for young men to follow out any one branch in all its intricacies. Consequently Akif Bey was furnished with a quarterly allowance, and ordered to place himself in frequent communication with the Ottoman embassy, but to devote his time to a general acquirement of all the sciences of Europe. It was intended that he might be able to take the professorship of physiology or mathematics in the University of Constantinople, and be able also to instruct in navigation or mineralogy, anatomy or mining engineering, as he might be assigned to one or the other of the government schools upon his return from France. In fact, he was given *carte blanche*, guided only by the general principle of the necessity of becoming acquainted in a very short time with European civilization and with European learning. For five years Akif Bey revelled in delights. At first he inquired for the book which he should buy in order to learn physiology, and mathematics, and mineralogy, and navigation, and mining engineering, and anatomy. Failing to find such a book, he decided to learn very largely by absorption, and to let text-books alone. At the end of five years he was ordered back to Constantinople. There he found that the Grand Vezir who sent him to France was dead, and that the new Grand Vezir had not the remotest purpose of endowing the University of Constantinople. Hence he was spared the necessity of declining the Presidency

of that institution on the ground that his specialty was not science. In fact, he felt that he would much prefer to teach French literature.

Akif Bey is now one of the most pleasant of friends. He will come to your house and insist on calling you his brother, he so much loves Europe and European manners. He makes no bones about denouncing the oppressions and villainies of his government and its officials—but then he has never been in the interior of the country, and has of course had no experience as Governor of a country district. He evidently feels sure of sympathy from you when he explains that he goes to the mosque only because people are so strict in their notions, and that he secretly curses the whole system and drinks wine with relish. He has a great deal to say about his admiration for “honor” as shown forth by Europeans. Questioning him, you find he refers to the duelling system. He speaks of his liking for the freedom of the European social life. Here two questions bring out the fact that the whole extent of his experience has been one *sorlée dansante* at the Turkish embassy, where he played the wall-flower, and unlimited Jardin Mabille and Variétés Theatre.

His love for French literature has interested you, and some day he takes you to his house and shows you his library. It consists of Alexandre Dumas's “Three Musqueteers,” a dozen of the lowest of French novels, and two odd volumes of the “Cyclopédie des Arts et Mètièrs.” He really supposes that he has the choicest of European literature in his possession, just as he thinks that the best of European society in Constantinople frequent the Café Flamm in Pera, or the Théâtre Française, and just as he believes that wine drinking, the wearing of clean shirts, and disbelief in God are fundamental elements of the noble civilization of Europe. Akif Bey is of course utterly incapable of the savageries of which Haji Izzet Bey has been guilty. He is also incapable of anything else

which requires firmness of character.

Perchance he may get into the army some day. That will do much toward making a man of him, since the one department of the Turkish government which is organized somewhat as it should be is the war department; and the one science which has been acquired by the Turks, from Europe, is the science of war. If the army does not get Akif Bey, or if some stern old Turk of a father or uncle does not take him in hand and roughly shake his European fancies out of him, the chances are that his French "education" will lead to his early death from dissipation. If you happen to be of a benevolent turn of mind, and will take the trouble to introduce Akif Bey to really good literature, you will find in him an astonished and interested listener. He will almost shed tears as you prove to him that the things he prizes are not esteemed as of ordinary good repute among respectable Europeans. With only a slight start in the right direction, you will find Akif Bey developing into a real student of French and English literature. Ultimately he will become a sort of recluse, with a large library. His fellow-countrymen will begin to respect him, and to hang upon his lips. By the time silver threads appear in his hair, he will be much sought after for official station. But as often as he is dragged into public life, his radical notions concerning the administration of justice, and the expenditure of funds for public improvements, bring speedy disgrace upon his head, with a new disappearance from public life until some other Grand Vezir ventures to try him again, in spite of his affinities with the young Turkey party.

But there is no hope that Akif Bey will enter this path without benevolent intervention in his behalf. He is too weak and too superficial for any good to come out of him as he is now.

THE GOOD TURK.

He is not a paradox. He is a plain, simple-minded old man, with a good, generous heart, and a face that would pass him for a minister anywhere, if he was not dressed in bag trousers. Last year, when Bulgarians were being shot down by the hundred, the Turks of this type saved many poor, frightened wretches, and kept them in their houses until danger was passed. In fact, there is almost always a Turk of this class who puts in an appearance when a row is in progress, and saves the victim from death, or worse. Such men saved the English consul at Salonica, when the French and German consuls were killed. Such men save Yorgi or Yanni in interior towns, when Moslem rowdies are just beating the last spark of life out of them. They save the wretches, not from love to them, but from pity.

Abderrahman Effendi is one of these good Turks. He has a little store in Yeni Jami courtyard. His shop is six feet long and three feet wide, and is all counter and shelves. Abderrahman Effendi sits on the counter, like a tailor, all day, and sells woollen socks, knit by hand, "pon honor." If you go to his shop to buy, he will ask you what he intends to take for his goods. He will not haggle and bargain with you. You may induce him to abate a piastre or two, in Oriental style, but he will be pretty short with you if you mistake him for a Jew and offer him half of his asking price. When you go away, if you happen to leave your purse lying on his counter, Abderrahman Effendi will be in torture. He will inquire all along the street to know the road taken by the "Frank" with a blue paper parcel under his arm; by the time you get halfway across the Galata bridge, there will be a panting boy at your heels—shouting, "Signor! Signor!"—who will finally overtake you, stuff your purse into your hand, with the single word "Na!" (there) and will instant-

ly turn his back on you and stalk back toward Yeni Jami.

Abderrahman Effendi has a great love for children. As you go by his shop with your two little girls, he will call out to you, "Are they yours?"

"Yes."

"God spare them to you!"

And then he will very likely produce an apple or an orange from behind the goods on some shelf, and hand it to one of the little girls, patting their cheeks, and evidently winning the hearts of them both. He, however, is almost sure to somewhat dampen your pleasant feelings toward him on the occasion, by asking, "Are they boys?" However, his last word is "Mashallah!" and you walk on with that ringing in your ears.

In Ramazan, when all men fast from sunrise to sunset, Abderrahman Effendi comes three hours later to his shop in the morning, and is with difficulty able to speak peaceably to you during the succeeding hours of hunger and thirst, and of weary deprivation as to tobacco. If you are smoking in his vicinity, he will endure the tantalizing spectacle for a time, but at last will burst out with: "Janum, if you will smoke when we cannot, at least don't blow the smoke this way!" He differs from many of his fellow Moslems in a certain tolerance of differences in religious belief. During Ramazan, however, he comes near to calling you and all other Christians "Giaours," alongside of the fetish-worshippers of Africa.

He is very particular in fasting, and also in fulfilling every other requirement of his religion. By his shop-front is a broken flower-pot, sunk in the earth, which he keeps full of fresh water, that the street dogs may drink. When he eats his lunch he always breaks up a one-penny loaf for the dogs at the same time. You can recognize his house the moment you get into the street, by the number of puppies which surround its door. For Abderrahman Effendi watches over every litter of pups which the street

produces. Just so soon as he hears the new-born wail, he hastens to arise from his couch, and to hunt up some piece of carpet or matting, and a board or two, wherewith he goes out into the night to establish a shelter for the tribe. He does these things because his religion teaches him that men should try humbly to imitate God in beneficence. Abderrahman Effendi does not keep muttering religious formulas, like Haji Izzet Bey, but his words are always seasoned with pious sayings, with a ring to them as of true metal. When the soldiers go by on their way to the wars, he says, with unction—and it sounds like a bishop's benediction—"God keep you. God make every one of you to seem a thousand." And when you have been talking with the old gentleman for five minutes, on the street, and he turns to leave you with, "I commit you to God," you cannot help feeling impressed by his earnestness. An hour later, as you pass the mosque nearest Abderrahman Effendi's house, you cannot but hear the sound of many voices coming through the great arched window. You pause and look in. There is the Effendi standing in front of the great assemblage, acting for the absent Imam. His voice rises alone in prayer: "The Lord grant protection to our lord Sultan Abd ul Hamid."

And the response of the great crowd comes up:

"Amin!"

"The Lord make his arm strong in battle."

"Amin!"

"The Lord give valor to our soldiers!"

"Amin!"

"The Lord give keen edge to their swords!"

"Amin!"

"The Lord confound our enemy in Russia!"

"Amin!"

"The Lord destroy his army!"

"Amin!"

As you go on your way, the steady

beat of the rhythm of those prayers follows you, the earnest, pleading voice of Abderrahman Effendi, and the full, sonorous chorus of the congregational response. You cannot help but feel that, to that man, and to the congregation he leads, there is far more than a form in their evening prayer.

Abderrahman Effendi used to live in the heart of Asia Minor. No traveller ever failed of admittance to his house. When Colonel Manning went there he stayed over Sunday, with his five men and their horses. They ordered without stint whatever they wanted, and as Abderrahman Effendi waited upon them in person, he had to move with unaccustomed briskness in order to supply their demands. On Monday morning Colonel Manning took out his purse to pay for the accommodation, but the Effendi would not take a cent. "You have been my guests," he said. "I do not take pay from guests."

Pressed to take pay, he turned almost savagely upon the Colonel, and said, "I have as much money as you have any day. I don't want any of yours—so there!" And there was no way out of it. Colonel Manning had to go on his journey in the most uncomfortable frame of mind he remembered to have ever experienced.

Not that Abderrahman Effendi is free-handed with his money. He is a close economist. He will religiously read a newspaper through from beginning to end, every word, to the signature of the last advertisement, in order to get his money's worth. And when he buys a glass of water on the street for half a cent, if the seller has no half-cent to give him in change he will drink down a second glass of water with infinite trouble, rather than not get the full value of his cent.

This trait probably arises from his sense of equity, which is very strong in his rough way. When all Turks were inclined to say that Shevket Pasha should not be punished for his share in the Bulgarian massacres, Abderrahman Effendi said, "It's only if

he is innocent that he shall not be punished; if he is guilty he should be hung." And it was by his influence that the fiery old Turkish party of his quarter were held in check, so that the government dared to order the trial of Shevket. But when the court-martial acquitted the flint-hearted Pasha, Abderrahman Effendi headed the old Turkish deputation when they went to kiss his robe as he returned by railway from Adrianople.

Abderrahman Effendi is a Turkish patriot, every inch of him. His whole soul glows with enthusiasm at the talk of resisting the will of Europe. But when his neighbors begin to advocate cutting the throats of the Christians as a first measure of defence, the Effendi shames them out of proposing such things in his presence. I know that Abderrahman Effendi's house would be to my family a secure haven of refuge if Moslem fanaticism should burst out in wrath against the Christians.

This old gentleman hates with a mighty hatred the lacquer of French civilization which the average Turkish politician affects. He savagely rebukes the talk of the young sprigs who frequent Pera theatres, telling them to leave the follies of "giaours" to the giaours, and not to fancy that it is drinking wine and theatre-going which give the Europeans their strength. His private theory is that the powers of Europeans are due to a special inspiration from the devil. But he excepts the English from the operations of this rule, as he can appreciate sturdy honesty as much as any one. Moreover, he has in a box at his house a silver medal, which bears the head of Queen Victoria, and is a token of his faithful service in the Turkish contingent of the English army during the Crimean war. This is a relic of an experience which leaves an indelible respect and affection for the "Ingleez" in Abderrahman Effendi's heart. His one regret is that the English are not Moslems, as it is his one marvel that they can be so good

without a knowledge of the glorious precepts of the Koran.

Such is Abderrahman Effendi, kindly, honest, bigoted, and yet liberal, ignorant, and yet so shrewd that he is liable to few of the consequences of his ignorance. And if, after you have won his confidence, you ask him what he makes his great object in life, the old gentleman will reply, "You know we Moslems think differently from you

Christians. You may think it strange that we believe such things; but our prophet has taught us that a man can wisely give his life in this world to the study of God's character. You may think it a useless attempt, but I am a Moslem, and have many ideas which are strange to you. I try to make it my object in life to live near to God, so as to learn more of Him."

HENRY O. DWIGHT.

A ROSE.

I.

NOT Rose *la fleur*, but Rose *la femme*.

I caught a glimpse of John as he drove round, and I hurried to the door. Yes, there he sat in his old overcoat, the sleigh loaded up with bags of grain, and he going to town after our cousin from Europe, our romance, Rose Beaugardis!

"Oats, corn, wheat, buckweat—and Rose Beaugardis!"

My girls came trooping up behind me—Muriel, Lilgarde, Brenda, and Marjorie—our "Pet Marjorie." All the cheeks reddened as I repeated my inventory of John's load home. Muriel curled her delicate lip. "John Sidney, don't you know anything?" began Brenda.

But in the midst of the expostulations off he drove. John is all Sidney—English and gruff.

"Never mind!" laughed Lilgarde. "After tramping up and down the Tyrol, and scrambling around among the Alps, I guess she won't faint at the sight of a farmer's sleigh; besides, it isn't as if the presumption had been on our side."

The great kitchen was cold by this time, and we all gathered for a mo-

ment around the cook stove. After all, it rested me to think of John meeting this momentous event with his every-day calm, for we girls had been ready to turn over the plans of a lifetime for this fair demoiselle Beaugardis, whom none of us had ever seen. She was the orphaned daughter of mother's only brother, Colonel Louis Beaugardis, who, Catholic, courtier, and cosmopolitan, had preferred a residence on the Continent to following the pastoral pursuits of his Huguenot ancestors in the New World. Uncle had suddenly died; and she, as suddenly, had been struck poor by another of fate's flashes of lightning. We had seen her name in the French and English papers which Uncle Louis often sent us, and when this star of the fashionable intelligence, this lady of courts, wrote us, orphaned girls like herself, and asked for a shelter under the old roof-tree, it had made no end of excitement and confusion for John and me. Because the girls each thought we ought not to have her unless we also could alter our house over into a palace, or a château at the very least. I felt sure it was hearthside and home-love my poor Rose was coming seeking; but my girls, who know

so very much more than I of fashion and society, because they read wonderful books which I have no time so much as to open, made each other uncomfortable with their fancies.

Muriel had been most exceeding bitter. "Poor! *poor!*" she had said. "I, at least, know what kind of poor such as she become! as if she had not gathered a wardrobe whose shawls and jewels will keep a town like this in consternation for a lifetime! and you never seem to think her culture and style will remain to her! 'My poor Rose,' indeed! If you only could know, Hilda Sidney, what the world is!"

"Well, she'll love Hilda any way!" cried Brenda, her arm about me. "Whoever snubs us admires *her*—even to grand old Mrs. Sturdevant."

And oh! I did hope she might. There was something so weary in the letter she had written us that my heart had yearned over her ever since; and I had my own strong faith in what even cousin's love would do for her if she was at all like sweet mother, or my sisters, even if she should come to us worldly and discontent, as they said.

It was a busy day; but, at last, the house was in company trim—cheerful up stairs and down with crackling fires, my pantry fragrant with dainty cookery, my kitchen so bright with shining stove, sand-scoured floor, and my gay winter geraniums, as I passed through it late in the afternoon to my own warm housekeeper's bedroom to dress for the arrival. I remember how carefully and curiously I regarded myself. I smoothed my heavy hair until it shone with the true chestnut gloss of the Beaugardis hair, and matched something bright in my smile and the warm brown of my eyes—if I may say so much of myself. I have always been thankful that mine is a bright face; I have pored over Muriel's "Bleak House," lingering about that sweetest Esther Summerson, wishing I might be like her in my household; but that day I looked long into

my little bedroom mirror to see if it really was a face to comfort and rest any one.

As we gathered in the sitting-room, so warm, and dark, and rosy, I could not help but smile all around upon my pretty flock; was she never so fine, we were no rustic shepherdesses to shock her.

There was my tall Muriel in her scholarly serenity, turning her large gray eyes, with their latent spark of fire, upon me as I entered. The clear, pale face, braided about with a wealth of soft brown hair, was as delicate and classic as a cameo; I am never weary of looking at her profile, and sometimes I have paused before arousing her from a reverie, or an entrancing page, because it seemed all too nearly like asking one of the nine Muses to set the table, or call John to dinner.

It was much like turning from an altar flame to a cheerful wood fire on the hearth, to turn from Muriel to Brenda, the good little genius of my kitchen, looking so neat and bonnie in her ruffled crimson dress and white apron, her curly brown hair tossing about her low brow and hazel eyes.

While Lilgarde has a flashing face, one that never looks so well as beneath riding cap and feather.

We turned from each other to Marjorie with her wild rose cheeks, coral mouth, and wide, soft eyes of purple blue—"baby blue," I used to tell my pet her eyes were. She was dazzlingly fair in her azure silk and soft laces, with her wavy golden hair flowing all about her. Her train had a pretty sweep as she moved about, so stately dainty, and her open sleeves showed how perfect her arms and hands were—we all guarded those pretty, white hands where, upon a taper finger, sparkled a diamond—the great Sturdevant *solitaire*. Tiny, fair Marjorie—there was something royal about her, as about a fairy queen; Muriel called it "style," and certainly Duke's haughty and incensed mother was fain to treat her with respect. We all looked

down upon her with a cherishing thought. "Pet Marjorie" was used to the look, and her smile was as sweet with love and happiness as a flower with perfume.

And then, the rugs straightened and the hearth swept up, Brenda glanced about the room and smiled sweetly upon us all. "It is gay, and warm, and cosey, isn't it now?"

Muriel answered her, "Yes, the house is nice, after the fashion of dear Hilda, but imagine her velvet train sweeping across a rag carpet!"

The girls glanced around soberly. "And her diamond hairpins resting against my little homemade tidies!" supposed Marjorie in Muriel's own tones.

Ah, well! this sensitive pain over beauty and refinement was our birth-right from our sweet French mother. And had not my life been one long, longing endeavor with home coseyness and heart's love to keep my darlings from missing the beautiful and the artistic? My heart ached sorely enough now to see upon their young faces the bitterness of women dreading the presence of another woman of a wider culture and a more elegant refinement.

"At any rate," said Lilgarde, when we went out in the kitchen, "we can match this Rose with our violet, for how perfectly lovely Marjorie is!"

"A mere meadow-bank violet, my dears," suggested Muriel, "while Rose is no primrose."

At five, all listening, we heard the faint, far whistles of the afternoon express passing through town. At sharp six John drove in.

I had my little speech ready. "Now for an old-fashioned welcome, girls, such as *we* like! None of your distant airs, Muriel! Let *us* not be in fault!"

I threw open the door. Yes, she had come.

"I am cousin Hilda," I said, holding out both my hands, and looking up into a very pale and earnest face; and as I gazed I involuntarily waited for *her* to welcome *me*, for she looked at me a little instant as she would

have looked at a picture or a statue—her head drawn back and her eyes so steady and level—and then a light and a smile, both together, flashed over the pale beauty and perfection of her face. Oh, I never saw anything but sunrise itself so flashing and so sweet.

She took my face between her ungloved hands and let me kiss her. "Shall you let me in and love me, little mother Hilda?" she asked, just about as Marjorie might.

I put my arms around her, and as I felt her sigh I thought with a few glad tears, "Just another girl to nestle under my wing!"

I led her in among my sisters. She stood by my side, quiet, leisurely awaiting the presentations. My nice, obedient girls all came up and kissed her, even Muriel. And Lilgarde, I cannot tell why, unless it was some glamour in the smile with which Rose steadily looked at her, called her "My dear, dear cousin Rose."

But at none of them did she look as she had at me. She gazed down upon Brenda with a very pleasant sort of regard; the while she kept Lilgarde's hand in her own; she took Muriel's fingers with a ceremonious bend of her handsome head, and then she suddenly stooped over Marjorie. "Why, Pansy!" she said with a smile in her proud eyes. "Have I found *you*?" and then she glanced around upon us as if to say, "Do you know what you have here?"

And then her eyes rested upon my great country fire, and upon my tea table. "I was expected cold and hungry, I see, so I confess to both, and to weariness also, for I am direct from London."

She was speaking to me, and I replied with all a housekeeper's bustle and satisfaction. I remember we remained in a stiff circle about her, while she unfastened her wraps, taking our first long look at her—our lady of palaces. Tall, like sweet mother, and in plain, soft gray; graceful, supple, almost voluptuous, was her slender person as revealed to us by the

clinging folds of her soft gray cashmere. She was very pale; but I felt that our bright coloring would have been vulgar upon the high-bred face of Rose Beaugardis—her proud eyes and flashing smile were quite brightness enough—it sufficed my cousinly heart that her hair was the true chestnut tint of mother's family; it wreathed in shell-like waves and bright braids around the handsome head, in the style of the day, of course, but instantly giving us to know the classic original of the fashion.

And I remember, too, that Brenda with her load of shawls and furs lingered in the room until Rose herself broke the spell, as, glancing at us with a slight, amused smile, she moved to a chair. She looked toward the sitting-room as Brenda passed in. "What a cheerful house! And this is the old Beaugardis roof-tree. Ah, Hilda, you *would* make room beneath it for me, the last Beaugardis, wouldn't you? Please say something sweet to the alien Rose, little mother Hilda—I fancy you are the one who says the sweet things; is it not so?"

The proud voice with its soft, lingering, foreign accent had a pathetic cadence, and it thrilled Lilgarde's cheek to paleness as my own, and she was no unworthy kindred to our beautiful cousin as she bent over her and said, "Beaugardis hearts are all around you, cousin, and Beaugardis hearts are warm and wide." We found ourselves all grouped around her again, and one after another, and all together, we offered her our home for ever and a day. Even now, in the light of all that happened afterward, I believe we made her happy. I like to recall her face with that sweet, restful quiet upon it as I stood beside her chair with her hand in mine, a hand of a different and a finer whiteness than Marjorie's. I felt as if closing my fingers over a lily; my browned rough fingers, which of themselves half hesitated to clasp that fair patrician palm.

I had secretly dreaded the supper

table somewhat. I had made sure it would be my time of trial and shortcoming. But the cousin, though she did smile at my tea, and make herself a fresh cup *a soyer*, whose fragrance diffused itself in apple-blossom wafts throughout the room, partook with a traveller's piquant zest of my cream biscuits, and jellies, and boned chicken, and then, with a swift step, possessed herself of the high-backed chair in the warm chimney corner.

"No state parlor for me to-night, my good cousins!" said she. "I am going to stay where the Heart of the House is," she added, with that sweet, sudden, flashing glance at me.

The girls looked at me askance.

"As usual, of course."

Therefore, "as usual," Brenda and Muriel began to clear away the table, and, "as usual," Lilgarde and I brought out the basket of corn.

Lilgarde smiled mischievously as she encountered Rose's musing eyes. "Chicks must not starve just because a rose has blossomed on the place."

She inclined her head most graciously, and then her glance rested upon Marjorie, who sat dreamily swaying to and fro in her little rocking chair. Suddenly she started. She leaned forward and bent her eyes so keenly upon Marjorie's diamond that the look was a marked interrogation.

Lilgarde explained. "We are keeping Pet dainty against the day of bridal veils and orange flowers."

"Ah!" said she musingly at last, turning her eyes quite away. "So Pansy is to be gathered from the garden-border, is she? and by a lordly hand, I judge—"

"Yes, Duke has both wealth and position," answered Lilgarde.

"Then it *is* Duke?" she cried out sharply, but beneath her breath.

I looked at her in astonishment. Her eyes withdrew from mine with a haughty, downward sweep, and she gave me a strange feeling that she was smiling contemptuously at herself.

After a moment she turned toward

Marjorie again, her face as sweet now as my Pet's own. "And so the unselfish sisters are keeping you beautiful for the grand life, are they? Supposing cousin Rose should do your share, little Blossom?"

She roused from her languor and silence. She bound one of my aprons about her beautiful, undulating waist, and reached for an ear of corn; but it was a slender stream of golden grain that trickled in her lap. By sheer force she picked off kernel by kernel with those delicate fingers, and let them drop dreamily one by one. I cannot tell to this day how it was that she effaced all remembrance of those few singular looks and tones from my mind. I only know that in five minutes after she roused herself to be the bright, loveable cousin she remained so many long weeks I had utterly forgotten them, happily unconscious that in the angry heat of a certain wild moment yet to be they were to start forth distinct, significant.

Late in the evening, passing through the back room, I came upon Muriel. She was standing by the window, looking afar up at the stars sparkling in the winter sky. She sighed as I tapped her little, cold white ear, and turned to me. "Hilda, she has seen Miss Ingelow and Charles Reade!"

I smiled. She looked down at me with such great, awed eyes. "I suppose such things are possible, my dear."

"Has *seen* Jean Ingelow! She says she has a lovely, wild-rose sort of face even now at forty, and that Charles Reade looks much like our John!"

"Does she talk well?"

"Of course," Muriel replied. "She looked me all over when we sat down by the books, and then began very much as Emerson lectures—folded her hands and let her eyes shine out like two great lamps, and talked right on and on in just his quiet, even tones. How did she know the books were especially mine, and that I would give the world to see their authors?"

"My Muriel's wide brow and great listening eyes told tales, I suppose."

Muriel gave a little start. I looked around. There stood Rose with smiling eyes. "Yes, cousin Hilda, they did. And if I had money I would send your hungry Muriel over seas with a season ticket to the British Museum reading-room. She might see Lewes and Tennyson, Reade and Ruskin and Disraeli, perchance 'Miss Mullock' and 'George Eliot.' I've seen them all there, and, cousin Muriel, I've visited Victor Hugo in his exile, made my pilgrimage to Haworth, and dropped my flower on the tomb of Dickens."

The girls had followed, and there we all stood around her hearing her pronounce the laurelled names.

"What would you do for me, fairy godmother, if you had your golden wand?" asked Lilgarde, breaking the silence.

"Oh, I'd buy you a high block hat, and provide you a fiery Saladin and a gallant cavalier, and send you to ride in Rotten Row."

"And for me?" queried Brenda, with Ermine, her great white cat, sitting upon her shoulder and purring against her bonnie head.

"Oh, *you* should be taken to see the Learned Dogs and the Charity Schools."

"And me?" I asked, her girlish cousinliness was so charming.

"*You*, little mother Hilda, with your eyes so full of fire-shine? If I made all your darlings happy surely that would be enough?" And she wound her arm about me.

"I am chief of Hilda's darlings," suggested Marjorie.

"Yes, Pansy." Rose's gay eyes darkened. "Ah, little innocence, I would hide more from you than I would show you!"

II.

It was now December. New Year's Eve Marjorie was to be married. The Sturdevants were coming to the house

on the hill for the occasion, and Duke would reach home by Christmas. Our humble nest was in the flutter preparatory—littered with the white sewing, the silk sewing, the clear starching, and the patterns and boxes and belongings of dressmakers from town.

Of course it was a hard time for me with all my pretty maids thus absorbed. I had the chickens, and the butter, and the housekeeping, and the expenses all on my hands until I was glad John was not a woman too, to desert me. Their sweet, merry laughter reached us night after night out there at work in the kitchen together, with *her* exquisitely modulated tones. "I think this is rather rough on you, old girl!" John said with sudden softness, one night, when I was so done out that I asked him to take the iron and finish the towels and table-cloths. Duke was expected the next day, and I had coffee yet to roast and the turkey to stuff.

He looked down on me in a good way as he took my place at the ironing-board—"You begin to look old, sis!"

I knew I did. I knew just how the long strain of hard work was beginning to tell upon face, nerve, and temper—I speak of this because I think it one reason why I so sadly failed myself and Rose in what shortly befell.

At that moment I heard crunching steps upon the snow without, and then a rap on the door—a rap I knew.

John went to the door—it *was* Duke. Before I saw the face or heard the voice I knew the white, shapely hand beneath the fur sleeve as it was extended. He held my hand in his brotherly clasp a good long minute, and I basked in the light of his eyes, as Marjorie's elder sister might, rejoicing in the tower of strength and honor to which my darling was to go. Wealth, position, all the great odds between the families, melted away as they always had in his presence.

I like to look back and recall that genial presence—the keen, earnest blue eyes, the carefully-kept yellow

Vandyk beard, the fine head firmly poised upon the straight neck, the lordly shoulders, the ease and grace of every movement, and, best of all, most clearly to be recalled, the irresistible feeling that his high breeding was underlaid with kindness, sincerity, and a true Christian honor.

The soft laughing voices were audible to us all, as he stood warming by the kitchen stove—I working over my butter, John ironing. And he asked finally, "How is it you are alone, little dame Hilda? where are your girls?"

Just then Lilgarde came running out with a tunic she was trimming. She gave a little scream, rushed toward Duke, then rushed back.

Spools and scissors fell to the floor, chairs were pushed about, and out came all save Rose. The sister had greetings before Marjorie—she had slipped to my side in the confusion. Just a pet, a simple hiding pansy, she seemed to me as this mature man of the world approached her. I did not hear his brief whisper, but his bended head and face so gravely stirred assured me it was no light love he offered my little girl.

A moment they lingered around him with their fair, flower-like faces, and then Lilgarde said, "Come into the sitting-room, Duke, we have a beautiful rose in bloom there."

"As if this full bouquet would not suffice me!" he replied with expressive glance.

"O, we are only meadow flowers," said Muriel.

And Lilgarde carolled:

The lily has an air,
And the snowdrop a grace,
And the sweet pea a way,
And the heartsease a face—
But there's nothing like the rose
When she blows.

"It is a human Rose," explained Marjorie. "Not rose the flower, but Rose the woman."

"Oho! I supposed it some of your house plants!" he said lightly; and then we all went into the sitting-room together.

Rose evidently was awaiting us. She stood by her chair, her white hands folded upon its back. And I saw the look of warning upon her face with which she glanced over all our heads, and for the briefest instant confronted him. Then she stood waiting with the most perfect grace for the presentation. But a cloud spreading over Duke's face had followed the lightning of that glance—I saw that also, and I know not what of romance and tragedy and foreboding took possession of my brain. Marjorie must have seen it too. Her cheek paled. And then her soft, girlish eyes shone with all a mature woman's self-control as she stepped forward and herself presented Duke.

I found myself expecting some token of recognition as the hands and eyes so lightly met, but there was none; not until Rose encountered my gaze, which, I think, must have questioned or accused her, for after a moment's long, startled look at me, as if compelled, she reached forth her hands again slowly—"Stay, Mr. Sturdevant. Have we not met before?—name and face alike seem familiar."

He turned upon her a sudden look. "As *you* choose, of course!" it said. Then his courteous voice added, "It can be hardly possible that this is the Miss Beaugardis I met last year upon the Rhine?"

"The same, Mr. Sturdevant. And I shall be happy to recognize you as my sweet cousin Marjorie's husband."

And then with a flush mounting to his forehead Duke bent and touched the proffered hand again.

Upon this there were great wonderings and delights among the girls; and Rose explained and Duke assented, and in the midst of it John and I slipped out to our flat-irons and turkeys, and I made a strong effort to steady my dizzy brain and quiet my angry heart. For I was trembling from head to foot. It was a fierce animal anger, for I could not think or reason—I merely shook from head to foot. My poor Marjorie! my poor

Marjorie! I reached out my arms to shelter her. I felt a strange fire mount into my eyes and brain at every thought of Duke and Rose—Rose whom I had loved as my own!

Later, when I returned, she had gone, they said, to her room with a headache. On one of my many errands I passed on into the hall, and then I came suddenly upon her standing at the hall window, her beautiful head and figure defined so clearly in the moonlight that I plainly saw the weary look upon her face. She turned slightly, and I suppose again met a question in my eyes, for I would not assume that I had seen no mystery. She brushed the tears from the long lashes, and with a smile, she said like a sweet, chidden child, "Don't look at me so! I am one of your own good girls, little mother Hilda!—I am not going to make mischief;" and she reached out her hands to me.

"I wish, oh! I wish I had been a wiser 'mother Hilda!' but my heart was full of only Marjorie," I exclaimed angrily. "Mischief—of course not! I think we can trust Duke Sturdevant!"

She drew back. She seemed measuring me from head to foot. And then she opened her great, handsome eyes full upon me. I felt all her contempt. She smiled coldly. "You prefer to place your trust in him, do you, my rustic cousin? I wonder what you would say——"

She checked herself, and added bitterly, "I thought you, Hilda Sidney, had such great trust in womanhood! and you came near teaching it to me—well, well!"

My tender love for her rushed back over me. I saw with consternation what I had been to her. Oh! how sad, how bitter the proud face was; but she brushed away my hand, and swept past me up the stairs.

Well, the lady whom Muriel had dreaded so—the court lady—came down to us at breakfast, next morning, in place of our sweet and gracious cousin Rose—*her* we never saw

again. I know not how she had thus transformed herself—some twist of her chestnut hair, some marvel of a collar or a sleeve, some sweep of the skirt known only to *la grande dame*, a foreign word or two to Duke, a bend of the proud, slender shoulders—and there she was, the lady of our rustic dread; and for many hours, for me, upon whom those cold eyes rested so long and carelessly, the light of our house was gone, and the end of the world had come.

I listened absently, during breakfast, to the sparkling dialogue between this man and woman from another sphere, of scenes and people unknown by even name to their humble listeners, unless, indeed, it were the silent Muriel. Reminiscence, association, and I know not what, of familiarity, the stately pair had in common. I looked at Marjorie with a great yearning—I would have gathered my little golden garden-robin under my wing, but she turned from me with womanly dignity, and seemed quite absorbed in listening.

At last, with a smile, Duke turned to her: "All this is an old, old story, *mignonne*, to me. Are you glad it is all before you yet? We are going abroad for several years, Miss Beaugardis."

Marjorie tossed her girlish head: "If you had written to me as you talk to cousin Rose, instead of all that foolish boys' nonsense, I should not need to go rambling over seas in quest of culture."

I heard Rose murmur something to him as they rose from table—I was nearly sure of what she said:—"I see you have re-set the diamond to fit the baby finger."

The low reply was in another language, but her cheek and eye both kindled angrily for an instant.

Duke was unusually silent that day—I fancied there was a pained look upon his face. But Marjorie just dawned out upon us. Even the brilliant lady of the Parisian *salons* gazed at her with a puzzled expression, and at last seemed to think it worth her

while to crush the venturesome little neophyte, which she did when Marjorie was in the middle of a quotation from Muriel's "Froude" by one of her graceful, weary gestures. "Ah, I had rather curl your pretty hair than argue with you, Pansy."

"Yet the little girl is right, Miss Beaugardis," interposed Duke, "and you and Froude are wrong. I hold that a fresh, pure heart is superior in its logic to an educated brain. Marjorie's tear and smile are always in the right place."

The days went on. I was not happy, but I was growing reassured. I *could* trust Duke Sturdevant. I was satisfied with the tower of strength and honor to which my precious girl was going.

Until the day before Christmas. That morning Marjorie came down stairs with glittering eyes, pale, silent. She ate no breakfast—only drank a cup of the black coffee we always made for Rose. As, at her whisper, I placed the cup before her, Duke reached out a preventing hand. "Why, Hilda! such stuff for *her*!"

I saw the lip of my lady curl. But Duke was looking with grave inquiry upon the little one, who turned from his tender authority and drained the bitter cup.

All the household hovered around my sick girl after breakfast, but she folded her shawl about her and nestled down in the chimney corner. "Hilda, why don't you send them away?" she cried pettishly. "I want to stay out here alone with you to-day."

When she thought they were gone, she turned and saw Duke. "Indeed, *you* of all others are not going to stay," she cried, and she absolutely looked him from the room—our gentle Marjorie of the baby-blue eyes.

I knelt beside her. I saw her face quiver all over, but she would not speak, even to me. Soon the door opened again softly. "Little Pansy, could not *I* do something for you?"

Marjorie lifted herself from my shoulder at the sound of the fascinat-

ing voice. She looked full into Rose's face with great, troubled eyes. "*You!*" she said with simple solemnity.

Duke was in the door. His face flushed as Rose passed him. "I believe I could soothe her, Hilda, if I could have her to myself."

But Marjorie would not. "I am no baby to be soothed! and there is no one I need but my Hilda."

It was an anxious day for me; but toward night she seemed better, and took her place at the tea table. As we rose she beckoned Duke to her side. She took his hand, and pressing it to her flushing cheek in a caressing way she had sometimes, she said: "You know we were going to take cousin to call on your mother to-night. It is the only unoccupied evening, I remember—you must be sure to go."

"You really wish it, pet?"

She only pressed his hand again to her cheek, and left the room. He glanced at Rose.

"Since Marjorie will loan you," she answered.

His face was full of expression, but entirely unreadable, as he turned to go out with John. His own fiery horses and fairy cutter were in the barn, and soon I heard the tinkling music of the bells at the door. Rose, in her floating plumes, and trailing violets, with a flickering crimson light upon her cheek as of the glow of fire upon ice, came sweeping down the room, but he passed her and came to my side. "Hilda, something is wrong with Marjorie—don't leave her by herself, will you?"

The moment they were gone I ran up to Marjorie's room. I found her by the window gazing up at the heights where the road wound around to the house on the hill. I stood silent by her side until the bells died away in the distance, and then—why, the poor child just threw up her little white hands and fainted in my arms.

About nine we heard them returning. Instinctively I tried to shield her from the sound. But she started from the pillow with a bright spot

burning on either cheek. "I have given dear cousin Rose her chance, Hilda," she cried out with great, darkening, burning eyes.

I understood perfectly. I hurried down stairs. I opened the door and met her face to face—what midnight eyes and marble pallor! As she passed me I confronted Duke—confronted a face, oh, so grave.

"What of Marjorie?" he asked at once.

I reached forth my hand questioningly—"Brother Duke?"

He started—looked at me keenly. His face flushed with the grand shame of a man of honor. "Yes, Hilda. Could you doubt me?" And he laid his hand on my hair with a gesture of such tender chiding.

Back to my pet. She gave one glance into my face, and then sank down with a sob of joy. Silently I watched the light back into her eyes, the peace return to brow and lip and heaving breast. She kissed my tearful face at last, and then, with just one more sob, she said, "You shall see it, Hilda."

Wonderingly I opened the satiny leaf bearing *her* beautiful monogram.—A few pencilled words:

"I have always regretted *my* share of our little tragedy at Bingen-on-the-Rhine. You see I did *not* marry Mr. Lorillard; I never intended doing *that*, Duke—but you were so hasty.

"And yet I ought not to write this—for I love these girls tenderly."

While Marjorie slept her deep, peaceful sleep, I watched and wept away the night. For, oh! believe me, to have so lost Rose is the deepest sorrow I have ever known. It is all before me to-night, as I write, as vividly as ever, what a sweet heart she loved us with at first, what a true heart she meant to serve Marjorie with, until I shamed her out of her faith in womanhood. What Rose is now I cannot tell. What she would have been, had I been grand and merciful and tender as she believed me, I know full well.

Such a cooing as there was over Marjorie, when the household gathered in the morning! As Rose entered I passed into the pantry. But I saw my good little darling lift her brightened cheek, saw Rose kiss her. Ah! I believe her. She did "love these girls tenderly!"

I hesitated long. But that look of hers upon *me*, so cold and so quiet, as if she had never kissed *me* and said I was the dearest of all.

I called her to me. I laid the folded paper on the shelf where her hand rested. "This is yours, I think, cousin Rose. Marjorie found it upon the hall floor."

She glanced at me keenly. I have hoped since that my face was as unreadable as her own. I hope that she trusts we were "too rustic" to have fathomed the mystery within those perfumed folds. But I cannot tell. I did not look at her. Even then I could not bear to see shame on that perfect face. She gazed out of the window, into the Christmas sunshine, for a moment, thanked me carelessly and passed out.

As she was sipping her last cup of *café noir*, she said, "Little Pansy, can you do without roses at your wedding? For I have concluded the arrangement I hoped, and am now able to take care of myself. Friends I had made in Europe had offered me a situation to teach music and French, and this morning I wrote to them. I must be in New York upon New Year's, as the family leave on that day for St. Louis."

They all clamored about her, Marjorie, I am sure, as regretfully as any of them. But Rose had only stated facts; she had provided against possible disappointment in us, before com-

ming to us at all, and the plan was her refuge now.

She went that afternoon. She made her *adieux* to me strangely. "I cannot be dependent, Cousin Hilda, I find, but may I not sometimes come back to you for vacations?" I feel to this hour how cruelly she watched her experiment. For at the last my heart yearned again over this beautiful girl of my kindred—this last Beaugardis. But no! I was not suffered to touch her white hands even—they lifted with a gesture of pain and horror, as I stretched out my arms to her, and her bright, cold eyes flashed down upon me an assurance that I was unfor-given.

She lingered over her farewells to my girls—she did "love them tenderly"—and then, with a courteous clasp of her hand within Duke's, she was gone.

And not until he stood with Marjorie at quaint Bingen-on-the-Rhine, and told her the story, did Duke once suspect that she and I had long known it by heart.

These long, dreamy summer days, these cosy winter evenings—O Rose! do you ever think of us? Her proud eyes, I think, will read my story—will it plead for the Hilda she once loved so well? If I could only believe that her heart has once softened toward me, *I* could find her. She came to us a romance; she left us a romance—lost to us, like an enchanted princess, from the moment she stepped across our threshold out into the great world. Yet *I* could find her. My girls wonder and grieve about her—that she never comes or writes. But I, who loved you most, Rose, and know you best, sit silent.

ELLA FARMAN.

FORCES IN EUROPEAN POLITICS.

“IT is not the coalition that has dethroned me,” said Napoleon, on his way to the isle of Elba, “it is liberal ideas [les idées libérales];” and about the same epoch the curbed conqueror sighed: “Je ne puis pas me rétablir—j’ai choqué les peuples.”

Fond of generalization, the great Emperor sometimes mistook or feigned to mistake the causes of his disasters; still he at least read the history of his age as no mere jumble of accidents, but the ordered and calculable issue of well-defined combinations; he perceived and took account not only of musty traditions in European statecraft, but of those vast underlying forces of popular sentiment, those mighty tendencies of modern civilization, which work so powerfully in shaping events, and aid in casting the horoscope of the future.

The pending grapple of Muscovite and Moslem has now given fresh interest to the study of these underlying forces, these modern tendencies, more particularly as the map of central Europe has been so largely reconstructed by them in our own day. Speculation, indeed, was at the outset of the war embarrassed by the Czar’s announcement that he coveted no Turkish territory. For West Europe has been during half a century not only distrustful of Russian greed, but rather despairingly inclined to consider Russian aggrandizement a mere question of time; and Napoleon’s prophecy on the subject, still ringing in men’s ears, has begun of late years to be so strikingly fulfilled in its *republican* half as to gain all the more credence for the other half. Some of the Czar’s neighbors, puzzled by his disclaimer of lust for Turkish soil, have evidently agreed to regard his language as a mere *façon de parler*, not to be much built upon, and paralleled, indeed, by other historic

utterances of royalty, not quite squaring with the event—as, for instance (not to go further back), the declaration wherewith the last preceding European war began, the unquestionably sincere declaration of King William that he warred with the French Emperor, not with the French people; although when the Emperor was crushed at Sedan, King William’s armies went on conquering France.

Conceding the Czar to have no instant designs upon Constantinople (which, if well defended, he probably could not take), nor upon the banks of the Danube (which Austria would hardly consent to his annexing), nor even upon Turkey’s Asiatic flank, where England would unwillingly see widened the Russian road to India—supposing, we say, the Czar to be justified in claiming that if Russia had ever sought Turkish soil, she would have sought it when her victorious armies under Diebitsch crossed the Balkans eight and forty years ago, and conquered a peace at Adrianople, still, may not Russia contemplate establishing, with European consent, a zone of freed Turkish provinces north of the Balkan range, as a confederacy of independent Christian states?

This result, if sanctioned by the European powers, would probably satisfy for the present Russian ambition; for such a tier of little neutral states, nominally set up as a barrier betwixt inveterate foes, would really be a cluster of Russian dependencies, as well as a monument of Russian prowess. Owing their autonomy to Russian arms, they would not only extend Russian sway southerly along the Black, but carry it westward to the Adriatic, forestalling at the same time Austrian aims, should the house of Hapsburg perchance dream of repairing her territorial fortunes on her lower border, now that the iron rampart of Germany

has shut off all aspirations toward the north. This cordon of little Slav states, environing Austro-Hungary, and ready to coöperate with the great Slav empire, would furnish handy auxiliaries for future raps at the Porte, and move the Russian outposts by the whole width of this new Danubian confederation down toward the Ottoman capital.

Whether this possibility should come to anything or not, we could hardly look upon such a Danubian confederation as more than a makeshift; we could not safely count upon it as permanent. For one of the striking features of modern European history is the difficulty of permanently breaking great states into small ones; one of the most striking tendencies of that history is the tendency of small states to merge into larger ones—to the illustration of which propensity we shall now devote a few pages.

Historians have remarked that the Roman empire, forerunner of our civilization, was an empire composed of cities; and further, that the nations which Rome successively conquered and annexed were also federations of cities—our modern network of rural populations and country life having then no counterpart. Hence, when the empire went to pieces under barbarian blows, it broke into fragments as small and distinct as those of which it had been formed—it broke up into independent communities having few or no connecting links, and totally lacking the elements of nationality. Upon the political chaos thus left by the Roman empire supervened the institutions of its destroyers, and notably, at length, the feudal system—a system admirably calculated to continue the denationalization long before accomplished by making allegiance to a local lord the principal loyalty known to the majority of the people.

It is not necessary for us to trace the various processes through which the modern nations of Europe slowly crystallized out of a medley of municipalities, fiefs, and federations—the ties

formed by the Christian church, the rise of the free cities, the common aims and the acquaintance of the participants in the eight crusades, the aids to centralization given by sovereigns like Alfred and Charlemagne, the elevation of the burghers and afterward of the peasantry, forming the "third estate," and the ultimate welding of nobility, clergy, and commons into that wholly modern development which we call a nation. Enough to say that ever since the existing tendency toward solidification took its start—its beginnings being commonly fixed for the fifteenth century—it has not gone backward. In that century or the next, every government in Europe was hard at work consolidating itself, giving up its quack feudal claim to the ownership of the whole earth, and sensibly limiting itself to mastering its real domains. From that time forth the merging of small states into larger ones has gone on, yet never more strikingly than in this latter half of the nineteenth century, since, in place of the sixty odd independent European states that our grandfathers knew, there are fewer than a score to-day.

Beginning with France, we find one of her historians asserting that down to the reign of the house of Valois there was no French nation, no French patriotism; so that it is with the Valois kings, whose struggles to drive out the English aroused a national spirit, that the history of France properly so called begins. Before the crusades, we find the territory now known as France, exclusive of the duchy of France, with its seat at Paris (nucleus of modern France), divided, beginning at the north, into Flanders, Champagne, Normandy, Boulogne, the duchy and county of Burgundy, Bourbonnais, Saintonge, the old kingdom of Arles, Aquitania, the county of Toulouse, and Gascony. The subdivisions under these countries, practically independent of the duchy of Paris, amounted to upward of thirty in all. If we trace out how these building-pieces, so to

speak, of modern France, came successively into their places, we see that Normandy was seized from the English by Philip Augustus, and that after various retakings it remained with France; that Champagne and Lyonnais were united to her by Philip the Fair; then, coming from the Capetian kings to those of Valois, that Dauphiny was bequeathed to Philip VI. and his successors by Hubert, its last count; that Poitou, Aunis, and Saintonge were conquered under Charles V., and Guienne under Charles VII.; that under Louis XI. Picardy, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, and Burgundy were formally united to the crown; that Orleans came in as the apanage of Louis XII., and Angoumois as that of Francis I., while the former monarch annexed Brittany, and the latter Auvergne, Bourbonnais, and Marche; that when the Bourbons succeeded, Limousin, Périgord, Gascony, Béarn, and Foix were added as the patrimony of Henry IV.; that Artois and Roussillon were conquered by Louis XIII., and Flanders, Franche-Comté, and Alsace by Louis XIV., while under the latter, also, Nivernais was united to the crown, and under Louis XV. Lorraine. We have seen two of these later acquisitions restored, in part, to Germany; but even this latter transfer of provinces was from one great sovereignty to another, not the breaking off from a large state of independent small ones.

Time and space warn us not to indulge in equal particularity regarding the European states which remain to be noticed. Using greater brevity, therefore, we may note that it is familiar history how the four kingdoms of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland became one, and how every effort to disunite them has failed. It would be easy to trace also the formation of each of these kingdoms out of a mass of smaller ones, as, for example, that of England out of the seven united under Egbert; but we are only concerned with later centuries.

Austria, again, shows a solidification

of Bohemia, Hungary, Galicia, Transylvania, Tyrol, Illyria, and Dalmatia, with Austria proper, not to speak of Lombardy, Venetia, and the other Italian provinces that have in our own day been wrenched away from Hapsburg rule. Of the two semi-Asiatic countries now absorbing attention by their struggle, one, Turkey, has made up her European domains from Wallachia, Moldavia, Bosnia, Servia, Montenegro, Albania, and so on; while Russia has grown enormously by the acquisition of part of Poland, the Crimea, and other possessions under Catharine II., of Finland under Alexander, of Bessarabia at an earlier epoch, and so on. Spain formed herself in the fifteenth century by the union of the kingdoms of Castile and Leon with that of Aragon at the marriage of Queen Isabella to King Ferdinand II., and by the conquest of Granada at the south and Navarre at the north. Thus, partly by consent and partly by force, the number of sovereignties has been steadily diminishing in Europe, while Poland and the Pontifical States have wholly disappeared.

The two most striking instances of this unifying tendency remain to be mentioned—instances which must already have occurred to the reader, being events of our own day. We refer, of course, to Italy and Germany. In that famous fifteenth century, fruitful in concentrations, the little Italian republics that rose out of the dark ages began to pass under oligarchical or sovereign control—Genoa and the Lombardian republics falling into the duchy of Milan, Pisa becoming subject to Florence, and both to the Medicis, Padua and Verona to Venice, and so on. But it is under our own eyes that Italian unity has been accomplished. For Italy is one of the two European countries which were long restrained by artificial clamps, imposed by foreigners, from following the centralizing bent of modern civilization. In the continental reconstruction of 1815 Italy and Germany were kept in a fragmentary condition. Not only

were Venetia and Milan awarded to Austria, but the petty duchies of Parma, Piacenza, Modena, and Tuscany were solemnly enrolled as sovereign states; and Byron, visiting Italy a year or two later, sang of it:

Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities.

This repression of the modern tendency could not endure for ever. Half a century rolled away, and the dream of poets and aim of patriots, that national unity which scholars had studied and statesmen sought, for which many had sighed and many fought, came to pass. Two wars brought unification in their train; and Victor Emanuel, who had ruled only an island and a little province, reigns over all Italy, no longer with five millions of subjects, but with twenty-five.

Finally, our eyes have seen, within a dozen years, two wars converting a loose and sprawling federation of German states into a compact empire—the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 and the Franco-Prussian (or better, as the Germans style it, the *deutsche-französische*, for a German conflict it was) war of 1870. If we turn for a moment to the ancient empire of Germany, and back to its origin in the division of Charlemagne's "Empire of the West" into three parts, France, Germany, and Italy, we find that very soon afterward Germany was known as the "Holy Roman Empire," and was long superbly styled "*the empire*." Under the famous Otho, in the tenth century, the German empire embraced Austria, Prussia, the Rhenish states, the Netherlands, and Italy, which last he had added to the empire. In the sixteenth century the empire took on grandiose proportions for a time, by the union of Spain under Charles V., the greatest potentate of his time. It is well known that in 1806 Napoleon overthrew the German constitution, made the electors of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony kings, and formed a union of the smaller German states, under the title of the "Confederation of the Rhine." The treaties of 1815 could

not continue this confederation, but they left another in its place. In truth, the time was not yet ripe for a revival of the glories of the old German empire, which had been growing dim for generations. Through many centuries its centre of power had been in Austria, whose ruler was styled Emperor of Germany. But already in the seventeenth century religious wars had divided the German states into bitter factions, and thereafter the rising kingdom of Prussia began to contest with Austria the supremacy of influence in North Germany. When, in 1804, Austria became for the first time an empire distinct from Germany, and when, two years later, Francis II. resigned his historic title of "Emperor of Germany and King of the Romans," there was little more than an abandonment of a formal title.

To-day the big, yellow column in the Königsplatz of Berlin, with its tripartite shaft, each section standing for one of the three last wars by means of which Prussia has seized the military leadership of Europe, with its profusion of military ornamentation, with its winged "Victory" at the top, quite too solid and Dutchy in build to fear its ever flying away, tells, as far as mute obelisk can tell, the story of how the restoration of German unity, the dream of centuries, was brought about. The fusing of the new empire went on under the red fires of war, giving out the detonations of Königgratz, Sadowa, Mars-la-Tour, and Sedan, with master chemists at work like Wrangel, Roon, Steinmetz, Frederick Charles and Frederick William, Manteuffel, Falkenstein, Bittenfeld, Zastrow, Blumenthal, and under these a million humbler artificers, graded to the grim task, while presiding over all were the great directing figures of Bismarck and Moltke.

When the new empire was fully formed, it was found to include most of the North German parts of the bunds of 1815 and 1866, and more. It consolidated Prussia entire, including Posen, Schleswig, Holstein, and Lau-

enburg; the kingdoms of Bavaria, Saxony, and Würtemberg; Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Frankfort, and Nassau; Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, Oldenburg, Saxe-Weimar, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and Mecklenburg-Strelitz; Brunswick, Anhalt, Saxe-Meiningen, Saxe-Altenburg, and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; Waldeck, both Reusses, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, Schaumburg-Lippe, and Lippe-Detmold; finally, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck. Germany possesses to-day upward of 40,000,000 people, and ranks second in population to Russia only.

Thus we find the modern historic tendency toward the concentration of states to be well defined. Indeed, we might not be compelled to limit it to Europe. We might easily trace its workings in our western hemisphere—on both shores of South America; in Mexico and Central America; in our neighbors of the Dominion of Canada, who have of late years remarkably illustrated the unifying principle; above all, in our own land, where we have seen the decentralizing, disintegrating movement overthrown in a great war. That aim at secession was opposed to the whole tendency of modern history and to the spirit of the age.

So well recognized is the propensity of large states to absorb small ones that, a few years since, the Danish war minister publicly declared in the Copenhagen parliament, while discussing the military budget, that "the small powers of Europe, however peaceably inclined, might be forced into a war for the defence of their independence;" and he added that it was by no means an impossible contingency that "*the smaller states would soon disappear from the map of Europe.*"

But there are exceptions to this steady tendency toward reducing the number of European states. Such exceptions have doubtless occurred to the reader—the separation of Belgium from Holland in 1830, the creation of the kingdom of Greece in 1832, and so

on. These exceptions bring us to consider the working of some counter forces in European statecraft, which have occasionally set aside the tendency toward unification.

First among these modifying influences we note the policy of preserving the "balance of power," a phrase much gone out of fashion since the rise of the Prusso-Germanic empire and the overthrow of the treaties of 1815, but formerly full of meaning. It was to preserve the balance of power that most of the war leagues of modern Europe were formed—the alliance of Spain, Venice, and the Pope against the French King Charles VIII., who through his father had acquired a claim to the crown of Naples and sought to prosecute it; the league of Cambray, in 1508, of France, Germany, Spain, and the Pope against rich and envied Venice; the Holy League of the other three Cambray confederates, in 1511, against France; the strange alliance of France with the German Protestants, forty years later, to withstand the portentous Austro-Spanish dominion of Charles V., soon broken up, however, by the Emperor's abdication; the sympathy of France and England with the Netherlands in their revolt against Charles's successor, Philip II., which revolt, ending victoriously under Philip III., caused, after all, a consolidation of small states, namely, of the seven united provinces, into the Dutch republic, in 1579.

In the century following, the Thirty Years' War, with its league of Sweden, Holland, and Protestant Germany against the Austro-Spanish empire and Catholic Germany, was rather a struggle for religious faiths than for the balance of power, save as to the part played in it by France, under Richelieu, which was purely political. But the league of Augsburg, in 1686, of Holland, many parts of Germany, Sweden, and Spain against Louis XIV., was a league against centralization. This was followed in 1701 by the grand alliance against France of England, Austria, and the States Gen-

eral, the chief objects of the contracting parties being, according to Lord Mahon, that France might not retain its footing in the Netherlands, nor acquire any in the West Indies, and that its crown and that of Spain might never be united on the same head. The same historian tells us that "few events in modern times ever seemed so unfavorable to the balance of power as the union between the French and Spanish monarchies. The former, already too mighty from her increased dominions, her central situation, and her warlike and enterprising people, could now direct the resources of that very state which had formerly weighed the heaviest in the opposite scale." But the energy of William III. of England, overcoming all obstacles, consummated the alliance which curbed *le grand monarque*.

The next step brings us to the five great coalitions formed against France and Bonaparte—coalitions into which nearly all Europe at one time or another entered, for the purpose of checking the consolidation of power in the hands of Napoleon. At his downfall, in 1815, a remarkable exhibit was made of the way in which anxiety for the "balance of power" alters the map of Europe. In the Congress of Vienna, where England, France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, Portugal, Spain, Sweden—in a word, nearly all the leading powers of Europe—were represented, the duty of the hour was to readjust the national boundaries which the terrible Corsican, now at last shut up in St. Helena, had been wiping out and altering at his own will for the past dozen years. When the rearrangement was finished, its leading trait was found to be an attempt at securing European equilibrium. National unity, the desires of the peoples, national affinities, had been ignored, while unnatural lines and dismemberments were sanctioned without scruple, and duchies and principalities placed under foreign domination. A leading tradition of continental diplomacy had been that cen-

tral Europe must be kept in fragments, and that a unified Germany would menace the countries around it. Exactly why this should be, or why the solidification of Germany would destroy the balance of power, or, indeed, precisely in what the balance of power consists, did not appear. But whatever European interests were in general, the selfish interests of France were obviously to maintain a fragmentary Germany, and the selfish interests of Austria were to maintain a fragmentary Italy. So long before as 1648, Cardinal Mazarin instructed his envoys to have the German principalities declared independent by the treaty of Westphalia, on the ground that this would weaken Austria, at that time the head of Germany. "The monument which immortalizes Cardinal Mazarin," says Voltaire, in his "*Siècle de Louis Quatorze*," "is the acquisition of Alsace." Where stands that immortal monument to-day? And where stands that Austria whose control over the smaller states of Germany filled Mazarin and Richelieu with fears for the welfare of France?

At all events, in the Congress of Vienna, the French policy which had prevailed ever since French unity had been effected under the house of Valois—the policy of keeping the Rhenish states disunited and independent, lest they should swell the influence of Austria—was sanctioned as European policy by nearly all the great powers, including England and Russia, two nations whose part in the battles leading to Napoleon's overthrow had been conspicuous, and whose influence was naturally great. Austria could hardly object to this disposition of the German confederation, because a similar policy, to her advantage, was followed in Italy, where Austria was recognized as controlling all Venetia and Lombardy, besides having princelings connected with her imperial house placed over Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and Piacenza. As for Prussia, which of late years has been profoundly indignant against the

treaties of 1815, she profited by them more than all the rest of Europe combined. England, for example, retained Malta, which was essential to her control of the Mediterranean, but England's protectorate of the Ionian Islands was only a nominal concession to her; the matter was a thankless task, undertaken at general request, and she long since abandoned it. Contrast with this the solid and permanent gains of Prussia, who, though she put no royal relatives over tottering dukedoms, received a clear title to Swedish Pomerania, and to a large part of Westphalia, Saxony, and the provinces of the lower Rhine. Had the diplomats of 1815 foreseen that the German power of the future was to be Prussia, that the focus of the new empire was to be not at Vienna but at Berlin, they might not have rested content with cutting up Germany into a crowd of sovereignties; they might not have allowed Prussia to slip off with the lion's share of the solid gains. It is Prussian publicists who have chiefly dilated on the wrong done to Germany by the treaties of 1815; but Prussia had no reason as Prussia to complain. We cannot call the Congress of Vienna the source of Prussia's greatness, for this her intelligence, energy, and valor have won; but at least 1815 saw her handsomely put on the route of political greatness.

Thus we see how the balance of power has historically modified the centralizing tendency. In 1815 some small states were protected from being swallowed up by powerful neighbors, but this was not through sympathy with small states, nor always, probably, to their advantage. The demands of popular will and of race unity were disregarded for simple dynastic policy. England could have a hand in Greece, and Austria could have one in Italy. The Rhenish provinces that were Prussianized in 1815, after having been parts of a grand empire, grumbled unheeded at this sale and delivery of them. To indemnify Holland for giving up her Ger-

man possessions, the Belgian provinces were turned over to her, without so much as saying to the Belgians, "By your leave;" whence, only fifteen years after, came a revolt ending in Belgic autonomy. Poland's faint cry for rehabilitation fell in 1815 on deaf ears, her three plunderers merely revising and correcting the division of their spoils. The little state of Denmark, perhaps, fared worse than any other in Europe by the treaty of 1815. For, when Finland was awarded to Russia, Norway was taken from the control of Denmark and given to Sweden, to make up for the loss of Finland. But nothing whatever was given to Denmark to make up for her loss of Norway. It was Denmark's misfortune to have no representation in the congress, and *les absens ont toujours tort*, in politics as elsewhere. She had already experienced the outrages which can be practised with impunity upon small states, in the bombardment of her capital by a British fleet in 1807 (at a time when Denmark was at peace), under the plea that she was going to take part with Napoleon. Denmark was doomed to see another plundering of her territory in later times—the seizure of Schleswig and Holstein, after a costly war. Embittered by these experiences, no wonder that some of the Danes looked with anxiety on the harmless visit which Prince Frederick William made, a few years ago, to Stockholm, fearing it might include an invitation to Sweden to divide Denmark between herself and Prussia. Nor was the suspicion wholly unnatural; since, three score years before, high authorities in Swedish and Prussian statecraft had discussed the feasibility of partitioning Denmark at the Great Belt, giving Jutland to Prussia and Seeland to Sweden. Other small states have shared, from time to time, Denmark's trepidation.

After this tribute to the balance of power in the reconstruction of 1815, three great powers, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, passed an odd comment upon it by forming, in that same

year, a "Holy Alliance"—a triple league, often broken since by quarrels and wars, as often renewed in a less formal way, and apparently subsisting as an "amicable relation" up to the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war. That the agreement of 1815 lasted so long must have been partly due to the fact that the nations were all sick of war for territorial or political gain, besides being accustomed by Napoleon to submit to treaties not exactly to their minds. In addition, as has been said, great efforts were made, in important cases, to make some compensations for territorial losses.

We may next note how the struggle for the unity which depends on race and language—the solidarity of nations—has modified the artificial balance of power, and helped to restore the centralizing tendency of modern times. It must be premised that an exact definition of the essential elements of what is called "nationality" is by no means so easy as it may appear. An English historian has said that the great elements of nationality are race, language, institutions, and religion; and that "it is better not to admit national identity till the two elements of institutions and religion, or, at any rate, one of them, be added to those of blood and language." But Germany and Italy have shown us that neither uniform institutions nor a uniform religion can be held necessary to national unity. Again, as to race: we see several different races mixed up in a tolerably compact British nationality, as many in the Austro-Hungarian, and so with other countries, notably including our own. Once more: three languages are spoken in Switzerland, two in Alsace, and in almost all countries so many dialects that natives of one county can hardly understand those of a distant one. Can we very distinctly separate, on the basis of language, France and Belgium, or even Spain and Portugal?

Nationality, indeed, is in great part a matter of sympathy, of sentiment, as well as of science. The Germans

are a sentimental race, and their famous war song of 1870 gives us some clue to their notions of the basis of German unity. "Which is the German's fatherland?" asks the song. Is it Prussian or Swabian land? Bavarian or Westphalian? Tyrol or the land of Tell? None of these! Then surely it must be "the Austrian State, in honors and in triumphs great"? But still the response comes, "Ah! no, no, no! His fatherland's not bounded so!"

What is the German's fatherland?
So name me now at last the land!
Far as the German free tongue springs,
And hymns to God in heaven sings,
That is the land—
There, brother, is thy fatherland!

This vigorous sentiment, however, must have some limit in practical action, or otherwise it might demand additional wars to annex the German-speaking Baltic provinces of Russia, the German part of Austria, and the German cantons of Switzerland. Again, if, as the song says, in fatherland "every Frank is held a foe," it could hardly have been on the fatherland principle that Alsace and Lorraine were added to Germany. Here, however, another war song, or rather peace song, comes in to aid the inquirer. It is the one said to have been sung by the besiegers of Strasbourg:

In Alsace, over the Rhine,
There lives a brother of mine;
It grieves my soul to say
He hath forgot the day
We were one land and line.

Dear brother, torn apart,
Is't true that changed thou art?
The French have clapped on thee
Red breeches, as we see;
Have they Frenchified thy heart?

Thee also, fighting sore,
Ankle-deep in German gore,
We have won. Ah, brother dear,
Thou art German—dost thou hear?
They shall never part us more.

Here it is clear that the ethnic theory does not mind skipping a century or two in its quest of national unity. Still, with all its devices, it must, we repeat, find some difficulty in defining itself in border lands, where the language and the races are mixed. It was

hardly as "fatherland" that Prussia annexed her share of Poland, nor could Great Britain be expected to give up control, at demand, of all her districts that speak Welsh or Scotch.

The most powerful opponent of the principle of nationalities among modern statesmen has been M. Thiers. He clearly foresaw the consequences to France of German unity and Italian unity, and in ample season specifically warned his government and his countrymen against allowing these unities to be consummated. He argued that the new-fangled or "fancy" theory, as he called it, of nationality was fatal to the preservation of the balance of power, which he held to be the central feature of modern European polity. He urged the French government, therefore, in 1866, to prevent Prussia from attacking Austria by holding back Italy from alliance with the former, and when his warnings had proved useless he depicted the dangers of the future for France. Before the war broke out, M. Thiers, replying in the Corps Législatif to a declaration of M. Rouher regarding the proposed neutrality of the French government in the impending conflict, said:

The Germans wish for more unity, which would enable their country to play a more considerable part in the world. I am far from blaming those desires, if circumscribed within certain limits; but I beg the Germans to consider that in such ideas great prudence is necessary; and that the chief principle of European policy has at all times been that Germany should be composed of independent states, united by a federative tie. That intention was proclaimed to all Europe at the Congress of Westphalia; was consecrated by Frederick the Great at the peace of Teschen; and, when the allies left Paris in 1814, they felt the necessity of leaving to France some guarantee, which consisted in renewing the great European principle, that Germany should consist of separate powers, simply joined by a federal union. The Congress of Vienna maintained that decision; and the Germans must not forget that they would be infringing on the great principle of the balance of power in Europe, if Germany should cease to be composed of independent states. Let them mistrust the efforts of Prussia, who is making use of German ideas to arrive at a different result. That fact is so evident that there is no impropriety in mentioning it.

After the war M. Thiers predicted disaster to France because it had departed from what he called the most important rule of French traditional policy, "which was to support small states. If France had not ever pursued that policy, there would at the present time be only three or four great states in Europe. It was owing to Napoleon's destruction of small states, and his pursuing the system of 'great agglomerations,' thus disturbing the balance of power, that a reaction set in against him, and France was reduced to her frontiers of 1789, while the other great powers kept all they had gained." He insisted that it had been the duty of France to prevent the substitution of Prussian supremacy for Germanic independence. And as for Italy, he said: "If I had the honor of directing the affairs of France, all the energy I may possess I would devote to preventing the unification of Italy."

The words of Thiers seemed to fall on deaf ears. In the councils of state and at the desks of journalism a common incredulity prevailed. It seemed as though the once cardinal principle of the equilibrium of Europe had been laid aside, and that the solidarity of nations was to be accepted in place of it. The sympathy for the new principle was, as it were, "in the air," and nations breathed it without suspicion, to whom it was to be fatal. The vastness of its triumph we see in the Italy and Germany of to-day.

We now come to the consideration of another political theory which from time to time has contributed toward altering the map of Europe, though of late fallen into disfavor. This is the theory of natural frontiers. Of this idea France has always been the leading advocate, and her own natural frontier she has claimed to be the Rhine. It was an idea in vogue as long ago as the time of Louis XIV. Since 1815 "rectification of the frontier" has been a leading thought of France. M. Théophile Lavallée, in his division of Europe on the basis of nat-

ural boundaries and watersheds, in a treatise approved by the French Academy, described the "French region" as including not only all of Germany on the left bank of the Rhine, but Belgium, Switzerland, and the southern part of Holland. M. Ernest Mourin, in his historical work "Les Comtes de Paris," published in the latter part of 1869, that is, just before the downfall of the natural frontier theory under the arms of Germany, gives, in a chapter entitled "The Left Bank of the Rhine," the historical foundation of the French claim to the Rhenish frontier, "which nature and tradition assign to our country." He says:

Les Alpes et le Rhin, on ne saurait trop le redire, sont les frontières naturelles de notre pays. La vieille Gaule s'était étendue durant toute sa vie historique jusqu'à ces barrières faites pour séparer ses peuplades de celles de la Germanie. Sur cette surface si nettement circonscrite s'était formée une population portant, malgré des mélanges successifs, un caractère, parlant même langue, adorant mêmes dieux, retenant les mêmes traditions.

He proceeds to say that when the Romans came into Gaul, so far from effacing the sharp geographical line or demarcation between Germans and Celts, they strengthened it by building upon it the grand fortresses of Strasbourg, Treves, Mayence, and Cologne. When the Franks came in, they "devoted themselves to preserving their natural frontier." It is rather comical to find a French historian gravely attributing to the Franks a conception of nationality and natural frontiers not acquired for three or four centuries after, to say the least, and as gravely attributing to Clovis the credit of maintaining against the Germans "the unity of the country." M. Mourin naturally laments the feebleness of King Lothaire, who might have incorporated into France all that territory which the later sovereigns of France sought to achieve, and which Louis XIV., Louis XV., and the great Napoleon did in part or temporarily achieve:

Si les malheurs de 1814 et de 1815 nous ont fait reculer de nouveau, on s'y reprendra peut-être quelque jour. Aujourd'hui que l'Europe paraît

vouloir se reconstituer sur la base des grandes lois géographiques; que les unités nationales se reforment; que l'Allemagne est en travail pour relever à nos portes l'empire des Othons, et qu'enfin le vieil équilibre des forces européennes est rompu, la France a le droit d'exiger dans ce romanien général qu'on brise les lignes factices dans lesquelles d'inintelligents traités l'ont resserrée et qu'on lui rende les limites que la nature elle-même lui a tracées. Elle ne fera que sauvegarder son rang en reprenant son antique patrie, héritage des Gaulois et des Francs, qu'elle a perdue au X^e siècle, qu'elle a toujours réclamé depuis, et pour lequel, tant qu'elle sera soucieuse de sa grandeur et de sa légitime influence, elle n'admettra jamais aucune prescription.

There is, however, a previous question, namely, whether after all rivers are "natural frontiers." We all know that rivers have been frequently used as boundary lines in history, especially in earlier times; but they seem to have usually been only convenient fixed bounds in ages when neither fences nor surveyors' maps abounded, rather than "natural" separations of races. "Mountains," wrote Dr. Lieber, "may be natural frontiers; rivers are only marked lines on the map;" and he indignantly proposed that if the French were bent on a natural frontier they should try the Vosges; or, if nothing but a river would suit them, that they should substitute the Moselle for the Rhine. The famous river, at all events, became the object of popular as well as military ambition, with the first note of war. "*Au Rhin*" was heard at Paris, "*Am Rhein!*" at Berlin. "The German Rhine" was the burden of the famous song of the Rhine Guard—"Be German, Rhine, as is my breast." Bayard Taylor renders the chorus thus:

To the Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
We will guard the river's line.
Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine!
Firm stands thy guard along the Rhine.

Enough to add that the Rhine remains German for our generation probably, at least, and that in the fall of France fell also the frontier theory.

Before passing on, we may say that the Franco-German negotiations for peace called out a proposition singularly analogous to the one which serves as the text of the

present article. This was the proposition to make Alsace and Lorraine an independent and neutral territory, instead of annexing them to Germany. We shall not pause to rehearse the arguments by which this scheme was supported, particularly by those Germans who distrusted the annexing of Alsace-Lorraine, with its discordant and unsympathetic population, very much as some of us Americans would distrust the wisdom of annexing the Zona Libre to the United States, should we conquer it next year from Mexico. What we know is that there would have been constituted a chain of neutral states from the North sea to the Swiss Alps, separating France from Germany, just as a like chain of neutral states might be established between Turkey and Russia. But Prince Bismarck argued with regard to that scheme: "We would not be protected at sea, and would only be protected on land so long as the neutral states should be determined to respect the treaties of neutrality, and to defend the neutrality of their land with arms in their hands, as we have seen in the case of the Belgians. With Alsace, this regard for the treaties was not to be assumed. In that place are strong French elements, whose interests and sympathies belong to France, and which, in case of a war with France, would undoubtedly make themselves heard to the advantage of France. Thus the neutrality would be injurious."

In short, the formation of a new European state was against the natural tendency of things. When a Poland is effaced from the map an Alsace-Lorraine cannot be raised to an independent state. It was comparatively easy to unite Hungary to Austria on honorable terms; it was a difficult task to tear Hungary from Austria. What Kossuth desired in 1849, according to his own words, was not only the autonomy of Hungary, but the restoration of Poland and the gathering of a little group of Slav states around Hungary, in the form of a

Danubian confederacy, friendly to her. But the fates were not favorable to such disintegrations and reconstructions of small states.

We now come to another element in European statecraft which has had much influence in changing the boundaries and the destinies of states, and is likely to have more influence in the future. This is the movement for popular government or popular freedom. Its tendency is obviously decentralizing, because it leads to revolts and to independence of states, as in the case of the Dutch revolt of 1579 and the Greek revolt of 1821; besides, the spirit of liberty is stronger than the spirit of nationality, causing bonds of country and of kin to be sundered for the sake of free government. The year 1848 saw a violent outbreak of this force in European politics. In France, driving Louis Philippe from his throne, it established a republic; in Austria, by a quickly catching sympathy, it caused the Emperor Ferdinand to abdicate, created a revolt in Austria's Lombardo-Venetian possessions, and a more serious one in Hungary; in Rome it caused the deposition of Pope Pius IX.; soon in Denmark the general convulsion took the form of a Schleswig-Holstein revolt, and in Germany that of the Frankfort confederation congress. We all know how this general uprising resulted—that Radetzky crushed the revolted Italians, who had been aided by King Charles Albert of Sardinia; that in Hungary Prince Paskevitch received the surrender of Görgey; that the new king, Frederick VII. of Denmark, subdued his revolting duchies; that a French army replaced Pius on his temporal throne; that the Frankfort constitution came to nothing; and that the French revolution of 1848 was followed by Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*. But there were rich fruits also of the movement. Germany obtained a constitution that gave freedom of the press, popular legislation, and the abolition of oppressive class privileges; the Austrian emperor soon followed

with like concessions; the second republic in France at least paved the way for the third republic, under which she is happy to-day; the unsuccessful movements in Lombardy, Rome, and Denmark set the cue for successful ones in subsequent years.

We cannot doubt that the republican movement will play a great part in the Europe of the future. We see ideas of popular government pervading not only England and France, but Spain, Russia, and Turkey—for the latter has begun to Europeanize herself, to throw off her Asiatic gyves. We see this change in Egypt as well as in Constantinople, precisely as we have seen the republican fever seize upon all the Spanish-settled countries on both shores of America, as well as upon Cadiz and Madrid. It is true that the Iberian revolt that overthrew Isabella was merely a dynastic revolution, directed against a person rather than a system, and that after a first short fit of republicanism monarchy was speedily reestablished in the country, through want of the careful education for popular government that alone could have made democracy a success. But Castellar's brief republic may have been the forerunner of a better and more permanent.

The theory of loyalty to the nation, as substituted for the old feudal idea of blind allegiance to an individual, is a modern growth. We cannot doubt that the progress of democratic ideas will continue to be great in Europe. Germany admires and is content with her emperor to-day, because the high personal character, splendid organization, traditional rigid economy, and skilful choice of officers which he has brought to his high position could not fail to extort respect; while the military glory he has added to the German name would atone for far greater encroachments on popular liberty than Emperor William has attempted. But let a successor, lacking William's claims to respect and confidence, undertake to impose despotic will upon Germany, to check

the popular desires for liberty, and the spirit of freedom will show itself. For it has not been forgotten that, as the project of Italian unity was not discovered by Victor Emanuel, though accomplished by him, so German unity was not invented by Kaiser Wilhelm, though consummated under his auspices. In Germany, as in Italy, the first efforts at nationality were those of friends of popular freedom. In Germany, this popular feeling for unity, warm already in 1830, burst into flame in 1848, and the crowned heads of Prussia and Austria quenched it. Frederick William IV. of Prussia would not receive the imperial sceptre from a revolutionary assembly; nor would his brother and successor have taken it, save from the royal hands of Bavaria, Württemberg, and Saxony, that offered it. The popular feeling of Germany has never yet disclosed its real strength.

The reader will recall the tribute to the power of popular ideas paid by Napoleon in the two phrases which we quoted at the beginning of this article. They drew from l'Abbé de Pradt this comment: "Princes, peoples, listen! The destiny of all of you alike is contained in these words. There he is, reduced to recognize that it is for having shocked the civilization of his time that he loses his throne—he who of all mankind would have been able to triumph over civilization, could that frightful privilege belong to any man. Believe these words, because they are those of a man whom no one perhaps ever equalled in sagacity; because they are those of a man who, having never been equalled in vanity, could not have been brought to such an avowal, save by the feeling of the irremediable consequences of his error. 'I have sinned against liberal ideas, and I die.' Such is the testament—such the honorable amends of the greatest warrior, the most powerful monarch, who ever lived. He overthrew and conquered peoples and kings. He attacked liberal ideas, and he dies."

Thus we have seen how the various forces of European politics have facilitated or reversed, as the case may be, the tendency to the agglomeration of states. This tendency began when modern civilization discovered the use of political union. It has received an impetus from the ethnic or nationality principle of modern times, and a check from the two opposite causes of the dynastic theory of European equilibrium on the one hand, and the popular determination to break loose from tyranny on the other hand. The various forces we have been describing are forces still alive in European politics, though one or the other, as we have seen, is usually, for the time, the master force. Should Russia gather, in her present struggle with Turkey, laurels and advantages unexpectedly great, the old anxiety for the balance of power will move western Europe to dictate what the terms of peace shall be. Should Russia disclose, by her difficulty in conquering so sick a man as Turkey, that she is a less formidable bear than she is reputed to

be, the old anxiety for European equilibrium will for the present continue to remain in the background, and the fusing of nationalities—the last favorite experiment in European politics—will probably be resumed. It would not be surprising to see, in the Europe of the future, Germany extending herself in all directions—northward, over Netherland territory to the North sea; westward, over Luxemburg, and perhaps over the unrestored part of Lorraine; eastward, to give a hand to the German-speaking brother in Livonia; southward, over Bohemia, and perhaps some of the other Austrian states that belong to the old Bund. Perhaps, also, before the Slav race begins its march of supremacy, Scandinavian nationality may be achieved through a union of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark—a junction which, 480 years ago, was accomplished by “the Semiramis of the North,” Queen Margaret of Denmark, in the union of Calmar, a union which her feebler successor allowed to come to nought.

GEORGE E. POND.

MARY ANN'S MIND.

The lobster loves the lobster pot,
The mackerel loves the sea,
And I, I love but thee, Mary Ann;
Mary Ann, Mary Ann; Mary Ann,
Mary Ann; Mary Ann, I love but thee!

JAKE HAZARD shouted out this snatch of sea song at the top of his pleasant voice, as he pushed his old whale boat off the beach on the reluctant rollers, and at last launched her in the water.

“That’s tellin’, ain’t it?” inquired Hosi Long with a comic cast of his eye across the boat at Jake, as he shoved at her other side with brawny shoulders and deep breaths of effort.

“Haw, haw!” roared Jake. “Ain’t you smart, Hosi? I ’xpect you can

see through a millstone’s quick’s the next man!”

Hosi grinned horribly; he was not a brilliant creature, but he could catch fish better than any man on the shore, and when you go blue-fishing that’s the sort of companion you want.

Now, everybody in Sandy Creek knew Jake Hazard was mortally in love with Mary Ann Tucker; he had made no secret of it, and she, being a born coquette, treated Jake in cat-and-mouse fashion, till he was as nearly crazy as a hard-headed young fellow with no nerves and a mighty digestion can possibly be. If I said Mary Ann was the prettiest girl in the

town I should do her great injustice; for she was the only pretty girl there; the two or three tanned, freckled, good-natured daughters of the Hazards, and Tuckers, and Conklins, who were "the girls" of Sandy Creek, never pretended to be pretty; they went their way in peace, dug clams, baked shortcakes, made chowder, and darned stockings, undisturbed by lovers or rivalry; in due time somebody married them, because everybody couldn't marry Mary Ann, and thereafter they lived their lives out as they might, but at Mary Ann's feet, sooner or later, every young man in the town bowed down and fell.

She was a very pretty girl. Her long thick hair, of the darkest, richest red, waved in great loose ripples to her knees when it fell out of the heavy braid in which she wore it. Her skin was fair beyond all tanning, and if it was a little freckled nobody saw it in the abundant and lovely color of her rounded cheeks. A low, wide forehead, a dimpled chin, a saucy nose, full scarlet lips, and a pair of wicked, laughing, dark eyes, with lashes and brows of deep brown-red, make up a fair catalogue of charms.

And then she was "everlastin' smart." Nobody kept so clean a house as she did for her father, nobody made such sea pie, chowder, or clam fritters. She fried fish to such crisp perfection that the light-house people always wanted to stop at Sam Tucker's when they had city company and took them out fishing, but Miss Mary Ann did not approve of "keepin' tavern," she said, so the light-keeper had thereafter to fry his own fish. Then she was exquisitely neat; a virtue rare among a fishing people familiar with the unsavory produce of their nets, as heads, tails, or shells lie about the doors, flavorful if not ornamental, till the very hens' eggs have a fishy flavor. But Sam Tucker's doorstep was always swept of every grain of sand or bit of refuse. Two little posy beds boarded up against the wall sweetened the air with pinks, sweet basil, and a

few hardy roses in their season, there was a scrupulously white bit of a curtain across every little window, and the well-scrubbed floors had bright rugs here and there where foot of man might rest, and save the planks needless stain or spot. If the curtains were old cotton or bits of sail cloth, they were still snow white; and that the rugs were braided of rags, scarlet shirts worn beyond any more patching, or the remains of a bright blue petticoat, or a gray vest, and black list which the tailorless gave away, did not make them less gay and tasteful of tint.

Old Sam's clothes were patched with such neat patches, the buttons so invariable, the red shirt always so bright, that he was a matter of wonder and admiration all along shore. And if Mary Ann did her housework and scoured her tins and floor, and weeded her posy bed, protected by a big crash bile apron and a slat-sided sun-bonnet, when the apron came off, and she sat down to knit or sew, or strolled on the beach in the afternoon, then she was always arrayed in a neat and pretty calico gown, or a deep-blue gingham; always with some white thing about her round throat, not the least shade of fashion, to be sure, but a clean and pure ruffle, or a queer old collar clear-starched to perfection, or a strip of coarse lace tied in such a trim bow. When you capped this full, wholesome figure and clean attire with the beautiful, saucy, rosy face, shining under a wide black straw hat that Sam Tucker bought for his "gal" years ago in Boston, half with an idea that it was respectful in her to have "a black bunnet," as he called it, because her mother was dead (poor woman, she had been dead six years then), and half because, having seen a very pretty girl at White Rocks, where he went every year to take out sailing parties, with just such a hat, he thought Mary Ann would become it—then, though you did not see a Broadway belle, you saw a wonderfully pretty girl, especially when the old

black hat was set off by a plume of waving grass from the salt marsh, a cluster of pink wild roses, a string of glittering yellow shells, a garland of gay sea mosses, or a pompon of rich golden sod put in with the artistic effect a French milliner's fingers might have longed to imitate and longed in vain. Moreover the girl had a good straight shape of her own; there was room in the shapely chest for a cheery, ringing voice that was the delight of old Sam as it tolled the quaint songs of the fishermen or a good loud Methodist hymn, and her strong arms, if they were not white, were both round and dimpled.

No wonder Mary Ann had so many lovers. Perhaps no wonder that she did not choose one. It is pleasant as well as provident to have a good many strings to your bow, and when Jake Hazard had to go blue-fishing in earnest, not for fun, and she did not want to be crowded with dead fish and wet lines, and two or three men, into a dirty boat all day long, there was always Joe Tucker or Ephraim Conklin to go after berries with her, or some other Conklin, or Tucker, or Hazard to take her crabbing, or shoot peeps for her, rewarded thereafter by a supper of crabs, or peep pie, savory meats which Mary Ann perfectly understood preparing. So she really never seemed to care about marrying anybody. She had her father to look after, and time enough to enjoy her youth, and her beauty, and her adorers. But all this profited the adorers nothing. She eluded any grasp that might fix her anywhere, like a sagacious swallow that will wheel and flit about your head if you sit still enough, but if you move hand or foot darts off into space with a derisive twitter, and is seen no more. So the lovers gradually dropped off. They would have given their very best possessions to move her careless heart, but it was evident that all the inducements they could offer were useless. They were practical beings, men wanting a home and a wife to keep the home and them tidy and

thrifty. Sentiment being put out of the question, they turned to the creed of "the fat-faced curate Edward Bull":

A pretty face is good, and this is good
To have a dame indoors that trims us up,
And keeps us tight,

finding plenty of good honest girls in the scattered village, less coy and scornful than the beauty of Sandy Creek. But Jake Hazard remained faithful; his nature was strong and true. The quips and cranks of his fun and good-humor were but the crest of foam bells on a forceful and persistent depth, a constant and mighty tide setting toward one shore. Perhaps Mary Ann did not perceive this fact; perhaps she thought him gay and careless, as young men are apt to be. It certainly never crossed her mind, as a real and earnest question, whether she meant to marry Jake; or even if he meant to marry her, but on his part the matter was thoroughly settled, though till to-day he had never spoken of it. Perhaps it was the brilliant day, for it was June, and the air was vivid with sky above and sea below, and the cool salt breath of the ocean inspired even languid lungs and fainting vitality like a powerful elixir. The great green waves reared up along the shore, shaking white crests of foam in splendid defiance, and dashing their mighty length upon the sand, crumbled back with hissing crush of ten thousand tiny bubbles on their line, only to rise and charge again with swing, and roar, and crash, till the shore trembled. Outside the long waves swung the old whale boat up and down with mad delight. The blue fish leaped at the bait with eager, venomous heads, and tore and plunged when they felt the hook, showing such fight that it was keen sport to draw them, gleaming and jumping, through the water and over the gunwale, and throw them onto the glistening heap that already covered the bottom. Jake's gray eyes glowed with excitement, the blood rose in his tanned cheek, his white teeth showed,

set and firm, under the half-open lips, and his swaying muscular figure would have been a fine study for an artist.

"Ginger! this here's sport, ain't it?" sung out Hosity Long.

"Pretty good, pretty good!" Jake shouted back to him, setting his teeth together in a short, sharp contest with the biggest blue fish of the haul, who in another minute lay flapping and bouncing at Hosity's feet.

"Dang it all! that's a most monstrous fish, Jake."

"That's the sockdolager, old feller."

"Well, naow," said Hosity, keeping the boat trimmed carefully while Jake rebaited his line, "that are one would be tasty for supper, I tell *you*, briled on the coals, 'nd buttered up, long o' a good shortcake 'nd some store tea."

Hosity paused and gloated on the fine fat fish with blinking green eyes and broad red face, that was the picture of good humor. Then he took to speech again:

"Ef you'd got an old woman now, Jake, to your house, I 'xpect you an' me would have a fust rate supper for one time, wouldn't we?"

"I reckon," answered Jake, feeling on his taut line to see if it were stretched by the ebbing tide or a pulling fish.

"An' what's more, Hosity, I'm goin' to hev a house 'n home afore I'm gray, I tell ye."

"Lor, now! you be? What does Mary Ann say to thet sarcumstance?"

"She's got to say somethin' afore long. I'm tired o' foolin'," muttered Jake between his teeth, giving a vicious jerk to his line, that was raging up and down at the mercy of another fish, which, however, he speedily hauled in and added to the flapping heap. "I say, Hosity, 'tain't no good to flounder round on a hook. I'd get off on't ef I tore my jaw out, soon's I found 'twas for sport folks was ketchin' me; bizness 's another matter."

"Wall, wall, she's a young cretur. Mebbe she dono what she doos want."

"That ain't my sitovation, by the

Lord, sir! I know what I want enny way, and I'll hev it or let it go, smack and smooth, afore new moon comes agin, or my name ain't Jake Hazard."

Hosity's simple soul quivered at the stern and almost fierce energy of Jake's declaration. Not that he was afraid himself, but he saw breakers ahead as he would have phrased it, storms of passion and excitement, an end to quiet fishing bouts with Jake, lazy, pleasant strolls after blueberries with Mary Ann, and cosy suppers at Sam Tucker's. He was an ease-loving, weak-kneed brother, ready to sell what he called his soul at any time for peace or pottage, the very type of man who wrecks his own life and ruins others for the want of a little courage and candor, whose cry was always the selfish howl of "Let *me* alone," "after me the deluge." But Hosity's lazy longing for peace could work no wreck or woe in Jake's affairs, though he made a feeble effort to "save the pieces" in an interview with Mary Ann that very night, being deputed, as soon as they came in with their spoils, to carry the big fish up to Sam Tucker's as a present from Jake. Mary Ann met him with beaming eyes.

"Well, I declare, thet's jest what I wanted, for Aunt Semanthy's come to supper, 'nd Uncle Royal, and I hadn't a special thing for 'em, bread, 'n butter, 'n sass, 'n dried halibut, that's all."

"This is the king o' the crowd," said Hosity, looking at the beautiful silver-bellied, blue-backed creature with honest admiration.

"I guess he made 'em fly down below. He come up with a rush now, I tell ye, but Jake was too much for him. Jake's a masterful critter as ever I see. Say, Mary Ann," and here his voice fell into an ominous whisper, "you look out for Jake. Counsel with me now. Ef I be a poor feller I've got sense into me. You let Jake hev his head giner'llly. 'Twill be a vast better for you ef ye do."

"What *air* you a talkin' about, Hosity Long?" retorted Mary Ann with an air of genuine astonishment.

"Oh, nothin', nothin' much, nothin' pertikler, only 'f I was you I wouldn't be the one to get ath'art o' Jake's hawse, not ef——"

"I'd jist hev you to know, sir," snapped Mary Ann, the quick color rising, "angry and brave," in her glowing cheeks, "I'd jist hev you to know that Jake Hazard's nothin' to me, nor I ain't goin' to cotton to no man because he's masterful. I guess I can be masterful myself, if I'm a mind to, so there." With which shake out of her flag she slammed the door in Hosi's face, and that dejected being bewailed himself plaintively enough.

"Oh, Lord! I've gone an' done it now, ef I never did afore. I hope to glory 'n goodness she won't never tell Jake. I'm darned to thunderation ef I don't believe she will! Oh, Jee-rus'lem!"

And Hosi betook himself to the fish house, scratching his sandy poll ruefully as he went, but resolved to say nothing to Jake, and to doing everything he might be asked thereafter with wholesale and persistent denial.

Yet after all he had done Jake an unconscious service, for Mary Ann was fully and fairly brought to ask herself if what she had just now said in her sudden anger was really the truth. Suppose Hosi told Jake what she *did* say, and he took it for granted that she really did not care for him at all? It was a small point to rankle in Mary Ann's mind, but it was the point of a wedge. She cooked the big blue fish for supper with her usual skill, and while its crisp brown surface and creamy flakes of flesh were being disposed of with sundry flattering remarks both to fisherman and cook, she fretted inwardly a little, while she was pleased enough with the commendations.

But Mary Ann was not metaphysical—there are some benefits after all in a want of education; if you do not know how to analyze your emotions, and take your "inwardness" to pieces as a botanist does a flower, you are spared

much futile speculation into profitless subjects, much soul-wearying and unhappy consciousness, and may live and die even as a blossom in simple trust and peace. Mary Ann went about her work with no special self-torment after the first uneasy idea of Jake and his possibilities had entered her mind. If she thought of him a little oftener and remembered what Uncle R'yal had said about "them Hazards," as a family, and how Aunt Semanthy had echoed "Yis; they're dreadful reliable folks, allers was; Gran'ther Hazard was one of the smartest men ever ye see. Good for a fishin' bout up to ninety year old; spry as a cricket; didn't hev no sickness so to speak durin' his lifetime, an' died of a shockanum palsy to the last." Why, all this was what she knew before, so she thought no more about it the next day, but hurried her work over, and putting on her hat, took a basket and set her face inland toward a hill where wild strawberries grew thick and sweet. There was a long walk before her across the fields, and the sandy lanes were too heavy to choose as a path when the short turf lay crisply in the lots, so she stepped over the low wall of loose stone, and thereby came within the range of Jake's vision just as he dragged his boat up the beach, having been across the bay to the lighthouse. He overtook her soon with his long strides, and Mary Ann was glad enough to have company. With a certain native tact, Jake forbore to intrude his passion on her notice till the basket was filled with fragrant berries, and they sat down a moment for rest on a fallen tree. Neither of them consciously admired nature, but yet they felt a serene calm that hung over the view spread out before them—the gently heaving, beryl sea, the still, blue heaven, the distant and incessant murmur of white waves lapping the shore, the dull green fields bordered with tawny sand, and far away the lighthouse tower and the sailing ships that drifted to or from the wide horizon, all these stole into

their senses and kept them silent for a while, but Jake's heart burned within him. It was not his way to put off a crisis, to mince matters; he was full of curt courage and resolve, and now he had business of mortal import to him to settle with Mary Ann, he neither could nor would delay it, so he broke the silence somewhat abruptly:

"Mary Ann," said he, "I suppose you've seen quite a spell that I like you fast rate. I've spoke it loud enough in actions, but I know folks has got to use words sometimes ef they want answers, and I do want one the wust way. Will you marry me, Mary Ann?"

The hot color rushed up to the girl's face. She was startled, and a traitorous echo in her own heart startled her more than Jake's words. She had a bunch of sweet fern in her hand, and she began to pull the odorous leaves off one by one, as an excuse for keeping her eyes cast down.

"Will you? Say!" repeated Jake.

"We—ell, I dono', Jake. I hain't thought o' such a thing."

The coquettish nature was uppermost now. Her lips curled at the corners with a wicked little smile, her eyes sparkled, and her voice grew arch.

"Time you did," retorted Joe. "I've been a hangin' round ye this two year, 's though the sun rose 'nd sot in your face, 'nd I can't stan' it no longer. I want to know suthin' for sartin, Mary Ann."

"Well—you see," slowly pulling the fern leaves, "I don't—know—I haven't made up—my mind yet—about marryin'."

"Make it up now, then."

"Mercy to me, Jake Hazard. What an idea—no, sir; I ain't a goin' to hurry for nobody. I can live 'thout gettin' married I guess, ef you can't."

"I didn't say I couldn't," growled Jake. "I don't calkerlate to die for nobody; but I shan't marry nobody but you, Mary Ann Tucker, and I want to know ef I'm goin' to do that."

Mary Ann gave a little laugh. It

was not heartless, though it seemed so to Jake, who was in dead earnest. It was merely an outlet of the inner excitement she really felt, and she followed it up with the truth, though she spoke it with a certain levity. "I don't see how you're going to know when I don't know myself. I told ye I hadn't made up my mind."

"Well, how long is it goin' to take ye to do it?" ventured the wrathful lover, who longed to shake her soundly for her naughtiness, thoroughly misunderstanding her, as men will misunderstand women till the day of judgment, especially if they are in love with them.

"I don't know that," she answered.

Jake controlled his rising rage manfully. "Well, then," said he, rising, and looking down at her, "I give ye notice, Mary Ann, I shall keep askin' till I find out; onless I'm on-lucky enough to b'lieve you don't want to know yerself."

She laughed again, but made no answer. They walked silently down the hill together, and parted at her door. Mary Ann meant to have asked him in to tea, for she was about to prepare that barbarous dainty, a strawberry shortcake, for supper, Aunt Semanthy having brought down from her farm a pail of cream the day before. But Jake had unwittingly deprived himself of the feast; and even if Mary Ann had not been too disturbed to ask him, both luscious berries and unctuous shortcake would have been gall and bitterness to his lips, for he was terribly disappointed. Perhaps he would not have been so miserable if she had said "No," finally. There are some natures to whom suspense is worse than despair; and his was one.

Mary Ann, fortunately for herself, had an absorbing object in view, besides her housework. There was to be a clam-bake at Point Peter on the Fourth of July; at which all the village of Sandy Creek, even to the babies in arms, expected to be present; and long ago she had promised Jake to go in his boat; not alone, for Hosity

Long and Anny Hazard, and Joe Conklin and his wife, were of that boatload, as well as her father; so that her late interview with Jake need not embarrass her on this occasion. But she had to make a new dress, and some fresh ruffles, both necessitating a drive to Natick Pier, the nearest village; and then the shaping and sewing of the festive attire at home, after it was bought, occupied her head and hands for at least two weeks, in the intervals of housework.

But Jake thought of her all the time, on sea and land; dreamed of her by night, and sung about her by day—when he was alone, and far enough from shore to be unheard. Nor did he leave her quite at peace; for once, as she sat on the doorstep busily stitching at her gown, the sunset gilding her burnished hair, and deepening the hue of her bright cheeks and lips, Jake came up from the shore, and suddenly darkened those level western rays with stern and sad aspect.

"Have you made up your mind, Mary Ann?" he asked her distinctly and sorrowfully.

Mary Ann was vexed; this was too much. She snapped back pertly enough, "No, I haven't! and I shan't never if you're a goin' to pester me so!"

"Yes' you will," was the deliberate reply much in the tone of a school-master to a naughty boy, and Jake walked away. If he had turned to look back he would have seen her crying bitterly, half with rage, it is true, but at least half because he walked away.

Another week went by, and one hot afternoon Mary Ann and three or four of her friends had gone down to bathe. The girls at Sandy Creek knew how to swim, as well as the boys; and these extempore mermaids liked to splash about in the fresh coolness of the water almost as well as if they had been the genuine kind, though there was nothing siren in their aspect. They had bathed and dressed, and were going home from the retired little cove which was set apart for their use,

when Jake Hazard appeared, carrying an armful of fishing tackle, bait, scoop, and lines, and a big basket of fish. His way home lay by Sam Tucker's door, while the rest went further down the beach. Mary Ann walked on a little before him, her long, dripping tresses hanging to her knees, coiling and curling, as the salt breeze blew them about her, in a thousand darkly shining rings, and her white, shapely ankles betrayed by the short skirt she wore, for the day was so hot she had gone barefoot to the beach. They went along in silence, till, just as they reached the door, Jake said, in a low voice, perfectly audible, however, to this one hearer:

"Mary Ann, have you made up your mind?"

Mary Ann was exasperated. Who would not have been? She faced Jake with the look of a creature at bay in her dark eyes. "No, sir! and I never'll find it till you stop pesterin'; there!"

Jake looked at her, full-faced, with a determined expression that almost daunted her. "I never shall stop—till I know," he answered gravely; and went his way.

Mary Ann was angry; but she was also scared. When a man falls back on his masculine supremacy, the eternal fitness of things demands that a woman shall give way. And she does, though she does not always show it. Mary Ann began to feel, rather than to think, that Jake was, in her fashion of speech, "the biggest," and from that moment began to find out that she loved him. But do you think she told him so?

The Fourth of July came at last—bright, hot, beaming, as holiday weather should be—and at nine o'clock Mary Ann's fire was out; her house was in order; her big basket of bread, butter, cold coffee, and pickles neatly packed, her father sitting on the doorstep, and she beside him, waiting for the boat. A pretty picture they made—Sam in his Sunday clothes, with his coat over his arm,

his spotless shirt-sleeves scarce whiter than the silvery hair that showed under his brown felt hat, and his wrinkled, kindly face and keen, dark eye pleasant as the day itself; and Mary Ann, in the new pink-and-white calico, her pretty head rising from a full, soft ruffle, clear and snowy, and her old black hat smartened up with a white muslin scarf about the crown, and a bunch of pinks from the posy-bed fastened in the bow, their clean, spicy breath perfuming the air about her.

Jake Hazard looked at her with adoring eyes. His mind was made up even more than usual, if that were possible; for he had devised a plan, to be carried out that very day, which should, once for all, end his suspense; since he too had concluded, in the spirit of the old distich:

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all.

Certainly Mary Ann would not have gone toward her fate—as well as the boat—with such a happy and smiling face, had she known what was before her.

The journey over to Point Peter was delightful. A light breeze filled the sail, and flapped the long red pennant above it. There was plenty of fun and laughter; Jake himself seemed as gay as the rest; and Mary Ann owned to herself, as she looked at him furtively from under her broad hat, that he was “awful good-looking!” And less prejudiced observers might agree with her. Jake’s simple costume of white duck trousers and a dark-blue flannel shirt, a wide-brimmed straw hat, set well on the thick curls of his fine head, and the keen animation of his clear-cut, honest face below it, were certainly picturesque.

They landed at Point Peter in the best of humors; and immediately the preparations for the clam-bake began, for the rest of the company were there before them. For a wonder all went right; there were no mishaps, no vex-

ations. The simple fisher-folk, in their primitive fashion, enjoyed the rare holiday to the top of their bent. After dinner, Jake proposed to Mary Ann that they should take a row-boat and go up Natick Bay to Blueberry Island, where the low blueberries already dotted the turf with dwarf brush loaded with turquoise spheres.

“If Hosy and Anny will go,” said Mary Ann.

So Hosy was sent after Anny, and Mary Ann walked down to the boat with Jake, and sitting down on one of the seats, with her face shoreward, to watch for the others, Jake, being behind her, silently put the oars in place, and with one sudden sweep of his powerful arms drove it off. Mary Ann cried out.

“Well,” tranquilly replied Jake, “we might as well be rowin’ round till they come.”

But Mary Ann observed that, instead of “rowin’ round,” the boat headed straight for the mouth of the bay, and remonstrated accordingly.

“Well, well, Mary Ann, I’ll just put ye ashore on the Rock, ’nd go back and fetch ’em along, ef you say so. You’ve always hankered to go onto the Rock, you said, when we was comin’ over.”

The Rock was a little bare islet, with one dwarf cedar on it, stunted and spread by driving rain and furious winds into the rough shape of an umbrella, and commonly reputed to be a wonderful place for pretty pebbles. Mary Ann cared less for the pebbles than for getting out of a tête-à-tête with Jake, so she jumped at the proposition. Now the Rock was quite out of sight of Point Peter, and full a mile away. Jake drew his prow close to the abrupt edge of the islet, where one upward step safely landed his passenger, drove the boat a single stroke’s length off, and then, deliberately drawing in his oars, spoke as follows:

“Now, Mary Ann, I’ve bobbed at the end of your string as long as is reasonable; I can’t do it no more. There you be, and here I be; and

here both of us 'll stay till you've finally made up your mind."

Mary Ann was dumb. She was stunned for a moment; then she was angry.

"How dare you, Jake Hazard!"

"Well, you see, I've got to a pitch where I darst do a'most anything."

Mary Ann looked at his set mouth, his steady, resolute eyes, his air of stern self-possession, and felt that he spoke the simple truth. But it was not in her to give up. She saw, or rather felt, very plainly, that she did not want to lose him; that she liked him very, very much; but not the less did she feel rebellious and outraged by this extraordinary proceeding.

"It's fair to tell you one thing, Mary Ann," he began again. "If you fin'ly make up your mind ag'inst me, I shall never fault you for 't. I shall clear out o' these parts for the future. I couldn't stay here." An unconscious tremor and sadness was in these last words; and Mary Ann felt it. She saw, in a flash of imagination, what Sandy Creek would be without Jake. Indeed, all her own life! But even this did not move her outwardly; she sat quite still on the stone; she forgot all about the pebbles; she only thought of Jake's demand, and resolved never to yield to it, if she sat there a week. And she might have sat there long enough to discomfit her jailor and herself both, had not a certain sound approached her ears—for the wind had suddenly veered round to the east—a dip of slowly-pulling oars. And in a deep, nasal voice, which she recognized as Hosi Long's, the following 'long-shore ditty, coming nearer and nearer, from the direction of Point Peter:

Uncle Keziah and his son Sam
They went to sea in the shell of a clam,
A-o-utside o' the P'int!

They put up the hellum an' put her abaout,
The sea it went in an' Sam he went aout,
A-o-utside o' the P'int!

Uncle Keziah he cussed an' he swore
He'd ne'er go to sea in a shell any more,
A-o-utside o' the P'int!

Women are "cur'us creturs," as Hosi was wont to remark: whether it was the terror of approaching observers, or the ludicrous drawl of Hosi's song, or the weary waiting and heat, or some fierce and subtler influence she knew not how to name, suddenly Mary Ann's heart gave way without her will or wish, she broke down utterly, and with an unconcealed sob of agitation stretched out both hands to Jake.

"Come!" she said, and when Jake took her in his strong arms and lifted her into the boat like a big baby, he knew from the soft, shy look in her beautiful eyes and the lingering of her arm upon his shoulder that Mary Ann had made up her mind at last, and that he needn't go away forever.

But before either of them could speak, Hosi appeared round the corner.

"Wa'al," shouted he, "this is kind-er upsettin'; why couldn't ye wait for a feller?"

"We did wait a minute," laughed Jake. "We was comin' back for ye. Mary Ann wanted to land on the Rock to look for somethin' she lost t'other day."

"Did she find it?" asked the interested Hosi.

"No—I did," dryly replied Jake, and Mary Ann looked over the gunwale into the water. She has always professed to Jake that she never did or would forgive him, but Jake only laughs, knowing very well that there is no happier or sweeter wife and mother on all the shore than Mary Ann Hazard, and that in her secret heart she is very glad he made her know her own mind, however he did it!

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

A VISIT TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE desire to go on pilgrimage need not be very strong in any man of English blood and speech to take him, if he is in England, to Stratford-on-Avon. My readers may remember that the elegant woman who, while I had the pleasure of being her railway companion, earnestly advised me to read "Kenilworth," also informed me, before she suspected my nationality, that all "Americans" go to Stratford. She meant, of course, all who go to England; in which she was not quite right. To a great many of the "Americans" who do go to England (I am sorry to say to much the greater number of them), that country is a mere patch of the earth's surface over which they must pass to get to Paris. They do in London look in upon the Abbey or the Tower, and if they are there in the season, delight our Minister by sending him demands for invitations to balls and for presentation at court; but beyond this, and perhaps a visit to Brighton, their endeavor to make acquaintance with England rarely goes. But of the cultivated "Americans" who do desire to know something more of England than may be learned by a railway journey from Liverpool to London and from London to Dover, a great many visit Stratford; the proportion of these being very much larger, I am sure, than that of the cultivated Britons who render this personal homage to the great poet whose works are our common inheritance. The reason of this is simply that the British Shakespeare lover, being always within about half a day's journey of Stratford, knows that he may go there at any time; and as for that purpose one time is as good as another, he sometimes passes his life without going there at all. To my surprise I found many intelligent and highly educated people in London who

had never seen Canterbury cathedral, although it is only about three hours from the metropolis. One of these had been in India and in "the States," and had seen them both to great advantage both to himself and to others. But although he was a London man, he made his first visit to the great cathedral while I was in England, stimulated to do so, I believe, partly at least, by the example of his Yankee friend. This seeming indifference to the great things near at hand is not peculiar to the natives of any country.

I decided to drive from Warwick to Stratford instead of going by rail. If I had been alone I should have walked; for the places are only nine miles apart, and of all ways of going through a country that one really wishes to see, there is none like that provided by nature. In England, too, the roads and the climate tempt one to walk as much as in "America" they deter us from that healthful and delightful exercise. The hostess of the "Warwick Arms" undertook to provide me with a fly, a name applied in rural England to any vehicle which does the office of a cab, which in this case proved to be a sort of modest one-horse phaëton. And, by the way, the cost of the use of this vehicle the best part of a day was 13s. 6d., which, with two shillings to a careful, civil driver, who knew the country and all its noteworthy places well, is equal to about four dollars. Here I could not have had the same thing, if I could have had it at all, for less than seven dollars and a half, or more likely ten, with at least the same gratuity expected.

The scenery of Warwickshire is not striking; it is not even picturesque, except as it has been made so by the hand of man. In the part which I saw there are no hills of sufficient height to give the landscape variety of form, either far or near. It is sim-

ply a gently rolling agricultural country. It seemed familiar to me, and I was more amused than surprised at finding how correctly I had described some years ago what until now I had never seen.* Tame as the natural features of the country are, however, it is made beautiful by cultivation, by parks, by meadows of vivid green, by clumps of trees, by old churches, old country seats, farm houses, and cottages. As we rolled gently along, almost every turn of the road brought us in sight of some object of this kind which often was beautiful, or if not beautiful, interesting. My companion had stories to tell me of people who lived in these houses, many of whom were odd characters, or good. And "characters," people of peculiar traits and who dare to seem peculiar, are much more common in England than here, where some resistless influence grinds us all down into a smooth and colorless uniformity. We are all average men here, at least in seeming, if not in reality.

Ere long we came to Barford, which consisted chiefly of a church, quite new, a beautiful little Gothic building, the architect of which was Gilbert Scott. It was built entirely at the expense of a Miss Ryland, who is the Lady Bountiful of this neighborhood, and whose country seat we caught a glimpse of not far off. She gave the architect *carte blanche* as to style and finish, and he produced one of the most exquisite parish churches in general design and in detail that is to be found in all England. It ought to atone for some of his sins of restoration, by which many of his brother architects say, in a fraternal way not uncommon among the profession, that he has spoiled not a few of the finest old churches in England. We stopped and went in; but as service was far advanced did not go beyond the font,

which stood close by the door, as is the universal custom in England. But this font and the vestibule were so beautifully designed and so exquisitely wrought in richly-colored marbles that they alone were worth our visit. Barford church was one of several of its kind that I saw in England which were built by individuals at their own expense as a free gift to the parish. It is to be remarked, however, in regard to this munificence, that in many cases, if not in most, the givers own the whole parish; and often it would seem they own not only the church, but the clergyman.

On we went again, rolling easily over the smooth, firm road, almost as smooth and as firm as if it had been paved with flags, and yet yielding to our horse's tread and the turn of our wheels with a sensation of ease to us such as comes either to pedestrian or equestrian only from a surface of hard-packed earth. Passing between a few more broad green meadows, we came to Charlecote church. The fence around it and the gate were homely and ragged to a degree that would not be tolerated for a week by New England people, if they had a fence and a gate at all for their church or meeting house. But the church is a beautiful stone structure that combines simplicity, irregularity, stability, and an air of rural sanctity in a way that seems quite unattainable out of England. There was no service in this church that day, and our driver soon brought from a neighboring cottage the sexton's daughter with the key, and we entered.

The object of our visit here was the tomb of Sir Thomas Lucy and his wife, which is in the chancel end of the church. Most of my readers probably know that Sir Thomas was the squire of Charlecote House in Shakespeare's younger days, and that he is said by tradition to have been driven from Stratford by the persecution of the knight, who undertook to punish the young poet severely for poaching on his manor and even stealing

* "*Life and Genius of Shakespeare*," p 24. And indeed I was also amused at the time of the publication of that book to see my description of the country around Stratford praised and thought worthy of quotation in the "*Saturday Review*." I must have gone there in my dreams.

deer from his park, and setting up lampposts upon his park gate. I doubt this. That Shakespeare poached is quite probable; that he stole deer, at least from the Lucys' park, is very improbable, because they had no deer park then. But that there was some trouble between Sir Thomas and the young fellows of Stratford, of whom Shakespeare then was only one, is very likely. Likely, too, that the young fellows had the worst of it, and that this particular one took his revenge by some verses which ridiculed the knight, and afterward by a higher kind of ridicule in the first scene of the "Merry Wives of Windsor." For there can be no mistaking the hit at him in Justice Shallow with the lutes in his coat of arms, although the punning arms of the Lucy family have three and not a "dozen" of those fish. But Sir Thomas was no Justice Shallow. He seems to have been an intelligent and an excellent gentleman, a man not likely to persecute any one, much less a bright, wild boy, the son of an alderman of Stratford. The effigies of the knight and his wife in alabaster lie in stately repose upon their tomb; he in armor, she in the full dress of a lady of the Elizabethan period. But above the tomb on a marble recessed into the wall is something far more interesting than these recumbent statues. It is the epitaph which Sir Thomas wrote upon his wife, who died five years before him. It tells the story of their life, and of his love, and reveals the characters of both so well that I copied it. Here it is:

Here entombed lyeth the Lady Joyce Lucy, wife of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, in the County of Warwick, Knight, daughter and heir of Thomas Acton, of Sutton, in the County of Worcester, Esquier, who departed out of this wretched world to her heavenly kingdome, the tenth day of February, in the year of our Lord God 1595, of her age LX and three. All the time of her life a true and faithfull servant of her good God, never detected in any crime or vice; in religion most sound; in love to her husband most faithfull and true; in friendship most constant; to what was in trust committed to her most secret; in wisdom excellling; in governing her house and bringing up of youth in the feare of God that did converse with her, most rare and singular. A

great maintainer of hospitality; greatly esteemed of her betters; misliked of none unless of the envious. When all is spoken that can be said, a woman so furnished and garnished with virtue as not to be bettered, and hardly to be excelled by any. As she lived most virtuously, so she dyed most godly. Set down by him that best did know what hath been written to be true.

THOMAS LUCY.

Such a tribute to such a woman came from no pompous, shallow-pated rustic squire. The heart that prompted a man to write that last sentence was not one that would take delight in persecuting a lad of eighteen or twenty for trespassing, even at the cost of a few hares, or birds, or even deer. There was a truly kind heart, we may almost say a noble soul. I am with Sir Thomas in this matter; and if Shakespeare suffered any discipline at his hands, I believe that he deserved it. It does not at all follow because he wrote "Hamlet" and "King Lear" in his mature years that he might not have been a scapegrace in his youth; and we who have read "Hamlet" and "King Lear" regard their author from a very different point of view from that taken by a country gentleman who had suffered annoyance at his hands. From Sir Thomas Lucy to William Shakespeare the descent is now tremendous and precipitous; from William Shakespeare to Sir Thomas Lucy the ascent was then almost as great. This I had thought of before; but when I came to see Charlecote on the one hand and the house in which Shakespeare passed his boyhood and that from which he took his wife, it came upon me again with a very deep and lively impression. People are apt to think of Sir Thomas hardly, as a man who oppressed a great poet in his early years. But Shakespeare was then not a great poet; and unless he had been driven from Stratford by a complication of troubles, of which the squire's wrath was mayhap a part, he might never have become one.

Whether the Lucys had deer in Shakespeare's time or not, they have them now by hundreds. As we skirted the park, the wooden fence of which

is very rude and irregular in appearance, not unlike those that are made here of intertwined roots and gnarled branches of trees, we saw herds of these beautiful creatures, who hardly turned their heads to look at us. One or two stags did start up, and, tossing their antlers back upon their haunches, trot gently off, and then wheel round with distended nostrils and brightened eyes. But even this seemed rather like a little game of playing sentinel in the eyes of the she creatures, to relieve the tedium of a dull Sunday morning; and the does lay still and chewed the cud. The deer in the English parks have become so tame with the rest of nature there, the inhabited as well as the inhabitants, that they accept the presence of man as a matter of course, and regard him as, like themselves, a part of the great and beautiful whole.

Charlecote park gate is a lofty stone structure, which seems strangely incongruous with the ragged wooden fence that stretches away from it on either side; but the incongruity is not uncommon in England. The house itself is noble, quite one's ideal of the stately residence of wealthy gentlemen of Elizabeth's time, and the grounds and gardens are beautifully laid out in a somewhat formal manner. There is nothing very grand or at all baronial about the place; but to an eye accustomed only to the country houses of "America" it seems, compared with the largest and best of them, almost a palace. It has withal that thoroughly domestic, homelike look which is characteristic of the Englishman's dwelling, unless he is a duke; and even then he is apt to live very little in his Chatsworth, but to pass his really happy days in some less pretentious house, reserving his palace and its expenses for great occasions. We did not enter Charlecote House. For I had heard that Mr. Lucy, its present owner, did not like to make a show of it; and although I was told that I might obtain a reception there, and how to do so, I preferred to respect

what some people would call his whim, and others his surliness, but what seems to me merely a reasonable desire of privacy. If a man has anything beautiful or interesting in his possession, to share its enjoyment with others is gracious in him and wise, and, I should think, pleasant too. But many people in such a case speak and act as if they had a right to demand the pleasure from him, or at least as if a refusal indicated a selfish and disoblighing disposition. It may do so, but in many cases it does not; and of these are those in which the object of interest is a man's own home. Nor does it appear very clear how the fact that in times long past some person about whom your forefather cared very little, and about whom, if you had been in your forefather's place, you would have cared very little yourself, was killed or killed some one else, or was brought up for discipline in your house, should give the world in general a right to expect that you would like to see them prowling about your house or coming into it. Why should Mr. Lucy be willing to have his home invaded by staring strangers at times suited to their convenience, merely because a wild lad whose father was a decent yeoman, and who afterward proved to have the deepest insight of human nature and the most splendid style that is known to literature, is said by tradition to have worried and lampooned his ancestor? I cannot see why; and as I had been credibly informed that he was not willing—although, Shakespeare or no Shakespeare, I should have been glad to see the inside of so fine and well preserved an old Tudor mansion—we turned away from Charlecote.

The road over which we passed must have been often trodden by Shakespeare in his boyhood. The roadway itself, we may be sure, was not in such admirable condition. For although there had been no rain for some days, and a dry wind had blown, our horse's hoofs and our carriage wheels did not raise a particle of dust.

Like this were all the country roads that I saw and walked in England, north, south, and midland. Ere long we trotted gently in to Stratford. At once a sense of disappointment fell upon me, which I felt heavily all the time I was in the place. If I had not been told that I was in Stratford, I should not have suspected my whereabouts. It was the newest looking, rawest, most uninteresting place that I had seen since my foot first touched British soil. Within less than twenty-four hours after I had landed at Liverpool I was in Chester, a town where every street and almost every house was interesting; and I had just come from Canterbury, and from rambles among villages in Essex, from Cambridge, and from Oxford; and my expectations in regard to old English towns and villages had perhaps been raised too high. But it was disheartening to come upon Stratford, about which I had read so much, and the topography of which I had studied until I could have gone straight to every place I wished to see without a guide, and to find it more like a new one-horse "American" city, half made by a railway, than any place that I had seen in England. The truth is that the Stratford that I knew was Shakespeare's Stratford; and that has passed away. Well for Stratford folk it surely is that it has gone never to return. For in Shakespeare's Stratford his own father, although alderman, was fined "*quia sterquinarium fecit*" in front of his house in Henley street, as others, his fellow aldermen, also did; and *sterquinaria* are things not seemly to the eye, or pleasant to the nose, or wholesome withal. But it was not well for me. With the march of improvement the glory had departed. I should not have insisted upon the *sterquinaria*; I should have been well content with old Stratford cleaned and mundified, swept and garnished. But I had looked forward to seeing old Stratford. I had supposed that this small, insignificant place, out of the line of travel in the rural heart of England, would

be the least changed of any place upon the island. But I was to be disappointed. There could not be a clean Stratford, it seems, without having a new one. I had looked for a country road, and lanes dignified with the name of streets, for old timber-and-plaster houses with peaked gables, for cottages, and trees, and a village green, for inn and ale house with swinging sign, for humble rustics and comfortable rural gentle folk; for a place which, if it had no beauty (and I expected none), had about it an air of antiquity and simple country life. I found wide streets, paved, with kerb stones—and these kerbs were a special eyesore to me—houses that looked not unlike those in our older market towns. No village green was there, no common; but there was a town hall of startling newness and much pretence. It was a handsome building enough; but it offended me by being there at all. And even worse than these absences and these presences was a smug business look, an air of money-making that would have delighted Shakespeare, but which offended me. I felt wronged and robbed by this thrifty, airy, clean, hard, progressive-looking place. The truth is that in the stead of old Stratford there is now a successful business place. It has been found that the Avon water makes superior beer, and a great brewery has been set up there, which has enriched, and transmogrified, and ruined the home of Shakespeare.

We drove to the Falcon inn and dismissed our fly; but to our surprise we were told we could not have rooms; the house was full. I did not care about the rooms; but it was disgusting to find an inn at Stratford so full that two chance-coming wayfarers could not be taken in. So we went to the Shakespeare Arms, where we were accommodated, and where there was a drop of comfort—not in the bar-room, but in the fact that Mrs. Ford was hostess. It was Mrs. Ford or Mrs. Page, I forget which, and it

makes no matter; she was one of the Merry Wives, and that at least was something. In this house the rooms are not numbered; but with an affectation, perhaps pardonable, but to me not agreeable, they are called after the names of Shakespeare's plays. I was lodged in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the name of which had no influence upon my slumbers; and which would better have suited my feeling of disappointment if it had been "Love's Labor's Lost" or "Much Ado About Nothing." Here, too, I was haunted by modern progress; for my bedstead was of iron; my bed was a spring mattress; and, worst of all, my room was lit with gas. Had I gone through England, living in Liverpool and Birmingham and London hotels, and in London lodgings, visiting gentle and simple, to sleep everywhere else in mahogany four-posters or in carved canopied bedsteads, and upon soft yet firm old-fashioned beds, which make going to bed a more delightful proceeding in England than I ever found it elsewhere—had I delighted in the darkness visible which is revealed by one candle, except when I lit my "dressing candles" (as two extra articles of that kind are called), to come to Stratford-on-Avon, of all places! to sleep upon an iron bedstead and a spring mattress, after undressing in a room that was a blaze of light until I turned off the gas! It was my first misfortune of the kind, and it was my last. I turned to find the stationary washstand and the Croton faucets, hot and cold, but this only possible aggravation of my hard lot, except a bathroom with gas in it, I was spared.

We first visited the church where Shakespeare was baptized and buried, of which two facts, almost the only precisely ascertained and well authenticated events of his life, I read the contemporary record in the old parish register; a parchment folio that looks outside as if it were one of John a Combe's account books. I stood over Shakespeare's grave and before

his monument; but even my moderate expectations of interest were not fulfilled. I was no more impressed than if I were looking at the monument of some departed Knickerbocker in the church of St. Mark's in the Bowery. The monument is ugly; the staring, painted, figure-headlike bust hideous; and the famous curse engraven upon the tombstone did not interest me nearly so much when I saw it on the stone as when I had mused upon it in imagination. One cause of this was the church itself, which is a fine building, but which I found lacking in all those rich and sombre effects which had charmed me in other old English churches. Its exterior is pleasing enough in form; but it is nearly white, and it looks strangely new. Inside it almost glares with unmellowed light. And, to cap the climax of Stratford newness, in this really venerable Gothic structure—it was built in the thirteenth century, I believe—galleries had been put up. Gas and galleries in Stratford! They go well together. From that moment Stratford seemed to me all gas and galleries. And seriously the introduction of these galleries has destroyed all the venerable and ecclesiastical air which the building might otherwise have had. Even this old church had been made to look like some imitation Gothic thing put up on contract yesterday by a firm of carpenters and builders.

There, in a corner, is the tomb of Shakespeare's friend, John a Combe, who lent money on usury, but who seems nevertheless to have been a good, respectable man. The squibish epigram upon his death, ending, "Ho, ho, quoth the devil, 'tis my John a Combe," is an adaptation of one that had been written upon some other money-lender before him, and as applied to him is very likely a forgery. But the point of it, I find, is lost upon many persons who do not see the pun, which is made possible by rustic pronunciation. The devil is supposed to say, "'Tis my John has come"—ha' come—a-Combe. Wandering among

the graves in the churchyard, I found and copied these verses, graven by way of epitaph upon a Mrs. Mary Hands, who died A. D. 1699. The spelling is delicious, and must satisfy the highest aspirations of the most ardent advocate of phonetic spelling reforms:

Death creeps Abought on hard
And steels Abroad on seen
Hur darts are Suding and her arous keen
Her stroks are dedly com they soon or late
When being strook Repentance comes too late
Deth is a minute ful of suden sorrow
Then live to day as thou mightst die to morow.

At once, of course, the line in the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" came to mind, "And teach the rustic moralist to die." There could not be a better example or illustration of the occasion of Gray's poem, which will ever seem as fresh, as green, and as carefully and finely finished, too, as the turf in an English churchyard.

I could not associate Shakespeare at all with this new-looking, bright, staring church in this new-looking, bright, staring town; but I hoped for the better on Monday when I expected to see the house in Henley street—the birth-place, as it is called; but there is no certainty as to the place where Shakespeare first opened his eyes upon the world that he was to understand so well and so fill with great delight. The house is not open to visitors on Sunday; and we therefore strolled down to the banks of the river, from which we were promised some fine eels to our dinner. For the Avon, it seems, is famous for the fatness and fine flavor of its eels. And in truth I found this famous stream better suited here for the production of eels than for anything else. In Warwick park it is beautiful; and as it flows along past Charlecote and by the roadside, it is at least a pretty little stream; but here in Stratford it becomes sluggish and sedgy, and is little more than a big ditch. It looks like those little creeks that put up from the sea or the bay into the salt meadows on Long Island or New Jersey; and is as devoid as they are of stimulus to poetic

inspiration. Any high-toned boy angler in fresh water for perch or pickerel would be sure to shun such a place as an eel-hole. And after all we did not even get our eels. When we returned to dinner Mistress Ford or Mistress Page came wringing her hands like Launcelot Gobbo's cat, and saying that, to her sorrow, of eels she found there were to be had none. They were all taken up to supply the people that filled the other hotel. They must not only have our rooms but our eels. Thus it ever is: to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away that which he hath. But we did have a delightful sea-coal fire and a chat by it that lasted far into the night.

The next morning we went to the site of "New Place," which is hard by. What pleasure any lover of Shakespeare can receive by going there I cannot imagine. And this simply because there is nothing there for the lover of Shakespeare to see. Within a grassy enclosure on the corner of a hard-paved street, looking wonderfully like "a vacant lot up town," are a few small trenches, over which is laid wire netting. At the bottom of these trenches are a few stones, which were a part of the foundation of Shakespeare's house. That is all. I must confess that they were of no more interest to me than so many other stones. The connection between them and "King Lear" was to me altogether imperceptible. But as I stood there and looked off upon the strong square tower of the Guild Chapel on the opposite corner, I thought all at once that Shakespeare had often stood there and looked at it, just as I did—no, not as I did, but with his way of looking; and then from the air around the old gray tower came down upon me the only dreamy charm of fanciful nearness to him I had come to worship that I knew in Stratford.

The mayor of Stratford, an intelligent gentleman of pleasant manners, was polite enough to show me some

of the notable things of the town where he is John Shakespeare's successor; and he took me to see a portrait of Garrick by Gainsborough. He told me that unfortunately it was out of its frame and laid by at present in a private house, but I was too eager to see a portrait of such a man by such a painter to permit those drawbacks to restrain me. His Honor took us to a very respectable-looking old brick house hard by, and we were taken up by a very respectable-looking old man, in perfect keeping with his dwelling, into a large low bed-chamber which had not yet been "readied up" after the night's and early morning's use; to my gratification; for I prized these opportunities of seeing Mr. and Mrs. John Bull in *deshabille*, and of them I chanced to have many. Of this, however, hereafter. There was the portrait; a full length, upon a large canvas. It was leaning against the wall, not upright but lengthways, in a somewhat helpless fashion; for it was too tall to stand up in the room; and it reminded me of the portrait of the Vicar of Wakefield's family. To see it I was obliged to invert myself somewhat into the position of standing on my head. But it repaid me for the contortion. There must have been a great store of outbreking vitality in that little man; for every portrait shows it, not only in the eyes, but in the mouth, and in the whole carriage of the body; and if anything can diminish the expression of this trait of character it is sitting for one's portrait. Gainsborough's portrait is rather more placid and serene in expression than any other that I have seen, but the nervous energy was there; and its slight suppression I suspect that we owe to looking through Gainsborough's eyes. For no portrait painter can present a man as he really is, but only as he sees him.

From here we went to the house in Henley street, in which, if Shakespeare was not born, he passed his boyhood during the years of his fa-

ther's prosperity. Of all that I saw connected with his memory this place was the most disappointing; and more, it was sad, depressing. The house has been recently "restored," and so destroyed. Its outside has an air of newness that is positively offensive. It looks like a small railway station which some architect, equally ambitious and ignorant, has chosen to design in the old style. All expression of rural antiquity has been scraped, and painted, and roofed, and clap-boarded out of it. How much better to have left it as it stood twenty-five years ago, merely removing the more modern buildings which had been erected on either side of it! Within, however, not much of this smoothing over has been done; nor was it possible without destroying all the original features of the house. My heart sank within me as I looked around upon the rude, mean dwelling-place of him who had filled the world with the splendor of his imaginings. It is called a house; and any building intended for a dwelling-place is a house; but the interior of this one is hardly that of a rustic cottage; it is almost that of a hovel—poverty-stricken, squalid, kennel-like. So cheerless and comfortless a looking place I had not seen in rural England. The poorest, meanest farm-house that I had ever entered in New England or on Long Island was a more cheerful habitation. And amid these sordid surroundings William Shakespeare grew to early manhood! I thought of stately Charlecote, the home of the Lucys, who were but simple country gentlemen; and I then for the first time knew and felt from how low a condition of life Shakespeare had arisen. For his family were not reduced to this; they had risen to it. This was John Shakespeare's house in the days of his brief prosperity; and when I compared it with my memory of Charlecote, I knew that Shakespeare himself must have felt what a sham was the pretension of gentry set up for his father when the coat-of-arms was asked and ob-

tained by the actor's money from the *Heralds' College*—that coat-of-arms which Shakespeare prized because it made him a gentleman by birth. This it was, even more than the squalid appearance of the place, that saddened me. For I knew that Shakespeare himself must have known how well founded was the protest of the gentlemen who complained that *Clarencieux* had made the man who lived in that house a gentleman of coat armor. The upper part of the house, to which you climb by a little rude stairway that is hardly good enough for a decent stable, has been turned into a museum of doubtful relics and gimcracks, and is made as unlike what it must have been when Shakespeare lived there as possible. There is a book-case containing the principal editions of his works, but I was not to be placated by seeing that my own was honored by a place among them. One small book-case is filled with bound volumes of manuscript notes by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, which were presented by that devoted Shakespeare enthusiast. The case is locked, and it is to remain so, and the books are not to be opened during his life. There is a portrait of Shakespeare, of which much is made. I had heard a great deal of it, and knew it by photographs. On examining it carefully, which I was kindly allowed to do, I came to the conclusion that it is a work of the last century, painted from the bust and the *Droeshout* engraving on the title-page of the folio of 1623. There is very little in this museum that is worth attention; but there is one object of great interest. It is a letter written to Shakespeare by Richard Quincey, of Stratford, asking a loan of money. This scrap of paper has the distinction of being the only existing thing that we know must have been in Shakespeare's hands. For, as to the Florio Montaigne in the British Museum, notwithstanding the opinion of Sir Frederick Madden, others, whose judgment is worth mine ten times over, think, as I do, that it is a forgery.

I turned away from the house in Henley street with a sense of disappointment that was almost sickening, and went to drink a glass of Stratford ale in the parlor of the Red-Horse inn, which is associated with the name of Washington Irving. It is a cosy little hostelry; and it was pleasant to see evidences in it of the honor paid to the memory of "Geoffrey Crayon." But even here I was doomed to distasteful experience. On the wall of the little parlor was hung a portrait and a puff of a sort of showman, his show being himself, which he had managed to have put up there, and in which he is mentioned as an "American." He is, or styles himself, an "American humorist;" and so was Irving. Now I knew that the man was as thorough a cockney as was ever born in London; one who, although he has passed much of his life here, is without the least title to the distinction he assumed. And as to his humor, I shall only say that it is as unlike Irving's as possible. I imagined Irving's gentle smile of disdain at seeing that pretentious thing set up in this parlor, and my resentment was far deeper than "Geoffrey Crayon's" would have been. It is not pleasant to find that those who flaunt their "Americanism" in the eyes of Europeans are so often just those who need all the help that the name may possibly give them. So that exemplary and disinterested person, *Mistress Fanny Lear*, parades her "Americanism" in the story of her "romantic" affair with a Russian Grand Duke, and refers to Bayard Taylor and Mr. Eugene Schuyler as her "compatriots," doubtless to their great gratification.

Of course I visited Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, taking the path through the fields which Shakespeare took too often for his happiness. There is little to be said about this house, which is merely a thatched cottage of the same grade as the house in Henley street was in its original condition—a picturesque object in a landscape, but the lowliest sort of human habitation. I sat upon the settle by

the great fire-place, where the wonderful boy of eighteen was ensnared by the woman of twenty-six. And while I talked of other things I thought—I could not help but think—of the wretchedness, the toil, the perplexity, and the shame that were born to him beneath that roof. I was given water to drink from the well in the garden, and flowers to take away as mementoes. I was tempted to spit the water out upon the ground; and the flowers, if they can be found, any one may have who wants them.

Thus ended my visit to Stratford-on-Avon, where I advise no one to go who would preserve any elevated idea connected with Shakespeare's personality. There is little there to interest and much to dishearten a "passionate pilgrim" to the scenes of the early and the later life of him who is the great glory of our literature. I have heard of a gorgeously, wonderfully arrayed Western lady who said, in the presence of some friends of mine, to the rector of Stratford church, who was

showing her hospitality, that "she had been about a good deal, and seen a good many places; but, for her part, for a place to live in, she had seen nothing like Louyville, in Kaintucky." I did not so reward the kind attention of my hosts; and as to "Louyville," my knowledge of it is confined to that derived from this elegant and opportune eulogy. But it was with a sense of mingled gloom, and wrong of rightful expectation, that I turned my back upon Stratford-on-Avon. As I drove out of the town, on my way to Kenilworth, the last object that caught my eye was a large sign over a little shop:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
SHOEMAKER.

A fitting close, I thought, of my pilgrimage. The only place in England which he who is sometimes honored with the name of "Shakespeare's Scholar" regrets having visited is that where Shakespeare was born and buried.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

THE FARM LANE.

IT opens from the farmyard gate,
And dips across the orchard's breast,
Curves round a ledge, then clambers straight
To the wide woodland on the crest.

Green at the curve a thicket stands,
Pillared with stems of elms and oaks,
And plumed with speckled sapling-wands,
Where brambles hang their summer cloaks.

Broad from the upland's brow the scene
Of meadow, grove, and field expand;
Grain billowing in its breezy green,
And furrowed breasts of seeded land.

The old red farmstead on its bank;
The chimney like a tower of stone;
The woodshed opening from its flank;
The barn and haystack's russet cone.

Pleasant at eve that busy lane,
When all the farm's freed habitants
Come trooping home, a loosening chain,
From their far-off accustomed haunts.

Her cross-step course old Crookburn points,
Through sorrel-dots and johnswort-stars,
The shadows flickering in her joints,
Down to the corner-lowered bars.

Her red flank dark with crusted soil,
She swings her cud in drooping doze;
While past her, weary with his toil,
Loosed from the plough, old Dobbin goes.

The colt pricks sharp his speaking ear,
Stamps his slim foot and shrilly neighs
Beside his dam that, sluggish, near,
Stoops, loudly breathing, to her graze.

The guinea-fowls in brindled spots
Break as Bay's hoofs the flock divide;
And Carlo curls in changing knots,
Now biting knee, now lapping side.

When the soft twilight's amber glow
And dewy sweetness fills the scene,
Blocks of prone black, strewn thickly, show
Where couch the cattle on the green.

As fragrant darkness blots the lane
The beetle breaks the calm intense;
The fire-fly wafts its glittering grain;
The tree-toad purrs upon the fence.

But when reigns midnight's starry state,
The beetle seeks its chink; no more
The glowworm signals to her mate;
The fire-fly's transient throb is o'er.

And as the daybreak steals in gray
The cattle mounds to rise begin;
The dark massed weeds to break away;
The banks and ruts their shapes to win.

In autumn, corn in golden glow,
Hillocks of hay and amber wheat,
And apples heaped in tempting show
The gladdened looks of labor great.

In winter, smooth the lane in white;
The walls o'ertopped; all access barred,
Until the straining horses fight
Their wallowing passage to the yard.

But now the sunset colors stream;
Huddle the sheep; in severing train
The cattle pace; all gaily gleam
While crowding down the golden lane.

See, Clodpole mounts the wagon-horse
Sidewise, and slings the harness o'er;
Then from the near field takes his course,
Slow, jogging toward the stable door.

His whistle and the robin's lay
Mingle as he recedes from sight;
And now the new moon's silver ray
Brightens to gold, and so good-night.

ALFRED B. STREET.

DRIFT-WOOD.

HEBREWS AND HOTELS.

THOUGH there was practically but one opinion in the leading newspapers about the Hilton-Seligman affair, namely, that Judge Hilton had put himself in the wrong, yet among the patrons of summer hotels Hilton has found sturdy defenders. In other words, public discussion condemns the uniform exclusion of Jews, as Jews, from the Saratoga hotel, but where room is given for the expression of personal dislike, the Hebrews have to face a repugnance as old as Christendom.

I remember hearing a street-car conductor lazily call to a Hebrew urchin, who chaffed him from the gutter as the car rolled by, "Get out, you bloody Christ-killer!" A hasty glance at the small boy's features had been enough for selecting the appropriate abuse, which was of the reproachful sort that the lad had probably been used to from infancy. Men who make the smallest possible pretensions to knowing the teachings or following the example of Christ are not at all slow to taunt the nation that cried out for his crucifixion—rather illogically forgetting (or, perhaps, never having been aware) that Christ and all his disciples were Jews.

There is a whimsical absurdity in thus imputing to a race the act of a few individuals—individuals, too, who lived nineteen centuries ago; for the accusers would scarcely care to inherit the accumulated sins of their own ancestry during nineteen hundred years. Still, the dislike of Jews which has come down to us through ages can hardly now be held a religious prejudice. That dislike is felt even by many tolerant Americans who only ask of a man's religion that it shall not prevent him from being a good citizen and a good patriot—that is, loyal to the authorities established by the electoral people. Now, though the Jew is clan-nish, his religion gives full scope for loyalty, because his rabbis assume no control over him superior to that of the law.

That part of the ancient prejudice which was based on the money-getting

traits of the Jew is almost the only part alive to-day. "The man is a regular Jew"—or, "he was *jewed* out of his money;" such popular phrases denote chiefly greed, meanness, and trade trickery. Sooth to say, from the first appearance of the Jew in history he is driving sharp bargains. What a prophetic, typical story is that of Jacob and Esau! It bears inner tokens of authenticity, and is a tribute to Old Testament genuineness. How Jacob swindled his brother! Yet it was a fair trade. He wanted the birthright, promised to "gif a goot prische for it," and got it for a mess of pottage. Trick a son of Jacob after thirty centuries of such practice!

Still, perhaps the traditional rapacity is in part a result of persecutions. For, whereas the German Jews, who for centuries were kept out of ordinary livelihoods, and shut up to those humbler triple-ball and old-clo' fields of enterprise in which they have gathered laurels so illustrious—whereas they, I say, shared the effect of these degrading clamps, no such marked traits were seen, according to some historians, in the proud and lavish Jews of Spain and Portugal. Now, as the latter, until their banishment in 1492, were honored and privileged, we may suspect that those traits of extortion and low cunning which popular prejudice associates with the Jew were intensified, at least, by the enforced vocations and the persecution to which he was so long subjected. Again, as the American society Jew is not miserly, the habit of hoarding rightly ascribed to his ancestry may have been due in part to their fewer temptations and fewer opportunities to spend, in the ages when they were under a social ban. Besides, they would naturally foster that money power which, if it was their chief source of envy, was also their chief strength.

Be this as it may, the money-clutching instinct is the one attributed to the Jew, as characteristic, in all Gentile literature. It is "on me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift," says Shylock, that

Antonio rails; it is "about my moneys and my usances" that Signor Antonio rates him in the Rialto. What is such talk of the Jew that Shakespeare drew, other than the talk on 'Change to day? It brings our ancestry of three centuries ago to our doors. Though George Eliot, our nearest substitute for a living Shakespeare, draws the contrast of Shylock in Mordecai, her genius, too universal to work in partisan shafts, sketches also the race faculty of "shwopping" in immortal Jacob Cohen. The same Jewish passion for trade is admirably drawn in Ereckmann-Chatrion's "Blocus." The *naïveté* with which the pious Jew who tells the story describes his managing to gather an honest fortune from the horrors of his besieged town, now dealing in old iron, now buying uniforms from fugitive soldiers, now making enormous percentages on a providential stock of brandy, is very effective. The depicting of the race instinct for trade which, under these grave and terrible circumstances, and even with a keen sense of their gravity, triumphs over them and continually bursts out, constitutes the skilful character-drawing of the book. In another vein, a Roundabout Paper sketches the agonies of an eagle-beaked old-clothes man who had given four pence for a white hat that he began to think he might, with a little more acuteness, have had for three pence; yet let us not forget that the author of that sketch was the champion of Rebecca against Rowena.

Judge Hilton, while putting the exclusion of Jews from continuous board at his hotel on the simple ground of their being disagreeable to the Gentile guests, has added (say the interviewers) some uncomplimentary remarks about the personal habits of the rejected class. But he seems to have transferred the objectionable features of certain sorts of Jews to the Jewish frequenters of the best hotels. Gentiles also would suffer by such criticism. Thackeray, on his voyage from Constantinople to Jaffa, says:

Strange company we harbored;
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered—
Jews black, and brown, and gray;
With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those rabbis greasy,
Who did naught but scratch and pray.

Their dirty children puking—
Their dirty saucepans cooking—
Their dirty fingers hooking
Their swarming fleas away.

But as the rabble on the main deck of the "Iberia" is not a fair specimen of the class of Jews who go to the Saratoga hotels, so the sharp criticisms attributed to Judge Hilton regarding the latter, on the score of personal habits, are plainly too sweeping. We are not to suppose, however, that he was the first to exclude Jews from summer hotels. I even remember seeing, about a month before the Seligman affair, this advertisement of a boarding-house in the Catskill region: "No Jews need apply." Put in that curt, public form, it was a rude and insulting notice; and still, in the close communion of a private country house, the landlord is unquestionably justified in not taking such boarders as will drive off his regular patrons. Perhaps it is those that have been injured by neglecting this caution who thus publicly warn Hebrews away. But it is not Jews alone who suffer from that sort of exclusiveness. I once saw a watering-place advertisement for Philadelphia boarders, saying that "None residing north of Arch or south of Pine street need apply"—this zone, half a dozen blocks wide (including one wholly business street, at that), out of a city extending many miles north and south, suited that boarding-house keeper's idea of genteel company. But a great public boarding hotel cannot wisely notify all Jews that they are excluded as Jews. What it could do is to exclude a particular class of Jews because they are a particularly objectionable class of Jews; but on the same ground it could and should exclude particularly objectionable classes of Gentiles—those, namely, whose presence and conduct spoil the pleasure of the other guests. Of course under the law a hotel must not exclude a Jew as a Jew from a night's lodging; but the Seligman case was different, being the case of a desired contract for future boarding accommodations during a season.

I have said that the general verdict of the press was that Hilton had put himself in the wrong; but perhaps a part of his false position resulted from the strategy of Seligman, who received, apparently, from the hotel officers, an admis-

sion that the anti-Hebrew edict was not directed against him personally. This may have seemed at the time a harmless sugar-coating for the pill they had to administer, but it enabled Mr. Seligman to rouse a race prejudice against Hilton. Now, Mr. Seligman and his friends had been guests of the Grand Union during a previous season, and Mr. Hilton, in his conversations with reporters, put his defence on the ground of past experience. He even went on to discriminate, apparently, "between Jews and Hebrews," and "between Jews like Seligman and Jews like Nathan;" but whatever his distinctions, and whether it be true or not that exclusion is his invariable rule for every Hebrew, however worthy of respect, the case was already made up, and Mr. Seligman proceeded to take his revenge.

That he has taken it is obvious. So far, to be sure, as concerns the hotel, that will probably receive additional anti-Jew patrons more numerous than the Jews it has lost. The incident, indeed, is likely to help rather than hurt the summer hotel business, in Saratoga and elsewhere, especially should the indignant Jews vent their feelings by marching upon the watering places in unusual numbers, to show that they are not to be so put down. But the place where Mr. Seligman gave Mr. Hilton a Roland for his Oliver was in the famous dry goods house which Hilton entered only last year as chief partner. The hotel belongs to the estate of which he is steward; the dry goods mart is his own, and this the indignant Jew customers deserted in a body.

Still, one cannot predict that this loss will be permanent. Such sensations as the present wear out rapidly; if Stewart & Company can sell goods to the Jews more cheaply than other houses, they will soon find means to go back. Having paid this tribute to outraged nationality, they will hardly, even in Mr. Seligman's cause, cut off their own noses—that might be a permanent disaster. As for the leading figures in this summer melodrama, it is noticeable that they came briskly before the public for collateral approbation—the Seligmans in public subscriptions to charities and Hilton in the Stewart Cathedral celebration.

After all, the Hebrew uprising over

the Seligman affair carries a suggestion of Jewish freedom. The Jew had once to bear his wrongs, as Shylock says, "with a patient shrug, for suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe." Sometimes, with the inherited habit of centuries, he still deprecatingly coaxes to a bargain "in a bondman's key, with 'bated breath and whip'ring humbleness." For ages he was schooled to receive in silence wanton insults, meanwhile steadily driving his bargain. Now, however, he claims his hotel rights as a man and brother. His very eagerness in seizing upon the Hilton incident for a Hebrew demonstration shows the confidence of the once proscribed race. It is not very long ago that if any Hilton, here or elsewhere, had excluded the Jews from his hotel, they might have hesitated to raise a crusade against him. In any event, banishment from the Grand Union is moderate martyrdom compared with those ancestral extrusions of which we have spoken, prefaced by stark confiscation; but so eager, in these hard times, are other hotels to welcome the sons and daughters of Abraham that the Jews will not lack accommodation. As for Mr. Seligman, having secured the point about which he was naturally solicitous—namely, to convince the public that the objections raised against him and his friends at the Grand Union were not personal—he can now hardly object to becoming a martyr on terms so easy.

One indignant Jew, according to the newspapers, "wonders what Europe will think!" But "Europe," if it thinks at all about the woes of Joseph Seligman, will hardly rank this episode with some of her own Jewish problems—for instance with that of controlling the unhappy instinct which some of her central and southerly cities manifest on the occurrence of a natural calamity by fire and flood, for laying the blame on the Jews, and desiring to rub out the "Jewish quarter." America, despite the Hilton-Seligman affair, is still the Jews' land of liberty—America, discovered that very year in which the Hebrews were at last banished from Spain, where they had long found their most protecting home. Still legislated against in many parts of Europe, liable still to be the objects of popular outbreak, the Jews have an asylum here. The Jewish monument to re-

ligious liberty dedicated at Philadelphia last summer was a memorial of this fact.

FORTUNES BY ADVERTISEMENT.

MYRIAD are the devices for taking advantage of the disposition of mankind to get a fortune on easy terms. The most tempting persuasions are daily advertised. "Ten thousand dollars a year can be made easily. Send \$10 for authorization and outfit"; or, "A gentleman about to retire from a business in which he has accumulated a competency wishes to dispose of it for a nominal sum, so as not to disappoint old customers"—it is evident from the multitude of such announcements that there are still philanthropists in the world, anxious to share their fortunes with strangers.

Then there are the disinterested marriage advertisements. "A gentleman having \$100,000 desires to marry a lady of agreeable and confiding disposition, age not material, possessing a moderate fortune of say \$10,000." Or, more frankly, "A gentleman having a high sense of honor, who has met misfortunes, desires to marry a lady of fortune." A marriage broker in the "Petit Journal" lately offered these tempting chances and choices to fortune-hunters: "Young lady, age, 23—fortune, 10,000 francs"; also, "Orphan, age, 23—fortune, 60,000 francs"; also, "Widow without children, age, 26—fortune, 100,000 francs"; also, "Widow 39 years old, but with no false hair or teeth—fortune, 130,000 francs," etc. Compared to the task set before those who seek wealth through these means, the demented New Yorker, who worked at the barges and opened 30,000 oysters under the conviction that he should find a valuable pearl, might well be hopeful.

I fancy, by the way, that some popular story-wright, in search of a plot, could find the hint of one in this disguised oyster-opener and his crazy quest. Instead of a thorough-going lunatic, let the hero be cracked in this pearl-pursuing direction only—mad north-north-west, and when the wind is southerly knowing a hawk from a handsaw. While seeking his fortune at the oyster's mouth, let him fall in love with the master oysterman's lovely daughter, and recover his head by losing his heart. The veteran sheller of Shrewsburies, stretching his

flippers over his offspring and his son-in-law, says, in a voice hoarse with emotion, "Bless you, my children!" while Schuyler Von Voorderzuynck, gazing on his Polly, murmurs: "Yes, my 30,000 fish were not peeled in vain; seeking fortune with my steel, I found a pearl richer than I had dreamt"; and the curtain falls midst the tearful smiles of transfixed and grateful readers.

To get a fortune out of hand, without the disappointment of spading for the treasures of Captain Kidd, or of trying to turn lead into gold, one should obviously visit the clairvoyants. To these oracles the "arcana of fate are opened"; they have "lucky numbers" at call; to them "the past, present, and future are as a picture of life itself." The only trouble is to tell which of these rival omniscients is the genuine lord of fortune. Nebo, the renowned oriental doctor (he must have learned our tongue of an Irishman, he has such a brogue), is the seventh son of a seventh son; but Pythoness is the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. Mme. La Rouge has "the wonderful Persian charm"; but Mme. La Jaune has "the great Egyptian talisman." The former is "the greatest independent business and medical clairvoyant known, recalls all events through life, and your thoughts as you enter"; but the latter is "the only great natural clairvoyant, sorceress, and spirit-visionist that has ever existed. The extraordinary revelations which this great clairvoyant daily gives proofs of, and her success as such, are but the consequence of the flattering honors daily bestowed upon her by the learned and scientific." How faithfully could the fortune-seeker confide in either, were t'other great dreamer away!

We must not fail to note the singular unproductiveness of the splendid rewards offered for rendering certain services in the case of patented food and medicines. It may be impossible to earn the \$100,000 promised to whoever will prove that Breadfrutina is not nutritious, wholesome, and palatable; but we may fairly be astounded that the \$1,000,000 is still intact which was set apart for any case of consumption which Pipkins's Pulmonic Pap, if properly persisted in, would not cure.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

A NEW COTTON PLANT.

ACCORDING to the London "Times," the cotton growers of Egypt are excited over the discovery of a new cotton plant, much more productive than the ordinary shrub. The story of its discovery, propagation, and yield are all so marvellous that it is almost impossible to resist the suspicion that there may be something fabulous about it. A Copt living at Berket-el-Sab (the Well of the Lion), a station on the Cairo railroad, in the year 1873, noticed in his cotton field one plant that was different from the others, and he immediately took a course that shows how thoroughly he understands the art of "inventing" a new plant variety. He collected the pods, separated the seed, and planted it secretly, carrying on the cultivation until he was assured that a new variety of the cotton plant had been produced. The rate of propagation was so rapid that after three years the amount of seed in the country is said to be from 1,500 to 2,000 bushels, all directly traceable to this one plant. As to the real origin of the new variety, some think that the first seed was brought from the Soudan, or equatorial Africa, while the Arabs say that it is the result of a cross between the Bamia plant and the cotton shrub. In appearance it is very different from the ordinary plant, which in Egypt is a shrub about four feet high, and with spreading branches. The new variety, on the contrary, is ten feet high, has no branches and only few leaves, but its straight, vertical stem is thickly studded with pods, of which as many as seventy are said to have been taken from the parent plant. The increase in seed, according to the "Times" correspondent, is no less than sixty times the amount of seed planted, while the cotton produced is more than double the amount from ordinary seed. He calculates that by steadily propagating the new seed there will be seed enough by 1879 to plant the whole 700,000 feddans (acres) of cotton land in Egypt, and that the crop will then be 7,000,000 cantars of cotton and 5,000,000 ardebs of seed.

Taking the cantar at 100 pounds and the ardeb at 270 pounds, this will be 700,000,000 pounds, or 1,400,000 bales of cotton and 675,000 tons of seed. Last year the crop was only 600,000 bales. The accuracy of these calculations remains to be proved.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS AT PHILADELPHIA.

THE directors of the Philadelphia Zoological Society report that their gardens were very largely visited during the progress of the international exhibition, though the increase in the number of entrances was mostly confined to a period of two months. But during the year 1876 the place was visited by 657,295 persons, who paid \$151,016 for admission, and the directors say that neither of these numbers has ever been reached by any other similar institution. The most crowded months were September and October, but in ordinary years July, August, and September appear to be the busiest season. Unfortunately the prosperity of the centennial year will probably be somewhat neutralized by the depression expected in this year, a very decided falling off from the standard of ordinary times being almost certain. Still, the society has 977 members and 496 "loan holders." Its garden contains 1,073 animals, valued at \$55,665, many of them being species of unusual interest and rarity. The losses are of course heavy, especially in a scientific sense. Great improvements have been made in the hygienic condition of the gardens, but it is impossible to overcome the special tendencies to disease which animals always develop in confinement. The manatee, or sea cow, died of pericarditis, the female Bengal tiger was wounded by its mate, the ostrich broke its thigh. A seal died from peritonitis, and another was *drowned*! It was in the habit of going under water at night, lost the air hole where it went to breathe, during a cold winter night, and, being young, had not strength enough to break the ice. These and other losses amount-

ed to a value of \$9,328. The most singular failure was that of an attempt to establish a "happy family" of some burrowing owls and prairie dogs, as they are constantly found associated in the West. A great fight was the result, and the owls had to be removed.

A SUGGESTION FOR GASEOUS FUEL.

DR. SIEMENS lately told the Iron and Steel Association that he proposed some years ago to supply heating gas to the city of Birmingham, England, at a cost of 6d. (12 cents) per 1,000 feet. A company was formed, and a bill introduced into Parliament, but it was defeated by the existing gas companies, who held that it would interfere with existing vested rights. His plan was to build gas producers at the bottom of the coal mines, and there transform the coal into gas without the expense of raising it to the surface. Hoisting, freight, and many other expenses would be avoided, and the people of Birmingham would have had a cheap and exceedingly convenient fuel at hand. This scheme appears difficult, but not more so than the present successful system of supplying illuminating gas.

THE UNDERMINING OF SPRINGS.

It is reported in some German papers that the famous springs at Ems are in danger of extinction by the mining operations conducted near by. These mines formerly supplied lead and silver only, but since the extension of the steel industry we believe the gangue rock, which is a pure carbonate of iron, has been more important than the other parts of the ore. It is quite possible that the increased activity given to mining by this new source of profit has caused their excavation to a depth that may really interfere with the natural water courses of the region. Such a result is no new thing in mining, but it frequently happens that springs and wells dry up when mines in the neighborhood are carried to a great depth. Sometimes the mine is the sufferer from the mishap, as was the case in the famous Rammelsberg copper mine. It is said that the discovery of a body of rich ore in one part of the mine was followed by the drying up of the wells in Goslar, a town of ten thousand inhabitants, situated

two or three miles from the Rammelsberg. The managers were consequently obliged to wall up the rich preserves and forego the pleasure of working them. At Ems an investigation has been ordered, but no report made as yet, so that it cannot now be determined whether the baths or the mines are to suffer.

AN OLD ARCTIC CONTINENT.

THE study of the tertiary formation of northern Asia and northern America shows that these countries once formed a continuous land surface. The formation has two main divisions, the lower of which is a continental miocene deposit, with coal seams, such as that from which the English Arctic expedition replenished its supplies. The climate of the old continent is supposed to have been like that now prevailing in the central parts of the United States. The beds of the lower formation extend from the middle parts of the Amoor basin through Kamchatka and Alaska to Vancouver's Island, and near the Mackenzie river, in Greenland, and in Spitzbergen are found remains of a flora very similar to that of the western region. The upper beds of the Asiatic series are a marine pliocene deposit. They are found in California, Oregon, the Aleutian Islands, Alaska, and Sakhalin Island, but are wanting in Siberia. That is to say, they are not found on the present Asiatic continent. Out of eighty species collected from these beds, eighteen are extinct, six are found in the Polar sea and northern Atlantic, and fifty-six live in the northern Pacific.

YELLOW FEVER AND ITS CAUSE.

VEEA CRUZ has been said to be the sole originating point of yellow fever, but Dr. R. D. Murray, of the United States Marine Hospital Service, declares that the epidemic at Key West in 1875 was due to causes originating in that city. In fact, though this disease is infectious, and probably most of its outbreaks may be traced to transmitted causes, it is probable that determined uncleanness on the part of mankind may bring on this disease at seasons when the ordinary cleansing and hygienic operations of nature fail. At Key West the early cases were confined to

men who lived in a remarkably filthy part of the city, and had also been especially exposed at night—one at a serenade and one in frequent visits to an old friend passing through the place—to the foul gases of the district. The only exception was that of a tramp who walked more than a hundred miles through a country full of chills and fever and other evidences of malaria. He was already feeble and poorly nourished. Dr. Murray gives a revolting account of the sanitary regulations of Key West, and describes a condition of things that would seem to make all diseases possible. While his view of yellow fever as a disease that may arise anywhere, under unfavorable sanitary conditions, will not be reassuring to those who have thought it could be excluded by quarantine regulations, it is really favorable to future prevention. The cause to which he refers it, want of cleanliness, is the point to which the efforts of medical and sanitary science is now directed, and with an energy which must be productive of good results.

THE WATER SUPPLY OF CITIES.

EVERY year the people living in large cities are told that they are in great danger of suffering from a "water famine," and that the failure of the supply is due to American extravagance and heedlessness. This subject has been investigated by Mr. J. H. Harlow, and his results were given to the American Society of Civil Engineers. He found that while it is true that Americans use a great deal of water, they are not really so wasteful as they are reported to be. Many errors of estimation enter the problem, and are all charged upon the citizens. First, the supply of water is frequently overestimated, and this may be as much as 2 1-2 to 10 per cent. Pumping engines, of the condensing type, are often used to raise the water, and these in some cases take water from the mains to condense their steam, robbing the citizens of a large proportion of their water. At Fall River, in 1874, the water taken for this purpose was no less than 38 per cent. of all the pumps supplied. Reservoirs always leak somewhat, and the loss may be two per cent. of the supply. While lying in the reservoir the water is subject to evaporation, which was in certain years 0.6

per cent. in Lowell and 0.7 per cent. in Boston. The underground pipes may break and discharge large quantities of water into layers of gravel, without disclosing the fact. A leak has been found which alone took no less than two per cent. of the whole quantity of water supplied to the city, and it was impossible to learn how long it had been open. Bad plumbing is another cause of loss, and was experimentally found to have cost Boston at one time no less than 16 per cent. of its water. All these things show that the consumers do not get all the water they are charged with, but that causes of waste are introduced at every turn of the appliances through which it reaches them. All these causes have to be taken into account before the true relations of the modern citizen to a water supply can be ascertained. From experiments made with meters, it appears that with the appliances of a modern city house, inhabited by people of fair means or considerable wealth, the consumption of each inhabitant for strictly domestic purposes is about 25 gallons a day. But the quantity supplied, divided among the inhabitants, is much higher than this, varying in seventeen cities from 10.9 gallons to 120.5 gallons. The average is about 57 gallons per day. The excess is accounted for by the great number of steam engines and boilers that are concentrated in cities, by the manufacturing concerns that require large quantities of water, by the requirements of street cleaning, night fires, and other details of city regimen, and finally by the numerous sources of waste that have been spoken of. It is plain that there is but one field for improvement—the prevention of waste. Steam and manufacturing are of just as much importance to a city as its inhabitants, and in fact are the reason why it has them. But the long list of preventable causes of waste show that the improvement of the water supply is very largely a question of engineering, and that a system of water works is one of those branches of construction that require the most careful work and the best talent.

THE IRIDESCENT ALTERATION OF GLASS.

THE old glass ware dug up from long buried ruins is often found to have gained a special beauty by its burial in earth,

namely, a beautiful iridescence. This can be observed in almost any collection like that of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, and it will be noticed that the glass has become scaly, peeling off in the finest laminations, each of which may present entirely new tints. This coloration is due to molecular movement in the glass, and it may also be produced by the action of acids, alkalis, and even of water. Sometimes articles of glass which are left in moist air are found to assume fine parallel striæ or lines on the surface. Scales also come off, and these have a composition different from that of the principal body of the glass. The alkali has been almost entirely removed, leaving a silicate of the alkaline earths and metals. In normal glass the proportion of silica is about 68, but in these scales it rises, by removal of the base, to 78 per cent. The glass retains its transparency. We have before remarked on the partial solution of the bases in glass bottles by the wine that is kept in them. The action is analogous to that described above.

MAPPING UNHEALTHY HOUSES.

It is quite possible that one result of the close watch which will be kept upon sickness through the sanitary officers, who are now so frequently employed in cities, will be to distinguish houses that are especially unhealthy. In one city there are, in a small neighborhood, six houses in which thirty-eight deaths have occurred, not rapidly, but during a long period—say half a century. The peculiarity in the case is that two of the houses have been entirely exempt, two others have had ten deaths each, and the other two nine deaths each. Of course, such results might depend on long dwelling of one family in some of the houses, and frequent changes in the tenants of the others. But this is not the fact. Different families have lived in all these houses, but no change has altered the result. That individual houses may carry a liability to disease, from which their neighbors are free, is a fact frequently observed in cities. There are, in one of our large cities, three houses, standing next to each other, built alike, and probably by the same contractors, which are connected with a sewer that drains a very

large area. Probably fifteen hundred houses empty their sewage through that drain, which has one outlet in the river. Whenever the wind blows from a certain direction at ebb tide, it blows into the open mouth of this drain and carries the sewer gases along with it. Wherever there is a vent from the sewer, the odor of these gases is very perceptible at such times. The streets, then, are very offensive in the immediate neighborhood of a defective trap or a ventilator. But the worst effects are noticed in these three houses. They seem to be the main outlet from the sewer, and are filled with odors at times when the rest of the fifteen hundred houses are free. One part of the sanitary service of a city should be to map such houses; and when their character is proved, compel such changes in their drains as will prevent this cause of disease.

THE RARITY OF COLOR BLINDNESS.

PHYSICIANS and students of physiology have hastened to relieve the popular fear that the safety of railroad trains may frequently be in danger from the inability of the engineer to properly distinguish colors. One physician, who is examiner for an important railroad, reports that, among eight hundred men carefully examined by him, he found only one who was affected with color-blindness. Another says he has found only one case in five years. It is found, however, that in the class of persons who apply for situations on railroads there is often a great ignorance of the names of colors. The men can group and match the test samples accurately enough, but blunder when directed to pick out certain colors, and say that they have no occasion to name them. The recent excitement on this subject, which arose from the fact that an accident on an English railroad was ascribed to the reputed color-blindness of one of the train-servants, has served a useful purpose in bringing the whole subject under rigid review. The conclusions of Prof. Wilson, who thought that two per cent. of the English people were markedly and five per cent. partially color-blind, have received strong disproof; and the weight of recent evidence is that this defect is of rare occurrence.

THE PRODUCTION OF VORTEX RINGS IN LIQUIDS.

PROF. JOHN TROWBRIDGE of Harvard College contributes to the "American Journal" some interesting observations on the formation of Vortex rings in liquids. These rings will always be found whenever a drop of any liquid falls upon a free surface of liquid, provided that the fall is not so great as to produce too much disturbance, and the two liquids used are not very different in density. A third requirement for success is that the drop must be able to diffuse in the liquid mass. The ring formation can be shown in water drops falling in a water surface, either by coloring the drops with aniline solution or by scattering a powder over the free surface. Another good device is to pour a few drops of tincture of ginger on the water, which produces an extremely thin film of suspended particles. To produce drops at will he uses a small glass tube slightly drawn out at one end, while the other end is loosely plugged with cotton and furnished with a flexible tube. By taking this tube in the mouth water can be drawn into the glass tube and drops ejected at will. Rings can be produced under water by this apparatus, and the reaction of two rings moving in converging lines can be studied by adding a three-way glass joint and an india rubber bag. Half vortex rings can be studied by partly immersing the tubes in the free surface of the liquid. Prof. Trowbridge concludes his paper with the following results of his discussion:

1. An analogy between the strain potential and the velocity potential is indicated.

2. It is shown that the formation of liquid rings is a necessary result of the fundamental equations of strains and those of hydrodynamics; and that they constitute a general and not a special phenomenon. A drop of water falling into water from a suitable height must assume a ring shape.

3. Vortices can and do arise in certain processes of diffusion.

SOME FOOD ANALYSES.

THE question is frequently asked, What is the difference between the sweet and common potato? According to analyses the former contains:

Water.....	73.39
Starch (by difference).....	15.06
Gum.....	1.08
Sugar.....	6.86
Cellulose.....	0.98
Albuminoids.....	1.23
Fat and wax.....	0.23
Ash.....	1.07
	<hr/> 100.00

The sugar of this esculent does not crystallize, and therefore consists largely of a glucose. It is this that marks its difference from the common potato, which contains about the same quantity of starch, instead of the sugar. Otherwise their composition is very similar, but on account of this one difference the sweet potato may be somewhat more easily digested. Prof. Johnson says: "Its sweet taste is mentioned by European writers as a reason why it does not enter more largely into the produce of Southern France, and probably for most inhabitants of temperate regions it does not relish so well in constant use as the common potato, which, like bread, appears daily, and twice daily, on the tables of the Middle and New England States, as well as on those of England, Germany, and France. The sweet potato is, however, in its best varieties, a most inviting esculent, and perhaps 'wears' better than any other vegetable save the common potato."

Prof. Johnson has been examining the composition of maize fodder, and finds that it is difficult in albuminoids, which have been dubbed the "flesh formers," and in fat. Its cellulose (woody fibre), starch, and gum are in excess, and these differences make it a poorer food than hay. Fed alone it will make lean and weak cattle, but if Indian corn, cotton seed meal, or any similar rich food is fed with it, the mixture is well adapted to take the place of the higher priced hay. To use it profitably the fodder must be cut fine and well mixed with whatever enriching food is used. "Under New England circumstances," says Prof. Johnson, "this mixture is an economical cattle food." Only one experiment has been made on the digestibility of maize fodder, but that gave a digestion of 72 per cent. of the cellulose by sheep, which is high. Some singular instances of the absorption powers of this fodder for water are given. Five tons stored on

November 11 became eight tons in the barn by February 8, the intervening three months having been rainy and damp.

ACCURATE COUNTERFEITING.

FOREIGN papers report that some very remarkable information was presented to the last Latin monetary convention in regard to false coining. The most important seats of this traffic are in Spain, especially in Valencia and Barcelona. The manufactories do not seem to hide themselves very closely, for the most refined modern processes and machinery, hydraulic presses, steam coining machines, etc., are employed. One firm alone has issued a million and a half pieces, and others are said to have surpassed even that amount! It is a well-known fact that as long ago as 1867 it was estimated that one-fifteenth of the whole Spanish currency had issued from these illegal manufactories. The imitations are of the gold coins, and to obtain an alloy of the right appearance and weight, the counterfeiters do not hesitate to make abundant use of platinum, a metal that is more costly than silver, but less so than gold. Being gray in color, it is melted with five per cent. of copper, to give it the right color, and in order to obtain the right weight silver and zinc are added. A twenty-franc piece is therefore worth about four francs. These details show how carefully the requirements of the case have been studied, and prove that a high grade of ability is obtainable for such nefarious purposes.

THE LAW OF FRICTION.

ENGINEERS have long suspected that the received laws of friction deserved but little reliance. Within a very few years the speed of many kinds of machinery has been increased, and the effect upon industrial arts is of the highest importance. In railroad work the most economical rate of travel for freight trains is now found to be near eighteen miles an hour instead of twelve miles as formerly supposed, and this discovery may be considered to increase the capacity of the roads one-half, for in freight traffic the economical limit of speed may be said to control the operation of the road. At the same time this general discovery was made, it was also found that each road

has its own individual economical limit, dependent upon the mode of constructing its permanent way, engines, and cars. It is therefore entirely supposable that the railroad system of the whole country may ultimately be brought to a certain degree of uniformity in the effort to reach the highest economy of speed. Having indicated the importance of velocity as a prime factor of economy in the arts, let us see what the laws of physics teach us in regard to its effect on friction. The commonly received law, following the results of Morin and Coulomb, is that the coefficient of friction *does not vary* with the velocity. Bochet says it *decreases* as the velocity increases. Hirn says it *increases* as the velocity increases. Strange as it may seem, Prof. A. S. Kimball, of the Worcester Institute of Industrial Science, says that all of those contradictory expressions have their element of truth, and that their discordance may be ascribed to the different conditions under which the different sets of experiments were made. He gives the following as the true law:

"The coefficient of friction at very low velocities is small; it increases rapidly at first, then more gradually as the velocity increases, until, at a certain rate, which depends upon the nature of the surfaces in contact, and the intensity of pressure, a maximum coefficient is reached. As the velocity continues to increase beyond this point, the coefficient decreases. An increase in the intensity of the pressure changes the position of the maximum coefficient, and makes it correspond to a smaller velocity. The more yielding the materials between which the friction occurs, the higher is the velocity at which the maximum coefficient is found. Heating the rubbing bodies changes the position of the maximum coefficient to a higher velocity, since by heat the bodies are made softer and are caused to yield to pressure with greater ease. For a considerable range of velocities in the vicinity of the maximum coefficient, the coefficient is sensibly constant."

These variations explain the antagonistic results given above. Morin experimented under conditions which gave him a coefficient near the maximum, and therefore nearly constant. Bochet made his tests on railroad trains, having high

speed, great pressure, and hard surfaces, and his coefficient decreased as the velocity became greater. Hirn had exactly the opposite conditions, very light pressures and thorough lubrication. The three observers therefore stand at different positions on Prof. Kimball's scale of coefficients. The general result of Prof. Kimball's inquiry is that for lines of shafting high speeds should be adopted, as their coefficient of friction is much less than that of low speeds. For instance, an experimental shaft gave the following coefficients at different speeds: 24 revolutions, 1.00; 90 revolutions, 0.60; 200 revolutions, 0.40; 430 revolutions, 0.29. Friction of intermediate motors is often a great consumer of power, and attention to this new discussion of its laws may result in a marked economy.

THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

THE British Consul to Ceylon has made public some interesting facts about this important island. The interior is so lofty that the great river of the island has a fall of ninety feet per mile for the first sixty or seventy miles of its course. Compare with this the fall of the Mississippi, which is popularly supposed to have so rapid a current—ten and a half inches per mile! With this extreme elevation compared to the area of the island, is a rainfall amounting to more than 100 inches over most of the mountainous area, and chiefly confined to seven and a half months, and we have in these facts the elements of one of the most serious dangers to which the agriculture of Ceylon is subject. This is the washing away of the soil by the tremendous action of the monsoon rains. After one of these storms the water of a river was found to contain earthy matter to the amount of 1-59th of its weight. This is one and two-thirds per cent., an enormous proportion. It is no wonder that one of the old estates is reported to have lost ten inches of soil in thirty years, or one-third of an inch yearly. This in spite of the fact that the soil should in natural course be added to by the debris of growth rather than diminished. Such facts lead us directly to the inquiry, How long will Ceylon last at this rate? The question has importance for Americans, for the island produces about forty thousand tons of coffee yearly. This is estimated

by one observer at "a score or two of years," but this is no doubt a decided underestimate. The only method of meeting this steady degradation of the plantations is in thorough drainage. Draining is favored by the mountainous character of the country, where an estate covering half a square mile will have a difference of 1,800 or 2,000 feet in the height of its opposite boundaries, and where the surface is cut into deep gulleys.

The principal staple of the island is coffee, for which the climate is so favorable that the tree yields some fruit at two years of age, and bears a good crop in its fourth year. There are 1,200 to 1,600 trees to the acre, and 257,000 acres under cultivation. The effect of climate is very marked. Mr. Abbay says that: "On one side of a small range the coffee exposed to the southwest monsoon is mostly ripe about November. On the opposite side, four miles away, where it is subject to the influence of the northeast rains, it is generally picked three if not four months later, while in the most favored districts in the southern part of the mountain zone, where the rainfall is considerably influenced by mountains that lie in the track of the monsoon, the crop time lasts through nine months, *i. e.*, from September to May—buds, flowers, green and ripe fruit, being on the tree all at the same time." The yield has greatly fallen off. In 1852 it was about 700 pounds to the acre, now it is not more than 275 pounds. Comparing average years, the deficiency from former times is at least one-third. This is due to the "leaf disease" caused by the growth of a fungus upon the leaf, which absorbs the juices of the tree and weakens it. It is thus a true parasite. This pest first appeared in 1869, and the rapidity of its spread may be judged from the fact that the fungus spores from one infected leaf are sufficiently numerous to set up the disease on 100,000 plants. "The injury in the first instance appears to be done solely to the leaf, which, at a certain stage of the attack, dies of exhaustion, and the tree, being an evergreen, has to throw out another mass of foliage, which also in its turn becomes affected and dies. Consequently the strength of the plant, which ought to be spent in bearing fruit, is chiefly devoted

to putting out new flushes of leaves, while a certain per centage of the crop that is at last ripened is found to have suffered from the general weakness of the tree." No general remedy has yet been found, and the planters are really waiting for nature to develop its own antidote, a thing that is pretty certain to take place after the parasite has existed long enough. At present they try to manure strongly enough to feed both tree and parasite.

THE OXIDIZING POWER OF CHARCOAL

Tests of the water which drained from a heap in which manure was mixed with animal charcoal, have afforded a new evidence of the purifying power of charcoal. Although this water ran out of a heap that contained the most noxious organic matter, it was entirely free from the "albuminoid" class of substances. These organic matters were shown to be decomposed into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, which entered into the drainage in enormous quantities. But with all this oxidation of nitrogenous compounds, no trace of either nitrites or nitrates was found. Other facts noted were the absence of lime and phosphoric acid and the presence of magnesia in the form of carbonate. No bacteria or other animalcules were found, and the residue obtained by filtering gave no offensive odor when burned. The residue of rain-water, on the contrary, gives a strong odor of burning hair, and contains numerous animalcules. The charcoal used was produced by the calcination of hoofs, hair, rags, etc., and is thought to have a greater power of absorption and oxidation than any other kind. It is somewhat remarkable that this charcoal is very impure. It contains only 22.79 per cent. of carbon; 30.5 water; 16.3 sand and insoluble matter; 12.66 iron and alumina; 5.33 sulphuric acid; and 3.12 potash.

APPARENTLY there is no limit to the stores of hidden remains of ancient life which Europe can furnish. An Etruscan necropolis has been opened at Montelparo, Italy, and a great quantity of bronze, iron, and terra-cotta objects have been taken out. The Italian government will probably secure the collection for the Florentine Museum.

BANDS of dogs which have reverted to the wild state are found in Russia. They are more voracious than wolves, and hunt in company, being so formidable that the settlements were lately thrown into a panic by their approach and their ravages among cattle.

THE next Arctic expedition will probably be sent out by the Dutch, under the command of a Dutch lieutenant who has made three Arctic voyages under the British flag. Its object is not the discovery of the pole, but the erection of granite monuments to some of the early Dutch voyagers.

THE deep-sea dredging expedition which left Norway in 1876 discovered several brewbanks with hard bottom, which will probably prove to be good fishing ground. They lie within two hundred miles of Norway and twelve hundred feet of the surface, and are expected to be a valuable field for summer fishing.

ONE of the forms of recent newspaper enterprise is the maintenance of private "weather bureaux" to predict the local weather for the benefit of readers. The New York "Herald" has had quite a success in predicting storms for Europe, six of its warnings having been verified, though the storms crossed the Atlantic somewhat more slowly than was anticipated.

THE Signal Service Office reports that the most noticeable features recorded during the month of April are: the very severe storms off the Carolina coast from the 5th to the 14th; the general high temperature throughout the country; the excess of rainfall in the South Atlantic States and Tennessee; the destructive hailstorms and tornadoes; the aurora of the 14th, visible from Dakota to Maine; the partial destruction of the grasshoppers west of the Mississippi by cold weather and snow, showing that the eastward migrations of these insects are probably limited by the vicissitudes of the climate of the Mississippi valley, whereby they are principally confined to the high, warm, and dry plains that are not frequently visited by late cold weather and snows.

THE British meteorological office receives £10,000 yearly from the government, but this is to be increased to £14,500.

MR. G. H. DARWIN thinks that the position of the earth's axis may have been altered from one to three degrees of latitude by the rise and fall of large continental areas, such as are supposed to have taken place in past times.

MAJOR POWELL says that the American Indians are now discussing the great philosophical question, "Do the trees grow or were they created?" The orthodox view is that grass grows, but the huge trees of that region were created as they are.

THE addition of salts of lime or magnesia, and especially of bone dust, to the carbon of which the points for electric lights are made, increases the light, but also produces flame and smoke in such quantity that the trials have been abandoned.

HYDRAULIC cement has been improved in Scotland by adding about five per cent. of plaster of Paris. When this mixture is made into mortar with five or six times its weight of good sand, without hair, it sets within twenty-four hours, and is said to be moisture-proof.

AN Englishman has invented a pen which contains a mass of solid coloring matter. No ink is used, the pen being dipped into water. If the composition used is not superior to the ordinary run of solid inks, the result of the rapid solution must be an almost invisible writing.

METALLIC tin has been purified by filtering through a grating made of strips of sheet iron. The tin was cooled until crystals began to form on the surface, and then poured through. The filtered metal was found to be perfectly pure, while on the filter was a mass of iron, copper, and other oxides. It is suggested that silver may be separated from lead in this way, and if this should be the fact the metallurgy of silver lead ores would present the most striking economical advances within twenty years of any metal.

ONE of the phenomena of modern times is the almost certain spread of those parasitic forms which man looks upon as inimical to him. The *Hemileia vastatrix*, which has cost the coffee growers of Ceylon and Southern India so much, has now made its appearance in Sumatra, and is expected to spread to the neighboring islands where coffee is grown.

CORKS and bungs, and similar articles, that are boiled for half an hour in a mixture of gelatine 2 parts, water 2, and glycerine 6, will be impervious to vapors such as that of ether, bisulphide of carbon, and benzene. They must be left in the mixture until the temperature has fallen considerably, taken out, drained, and the superfluous jelly rubbed off the outside.

WORKMEN about iron furnaces and in coal mines are sometimes prostrated by breathing carbonic oxide. Ammonia is an antidote, and Dr. Bâblich of Berlin has lately proved that oxygen is another. As oxygen is now prepared for sale in small and convenient copper tanks, it is quite possible to apply the remedy if desired in cases for which preparation can be made.

"NATURE" of April 26, 1877, contains a condensed map of the Challenger soundings in the Atlantic, showing the shape of the submarine elevated ridge connecting Europe and America by land that lies within 6,000 feet of the surface. The course of the ridge is very sinuous, and by it the tertiary plants of America are supposed to have travelled to Europe, the ridge being then above water.

It is suggested that postal cards may be made the vehicle of the most confidential communications by writing upon them in "magic" ink. A solution of nitrate of cobalt, chloride of cobalt, or chloride of copper, mixed with a little gum or sugar, makes an ink that is invisible until it is warmed, but which is plainly visible when the heat of a candle or match is applied to it. Or an ink may be used that requires a developer to bring it out.

YOUNG chemical students are often afraid to handle their platinum crucibles, much for fear of lessening their weight, but Sergius Kern shows that a crucible which is carefully washed after each ignition by melting salt of phosphorus in it, and then polishing with silica sand, keeps its weight better than if neglected. He thinks that the carbon of the flame unites more readily with the platinum if the surface is rough than if it is smooth.

A RAILROAD company is trying to persuade the British Parliament to allow it to run within 1,700 feet of the famous Cambridge observatory. Experience of the kind in other observatories shows that the delicate instruments are almost certain to be affected by earth vibrations, due to passing trains, and on account of the importance of this national observatory and datum point for the whole world, the road is likely to be forced to change its route.

IN drawing wire the interior fibres or crystals are subjected to strains from which the wire does not immediately recover. But it is an interesting result of the movement that is constantly taking place among the particles even of solid bodies, that the wire gradually grows stronger by rest, the strains being relieved by a readjustment of the molecules. Wire makers have found that newly made wire is not so strong as that which has been kept a certain time.

PROF. GUTHRIE has been trying to make the mercurial barometer as sensitive as the instrument filled with water. It is an ordinary siphon barometer, but the two arms are united by a long and extremely small tube, in which a bubble of air is confined. The quantity of mercury which leaves the main tubes on the occurrence of any change of level is so much out of proportion to the bore of the small connecting tube that the imprisoned bubble has a correspondingly exaggerated movement, and very small changes are clearly marked. To bring the main tubes near together, this small tube can be coiled.

MR. W. J. SOLLAS, in discussing the theory that the energy of the sun, and consequently of the earth, is constantly diminishing, lays stress upon the fact that

the forces which have affected the crust of the earth must have lost strength in common with the source of their action. That is to say, the philosophy which holds that the past history of the globe is to be measured by the occurrences which are now going on upon it is fallacious. Denudation, elevation, and depression of strata and other changes have formerly been much more energetic than now. This reasoning denies one of the main conclusions of the national "school in geology."

THE construction of an automatic fire alarm is probably a puzzle to many persons, but is in reality quite simple. One is made of an explosive composition that ignites at a low temperature, goes off with a bang, and sets up an electric connection whenever there is fire enough in a room to heat the air above a certain point. Another is made of Lippowitz's fusible alloy, containing 3 parts cadmium, 4 tin, 15 bismuth, 8 lead. This fuses at 63 deg. C. (146 deg. F.), and whenever the temperature of a room rises to that point, the alloy melts, letting loose a heavy iron ring that carries a gilded iron point and is connected with the positive pole of a battery. The point strikes a lead disk connected with the negative pole, an electric current is set up, and the alarm given.

THE celebrated physiologist, Prof. Bert, has been experimenting on the now popular subject of the effect of colors upon vital force. His experiments were confined to plant growth, and he found that green glass kills plants rapidly. With red glass the sprays become elongated, the angle of the leaves to the branch is changed, and the plant is bleached. In blue light the action of the leaves is reversed, the leaves becoming perpendicular to the branch. This singular action is explained by the presence of what M. Bert calls a "motor enlargement at the junction of the leaf and branch." The red rays cause the formation of a peculiar substance in this enlargement, which, absorbing water, alters the position of the leaf. It is remarkable that if a plant is placed under a glass shade red on one side and green on the other, it turns toward the green and dies.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE newness of the United States as a distinct political power is known to us all; but we hardly appreciate it. Here, however, is a book which illustrates it and brings it home in a striking manner.* Mr. Samuel Breck, who died in Philadelphia in 1862, saw the war for independence and the war for the Union. He was nearly ninety-two years old when he died, which gives him a great age; but it is not so very uncommon that it reduces the significance of the fact that one man remembered the promulgation of the treaty which recognized the existence of the United States of America as an independent power, watched with interest the formation of the Constitution by which the colonies were consolidated into a Federal Union, saw the change by which its local governments passed from representative republics into pure democracies, and saw finally the culmination of the secession movement, and the beginning of the great struggle which ended by placing the reorganized American Union among the great powers of the world. Mr. Breck did not keep a diary, which is much to be regretted, even in regard to the events of his early days. For although the "views" of a boy in his "teens" upon public affairs could not be of much value, the records of facts by any observant eyewitness, however young or however old, are always interesting and instructive. Mr. Breck did not begin to record his recollections until the year 1830, when he was in his fifty-ninth year; but his memory was tenacious, his observation acute, and his position had been such from his childhood that he was brought into contact with the leaders of society and of politics, who in his youth were, happily for the people of those days, identical; and as he wrote for himself, without fear or favor, the revelations of his note books are valuable. There is, however, much less of politics in his

memorandums than might have been expected from a man who not only was acquainted with the leading public men of his day, but who went himself as a legislator to Harrisburg and to Washington. Indeed, we find in these pages more about the public affairs of France, where he was educated, and where he was during the great French revolution, than about those of his own country. As to America, his recollections are chiefly valuable in regard to social development and changes, and because of isolated passages in regard to certain distinguished men. We have not space at our command to quote representative extracts of the anecdotes which give these recollections their interest, but an early one is so amusing and so instructive that we shall compress it. Before the Revolution all the stories told about frog-eating Frenchmen were believed here, even by persons of education; and when the first French squadron arrived at Boston, where Mr. Breck's early years were passed, the whole town, most of whom had never seen a Frenchman, went to the wharves "to catch a peep at the gaunt, half-starved soup-maigre crews." To their astonishment, they saw portly officers and stout, vigorous sailors. Could these hearty-looking people belong to the lantern-jawed, spindle-shanked race of *mounseers*? Soon they were quite undeceived. As to the frog-eating, however, there was no doubt; but the manner of it was not quite understood, as will be seen. A Mr. Nathaniel Tracy, who lived in a beautiful villa at Cambridge, gave a dinner to the French admiral and his officers. There was a tureen of soup at each end of the table. Mr. Tracy sent a plate from his tureen to his next neighbor, the French Consul, who, putting his spoon into the plate, fished out a large frog. Not knowing at first what it was, he held it up by one of its hind legs, and looking at it cried out, "*Ah, mon Dieu, un grenouille!*" It was passed from hand to hand, amid a roar of laughter. By this time several plates had been sent round, and in each was

* "*Recollections of Samuel Breck, with Passages from his Note Books.*" Edited by H. E. SCUDDER. 12mo, pp. 316. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

found a full-grown frog! The uproar was universal. "What's the matter?" asked the host (who seems not to have understood French), seeing frogs held up by the hind leg all round the table; "why don't they eat them? If they knew the confounded trouble I had to catch them, in order to treat them to a dish of their own country, they would find that with me, at least, it was no joking matter." The poor man had politely caused all the swamps in Cambridge to be searched in order to furnish his guests with what he believed to be in France a standing national dish. "Thus," says Mr. Breck, "was poor Tracy deceived by vulgar prejudice and common report." He tells us too how in those days the public whipping post and the pillory stood in the most public part of the town. At the former he saw women taken from a huge cage on wheels, tied to the post, and whipped on their bare backs, amid their own screams and the uproar of the mob. In the latter, culprits were fastened by the head and hands, and pelted with rotten eggs and all kinds of repulsive garbage. At that time also, on a certain day, a horde of fellows calling themselves Anticks prowled around the town and entered any house they liked. They went into rooms filled with ladies and gentlemen, sitting down at the card tables, seizing the cards, and demanding money for a rude play which took about five minutes, and after remaining about half an hour would depart, to be followed, most likely, by another gang. There was no refusing admittance. It was a custom, and had to be submitted to. Mr. Breck is not one of the men who believe that nothing is so good as it was in their youthful days. He recognizes other improvements than the banishment of such cruel punishments and such coarse sports as these. He seems to have thought that in almost all respects but two society in America had improved since he was a boy—those two being, strange to say, the manners of the superior classes and cookery. These he seems to have thought had deteriorated, and there is ground for the belief that he was not wrong in his opinion. His recollections will be found very instructive by all, and are full of interest to Americans of the old English stock, whose forefathers, like his, were

here during the two centuries that preceded the time when he began to record these reminiscences of his long and apparently useful life. The book is very handsomely printed, and is selected and edited with discretion, the notes added by Mr. Scudder being valuable and truly explanatory.

"A CYCLOPÆDIA of Education,"* a work of uncommon interest and value, has been recently prepared by the Superintendent of Public Schools in New York city, for the use of those who are in any way connected with the educational interests of the country. Germany has possessed for years excellent encyclopædias devoted entirely to the subject of education, but England has no special work of the sort, and this undertaking is a novelty in America. The editors have prepared, in alphabetical order, a volume of nearly nine hundred pages, on the following topics: "Theory of Education," "School Economy," "The Administrations of School Systems," "Governmental Policy in Regard to Education," "The History of Education," "Biographical Sketches of Distinguished Educators," "Statistical Information in Regard to all Institutions of Learning," and, lastly, "Educational Literature." Then follows a complete "Analytical Index." The names of the special contributors who have given carefully prepared articles on matters with which they are personally or professionally conversant, are an indication of the worth of the volume. It abounds in information, difficult to find elsewhere, about prominent teachers, the schools and colleges where they have labored, their various methods of teaching and study—just what a teacher of less experience would be anxious to know. In running over the book we notice six columns on the Anglo-Saxon tongue and its relation to our language, an elaborate essay on the Italian language, an interesting chat on belles lettres, a long article on music, from the songs of the ancient Hebrews to the description of the College of Music in the

* "The Cyclopædia of Education." A Dictionary of Information for the use of Teachers, School Officers, Parents, and Others. Edited by HENRY KIDDLE, Superintendent of Public Schools, New York city, and Alexander J. Schem, Assistant Superintendent. New York: E. Steiger.

Boston university. Several pages are filled with aphorisms on education from Plato and Solomon to Rousseau and Horace Mann. No one can complain of a lack of variety. It is a work filled to the brim with many of the facts and statistics desirable in a book of reference for teachers, and should have its place in every college library in the land. If any carping critic finds a lack in any department, or an honest seeker for information on some special point fails to be enlightened, we advise him to look up the matter for himself, and furnish a paragraph or page for next year's issue. Mr. Steiger, the publisher, whose interest in this subject is well known, deserves cordial commendation for his efficient aid in making the "Cyclopædia of Education" an undoubted success.

WHEN the so-called science of phrenology was first broached it soon rose high in popular favor, and even got some countenance from physiologists and philosophers. Ere long, however, it fell into general discredit, and the most that was heard of it was its nomenclature, which was adopted, and is in frequent use; as for example, when we say that a man has conscientiousness or combativeness strongly developed. Meantime physiological science has gone on with its investigations, the result of which seems rather to support, at least in a general way, than to discredit the theories of Combe and Spurzheim. In a book upon the brain, by an English physiologist of eminence, Dr. Ferrier, which has just been republished here,* it is admitted that the phrenologists are probably right in placing the organs of perception and reflection in the forward part of the head. That the brain is composed of, or at least contains, various centres of activity which have special functions, has long been known. Professor Ferrier's book is altogether too purely physiological, almost anatomical, a work to make a general review of it interesting to the readers of "The Galaxy." Its record of minute dissections of the brain and of purely physiological experiments and observations upon that organ fit it rather for medical and for scientific men than

for the public at large. The former will find it a work of the most thorough research and intelligent and cautious reasoning. Nor is it entirely without passages which are of general interest. One of these is upon the strange disease known to many persons, if at all, only by name—aphasia.

Aphasia, if it may not be called a literary disease, is at least a subject of literary interest. The meaning of the name which has been given to the disease is, without speech; but this does not represent with exactness the condition of the sufferer. The aphasic patient is generally able to speak, but not to talk intelligibly, the reason of this being that while he can utter some words, he is quite unable to utter others. He understands what is said to him, can read printed or written words; moreover he knows the words that he wishes to use and yet cannot utter; so that if they are spoken for him, he can signify his assent by the expression of his countenance or by gestures; but even then he cannot speak the word, and what is still more strange, although he has complete use of his hand, he cannot write the word which he knows and recognizes when it is spoken. If he tries to utter it himself, he makes only unintelligible sounds; if to write it, he leaves upon the paper only a series of unmeaning scrawls. This strange affection has nothing to do with the condition of the muscles of the throat, tongue, palate, or glottis, for even when the aphasia is so great as to render speech almost impossible, all the muscles may be, and generally are, in a perfectly healthy condition, and are used in eating, swallowing, and even in making articulate cries.

The cause of aphasia is a disease of a very small part of the brain, "the posterior extremity of the third left frontal convolution, where it abuts on the fissure of Sylvius." This part of the brain seems to be the motor centre of articulation, and if the brain softens here, or the blood vessels become clogged so that they do not convey to the spot its proper nourishment and stimulus, articulation is impaired and may be entirely destroyed. In aphasia some subjects of the disease can neither speak nor write; some can write, but cannot speak; some can write their names, but nothing else; all—and

* "The Functions of the Brain." By DAVID FERRIER, M. D., F. R. S. 8vo, pp. 323. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

this is very remarkable—can understand spoken language, but all cannot comprehend written language; some comprehend it very imperfectly, or not at all. Another remarkable trait of this strange affection is that when it is only partial and allows the subject to speak but imperfectly, the words which fail to come to the speaker are nouns. Verbs, pronouns, prepositions, conjunctions, words expressing abstract ideas come sooner than the names of the commonest objects of every-day life. Sight, touch, taste, smell seem to fail to call up the word which expresses the object that excites them, which word the suddenly silent subject knows perfectly well, and hears uttered with pleasure. In some cases there is apparently a perturbation or disturbance of the motor centres while their functional activity still exists, the result of which is that the person affected is not speechless, but that the associations between certain articulations and certain ideas are so destroyed that attempts to speak result only in an incoherent jumble of words.

Sometimes after a period of complete aphasia there is partial recovery. Dr. Ferrier cites from the "Journal of Mental Science" an example of this which is very singular. A woman who had been entirely aphasic recovered sufficiently to speak, but never quite perfectly. At her best she had a thickness of articulation like that of a paralytic person, and a hesitancy which was most marked when she was about to name anything. Her upper lip was sluggish and at times entirely inactive. Before her death she grew worse again in this respect, and could not recall even the commonest names, although she knew perfectly well what she wanted to say, and would indicate it by gestures. If the word was given her, she not only recognized it, but immediately repeated it. For example, she would say, "Give me a glass of—." If asked if it was water, she said, "No." "Wine?" "No." "Whiskey?" "Yes, whiskey." The very remarkable fact is added that never did she hesitate to articulate the sound when she heard it. Fifteen years after her first seizure she died, and a post-mortem examination of the brain revealed a "total destruction and loss of substance in the cortical region in the left hemisphere corresponding with the

position of the centres of articulation." Dr. Ferrier regards the partial reacquisition of the power of speech as being due to "the education of the articulating centres of the right side," which "had not become quite perfect even after fifteen years."

Such in a condensed form is the account of this strange affection of the brain given by Dr. Ferrier. It is a new discovery of medical or rather of physiological science. A few years ago it was unknown, as color blindness was. That science will discover a remedy for it is somewhat more than we can reasonably hope for. Scientific investigation seems to be chiefly able to discover and to classify existing facts; as to any modification of those facts it seems to be powerless; any agency in that direction, if it be found at all, is generally due to chance. One possibility suggests itself as we leave the subject: that there may be brief and transient states of aphasia due to transitory conditions of the individual—the excitement of passion or of fear or what not. Possibly many a child has been punished for stubbornness because it could not utter a particular word, when in fact it was really incapable, from momentary aphasic affection, of speaking that word. This may be a fanciful conjecture; but the subject is worthy of the attention of parents and teachers.

Not long ago we had occasion to repudiate, as a distinctively "American" view of Shakespeare, that presented by Mr. George Wilkes, whose work, although it was not without some plausibility, and was in some passages vigorous and sensible, seemed to us in spirit altogether captious and wanting in sympathy with Shakespeare. We have now before us a Shakespearian publication of quite a different character.* It is Mr. Horace Howard Furness's edition of "Hamlet," the third instalment of the great new variorum edition of Shakespeare's works, which he has undertaken upon a magnificence of plan and in a heroic spirit of scholarship, which will bring him lasting honor. One of the splendid imperial octavo volumes of which the edition is to

* "A New Variorum Shakespeare." Vol. III., "Hamlet." Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 465, 473. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

consist, sufficed respectively for "Romeo and Juliet" and "Macbeth," the two tragedies previously published, but "Hamlet" fills two. "Hamlet" is the longest of Shakespeare's plays, but the voluminousness of this edition is owing only in a small measure to that peculiarity. It is caused by the richness of the material upon which Mr. Furness had to work. No play of Shakespeare's has received so much attention from editors and from commentators, both textual and æsthetic. There seems to be almost no end to the critical writing of all sorts upon this tragedy, the most celebrated and the most thoughtful, although as a work of art not the greatest of Shakespeare's dramas. To the latter place we think that "King Lear" has an indisputable claim. But "King Lear" is much less in need than "Hamlet" is of editorial care; and as to its character and its purpose they are too clear to be the occasions of much difference of æsthetic apprehension. In the latter respects "Hamlet" is disputable, or at least has been disputed from the first scene to the very last, and its principal character still remains a problem to men of letters, men of the world, philosophers, and psychologists; and even physiologists have entered the field of inquiry as to the condition of brain and of body that produced this interesting, complicated, and most puzzling character. Moreover, the text of "Hamlet" is not only in a condition which in many passages is very perplexing to a capable and conscientious editor, but it exists in two forms, which present a question as to their comparative value, authority, and time of production, which has not yet been determined, and perhaps is not determinable by common consent. The first edition, 1603, was followed by one in 1604, which is nearly twice as long as the other, and which differs in so many points that it is supposed by most editors and commentators to represent a rewriting of the whole tragedy. A strong editorial minority, however, insists that the edition of 1603 is merely an imperfect and garbled, because surreptitiously obtained version of the perfect work. Mr. Furness has undertaken, and has admirably accomplished, the herculean task of presenting in one publication all that there is of value in the mass of editorial and critical labor

which has been given to the settlement of these various questions. In addition to the text, which has been produced by his own recension, he gives a complete reprint of the quarto of 1603, and in his foot notes all the various readings, both those in other old editions and those which are the fruit of editorial and critical labor and conjecture. In a second array, or so to speak a second layer, of foot notes, he gives all noteworthy criticisms upon the text, either in support or denial of these various readings or in elucidation of passages which are obscure in construction or from the obsolescence of their language or their allusions. To all this there is added in the second volume copious selections from all æsthetic criticisms of value, whether by English, German, or French writers. In brief, there is a "Hamlet" literature, and a vast one, and of this Mr. Furness's new variorum edition presents to the reader the pith and marrow, ay, and a goodly part of the bones and flesh to boot. In the performance of his great task of appreciation, selection, and arrangement, the Philadelphia editor has exhibited an extent of research, a soundness of judgment, and a perfection of plan which are truly admirable. This "Hamlet" is the greatest piece of editorial labor that has yet been performed for Shakespeare. Externally it is a beautiful and really a magnificent book, and it is published at a price which is surprisingly small. Every living student of Shakespeare should at least provide himself with this "Hamlet," even if he does not get the previous volumes of the New Variorum.

MONCURE CONWAY and Octavius Frothingham were once fellow laborers in this country; they are still fellow laborers, although for some years they have been divided by the Atlantic Ocean. We have recently called the attention of our readers to books upon questions of religious faith by Mr. Frothingham; we have now one before us by Mr. Conway.* Neither of these gentlemen will be offended, but both, we are sure, will be pleased by our saying that the doctrines, the purposes, and almost the methods of

* "*Idols and Ideals, with an Essay on Christianity.*" By MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY, M. A. 16mo, pp. 214, 137. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

their books are the same. They are directed against the dogmas of orthodox Christianity. We use deliberately and with caution the word dogmas, for of the moral teachings of Christ neither of these very able and we must say spiritual writers have aught to say except in assent and in admiration. What they assert and maintain, certainly with learning and skill, is that the moral teachings of Christ are not peculiar to Him, and that what may be called the theological dogmas of the Christian religion, whether Romanist or Protestant, are in the first place of little value, and in the next at variance with fact and at war with reason. Our readers will hardly expect us to assent to this view of orthodox Christianity; at the same time they must not be surprised if we say that such a treatment of religious questions, or we may rather put it of the question of religion, as is presented in Mr. Conway's "Idols and Ideals" is not to be set aside by a mere reiteration of the doctrines of the Westminster Catechism. To maintain itself, the Christian religion has before it the task of sending out men who can meet such writers as Mr. Conway on his own grounds and by fighting him with his own weapons. He stands upon fact, and his armor, both offence and defence, is simply reason. It will no longer "do" for the theologians to disregard fact as ascertained by criticism, or to say that reason must be set aside in dealing with matters of religion. The thinking world has decided otherwise. If, indeed, a man will say, I believe simply because I choose to believe or do believe, well and good. He is therein candid and respectable, and may be left to enjoy his faith and to inculcate it upon others. But he must not therefore assume that he has met the question for any one else. If he rests, or professes to rest, his belief upon "the evidences of Christianity," he must be able to discuss the question according to the rules of evidence as they are held to apply to all other subjects. Mr. Conway's book consists of a series of short essays written at various times, but all bound together by a single purpose and all written mostly in one spirit. That spirit is one of toleration, of charity, but of inexorable skeptical inquiry. He strikes his blows constantly at superstition, which he finds at the bottom of all

religions, and of which he finds the unquestioning faith inculcated by theologians or "religionists" of all sects the greatest. Christianity he looks upon as a purely human contrivance, having its origin in the second century after Christ, who had, according to him, no notion of any religion but the Jewish, and which has passed through various phases and is now in its decay. He does not believe that its extinction will be at all injurious to the world or destructive of what are called, as he believes erroneously, the Christian virtues. On the contrary, he says in the section of his essay on Christianity which he calls "The Morrow," "Nor will the morrow take away Christ. It will restore Him to the world from which patristic metaphysics have removed Him. It will no longer be considered any degradation to call Him a man. He will be seen as one of a high and holy fraternity of seers and teachers, stretching through all ages, whom no one race can claim, who speak for universal reason and right." His book is full of interest, and is written in a spirit and a style which are both admirable. Those who are ready to make acquaintance with heterodoxy in that guise will find much to interest them in "Idols and Ideals."

HERE are two books,* both in the nature of fugitive satires on passing events, but of widely different character. The "New Gospel of Peace, according to St. Benjamin," dates back to the fierce animosities of the civil war, and reflects all the acrimony of forgotten party feeling. The "Romance of the Great Dividable" is a clever little story of to-day, chiefly ironical, intended to illustrate the fact, which recent investigations tend to confirm, that American life insurance companies are often loosely and fraudulently managed, and that their officers frequently attain great fortunes by systematic embezzlement of trust funds. The book, like the "New Gospel of Peace," is professedly anonymous, but there are strong symptoms in its style and in the uniformity of its make-up with other works of Mr. Habberton, author of "Helen's

* "The New Gospel of Peace." (Republished.) New York: American News Company.

"Brief Honors. A Romance of the Great Dividable." Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

Babies," "The Jericho Road," and the "Scripture Club of Valley Rest," that the present book is by that ingenious gentleman. The great literary fault of this, as of the other works of the same writer, apart from "Helen's Babies," is that he tries to make preaching universally interesting—a feat difficult for any man, impossible for most. No matter what the powers of diction and beauty of style of an author, the reader who scents a moral coming is apt to drop the chase as soon as he perceives the "slot." Being after one kind of game,

Content,

Which, most pursued, is most compelled to fly,

he naturally resents the presence of another—instruction. Children are especially quick to see this fault, perhaps because it is so common in books avowedly written for their use; but grown people are by no means dull on this subject either, and too much preaching will weary even strong men.

The art of conveying an argument without too much preaching, which seems to be deficient in the author of the "Romance of the Great Dividable," is very well illustrated in the book which we have selected as a companion and contrast thereto. The "New Gospel of Peace" was a famous satire in its day, the most famous of all those which appeared during the civil war. Petroleum Nasby and Orpheus C. Kerr made greater reputations for themselves *in propria personâ* than the author of the "New Gospel," who obstinately refused to announce his name at the time, but the works of neither could compare for a moment in popularity and power with the anonymous red pamphlet that appeared on every news stand during the heat of the civil war. In one case the man was brought before the public by name, in the other his works spoke for themselves, with all the more power that they were impersonal. A sharp, witty satire, full of home truths even if taken from a rabidly partisan point of view, gains in strength by being anonymous. The world in general is so apt to be blinded by party feeling, prejudice, and passion that it is almost impossible for any man to secure a dispassionate criticism for an abstract argument from a crowd, if his person is known. Argu-

ments to a populace, if delivered by a well-known person, must be sophistical and unsound to be successful. Had the "New Gospel," with all its bitter gibes, come from a known person, it would not have succeeded as it did, because the motives of its author would have been questioned, and a counter attack on his private character, as free as his own on the character of others, would inevitably have been inaugurated by his political opponents. Now that the passions of civil strife have cooled, that the undoubted success of the book itself and the triumph of the cause to aid which it was written have rendered it a mere matter of literary curiosity without general living interest, it has been republished, and Mr. Richard Grant White is announced in a publisher's note as the author. As a literary performance of its peculiar style, the "New Gospel of Peace" is still perfect in its way. Its elements of success were very simple, and the author secured his large auditory by adhering to them steadily. The generality of respectable people are Pharisees. They go to church regularly and nod under a sleepy preacher, and yet they dearly love a little sly wickedness. The present English translation of the Bible is associated in their minds with dignity and solemnity; and when they hear the obsolete dialect in which it is written applied to the common affairs of life, it sounds to them like making fun of the minister, a revolt from oppression and formality. "It's naughty, but it's nice," as a popular song says. This was one secret of the success of the "New Gospel of Peace." It sounded as if it might be irreverent, but the most captious formalist could hardly point out wherein it offended. It was merely the application of a dialect three hundred years old to the affairs of the present day, for no sacred names were used. It had all the spice of novelty, and otherwise all was plain sailing. It was a happy idea, and only possible as a success once in fifty years. If the style grows common, it ceases to interest and amuse, because it ceases to be odd. As a specimen happy hit, the "New Gospel" ranks with the English "Battle of Dorking."

THE memoirs of Charles Kingsley, arranged with reverent, loving, and skilful

hands by his wife,* greatly add to our feeling of honor and admiration for that true-hearted man, who did noble work among the poor, unmindful of sneers, opposition, and pecuniary loss, whose intense nature might sometimes lead into mistakes, but whose heart was always in the right place; whose earnest teachings, free from all conventionality of thought or expression, were listened to by the Queen and her family as eagerly as by the humblest peasant. There was nothing of the pale-faced saint or martyr in this healthy, happy, muscular Englishman who regarded a twenty-five-mile walk as a "refreshment," and would leave his bed at two in the morning to start, in a pouring rain, on a nine-mile tramp for trout fishing, entering with enthusiasm into all manly sports. The Kingsleys, a good old family, date back with pride, not beyond the flood, but "ante 1128"; but it is not necessary to look far to see from whom Kingsley inherited his talents, simply a rare combination of the best qualities of both parents. His father, a curate from necessity rather than choice, was an artist, a keen sportsman and natural historian. The fighting blood, too, was on his side, the men of his family having been soldiers for generations. The mother gave her keen sense of humor, force, originality, love of nature, and fondness for travel. He began to sermonize at four years old, after improvising a pulpit in his nursery, and using his pinafore as a surplice. The solitary example given is really remarkable—his theology at that time was sound, and severe enough for Calvin himself. In maturity his loving belief in God's ultimate mercy to the sinner was akin to the doctrine of the highest stamp of Universalists.

In his boyhood's home at Clovelly, on the rocky Devonshire coast, he learned to love the sea, and his song of the "Three Fishers" was only what he had seen—one picture in that daring, dangerous life. "Now that you have seen Clovelly," he said to his wife, "you know what was the inspiration of my life before I met you." Like most young men who have sufficient energy or originality to think for themselves, he passed

through a period of distressing doubts, and darkness, and recklessness, but on the night of his twenty-second birthday the clouds cleared away and he devoted himself to God—a vow never recalled or broken, but ever strengthening while life lasted. The next year he settled as curate of Eversley in Hampshire, his home for thirty-three years. The little church was nearly empty, none of the peasants could read or write, sheep roamed in the churchyard, alms were collected in an old wooden saucer, a cracked kitchen basin held the water for baptism. He established schools and clubs, and a library, giving weekly lectures in cottages for the old and feeble, visiting the sick or dying, night as well as day, personally intimate with every soul in the parish, never taking a holiday with a gun, on account of the poaching tastes of those around him, giving up the hunt because he could not afford it, but preaching with as much eloquence and earnestness as when a canon at Westminster. It was owing to his unwillingness to hold a sinecure that we gained the stirring stories which he wrote to help out his slender income. Poetry he wrote only when peculiarly happy or deeply roused. The prospect of a fishing excursion with Tom Hughes called out a charming bit of doggerel, which ends in this way:

Tho' we earn our bread, Tom,
By the dirty pen,
What we can, we will be,
Honest Englishmen.
Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at times,
Helping, when we see them,
Lame dogs over stiles;
See in every hedgerow
Marks of angels' feet,
Epics in each pebble
Underneath our feet;
Once a year, like schoolboys,
Robin-Hooding go—
Leaving fops and fogies
A thousand feet below.

His married life was an ideal realized; his hours of depression were endured alone. "To see him with you and the children," wrote a friend to his wife, "was to know what the man was." The animals about the house were treated as even Bergh would regard as a millennial dream; reasoning with his horse as a rational being, sitting up with a favorite dog the last nights of its life, teaching his children to love and handle gently all

* "*Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memoirs of his Life.*" Edited by his Wife. Abridged from the London Edition. New York: Scribner & Co.

living things—he had a faith in the future of animals.

Like McLeod, whose life in many ways resembled his, he was sacrificed to overwork. His short visit to this country made him a host of friends, but was an injury to his health, and on his return he began work too soon, and the effort proved fatal. In Eversley churchyard, where he preferred to lie, his wife placed a marble cross, with "Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus," and above, "God is Love"; and the biography of this reformer, poet, and theologian is but a fuller unfolding of that creed. The light of such a life never goes out.

These volumes have been abridged for an American edition, omitting quotations from his works or repetitions, etc.; the last literary labor of Mr. Seymour, a member of the publishing firm of Scribner, Armstrong & Co., a man of fine literary taste.

No brighter and more amusing work on the stage and on stage folk than this* has appeared since the publication of Dr. Doran's "Their Majesties' Servants," to which it is somewhat akin. Dr. Doran's interesting book was an anecdote history of English actors, authors, and audiences, and its arrangement was, as a matter of course, chronological. Mr. Cook's volumes cover almost the same ground, yet without in any way trespassing on his predecessor's, for although the subject is similar and the mode of treatment not unlike, yet the arrangement of material is so distinctly different, that but few of the anecdotes so profusely scattered through the one book are to be found among the anecdotes as abundantly distributed throughout the other. Mr. Cook, as he says in his preface, has not attempted to "set forth anew a formal and complete history of the stage, but rather to traverse by-paths connected with the subject—to collect and record certain details and curiosities of histrionic life and character, past and present, which have escaped or seemed unworthy the notice of more ambitious and absolute chroniclers. At

most I would have these pages considered as but portions of the story of the British theatre, whispered from the side wings." Within the limits to which he has chosen to restrict himself, Mr. Cook has been notably successful. He has taken for the subject of each of his thirty-six chapters, which have already appeared as separate papers—in "All the Year Round," if we mistake not—some one feature of the stage prologues, epilogues, stage wigs, stage banquets, stage whispers, scenery, play bills, applause, stage horses, and so forth, the history of which he narrates with a wealth of pertinent quotation and illustrative anecdote. To the theatrical histories of Mr. J. Payne Collier and the Rev. Mr. Geneste he gives credit for aid rendered, but in his search for facts, and fictions, and *facetiæ* bearing on his subject, he has evidently ransacked most of the many memoirs, witty or wearisome, in the possession of which the theatre is and has always been so rich. Mr Cook obviously writes from a love for the stage and with a thorough mastery of its history and its traditions. Because much of the pleasant book before us consists of gentle gossip—in the best sense of the words—it must not be supposed that its author's attitude of mind is uncritical. On the contrary, rather is it acutely critical. His remarks have the weight which comes from the fulness of knowledge; although his touch is kindly, he never sinks into the mildness of misplaced "geniality." In the existence of one sham—the theory of which is, that at some unknown but earlier period there existed a state of affairs in which the "legitimate" met with a success so constant and so unexampled as to justly entitle the times to be termed "the palmy days of the drama"—Mr. Cook, we are glad to say, resolutely refuses to believe; it is a belief, indeed, to which it would be difficult to convert any one who had studied stage history enough to know that Davenant, Colley Cibber, David Garrick, and the Kembles had successively pleaded against, been injured by, and in turn themselves employed the very spectacular or "illegitimate" which some affect to consider as of more modern growth. The real "palmy days of the drama" were when the stage was such that men of intellect could count on

* "A Book of the Play: Studies and Illustrations of Histrionic Story, Life, and Character." By DUTTON COOK. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1876. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. xii., 322, 323.

finding intellectual entertainment there, and therefore could and did take an intellectual interest in it. When this is again the case the "palmy days of the drama" will return, and not before.

After a few introductory pages on play goers, follow three chapters on "The Master of the Revels," "The Licensor of Playhouses," and "The Examiner of Plays," in which Mr. Cook gives the best, and, if we are not in error, the only tolerably full account of the history and the present state of stage censorship in England. A comparison of this account with the "*Histoire de la Censure Dramatique en France*," published in 1862 and 1871, by M. Victor Hallays-Dabot, is interesting. The French author, a censor himself, was naturally a believer in censorship; the English author is not—and he points out that State supervision did not prevent the drama of the Restoration from becoming almost hopelessly immoral, and the reform which followed on the publication in 1697 of Jeremy Collier's "Short View," "was really effected, not by the agency of the Chamberlain or any other court official, but by force of the just criticism, strenuously delivered, of a private individual." M. Charles Constant, in his recently published "*Code des Theatres*," adduces as an argument in favor of the censor, that it had been found necessary even in these United States. Mr. Cook is better informed; "In America," he remarks, "there is no Lord Chamberlain, Examiner of Plays, or any corresponding functionary. The stage may be no better for the absence of such an officer, but it does not seem to be any the worse." Mr. Cook notices some of the freaks of the English official; on religious grounds he forbade Rossini's "*Mose in Egitto*" and Verdi's "*Nabucco*"; Ristori was not allowed to appear in "*Myrrha*"; and, above all, "while prohibiting the performance of '*La Dame aux Camélias*' of M. Alexandre Dumas *fils*, he has sanctioned its performance as the opera '*La Traviata*.'" One of the most amusing of the remaining chapters is on "Stage Ghosts." There is an old story of an author of a five-act tragedy who killed off everybody at the end of the fourth act, filling out the fifth act with the ghosts of those deceased in the preceding. Beaumarchais

so far reversed this as to have the prologue of his opera "*Tarare*" played by the spirits of the *dramatis personæ* of the subsequent acts! And another illustration of the same chapter Mr. Cook might have borrowed from the French theatre. Voltaire, admiring the effect of the ghost in "*Hamlet*," introduced one into his "*Semiramis*," but unfortunately the spectators were then allowed to occupy seats on the stage of the Parisian playhouses, and a new tragedy by Voltaire was an event of sufficient importance to fill the theatre and to so crowd the stage that the ghost, when his cue came, found it impossible to enter until an usher had succeeded in clearing the way, with frequent entreaties of, "Place, messieurs, place pour l'ombre!" This misadventure well-nigh resulted in the damning of M. de Voltaire's tragedy. In his chapters on "Paint and Canvas" and "Stage Storms," Mr. Cook gives due credit to De Lautherbourg, a scene painter of Garrick's time, mentioned in Sheridan's "*Critic*" and satirized in Burgoyne's "*Maid of the Oaks*," for originating those scenic effects and imitations which modern science has aided the scene painter in carrying to such extremes, in a passage taken almost verbatim from his own "*Art in England*" (1869). Mr. Cook reviews De Lautherbourg's many inventions to imitate natural phenomena, storms, volcanic eruptions, and so forth; he it was who first really produced mimic wind, and rain, and thunder, second only in effect to the canvas they accompanied; as a contemporary critic observed, the artist's genius was "as prolific in imitations of nature to astonish the ear as to charm the sight. He introduced a new art: the picturesque of sound." Mr. Cook excuses in his prefaces his various repetitions, as the result of the separate publication of the original papers. Although it was hard to resist citing an apt quotation under each of the heads to which it is pertinent, it would perhaps have been best to modify a few of the reduplications; the mention, for instance, four times in the first volume, of Killigrew's having told Pepys that he was the first to light the theatre with wax instead of tallow. The greatest fault to be found with these two well printed volumes is the absence of an index, an appendage

indispensable to any work so full of proper names and quotable anecdotes. A few, a very few slips, possibly mostly misprints, in the many dates which abound, we shall refrain from pointing out for fear of getting ourselves classed with those critics

——Miracles of learning

Who point out faults to show their own discerning

—to quote from an occasional address cited, page 141 of Vol. I.

Was there ever a more versatile woman than Miss Dodge, who furnishes in one season a series of slashing political articles for a daily paper, a pleasant novel for summer-time reading, and "an elegant religious brochure on Christ!" No one can guess what she will do next. We remember her volume, "Country Living and Country Thinking," with unmixed pleasure; spirited, original, and free from all personal sarcasm. As the years passed she grew pugnacious, and a little too careless in her remarks on people and places. The Canadians, for instance, never forget that she called them "cowy and ruminant," and it was unjust, for nowhere can you find more active, fine-looking, wide-awake men and women than in Canada. She pitched into her publishers, but the history of the squabble is wisely omitted from the uniform edition of her works. Not finding anything else to complain of, she next "went" for the patriarchs and saints of the Old Testament, bringing out some undeniably weak points in their characters, and leading us to think that they would scarcely be admitted into good society nowadays unless they concealed their peccadillos as many modern saints are said to do. Self-ordained as a preacher, she has given some sensible "Sermons to the Clergy," which must wake them up if they read them. The Rev. G. Hamilton, or rather the Irrev., will never allow her audience to be drowsy. And now, while she is more talked about than any other woman in America, rousing both fury and fun by her opinions on civil service reform, we find that last winter, in her country home, shut in by snow drifts, she was working at a novel, just for variety. She now offers it to the public with comical apologies—"a free-will offering to all who are

tolerant of veal." But she who shows no mercy must expect none, and we would be scathing in our criticisms, but really the story is so bright, and agreeable, and healthy in its tone that there is but little occasion to find fault. The title is a taking one, "*First Love is Best*,"* and we hoped it might be a tender reminiscence, a bit of autobiography, but it assumes to be the history of a friend. She objects to all this open talk and discussion among doctors and school teachers about sex and education, sex in education, and so on, believing that the less a merry-hearted maiden thinks about her "functions" the better. "If the new gospel of girlhood is to prevail; if the reticence, the delicacy, and the dignity of nature are to be coldly and coarsely violated in the name of science; if girls are to be held up before the public gaze to be discussed, and dissected, and vivisectioned, analyzed and anatomized, cosseted and coddled to keep breath in their lungs and blood in their veins, the puny wretches might as well die out altogether and make an end of it." One chapter has some rather heavy speculation on stars, but it grows brighter as astronomy is discarded for sentiment, ending in a love scene which settles all misunderstanding between the principal pair. Is it because the author has no husband that she gives a gentleman lounging in his own parlor of a summer evening several superfluous garments, for coat collars suggest coats, and does she not say that Kate "wedged and wormed her tousled little head in among his *various* coat collars with desperate vehemence"?

As we are not blessed with antediluvian longevity, it is unwise to waste time on stories that are not really worth the reading. And John Esten Cooke's latest effort to interest the public in Virginia and its glories does not strike us as a success, although he has undoubted merit as a writer.† It is a stale theme: the adventures of a handsome, broad-shouldered hero in the Revolutionary war, and none of the characters seem like real flesh and blood. The antecedents of the principal personage are shrouded in the

* "*First Love is Best*." By GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

† "*Canolles*." *The Fortunes of a Partisan of '81*. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. Detroit: E. B. Smith & Co.

deepest mystery, and he looks so exactly like one or two other people that the most careful reader will be occasionally puzzled as to his identity. He is given to deep reveries, even on horseback, smiles "grimly," and his calmness under the most trying circumstances is simply superhuman. He fights under no flag, and is regarded as a reckless marauder and dare-devil. After stealing a large amount of money from the British, he is captured and condemned to die. His friends are in a state of frenzied agony, but "Canolles" slumbers tranquilly as a child on the night preceding his execution. Of course he gets off; a reprieve coming, not at the last moment, but actually at the last second. You shall have the thrilling scene in the author's own words:

The English officer turned away his head, as though to hide from his eyes the terrible spectacle of a human being torn to pieces by bullets, and hurled back drenched with blood.

"Present!" he muttered.

The soldiers presented.

"Take aim!"

The gleaming barrels fell like a single weapon, and were directed at the prisoner's heart.

"Fire!" trembled on the officer's lips, when a shout was heard behind him, and turning his head he saw Lord Ferrers hastening toward him with violent gesticulation.

An old soldier at our side suggests that the next order, "Ground arms!" shows an alarming ignorance of military tactics, but as the gallant and daring hero is saved, we will not criticise the details. Why he refused the protection of the American colors, and what he did with his plunder, how he was able to carry about him snowy table linen, exquisitely delicate China, superbly chased candlesticks, and Madeira twenty-two years old, who he loved and whom he married, we will leave still shrouded in mystery, for those who may care to follow his fortunes. The style of the conversations and flirtations are decidedly old-fashioned. The heroine faints when she receives a proposal of marriage, just as young ladies did a century ago, and even the profanity has an ancient flavor. We are spared the steepest part of both profanity and love making by a merciful arrangement of blanks and stars. All ends as happily as a fairy tale, and what is best of all, each damsel mentioned is provided with an eligible and devoted husband!

MISS CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON'S poem of "Two Women,"* which appeared in "Appleton's Journal" last winter, and received deservedly high praise, has lately been reprinted in book form, making a charming little volume, sure to be a favorite wherever read. It is simply a study of two women of exactly opposite character, temperament, and surroundings; a passion flower and a lily; or rather a pale, tinted wild-wood flower, that seems to shrink, yet bears the storm, and a deep-hued, glowing rose, that hides its sad secret in its heart of hearts, and blooms bravely on. They are wonderfully well drawn; we know them both, and have been conquered by the rich beauty and magnetic atmosphere of the one, while revering the steadfast simplicity and childlike innocence of the other. The plot, although connected with our late war, is by no means hackneyed. Both of these women love the same man with all the intensity of their very different natures, and are sure of his love. Each has heard of the dangerous wounds of their lover, and while hastening to comfort him, chance throws them together. Their conversation at last discloses the unhappy situation, and becomes tragic, but never strained nor high flown. Long after the story has been read you are impressed by the strong individuality of the two, and long to know more of their lives. Miss Woolson's poem shows much dramatic power.

PROF. DOLEBEAR has written a very pleasing little manual † on the "Art of Projecting," more familiar to ordinary readers as the use of the magic lantern. In the handy compass of a small pocket volume, he gives full directions how to project the images of microscopic objects on a screen in an enlarged form, describing the necessary apparatus, its cost, and where to procure it. Of course the book has something of the character of an advertising medium for the publishers and manufacturers of the apparatus described, but that will be no objection to people interested in the subject, as it conveys just the information they desire to obtain.

* "Two Women." By C. F. WOOLSON. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† "The Art of Projecting." By Prof. A. E. DOLEBEAR, Tufts College. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

NEBULÆ.

— THE old adage about the new broom must have been brought painfully and vividly to mind with many office-holders by the clean sweep which President Hayes's besom has made in so many of the public departments, North, South, East, and West. The removals have been numerous, amounting to some thousands; and in most cases they are the consequence of a reduction of force, not the displacing of one man to give his post to another. Mr. Hayes promised civil service reform, and he seems to be keeping his promise in good faith, as he understands it. And as to the reformation of abuses in the civil service the people at large, of all shades of political feeling, are heartily with him. There is hardly any political change that the mass of the intelligent and respectable people of the country would more rejoice over than that purification of politics which would come of a severance of the civil service from political influence, and an abasement of the pernicious and degrading doctrine that in politics "to the victors belong the spoils." If the new president can establish and put into successful operation the principle that employment in government offices is to be obtained only by character and ability, and that it may be securely retained on those terms, he will do more to clear the moral atmosphere of politics than can be accomplished in any other way except by the extinction of jobbery and lobbying. That would be the most important step toward purity in politics. If it were sure, if it *could* be made sure, that any member of a legislative body who gave reason for the belief that his vote or his influence was to be had for a consideration would be socially and politically damned, or to speak more mildly, "put in Coventry," politics would become clean and wholesome. But that cannot be hoped for in the present moral condition of the country. Public places of all kinds, whether political or corporative, seem to have been largely filled of late years by rogues; and yet so long as these rogues manage to keep themselves clear of ar-

rest and imprisonment we don't damn them socially, we don't put them in Coventry. Some men may do this, but they are regarded as over-fastidious, "stuck up." As a people we do not turn the cold shoulder to the well-behaved, well-dressed, well-connected scoundrel who has sold his vote, ruined a railway, or appropriated trust funds to his own uses. So long as this is our attitude toward dishonest men, how can we expect purity in politics? The old simile is a good and sound illustration—the stream cannot rise higher than its source. Now, with us, the people at large are the source not only of political power, but of all the moral influences that operate upon society and upon politics. While men in general act upon the Roman poet's adage—Money is to be sought first of all things; after gain, virtue—it is in vain to expect the representatives of those men to act upon any other principle. The discharge of twenty per cent. of the government employees who have been put in their places as a reward for their services as political managers, although it is one step in the right direction, will not reform a political system which rests upon a rotten and corrupt society.

— NEVERTHELESS, as we have said, this is one step in the right direction, and it is felt to be so by all those who have the reformation of our politics at heart. The President may be sure that he will be supported in this reform by almost all the public except the politicians. This exception, however, is one of very great importance. It includes all the political managers in the country, those of the President's own party not excepted. They, on the contrary, will be his strongest opponents; for they at present have the power. They are the "ins"; and the "outs" among the managers of the other political party will not care how or on what pretence they are ousted. Now these political managers are persons not to be despised even by a President and his Cabinet. They are a

large and a well organized body, which pervades the country. They are indeed almost the only really organized body, except the Roman Catholic Church, in the United States. They own the two political parties that divide the people. In fact, for all practical purposes they are the parties. There are indeed some few millions of other men who make up the masses of those parties; but these, although useful for voting purposes, have no other value or weight. The political parties which are, or may be put into power by their votes, are managed, from the President down to the holder of the most insignificant office, by these professional politicians. These men will not give up their power without a fight; and they are in a position to make that fight a vigorous one. They have the members of Congress and of the State Legislatures at their backs, and they are in a position almost to defy the President. They can at least resist him with great effect, and they will resist him. They are now making preparations for resistance; and it yet remains to be seen whether they or the President, however determined he may be, shall win the victory. The President's order which forbids office-holders to take an active part in the management of party politics, strikes at the very existence of these men. If he is able to enforce that order their occupation is gone. The question then arises, Who is to manage party affairs? For they must be managed; they will not go on of themselves. It is difficult to see how the situation is to be mastered. The politics of the country, as we have remarked, is entirely in the hands of these men. Tell them that they are not to have the control of "patronage," and they will throw up their hands. As well expect an army to fight without pay and without rations. If they "strike," where are their substitutes to be found? We have no men of leisure who will take the management of political affairs for the honor of the thing. Our politics are in the hands of men who work to establish a "claim" on the party. Ignore those claims, and they will abandon their positions, and parties fall into anarchy and confusion. What Mr. Hayes has promised to do is the most difficult task ever undertaken by a public man in this country. He will have the moral sup-

port of the intelligence and worth of the whole people; but what is the moral support of intelligence and worth when brought into conflict with well organized unworthy intelligence fighting for position, and influence, and spoils, and bread and butter! The alternative which these men may be able to offer is submission to their terms or the extinction of the party as a compact available force.

— WHAT will be the end of this struggle cannot now be foreseen; but it does seem as if, in the ardor of reforming zeal, the President's heads of departments were pushing matters beyond the bounds of necessity and of prudence. The reduction of the force of government employees on the ground of economy has been carried to a point which implies that under General Grant's administration the departments were filled with men whose chief occupation was to draw and spend their salaries. It is at least doubtful whether this was the case. Indeed, it is hardly probable that it was so. That there were some political sinecurists there can be no doubt; under the best administration in any country, this abuse has always obtained to a certain degree. But that there have been enough of these political drones to make any very serious or appreciable drafts upon the public treasury is hardly probable. In any case the public, in its present temper at least, will applaud the removal of these men. But when the reduction of force in any public office is carried beyond this point on the score of economy the public, when it comes to look at the matter soberly, will not applaud very loudly. The public asks for reform and for economy, it is true; but the reform and the economy which they desire are not to be attained by the discharge of clerks whose salaries are between \$1,000 and \$2,000 a year. It is said that \$250,000 will be saved by the reduction in the New York Custom House. Such a sum should not be thrown away; but what is it to the people of the United States as the pay of men whose services in many cases are declared by their immediate superiors to be necessary to the effective working of a great government office which pays millions weekly into the public treasury? It is not such reform and economy as this that the people

are desiring and hoping for, but that of purity, honesty, and efficiency in the public service. They do not grudge a few thousands, or many, in the way of salaries, so long as the money is not paid to support corrupt political organizations. What they would have extinguished is jobbery—the jobbery that goes on in the capitol at Washington and in the State Legislatures. “These things ought ye to have done and not to have left the other undone.” The money superfluously paid in salaries is trifling compared to that which is extracted from the public pocket indirectly by corrupt special legislation. The people would gladly see political sinecurists discharged, and political managers deprived of their control of the civil service; but when clerks and other employees are discharged largely in excess of what competent investigators pronounce prudent, there is at least ground for suspicion that some dust is being thrown in the public’s eyes under the pretence of economy, in order that more needful reforms may be neglected. There is at least a chance that civil service reform may be made a stalking horse for the concealment of abuses, the reformation of which is even more important.

— READERS of “Vanity Fair” will remember that Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, at one period of her career, found it needful to have a “sheep dog.” Not, as she explained to young Lord Southdown (who had promptly suggested, by way of amendment, a “Persian dog or a Persian dog”), but “a *moral* dog, to keep the wolves off”; a companion.” With some anxiety to have some sex seen in public with liberty, largely a pretence; on customs of European different from our own.

Our free-and-easy American habit of allowing a young lady to go alone with a gentleman of her acquaintance to a theatre, a concert, a picnic, an evening party, or on a visit to the country, is not in vogue in Europe. The young woman who accepts such an invitation to an entertainment must be accompanied by some relative or female friend—in short, by a *chaperone*. In our country the custom of the *chaperone* has never yet been

generally introduced; it prevails, to be sure, in not a few careful families, but the *chaperone* is not a recognized “institution” with us, and her advent would probably be the signal for wrath and rebellion. Young America would vote her a nuisance—a living reflection upon him at once unwarranted, uncalled for, and unjust. Young America would also perhaps think bitterly of the extra ticket at the theatre, the extra seat in the sleigh-ride, and the extra refreshments at the inn, which would be required for this inevitable *chaperone*. Now it must be owned that Young America could point with pride to the discretion and becomingness of conduct which he has in most instances shown, without the reminder of the *chaperone*. And it may also be frankly conceded that sometimes young women are awakened to the necessity for strict decorum by the very freedom which is thus allowed them, while young men of good breeding may become all the more careful and solicitous of their conduct from being put, as it were, on their honor. But whether in individual instances a young man will prove himself worthy of confidence, is not the real question at issue. The custom of the *chaperone* depends on the theory that there should be a general rule on the subject—a rule that will befit the dignity of the family, secure fathers and mothers from anxiety, and put daughters less under the accidental influence of gentlemen with whom they may temporarily go away from home. For, after all, if you talk of restraint and of losing independence under the institution of the *chaperone*, the fact is rather that young ladies now temporarily sacrifice their freedom of action, to a certain extent, when they go out alone with a chance male acquaintance, and they necessarily make themselves dependent for the time on him.

— SOCIETY, too, becomes every year, in American cities, a greater medley and a less domestically controlled affair than of yore, which fact will perhaps have something to do with introducing more generally the *chaperone*. New York, for example, is as cosmopolitan as London, and, what is more to our purpose, furnishes few bars against the entrance of worthless adventurers into society. If

Young America will reflect, he will see why some families consider it hardly judicious for the daughter to go alone with a gentleman to whom she is not betrothed—on a drive in the public streets and parks, on an excursion down the bay, or to the opera at night, topping off the entertainment with a little supper, and reaching the homestead in the small hours, where she perhaps lets herself in with a night latch key! This is not an exaggeration of the custom that prevails in the majority of families—not, of course, in the most careful—and if Young America defends it as much “jollier” than the reign of the *chaperone*, he must also confess that the latter has its reasons, founded on solid sense. There is another consideration which should mollify the wrath of Young America at the introduction of the *chaperone*. This consideration is that the new custom might furnish legitimate, useful, and steady occupation to a very large number of maiden aunts and spinster relatives of various grades. There would also, of course, grow up a guild of professional *chaperones*, not very different from the familiar type of “lady’s companion,” only more numerous. But independently of these, there would be furnished a wholesome occupation for Miss Jemima and Aunt Rachel, who would, let us hope, be duly grateful for this variation of their spheres of usefulness. And let not Young America despairingly conclude that the duty of duenna would be overdone by these companions. Let him not fear that the *chaperone* would never understand when to be nodding or a trifle deaf; be sure that she would not render herself the immitigable bore that Young America apprehends.

— THAT society cannot safely take on trust all the people whom it entertains, has been illustrated the past month, in New York, by a brace of extraordinary cases, those of the Wall street broker and the grandson of Vanderbilt. These celebrities, whom a stranger might have adjudged, on general grounds, safe persons to know, have found themselves arrested for petty larceny. The case of the broker, who stole jewelry and other portable property from the houses he visited, is specially suggestive. Still, there is no profound homily to be based

on these incidents; they yield no moral on “the prevalence of thievishness in American society,” as the Paris “Figaro” might phrase it. When the scapegrace nephew of a Russian grand duke stole family pearls to cast before a worthless woman, we were not entitled to presume that larceny had become a trait of the Muscovite nobility; nor are we to generalize from the Wall street broker’s career that modern society is becoming “kleptomaniac.” Such thefts can never be guarded against, because they are too exceptional to be made the basis of calculation. People who give dinners cannot very well chain the spoons to the tables, nor cover the mantel ornaments with glass receivers. The sort of adventurers that society can guard against are not those who have an unsuspected foible for pocketing the silver candlesticks (as Macaulay says that Voltaire did, while visiting Frederick the Great), but the Lord Masseys and others who saff under false colors, of whatever sort. One reason why sham celebrities can sometimes flourish for a while, in American society, may be that unmasking them ends an agreeable delusion—for perhaps the pleasure, in such cases, is, as Hudibras says, “as great of being cheated as to cheat.”

— SOME of the Jewish priests of New York naturally made the Hilton-Seligman affair the text for historical references to the persecutions endured by the Hebrews because of their religion. The theme was timely; but history seems to show that the odium from which the Jews have chiefly suffered is an odium of race rather than religion, and that this religion was sometimes made the ostensible offence, to cover purposes of plunder. Even in those dark ages when religious fervors expressed themselves in torturing unbelievers, we usually find that the Jews were set upon and plundered, less because they were Hebrews than because they were rich and humble. For example, they had been in England for centuries without molestation, when at last their proverbial wealth-getting qualities and small numbers exposed them to rapine. It is familiar how from the time of Stephen to that of Edward I., kings and populace wrung money out of Jews either by false accusations or

undisguised violence; how at Richard Lion-Heart's coronation there occurred in London, York, Edmundsbury, and elsewhere a Hebrew massacre almost as frightful and infamous as the Huguenot massacre in France; how John Lackland improved upon this brutality by coaxing the fugitives back to England with lenient laws, protecting them till fattened, so to speak, for his purpose, and then springing at them like a tiger. Poor old Bristol Jew, whom the contemptible king ordered to lose a tooth per diem till he should pay 10,000 marks, and who actually had seven grinders wrenched out before he could make up his mind to disgorge! As for Henry III., having plundered the Jews of 200,000 marks, he then sold all his Hebrew subjects to his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, for 5,000 marks, which was considered a commendable stroke of business by Henry's unsold subjects. And when the Jews reverted to the crown, upon Richard's election as king of the Romans, Henry traded them off again, this time to the heir apparent, though the latter bargain was afterward revoked. When Edward came to the throne, after having hanged 280 of these poor wretches on a charge of clipping coin, he confiscated the property of all the rest, and banished them, turning adrift 15,000 people by a measure as cruel as the revocation of the edict of Nantes. This was in 1290; they stayed away until Cromwell reopened England to them in 1655. And while our mother country was proscribing and plundering the Jews, France, Germany, and Italy were doing the same, though the two latter did not banish them, and so kill the goose that had laid the golden eggs. Clearly, therefore, the riches as well as the religion of the Jews excited the passions of their persecutors; for, from the early centuries of our era they were money-lenders, and noted for acquisitive skill.

—BYRON calls the word "farewell" one "that must be, and hath been—a sound which makes us linger." And again he writes that "in that word, that fatal word, how'er we promise, hope, believe, there breathes despair." But, as applied to the modern race of actors and singers, the word "farewell" has been robbed of much of its despair. In

their mouths it has truly become a sound which "makes them linger;" hearing it uttered we are not as those who mourn without hope, but are stayed by the assurance that we shall often hear them say it again. "Farewell" performances are no longer saddening. Formerly, according to the song, the word in question had "a lonely sound," and always brought a sigh; but now the melancholy is removed by other farewell performances, by reëngagements, and by arrangements for future seasons. One would charitably surmise that it is because "parting is such sweet sorrow" that favorite players and musicians prolong the pleasing grief. Perhaps, also, there is a mercantile element in the repetition of adieus. A short time since Ole Bull gave a concert, a "farewell to America," in Philadelphia. The great Academy of Music was crammed with admirers and leave-takers. Within three days he gave a second and positively last farewell concert. The house was thronged again. Two days elapsed, and he gave a final farewell concert. A third audience, of gratifying size, was present. It may well be doubted whether hundreds would have been turned away from the first two farewells had his astute manager begun by announcing three concerts from Ole Bull.

—THERE is often a graded line of "farewells" by public performers—say, for example, "last appearance of Signor Tremolo on the lyric stage;" followed by the "most positively last" appearance, then by the "farewell," the "final farewell," the "grand adieu," and so on. Of course, between these appearances, ultimate, penultimate, antepenultimate, and what not, may come the "reëngagement for a limited period," or "consent of Signor Tremolo, at universal request, to reappear for one night only," as the case may be. After having rung all the changes on the words expressive of good-by performances, Signor Tremolo goes off to the adjoining city to take an equally long farewell of lyric greatness there, and again the playbills blossom with adieus to the stage, and "the air is full of farewells." A tour of these farewell performances very comfortably fills the season, and then "farewell goes out sighing" to some other country, for a

round of disappearances there. By the time that these are accomplished the first country can be revisited in another shower of farewells; for we have long since learned that the actor's "farewell of the stage" does not mean, like Othello's, that his occupation's gone. Not at all. He will reappear, even if on the lover's plea that "so sweetly she bade me adieu, I thought that she bade me return." Miss Cushman was a type of the chronic farewell taker; but none of us can regret her myriad reappearances after final retirements—and we shall think kindlier of them if it be true, as has been said, that she resought the excitement of the stage to divert her mind from physical malady. Astronomers tell us of variable stars which shine brilliantly, then disappear from view for a time, but only to shine out again, with their original lustre. So is it with the stars of the histrionic firmament, that take leave of us only to appear again, without being at all disconcerted at the memory of the tears which they and the public have shed over the thought of never meeting again. Stage farewells, in short, do not prevent the public and the performers from coming merrily together again after a very brief absence. The most positive, irrevocable, and eternal of these partings could be phrased in the language of Brutus:

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius—
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile!

—THE annual closing of our American colleges for the summer vacation has brought the students again before the community in that particular attitude which has nowadays come to be their most popular form of public display, namely, that of competitive athletic sports. Their foot races and base ball contests have absorbed, as usual, a large share of public attention, while the press has teemed with the description of their prowess. The students who have chiefly

filled the public eye this year, and gained the most public admiration, are not the baccalaureates and orators, but the ball players and oarsmen. The reporters have told us regarding these latter how "goose eggs" ran all over their bared arms and trunks whenever they stirred, and how "their muscles, like ripe grapes, hung in great bunches on their breasts and legs." The student for popular admiration is thus no longer the pale devotee of learning, consuming his midnight oil, but the sun-browned athlete, glorying in his limbs and thews like the Roman gladiator, or like that Geraint on whom, according to Mr. Tennyson, "the standing muscle sloped" to the admiration of all beholders. But the modern zeal for athletic sports in our colleges is a praiseworthy zeal. It is a token that the professional ranks of the future are to be reinforced with men of brawn as well as brain—with men whose physical integrity and vigor will aid them to carry the hard burden of professional life without sinking prematurely under it. Of course this desire for physical prowess can be pushed to excess, but the best authorities seem to agree that it does not thus far have any bad effect on the course of academic studies. Very likely a few undergraduates, who are especially fitted to shine as athletes, may neglect a little of the main object of their college life, but the general effect of the gymnastic mania is beneficial to those who would incline to the other extreme and greatly neglect physical culture. The honored president of Harvard was a rowing man, and a member of the university crew. Presidents Barnard of Columbia and McCosh of Princeton have, with others in like positions, recorded their testimony in favor of the college athletic contests. Altogether the time does not yet seem to be ripe for putting on the brakes to check the present devotion to physical sports in our colleges.

THE GALAXY.

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HAS THE DAY OF GREAT NAVIES PASSED?

IN 1805 one of England's greatest admirals, after hearing Fulton explain his torpedo plans, and thinking of the encouragement these plans had received from the Prime Minister, exclaimed, "Pitt was the greatest fool that ever existed, to encourage a mode of war which they who commanded the sea did not want, and which if successful would deprive them of it."

The revolution in naval warfare thus foreshadowed is close at hand; indeed, it is not too much to say that the complete paralyzation of the vast navy of France during the late war with Germany, through the fear of German torpedoes, shows that this revolution has already taken place, and that the days of ocean supremacy and of great navies have passed away. This momentous change has been brought about by the submarine torpedo, an instrument which assails the ship from underneath, below the water line. The consequence is that no thickness of iron plating on the vessel's sides can avail for her protection. This potent instrument of destruction has added far more to the power of the defence than it has to the power of attack; and in this light, like some other instruments for human destruction, it may be looked upon as a peace-maker. So long as sails were the only means for the propulsion of ships, England, by reason of her superiority in trained seamen, maintained

a position superior to any other power; but the screw propeller slowly made its way as the universal naval motor, and gradually this great advantage was lessened. When the iron-clad came upon the scene, it was followed, in less than fifteen years, by a change in naval ordnance, which is summarized by stating that in 1860 the heaviest naval gun weighed some seven tons, using a charge of sixteen pounds of powder and a shot of less than seventy pounds; whereas the largest naval gun now weighs one hundred tons, and throws a projectile of no less than two thousand pounds, with a charge of over four hundred pounds of powder; giving a force to the shot one hundred-fold greater, while the shot itself weighs a ton, against a comparatively few pounds seventeen years ago. To mount and handle such monster ordnance has taxed the resources of engineers, and such is the extent of the almost innumerable mechanical contrivances which enter into the construction of the latest European monitors, that such sailors as were the pride and strength of Nelson's fleets are almost as much out of their element in the present war machines as they would be if placed in the galleys which fought at Salamis and Actium.

But while the Duilo, the heaviest of these floating gun carriages, as a monitor may be called, is still on the stocks,

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so great has been the progress in submarine warfare—in attack under water, far below the armor—that the one hundred-ton guns of this Italian iron-clad, or the eighty-ton guns of the British *Inflexible*, are now far less formidable against any harbor or roadstead than were the twelve-pounders of Nelson, or the eleven-inch smooth-bores of Farragut in their day. It is said that one of the latest Italian or British monitors will cost, fully equipped, upward of \$2,500,000. Less than the cost of one of these ships would supply abundant submarine defences such as the skill of our engineers have produced to destroy a fleet of these monster iron-clads of a certainty, should they persist in an attempt to force an entrance through any of the channels leading to our great cities. Thus we see how important to us, with our small navy and extended sea-coast, is the development of the submarine torpedo—an engine which we can cause to neutralize the greatest navies of the world, and all of them put together.

"If we consider gunpowder as an instrument of human destruction incalculably more powerful than any that skill had devised or accident presented before acquiring, as experience shows us, a more sanguinary dominion in every succeeding age, and borrowing all the progressive resources of science and civilization for the extermination of mankind, we shall be appalled at the future prospects of the species, and feel perhaps in no other instance so much difficulty in reconciling the mysterious dispensation with the benevolent order of Providence." Thus wrote the famous historian Hallam about that invention which far more than any other made the greatest change in warfare and in the destinies of nations. Much the same might with truth be said respecting modern submarine warfare, or in more popular phrase, the torpedo. Like gunpowder, the use of this instrument of destruction was long talked about before it took practical shape and became a vital factor in naval science.

It was not until the overwhelming naval superiority of the Union aroused the Confederates to the consideration of some means of defence against this force, which traversed every river and sound in their territory, that this mode of defence, which has now transformed naval warfare, was actually given practical shape. The appearance of iron-clads, invulnerable to any artillery that could be brought against them, was another reason which caused the Confederates, during the last years of the war, to devote great attention to perfecting a means of enabling them to thwart their enemies.

A brief account of the rise and progress of such an element in modern war as the torpedo is, before calling the reader's attention to a description of the several systems that have been experimented with or adopted, will enable him to see how long a time it has required to bring a method of defence, apparently feasible on its face, to the full recognition of its powers. One of the chief reasons which prevented the earlier acceptance of the torpedo as a weapon of war was the almost universal feeling that its use would be barbarous and inhuman. It was thought to be, as Sir Howard Douglas said of horizontal shell firing from war vessels, "a merciless, barbarous idea, the object of which is to set fire to the ship at heart, and if possible blow her up." John Quincy Adams stigmatized it as "cowardly, and no fair or honest warfare." These are examples of many expressions on this subject which are equally emphatic. Captain Alden, United States Navy, in an official report speaking of the blowing up of the *Tecumseh*, with all on board, exclaimed, "Sunk by a torpedo! Assassination in its worst form." Passing by many propositions that have been made for destroying ships by exploding gunpowder beneath the water line and in contact with the bottom, some of these more than a century old, we come to Captain David Bushnell, an officer of the Revolution, who was the first to put the idea

of a torpedo into anything like practical shape. He devised a submarine boat, the plan of which he placed in 1787 before Thomas Jefferson, then minister at Paris. Bushnell made his first trial in 1776 against the flagship of Lord Howe, lying at anchor in New York harbor. The vessel narrowly escaped destruction. He also attacked the British frigate *Cerberus*, at anchor off New London, with a "drifting" torpedo; the torpedo was captured and hoisted on board a schooner, where it exploded, doing great damage. He also attacked the British fleet in the Delaware with these "drifting" torpedoes, which had the appearance of kegs as they floated on the surface. The efforts made by the British to capture and destroy them with small boats are known in history as the "battle of the kegs."

The torpedo question now slumbered for twenty years, when it was taken up by Robert Fulton, the father of steam navigation, who revived the ideas of Bushnell, and attempted to introduce attack below the water line in the French navy. With a submarine boat in 1801 he blew up a launch in the harbor of Brest, which was the first instance of a vessel being destroyed by the explosion of gunpowder against the side below the water. Making no headway in France, Fulton went to England, where, supported by Pitt, he made many trials of his contrivances, and succeeded in experimentally destroying the brig *Dorothea*; but his plans were finally rejected, and he came to America, where he was also given the cold shoulder, mainly through the influence of Commodore Rogers. Becoming absorbingly interested in steam navigation, Fulton abandoned for ever his torpedo schemes. His connection with this subject, however, alone shows him to have been a man of genius far ahead of his time. His writings on submarine attack, read in the light of the present, are really prophetic. There is a grim humor in one of his letters, called forth by the determined and effectual oppo-

sition of Commodore Rogers: "I might be compared to what Bartholomew Schwartz, the inventor of gunpowder, would have appeared had he lived in the time of Julius Cæsar, and presented himself before the gates of Rome with a four-pounder, and endeavored to convince the Roman legions that with such a machine he could batter down the walls and take the city; a few catapults casting arrows and stones would have caused him to retreat; a shower of rain would destroy his ill-guarded powder, and the Roman centurions would therefore call his machine a useless invention, while the manufacturers of catapults, bows, arrows, and slings would be the most vehement against further experiments."

Fulton's attempts are the last we hear of movable torpedoes, until the Confederates began the construction of steam launches, called "Davids," arranged with a spar carrying a torpedo. Thirty years after Fulton's day, however, Colonel Colt of fire-arm fame elaborated a system of anchored submarine mines to be fired by electricity. The Crimean war in 1855 was the occasion of the first application of these mines for harbor defence. Several explosions occurred under English frigates, but the charges were so small that no serious effect was produced. But, as we have already said, the real application of submarine warfare dates from the efforts of the Confederates during the late war. In October, 1862, a "torpedo bureau" was established at Richmond, which made rapid progress in the construction and operation of these weapons until the close of the war in 1865. Seven Union iron-clads, eleven wooden war vessels, and six army transports were destroyed by Southern torpedoes, and many more were seriously damaged. This destruction occurred, for the most part, during the last two years of war, and it is suggestive to think what might have been the influence on the Union cause if the Confederate practice of submarine warfare

had been nearly as efficient at the commencement as it was at the close of the war. It is not too much to say, respecting the blockade of the Southern ports, that if not altogether broken up, it would have been rendered so inefficient as to have commanded no respect from European powers, while the command of rivers all important to the Union forces as bases of operation would have been next to impossible.

A brief record of the work of the Confederate torpedoes ought to be read by every one who wishes to comprehend the degree of development that submarine warfare had attained in this country so long ago as the close of the war.

In the important naval victories of the Union during the early part of the war—Hatteras, Port Royal, and New Orleans—no submarine defences were used by the Confederates, and the loss of life and damage to vessels on the Union side was exceedingly small when compared with the importance of these victories. Evidently it was a keen appreciation on the part of the Confederates, brought about by these successive defeats, of their utter inability, by artillery or any other means then recognized, to prevent the Union fleets from entering every harbor where there was water enough to float them, which drove them to take up the submarine torpedo. The first authenticated appearance of this machine was on February 18, 1862, when our fleet endeavored to force its way into the Savannah river, above Fort Pulaski, in order to assist in the reduction of that stronghold. The fleet encountered at the mouth of the Mud river a system of anchored floating torpedoes, strung across the river and moored so that they were visible at low water. They were arranged to be fired by ordinary friction primers, and the lines attached to them were to be pulled by passing vessels. Fortunately they were discovered and removed; otherwise a disaster would almost certainly have followed an attempt at passing them.

The next discovery that the Confederates had adopted this means of defence was by Commodore Rowan, who, in ascending the Neuse river, found some thirty torpedoes, each containing two hundred pounds of powder. These were arranged like those in Mud river, and they were in like manner discovered and removed before they had done any damage. These incidents in torpedo history were before the "torpedo bureau" at Richmond had begun to make its efforts felt. The next case on record, the blowing up of the United States iron-clad *Cairo*, made our naval officers begin to think that the new mode of defence was worthy of a good deal more attention than they had before been willing to admit that it deserved. The *Cairo*, one of the heaviest iron-clads on the Western rivers, was blown up near the mouth of the Yazoo December 13, 1862, by a torpedo fired by electricity by an operator on shore. The water covered her decks in less than three minutes, and she was a total loss. In reporting this disaster to the Navy Department Admiral Porter said: "These torpedoes have proved so harmless heretofore (not one exploding out of the many hundreds planted by the rebels), that officers have not felt that respect for them to which they are entitled." The next case on record is the attempt, which nearly succeeded, to blow up the monitor *Montauk*, February 28, 1863. This powerful iron-clad, with her twenty-ton guns, and armor impervious to any artillery then in service, and which, under the command of the gallant Worden, ran boldly under the guns of Fort McAllister, and destroyed the Confederate privateer *Nashville*, then lying under its protection, in a few days after, and about one thousand yards below the scene of her victory, had a torpedo exploded under her bottom. Fortunately the charge was insufficient to do more than make a small fracture in the bottom, the leak through which was speedily stopped, and the vessel beached.

The Confederates now began to have confidence in the power of their torpedo system. On the other hand, the Union officers became more cautious in entering channels commanded by the enemy. So satisfied was General Beauregard with the success of their new weapon that he is reported to have said that he "placed more reliance on one torpedo than on five ten-inch columbiads," for preventing the Union fleet from occupying Charleston harbor. The Navy Department began to be anxious for the success of the monitors, and applied to Captain Ericsson for some apparatus which would free the channel of Charleston harbor from these submarine mines, and permit the iron-clads to effect an entrance without encountering any more serious obstacle than the fire of the Confederate guns, to which they were impervious.

Ericsson accordingly designed a "channel scraper," which consisted essentially of a torpedo about twenty feet long and ten inches in diameter, holding some seven hundred pounds of powder. This was suspended, about fifteen feet under water, from a heavy wooden raft, which fitted on the bow of a monitor. It was to be pushed ahead, to be exploded by coming in contact with torpedoes or any other obstacle. "The novelty of the invention, a dread of its effects upon the vessels carrying it, as well as upon friendly vessels in the event of a collision, prevented its use, and the attack was finally delivered without it." As everybody knows, Dupont's attempt to enter Charleston harbor was a complete failure, the commanders of the monitors not daring to pass by the forts, but stopping in the focus of their fire to be battered with their guns.

This apparatus was afterward suspended, at a depth of thirteen feet, from a raft at the bow of a monitor, and fired; the explosion of seven hundred pounds of powder was hardly perceptible on the iron-clad, "while a body of water was displaced and

thrown upward to a height of from forty to fifty feet."

During Dupont's disastrous attack the heavy iron-clad *New Ironsides*, belonging to his fleet, came very near being destroyed, as the following letter, found on a Confederate vessel, afterward captured, explains:

The *Ironsides* was for an hour directly over our big torpedo. Mr. —, the operator, says that if he had had the placing of her, he could not have placed her better; but the confounded thing would not explode, owing to some defect in the insulation of the wires.

It is said that the Confederates were so angry that they charged the operator with treachery, and he narrowly escaped punishment, but fortunately for him the true cause (as just stated) was found out. This torpedo was described as "a large boiler containing upward of two thousand pounds of powder!"

The Union fleets escaped further disaster from the submarine foe until July 22, 1863, when the powerful iron-clad *Baron de Kalb* was blown up on the Mississippi river. The report says that as she "was moving slowly along she ran foul of a torpedo, which exploded and sunk her. There was no sign of anything to be seen. While she was going down another exploded under her stern . . . Many of the crew were bruised by the concussion, but no lives were lost. . . . The usual lookout was kept for torpedoes, but this is some new invention of the enemy."

The next disaster on the record is the exploding of a torpedo nearly under the gunboat *Commodore Barney*, in August, 1863, as she was passing down the James river with General Foster on board. As the *Barney* was running at full speed the explosion took place just astern. She was careened violently, and a great volume of water was thrown on board, washing overboard some twenty of the crew, many of whom were drowned. The vessel was nearly wrecked, and the failure to utterly destroy her was explained by a defect in the electrical apparatus, which prevented the charge

from being fired at the proper moment.

The torpedo now began to attract universal attention. The newspapers were filled with the most exaggerated statements respecting the danger of the Confederates destroying our fleets and rendering the blockade of the Southern coast ineffective. The "infernal machinations of the enemy" were continually talked about, and submarine warfare was spoken of as an "unchristian mode of warfare." But the necessities of the situation changed all this, and brought about the first official recognition by the United States of the employment of this "infernal weapon." The Confederates with great energy and secrecy had constructed on the Roanoke river an iron-clad ram, afterward called the Albemarle. The iron vessels in that locality were inadequate to contend with this iron-clad, and the water at the inlet at Hatteras was insufficient to allow our iron-clads to cross. In this emergency, September 13, 1863, Secretary Welles wrote to the Secretary of War, suggesting "an effort on the part of the army to surprise and destroy the rebel ram or of obstructing the river by torpedoes to prevent her descent." In consequence of this letter the United States placed torpedoes at the mouth of the Roanoke river. The enemy, finding this out, captured the party in charge of them, and immediately attacked the Union fleet of eight powerful gunboats, and put them to flight. In about a year after this event Admiral Farragut, who, sailor like, never lost an occasion to ridicule both iron-clads and torpedoes, was compelled, in a letter to the Secretary, to admit the potency of the Confederate system of submarine warfare. He said: "I am placing heavy iron cutters on the bows of my vessels, and shall also have torpedoes, to place me on an equality with my enemy if he comes outside. No doubt he will have the advantage of me inside, as they are planting them every day. We can see them distinctly when at work."

A lull now came in the series of disasters to the Union fleet from the submerged monsters of the enemy. No vessel was blown to pieces until April, 1864, when the transport *Maple Leaf* was sent to Davy Jones's locker by a torpedo in the St. John's river. Next in order came the *Eastport*, a powerful iron-clad, one of the vessels of the unfortunate Red river expedition. Her hull was so smashed by the explosion of one of these subaqueous devils that it sank, a worthless wreck. Respect now took the place of the levity with which torpedoes had been treated by naval officers of high rank. This is shown by a general order of Admiral Lee (May, 1864), who, with General Butler, commanded the expedition which was despatched up the James river to cooperate with General Grant, who was then, by way of the Wilderness, operating against Richmond, and who, without the possession of this river as a base, would have been brought to a stand or taken at a serious disadvantage. One of these general orders of the Admiral, which goes into great detail, relates wholly to the precautions to be observed by their vessels to avoid being blown up by the submarine enemy. Notwithstanding these precautions, one of the most terrible disasters of the war occurred on the 6th of May. The Commodore Jones, carrying seven guns and one hundred and twenty-seven men, was passing up the river dragging for torpedoes, when she came over a torpedo exploded by electricity, containing two thousand pounds of powder. "A single stake planted upon the opposite bank served to indicate—by the vessel being in line with his station and the stake—the exact moment when she was within the area of destruction. With the patience of a spider watching for its victim, it is stated that for thirteen months this officer remained waiting for the opportunity to explode this mine with effect." At length the Union fleet advanced, the Commodore's vessels being the second in the

advance. The Commodore Jones, carrying seven guns and one hundred and twenty-seven men, was permitted to pass the mine in safety, the explosion being held to blow up the flagship; but an order having been passed from the deck of the next vessel, and heard by the operator on shore, for the Commodore Jones to fall back and drag for torpedo wires, the operator exploded his mine, when in backing down she came directly over it. In an instant the doomed vessel seemed by spectators to be lifted into mid air; then a huge column of water was seen to pass right through her hull. When the noise of the explosion and the foaming water had subsided, nothing was to be seen of this noble vessel but small fragments, split fine enough for kindling wood, floating on the surface.

An episode of the war, which took place shortly after this disaster, is very instructive as showing the mingled feelings of fear and contempt with which our admirals regarded the torpedo. Early in the summer of 1864, the army of General Grant, after the bloody repulse at Cold Harbor, was being pushed forward for the south side of the James river. The command of this river was absolutely necessary for the movements of this mighty army; without it the campaign would have ended in disaster. The Confederates were preparing to dispute its possession by means of submarine attack. Anchored and floating torpedoes, "Davids" as well as fire rafts, were prepared for use against the large river fleet in the river, then commanded by Admiral Lee. General Butler, at the head of the army of the James, became alarmed at the threatening preparations of the enemy, and urged upon the Admiral the necessity of obstructing the river, so that the Confederates could not pass down with their infernal contrivances. To this the Admiral stoutly objected, saying that he was unwilling to do anything which could be construed "as implying an admission of

superiority of resources on the part of the enemy." The commander of the army of the James urged that the "military necessity of holding the river was overwhelming," and General Grant agreeing with him, the Admiral reluctantly consented, and obstructions were placed so as effectually to prevent the Confederates from coming down, or the Union fleet from passing beyond them up the river! a striking example of the power of the new engines.

We must be brief in what remains to be said regarding the war record of the torpedo. In August, 1864, the formidable iron-clad *Tecumseh*, belonging to Admiral Farragut's fleets, while attempting to pass the defences in Mobile bay, was destroyed by a torpedo, which exploded directly beneath the vessel, making a large hole in the bottom. She sank so quickly that seventy of the officers and crew went to the bottom with her; in fact but two were rescued.

The next disaster was the blowing up of the large gunboat *Otsego*, while attempting to ascend the Roanoke river. She was totally destroyed. The gunboat *Bazely* in going to her assistance was blown to fragments by a torpedo exploding under her bottom. On the 15th of January, 1865, the monitor *Patapsco*, while on picket duty in Charleston harbor, was destroyed by a floating torpedo, notwithstanding she had her "torpedo fenders" down, and had a netting stretched around her. The diabolical mine burst near the forward part. "A man in the windlass room saw a flash and heard a sound like that of a shell near him. The lamp was extinguished." In the pitch darkness the rush of water was heard, and down went the ill-fated craft, carrying sixty-two officers and men with her. All this happened in a fraction of the time it takes to relate it. This man by some miracle found himself afloat in the water. What a spectacle was this—a vessel whose battered armor on sides and turret showed that she had success-

fully resisted the heaviest guns then used in war, against whose armor the heaviest artillery was of no avail, sunk in an instant by a contrivance which probably did not cost five hundred dollars! A premonition that the days of great navies were passing might well alarm the naval mind. The glories of the quarter deck were fast departing, and the magnificence and pomp of naval display were giving place to the labors of grimy mechanics operating infernal machines. From this time to the close of the war, which was now rapidly approaching, Admiral Dahlgren's flag steamer, the *Harvest Moon*, the double-turretted monitors *Milwaukee* and *Osage*, the gunboats *Rodolph*, *Sciota*, *Ida*, and *Althea*, were in rapid succession destroyed by torpedoes, killing and wounding many officers and men.

But the terrible war record of the torpedo is not completed. The Confederates, encouraged by their success in the use of torpedoes as means of defence, began to carry the war into Africa by employing it as a means of attack. The contrivance they used for this purpose was what is now known as the "spar" torpedo. These spars were from twenty-five to thirty-five feet in length. They were carried suspended, pivoted over the bows of small cigar-shaped boats, some thirty feet in length, and nearly submerged. On the extremity of these spars was placed a canister containing from fifty to seventy pounds of powder, and provided with a contact exploder. On approaching the enemy's vessel the end of the spar carrying the torpedo was lowered beneath the surface of the water far enough to strike the foe well below the water line. It was then rammed against her side, the contact producing the explosion. These were more difficult to manage than the defensive, moored, or floating torpedoes. They were more complicated, and owing to the deficiency of the Confederates in mechanical resources, were rudely built. Still they did considerable execution, and spread consterna-

tion among the Union fleets. The name "David" was given to these boats—an appropriate name, as the comparison is obvious between little David with his sling and the towering giant Goliath clad in armor of brass. The name was generically adopted, and such craft were always afterward called "Davids."

The capture of the iron-clad *Atlanta* by the monitor *Weehawken* was the first evidence that the Confederates had adopted an offensive torpedo. The *Atlanta* had a huge torpedo suspended from an iron outrigger, some forty feet beyond her bow, and it was only the terrible blows she received from the fifteen-inch gun of the *Weehawken*, which caused her surrender before she could get within striking distance, that prevented her from destroying that monitor. This is a lesson that should impress itself on our naval authorities, as it shows the folly of using vessels larger than mere launches for torpedo purposes unless they are proof against the enemy's shot. It points out that either the tiny "Davids" copied from the Confederates—which now form part of every navy—must be employed, or else invulnerable vessels, properly called torpedo carriers, with which to defend roadsteads and harbors from hostile fleets.

The first attempt with one of the "Davids" was against the iron-clad *New Ironsides*, at anchor off Morris Island, in front of Charleston, on the night of October 5, 1863. The official reports state that about nine o'clock a scarcely discernible object was observed rapidly approaching. It was challenged in the usual manner. To this hail there was no reply but a rifle shot, which killed the officer of the deck. Simultaneously with this shot a fearful explosion occurred close alongside, and the *Ironsides* quivered from stem to stern; her decks were deluged with water. For a moment it was supposed that her side had been blown in, and that the sea was rapidly filling her; but, as was afterward ascertained from Confederate sources,

the explosion occurred prematurely. The torpedo, which contained sixty pounds of powder, was not in contact with the hull, and no extensive damage was effected. But the bold attempt and the narrow escape of this powerful vessel, whose battery had long been a terror to the Confederates, made a deep impression on Admiral Dahlgren. He at once issued orders detailing the precautions to be observed to guard against future attacks from these dreaded engines. Booms, nets, and many other contrivances were hung around the vessels, and commanding officers were ordered to keep the small boats continually rowing about the ships at night, on a sort of picket duty. For a long time there was very little sleep in this squadron. Every unusual sound was taken as a sort of premonitory sign that the vessel was about to be blown up. Those who have not been in ships exposed to the attacks of such infernal weapons, can have but little idea of the ceaseless strain on one's nerves from the time darkness sets in until daylight appears. A stand-up fight, when the enemy is met face to face, is as nothing compared with this constant dread of an ignominious end from a stealthy and unseen foe.

The next trial with a "David" was more successful. On the night of February 17, 1864, the *Housatonic*, a splendid sloop of war, carrying a heavy battery, while at anchor on the outside blockade of Charleston, well out to sea, was attacked and sent to the bottom by one of these pigmy devils. The report says something was discovered in the water "about one hundred yards from and moving toward the ship. It had the appearance of a plank moving in the water. It came directly toward the ship; the time from when it was first seen till it was close alongside being about two minutes. The cable was slipped, engine backed, and all hands called to quarters. About one minute after the 'David' was close alongside, the explosion took place, the ship sinking stern

first," and the torpedo boat going down also. In this case the "David" was supposed to have been sunk by the volume of water which came on board from the explosion of her own torpedo. As a consequence of this first disaster the Admiral suggested to the department "the policy of offering a large reward of prize money for the capture or destruction of a 'David'—not less," he said, "than \$20,000 to \$30,000 for each. They are worth more than that to us." A similar attempt was shortly after made on the United States steamer *Memphis*, in North Edisto river, South Carolina, but the "David" being discovered too soon to safely make the attack, turned about and disappeared. Shortly after this a "David" assailed the frigate *Minnesota*, at anchor at Newport News, nearly in the same position where the *Cumberland* was sunk by the *Merrimac*. About two o'clock in the morning the "David," sling in hand, was seen approaching. The usual hail was given, but no attention was paid to it, and the determined foe came straight on and exploded his torpedo under water near the frigate's side. The "David" then turned about and "escaped without loss, under the fire of heavy guns and musketry" from the *Minnesota*.

Fortunately, owing doubtless to the inadequacy of the charge—which was but fifty-three pounds of powder—the frigate was not sunk, but her hull received such extensive damage that the resources of a navy yard were required to repair it. The last attack made with a "David" by the Confederates was on the 19th of April, 1864, when an attempt was made against the huge frigate *Wabash*, on the blockade, well to seaward, off Charleston harbor. Fortunately the enemy was discovered at considerable distance. The scene is thus graphically described by Captain Barnes, late United States Navy: "The frigate slipped her cable and moved ahead at full speed, directing the fire of her broadside and a fusillade of musketry in the supposed di-

rection of her diminutive assailant. The darkness, the small size of the target, and the confusion of the moment, prevented any accuracy of aim, and the 'David' returned in safety to Charleston. A curious and novel spectacle—a mighty frigate, with her tremendous armament, and crew of seven hundred men, absolutely put to flight by four men in a little boat of less than a ton burden, whose only armament was a few pounds of powder extended on a spar ahead of her!"

The success of the Confederate "Davids" induced the United States to adopt a similar mode of warfare. This was done by constructing a number of steam launches, fitted with condensing engines, which were nearly noiseless, a necessary feature in order that they might steal unawares upon the foe. These launches were fitted with spar and torpedo almost similar to the apparatus used by the Confederates. It was with one of these United States "Davids" that the gallant Cushing blew up the Confederate iron-clad Albemarle, which had long had her own way in the inland waters of the North Carolina coast.*

We thus bring to a close the record of the use of the torpedo during our civil war. And what a record it is! Think of the destruction this infernal machine effected, and bear in mind that its use came to be fairly understood, and some system introduced into its arrangement, only during the last part of the war. During a period when scarcely any vessels were lost, and very few severely damaged by the most powerful guns then employed in

actual war, we find this long list of disasters from the use of this new and in the beginning much despised comer into the arena of naval warfare. But it required just such a record as this to arouse naval officers to ask themselves the question, "Is not the day of great navies gone for ever?" If such comparatively rude and improvised torpedoes made use of by the Confederates caused such damage and spread such terror among the Union fleets, what will be the consequence when skilful engineers, encouraged by governments as they never have been before, diligently apply themselves to the perfecting of this terrible weapon? The successes of the Confederates have made the torpedo—which before was looked on with loathing, a name not to be spoken except contemptuously—a recognized factor in modern naval warfare. On all sides we see the greatest activity in improving it. As the main purpose of this article is to show how it came to pass that this weapon, which nearly seventy years ago the genius of Fulton, with no encouragement, urged upon our government, came to occupy the foremost rank as a means of naval defence, and has taken from the most powerful iron-clads in the world the ability to assail seaports or occupy roadsteads that are defended by the new champion, only a brief statement can be given respecting what has been done since the close of our war in the way of invention and improvement. Torpedoes are classed under one of two heads, *stationary* and *movable*. The stationary class have naturally been taken up by the army, and they are relied upon by the U. S. Engineer officers as the chief means of closing the channels leading to our sea-port cities, against the heavy monitors and iron-clads of the European powers. These submarine mines, as they should properly be called, consist of magazines of explosives, which in future will doubtless consist of some of the nitro-glycerine preparations or gun-cotton,

* One great deficiency of the spar or pole system, used from these small and slender craft of the "David" species, is the inability of carrying a charge sufficient to do much more than rupture the outer skin of the later iron-clads. The space between the inner and outer skins of these vessels is divided into numerous cells, and the hull within is partitioned off by bulkheads; hence in order to destroy one of these monsters by breaking up the hull sufficiently to sink them, a very large quantity of explosives must be fired in contact with the bottom. The effect of firing such a charge from a "David" would without doubt destroy her and all on board.

rather than gunpowder, anchored in the channels, and arranged to meet the requirements of depth of water, strength of current, etc. In order to shut up a channel, several lines of *groups* of mines will be placed across it. These groups, to borrow an engineering phrase, will "break joints," so that it will be impossible for a vessel to pass through a channel so defended without coming in contact with a nest of these mines. If the water is not too deep, the mines will be placed on the bottom, with a float attached, so that they will be at the proper depth below the surface to be struck by the bottoms of passing vessels. The stationary mines now adopted by our Engineers are in all cases fired by electricity; the batteries, conducting wires, and circuit closers being so contrived that, if desired, contact with a vessel's bottom will explode the mines. But as such an arrangement would close the channel against all vessels, friends as well as foes, an ingenious arrangement has been adopted, so that the operator on shore, by the simple movement of a telegraphic key, can so fix the mine that it will explode either by contact or at will. When the latter mode is used, and it is observed that a vessel is within the zone of destruction—which has been previously marked out and laid down upon a chart before the eye of the operator—he will, at the proper moment, touch a key and explode the mine. Of course these mines are placed with great precision, and their position is laid down on charts made for the purpose; so that with suitable instruments bearing on each group, the position of passing vessels respecting their proximity to the mine is *supposed* to be instantly and accurately known. This is a very meagre outline of this branch of the subject; but space warns us that we must close with a brief mention of the next class—movable torpedoes.

Since the time of Bushnell, nearly one hundred years ago, until a recent

date, the efforts of inventors to make a movable torpedo have been in the way of attempts at the construction of a submarine boat; that is, a boat that can be held at a given distance below the surface, and there propelled by men inside of it—some means being supposed to be provided for keeping a supply of fresh air. With such a boat the inventors have aimed at fixing a torpedo to the bottom of the enemy while at anchor. Every attempt at a contrivance of this sort, including the one for which the United States paid some \$15,000, has turned out a complete failure. Perhaps it will not be too rash to say that for the nature of the problem to be solved, it is chimerical to expect any practical results to be reached by efforts in this direction.

It is now conceded by the best authorities that a movable torpedo, to be a practical weapon, suited to the exacting conditions of actual warfare, must have, 1st, high speed (not less than twelve knots); 2d, must progress under water at any desired depth; 3d, must carry an explosive charge equal in force to not less than 500 lbs. of gun cotton (which is equal to about one ton of gunpowder); and 4th, must be under the complete control, with respect to steering, of the officers directing it, from the time it is put in motion until it strikes the side of the vessel attacked. Some naval men go so far as to say that unless these exact conditions are met no amount of ingenuity and mechanical skill will make movable torpedoes anything more than mechanical curiosities. On the contrary, meet these conditions, and the defence is supplied with as terrible a weapon as can be conceived of for destroying human life. The experiments now nearly completed, under the direction of the Chief of Ordnance of the Navy, with the Ericsson tubular-cable pneumatic torpedo, show that these apparently almost unattainable requisites will probably be satisfied; and that our Navy De-

partment will be in possession of a weapon whose value can hardly be over-estimated.*

We have only space to merely refer to other movable torpedoes which now occupy the attention of naval men: the Harvey towing torpedo, an invention of a captain in the English navy, which started out with flying colors, is, according to later accounts, now falling into disfavor, and it certainly does not seem to us to give any promise of practical results; the

* Extract of a description of a torpedo, forwarded by Captain Ericsson to the Emperor Napoleon, September 26, 1854:

"The hydrostatic javelin (torpedo carrier), for conveying the shell (torpedo) under water, consists of a cylindrical block of light wood 16 inches in diameter, 10 feet long. At one end of this block a 16-inch shell is attached, charged with powder, and furnished with a percussion hammer, as above described. The other end of the block is pointed, and loaded at the under side sufficient to balance the instrument perfectly. The displacement being 1,000 pounds, the weight of the whole is made to correspond accurately, in order to insure perfect suspension in the water. The javelin (torpedo carrier), when required, is passed through the vessel's bow or side by means of a short tube, as shown by the drawing, the water from the sea being kept out during the insertion by the obvious means of a slide valve. The javelin (or torpedo conductor) is projected, pushed out by means of a rod attached to the piston of a steam cylinder 18 inches in diameter, by 3 feet stroke. A force of 10,000 lbs. acting through 3 feet is more than sufficient to propel the javelin 200 feet, at an average velocity of 12 feet per second." The shell, 16 inches in diameter, carried at the end of the javelin, explodes by contact on striking the side of the enemies' vessel.

Lay torpedo boat, moving on the surface, which is propelled by carbonic acid carried in flasks within the hull, and is operated and steered by an electric current which is conveyed through a wire paid out from a reel as the boat advances. Great expectations have been entertained for this latter contrivance; but its great bulk, delicate mechanism, and the fact that it floats on the surface, where it can be destroyed by grape and canister, are somewhat serious obstacles to its use in actual warfare. In Europe the Whitehead or "fish" torpedo is looked on with great favor. It consists of a cigar-shaped vessel of steel, about nineteen inches in diameter, and some nineteen feet long, propelled by compressed air, at an initial pressure of some one thousand pounds to the square inch, and contained in a tank within the hull. This torpedo progresses at a high speed under water, but from the time of starting it is no longer under control, and its success depends on its being aimed accurately, and following a straight line until it reaches the side of the foe.

Here on the very threshold we must take leave of this highly interesting subject, reserving for a future occasion a description of the details of a mode of defence which has made great navies a thing of the past.

ISAAC NEWTON.

PHILOSOPHY.

AT morn the wise man walked abroad,
Proud with the learning of great fools.
He laughed, and said, "There is no God;
'T is Force creates—'t is Reason rules."

Meek with the wisdom of great faith,
At night he knelt, while angels smiled,
And wept and cried, with anguished breath,
"Jehovah, God, save thou my child!"

ELLA WHEELER.

INEZ DE CASTRO,

A QUEEN CROWNED AFTER DEATH.

THE Queen Inez, or Agnes de Castro, by reason of her beauty, romantic career, and tragic fate, holds in the history of Portugal much the same position as do in the annals of Great Britain Mary, Queen of Scots, Anne Boleyn, and the Lady Jane Grey. Her history, indeed, while it equals that of those princesses in misfortune, excels it in romance by the extraordinary circumstance of a posthumous coronation. The great poet Camoens sings throughout an entire canto of his immortal poem, "The Lusiad," of the luckless loves of Don Pedro and Doña Inez de Castro. The dramatists Guevera and Ferrera have selected her sad history for the plots of fine tragedies, which have been translated into every modern language, and the famous composer Zingarelli has rendered her sorrows for ever memorable by the plaintive melodies of his magnificent opera which bears her name.

Extraordinary as may appear the facts we are about to relate, the reader may yet give them all credence, for they have been carefully sifted of any circumstances that cannot be authenticated on reference either to the royal archives of Lisbon, which are preserved in the *Tor de Tomba* of that capital, or to any of the ancient chronicles and histories of Spain and Portugal. To prevent confusion, however, any allusions to the passing political events of the period are omitted; so that this article will be confined to the simple relation of the "o'er true and tragical historie" of Inez, Queen of Portugal.

In the year A. D. 1342, a war broke out between Don Alonzo II. of Portugal and his brother-in-law Don Alfonso IX. of Castile. This war lasted until the month of June, 1343, when a treaty of peace was signed by the belligerents, as also one of matrimonial

alliance between the Infante Don Pedro, hereditary Prince of Portugal, and Doña Costanza, daughter of the Castilian general Juan Manoel, Prince Duke of Villena. Don Pedro, at the time of his official betrothal to the Castilian Princess, was at Evora, an inland city, in those days the second capital of the country. On receiving his father's order to repair to the frontier to meet the Lady Costanza, the young Prince assembled together a brilliant escort and hastened to Badajoz, where the Princess awaited his arrival. An ancient tradition asserts that Don Pedro assumed the costume of an ambassador, so that in this disguise he might the better study the character of his future consort, to whom he accounted plausibly for the absence of the Infante. The journey of the travelling Princess to Evora was enlivened by a series of brilliant pageants. Sometimes during the heat of the day the cavalcade rested on the margin of a stream, and after a sumptuous repast either a tournament or a dance was improvised to divert the beautiful Costanza. At night the trees of the forests through which they passed were illuminated with thousands of colored lamps suspended from their boughs. Every village and monastery they visited greeted them with loyal enthusiasm, and prepared entertainments in their honor.

In the train of the Castilian Princess travelled a lady of surpassing beauty and accomplishments, Doña Inez de Castro. She was a near relative of both the sovereigns of Portugal and Castile, being the direct descendant of the famous Sanchez, the brave King of Castile, as also daughter of the illustrious chieftain Don Juan de Castro, who had recently rendered all Christendom signal service by defeating the Moors at Tariffa. Thus she

was naturally treated by Costanza with the respect and deference due to her exalted rank. Inez seems to have filled the office of *camarera mayor*, or lady of the bedchamber, about the person of the Princess. Her appearance, all the chronicles of the period and the traditions of the country agree, was of almost unearthly loveliness. Tall and slender in figure, she was so graceful as to be constantly compared by the poets and historians to a gazelle, and to have won from them the surname of "Inez of the swan's neck." Her perfect features were of Grecian outline, her eyes black and sparkling, her complexion clear and brilliant, and her hair of great length and in color of the palest* yellow. A lock of her tresses, one yard and two feet in length, still preserving its beautiful hue, was among the cherished relics of the late Count de Montalembert. He obtained it from an officer of the French army, who cut it from the skull of the unfortunate Queen, when her remains were ruthlessly disturbed during the sack of the monastery of Alcobaça at the time of the peninsular wars. M. de Montalembert mentions the tress of hair in a beautiful passage in his famous "Monks of the West," in which he celebrates this Queen's virtue and untimely fate. The relic is now, the writer is informed, in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris.

If Inez was beautiful in person, she was no less attractive in mind. Amiable and vivacious, she also possessed very brilliant wit. Her talent for music was remarkable; she sang and played upon the lute to perfection. She executed the difficult national dances of Spain and Portugal with astonish-

ing ease and grace. She spoke several languages, and was well versed in the art of tale-telling. Naturally then she was a favorite with all who surrounded her, and contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the journey. It is not to be wondered then that the manifold attractions of this lady proved irresistible to the young Prince, and that ere their journey was ended his heart and mind were wholly engrossed with the image of the graceful Inez. The Lady Costanza also on her side, believing in her innocence the Prince to be but an ambassador, encouraged in every way their "nascent loves"; for loving Inez as she did, she naturally concluded that if it were possible to ally her with one of the first noblemen of Portugal, it would be the means of ever retaining her favorite about the court of the kingdom which henceforth was to be her home. So Pedro, with the thoughtlessness of youth, abandoned himself to his passion during the progress of the journey to Evora, and soon, being handsome, brave, and accomplished, won in return the affections of Doña Inez. The good Costanza, innocently delighted with the realization of her wishes, fanned by words and look the flame of the *innamorati*.

At last the travellers reached Evora, and then the feigned ambassador was obliged to reassume his real rank and position of Infante of Portugal, and also of betrothed husband to Doña Costanza. Indignant at the deception practised upon her, wounded in her pride and vanity, the Castilian lady at first declared her determination to return to her native country and break off the betrothment. But alone in a strange land, surrounded by the minions of the Portuguese court, intent upon the solemnization of the marriage, she at last yielded to the desires of the King Don Alonzo, and the suspended overtures were resumed with increased zeal and activity. Pedro also, believing in fact that owing to his high rank and fascinating manners, the lady Inez would ere long

* There is a portrait of Inez in the university at Coimbra. It is evidently a copy of an earlier picture. The features are very beautiful, and the eyes exceedingly dark. The hair, worn cut straight across the forehead, and gathered up into two bunches of curls on either side of the face, is exceedingly fair, almost white, and tied up with bows of pink ribbon. The hands are very delicate, and but for the dress, which is parti-colored, would remind the visitor of one of Charles II. beauties at Hampton court.

yield herself to his wishes and become his mistress, now played the part of an assiduous lover to the hitherto neglected Costanza. He flattered her vanity; he sang beneath her balcony serenades of his own composition, in which he likened her to a star, a rose, a ray of hope and love. "*Consuelo de mi alma*," he called her—"the consolation of my soul." To Inez he assumed an air of coldness, and endeavored in every way to persuade Costanza that he had but feigned love for her *camerera mayor* in order to try her fidelity, and the better to sustain his assumed character. At last he completely won the heart of his *fiancée*, and when the day for the nuptial ceremony arrived Costanza was led a willing bride to the altar.

Never, say the chroniclers, was seen so magnificent a pageant. The festivities lasted for days, and persons of every rank of society participated in the bounties showered around. Jousts, tournaments, and bull fights were given on a scale of unprecedented splendor. Squires were knighted and knights ennobled. The bells rang merrily; the glittering procession swept into the stately cathedral, and in the presence of the King Don Alonzo and of the Queen consort Brittes, the bishops, abbots, and priors of the kingdom, as well as those of the chief nobility of Portugal and Castile, Don Pedro plighted his troth to the Princess Costanza. The fountains of the city flowed wine; the poor were feasted and the rich banqueted for ten days, and each night the ancient city blazed with illuminations. The chroniclers do not inform us what were the feelings of Inez de Castro during the ceremony of the marriage of her mistress and quondam friend, and now her rival. On the list of persons who assisted thereat she figures as train bearer to the bride. Perhaps her love for Pedro was not as yet fully developed, or else she believed he had indeed never loved her, and virtuously stifled the latent flame, now that the object of her passion was the lawful husband of another.

Whatever may have been her emotions, we hear nothing either of them or of herself until 1344, when she somewhat suddenly reappears at the court of Lisbon, and we are told her charms of person and manifold accomplishments were the subject of universal praise. At Lisbon the name of Don Pedro is once more associated with her own. A tradition says that one night Costanza, leaning over the balcony of the palace, and enjoying the enchanting view of land and water which it commanded, overheard the voice of her husband singing in the orange groves beneath. Imagining that he was serenading her, she stopped to listen; but the name of Inez, and not her own, was the subject of the Infante's passionate strain:

There is no star in the summer skies*
So bright as Inez' sparkling eyes.
There is no sound in the summer air
With Inez' accents can compare:
And would sweet Inez were my own—
Inez de meu coração.

Where the pomegranate blossoms glow,
Where sweet rivers rippling flow,
Where the first smiles of sunshine rest,
There shall she dwell whom I love best.
Would this hour she were mine own—
Inez de meu coração.

Mingled feelings of anger, jealousy, and outraged love filled the heart of the unfortunate Infanta. Hastening to the apartments of Doña Inez, she burst open the door and discovered her standing by the balcony, listening with evident pleasure to the serenade. A violent scene ensued, which terminated in the withdrawal of Doña Inez from the court and in an estrangement between the Princess and her husband, who now openly declared his passion for the Lady Castro, and determined to follow her to her retirement. But Inez possessed a deep sense of honor and much religious feeling. Terrified at the result of her thoughtless con-

* These lines appear in one of Miss Pardoe's charming works, and the above is a slightly amended version of that accomplished lady's translation. They are from one of Don Pedro's many ballads. He was a poet of considerable merit, and there exists a complete collection of his ballads and sonnets, collected, the author believes, by the late Viscount d'Almada Garret, one of the most agreeable of modern Portuguese poets.

duct in having permitted the Prince to address her, she fled to the royal nunnery of Santa Clara at Coimbra, to the Queen Brittes, who, although not a religious, nevertheless often resided in this famous convent, which her mother-in-law, St. Isabel, erected to the honor of God, in fulfilment of a vow. This excellent Princess heard from Inez the narrative of the manifold temptations which surrounded her at court, as also of the unlawful passion entertained for her by Don Pedro, her son, which the ingenuous Inez confessed she returned in her heart a hundred fold. Having listened to her story, she advised Inez to remain in Santa Clara, and allotted to her a suite of apartments in a portion of the building which is still in existence, and is called the chambers of Queen Inez, though in those days it bore the name of the pavilion. Here in the exercise of innumerable devotions and in study Inez de Castro passed two blameless years of her life, unmolested by Don Pedro except by constant and ardent letters. In this retreat she frequently enjoyed the society of the noble and illustrious Queen, his mother, who often retired to Santa Clara to prepare for the great festivals of the church, such as Easter, Pentecost, and Christmas. Costanza, whether to prove to Inez that her suspicions were entirely extinguished or as a public *dementir* of certain reports spread about the court respecting her intimacy with Don Pedro, it is impossible to say, sent a special embassy to Coimbra in 1345, to invite the "*muy ilustre Senhora Doña Inez de Castro*" to stand god-mother to her newly-born child, the Infanta Doña Maria Inez, who afterward married the Infante of Arragon. This honor Inez accepted with gratitude, but, according to most historians, she did not leave Coimbra, and only stood by proxy, Doña Josefa d'Alberquerque taking her place at the font.

At the end of 1345 Don Pedro suddenly arrived at Coimbra, and fixed his abode at his castle on the river Mondego,

not far distant from the convent of Santa Clara. He made more than one effort to obtain an audience, but in vain. Inez resolved in no way to encourage his attentions, and removed from the pavilion into the interior of the nunnery. The presence of Don Pedro at Coimbra awoke once more the pangs of jealousy in the heart of the forsaken Costanza, who had remained desolate and abandoned at Lisbon. Worn out with unrequited love, and broken-hearted, she at last sank into a condition of morbid nervousness that hastened her end. On All Saints' Eve, 1346, she died, leaving three children to mourn her untimely fate: Don Ferdinand, who succeeded his father to the throne; Doña Maria, before mentioned, and Don Luis, who died young.

Doña Costanza dead, Inez could now aspire without offence to the hand of Don Pedro; but court intrigue interfered with her plans. Don Alonzo, the King, set his heart on forming another and yet more brilliant alliance for his son with the Arragonese Infanta Doña Æleanor. A treaty of marriage between this princess and the widower Don Pedro was concluded; but the Infante most positively refused to affix his signature thereunto, and withdrew from the presence of his incensed father to the castle of Coimbra. Meanwhile Doña Inez, having quitted her retreat in the interior of the monastery, lived once more in the pavilion. The gardens of Santa Clara are still shown to the traveller, and are called the *Quinta das Lagrimas*—"The garden of tears!" The pavilion itself is a long, gloomy, and somewhat unsightly pile, stretching out from the main portion of the nunnery, but containing some finely proportioned apartments. The gardens of Don Pedro's adjacent palace also exist, and are very beautiful and extensive, possessing parterres filled with exotics. At one extremity of the grounds rises a perpendicular rock of great elevation, whence, after passing some distance through the heart of the rock, a spring

issues and falls in pretty cascades into a beautiful natural basin, and then glides away into a bath lined with granite, whence it is conducted by sluices and passes into a number of small streamlets, which meander down the valley for some distance. This well is called "the fountain of love," and to it is attached a romantic legend, mentioned by all the Portuguese historians.

Don Pedro in one of his wanderings discovered this rocky spring, and determined to turn it to account. Observing that one of the little streamlets flowed in the direction of the convent, and passed into its gardens, he made a number of little cork boxes, and therein inserted letters, and committed them to the current, which impelled them onward to the convent, where they were secured by the faithful Inez. Spies followed, and reported to his father the least movement of Don Pedro, who for a long time did not dare to visit the convent, and whose only way of communicating with the fair Princess was that now mentioned. It would appear that one of the boxes must have contained a letter of more than ordinary importance; for a few days after its reception Inez de Castro contrived to thwart the vigilance of the spies, and also that of the good nuns, and fled the nunnery with Don Pedro to Braganza, in which city, on the night of January 1, 1347, she was clandestinely married to him in the cathedral, by the bishop of the diocese, and in the presence of Vasquez, Senhor de Goes, Gonçalo Mendez de Vasconcellos, as also of Don Gil, bishop of Guarda.

Immediately after her secret marriage Doña Inez returned to Santa Clara, where her movements were more closely watched than ever, so that she may be said to have been imprisoned; yet she occasionally enjoyed the society of her husband, and in the pavilion were born her three children. The poet Camoens has described most exquisitely her life in this retreat in the third canto of the "*Lusiad*."

For three peaceful, happy years dwelt Doña Inez de Castro in the nunnery of Santa Clara, ere court intrigue ventured so far as to conspire against her innocent life. The accession of Peter the Cruel to the throne of Castile had filled Portugal with fugitives flying from his bloody persecution and ruthless tyranny. Among these arrived the two brothers of Doña Inez, Don Juan and Don Alfonso de Castro. Naturally she recommended them to the powerful patronage of her husband, and he, partly through love for his wife, and partly won by the amiable characters of these young men, immediately placed them in positions of trust and influence. Then was it that Alvaro Gonsalvez, Diego Lopez Pancheco, and Pedro Coello, men about the court and somewhat in King Alonzo's confidence, as also, some said, rejected suitors of Doña Inez, entered into a conspiracy to destroy her by means of a private assassination. They found a willing accomplice in King Don Alonzo, who was only too glad to free his son from the impediment which his marriage, now no longer a secret, caused to the alliance he was so bent on seeing realized with the Infanta Æleanora of Arragon. Accordingly he actually announced his intention of committing the foul deed himself, and after having ordered the Prince Pedro, his son, to repair on a mission to Lisbon, to keep him out of the way, proceeded to Coimbra, together with Pancheco, Gonsalvez, and Coello.

The Queen Brittes, wife of Don Alonzo and mother to Don Pedro, as also the Archbishop of Braga, having overheard a conversation between the King and Pancheco, in which they discussed the assassination, wrote at once to Pedro warning him of his wife's danger and entreating him to return. These letters, which still exist and are objects of painful curiosity to the traveller, never reached their destination. The messenger was overtaken, murdered, and the letters seized and sent back to the King. It was on a Tues-

day afternoon in January, 1350, that the King arrived unexpectedly at the convent of Santa Clara, and demanded to be admitted into the presence of the lady Inez de Castro. This lady, who did not for one moment suspect any foul intention against her life, but on the contrary had lately heard from Don Pedro that there was considerable reason to hope for a reconciliation, naturally concluded that this visit was rather favorable than otherwise, and hastened at once to receive his Majesty. So graceful did she appear, surrounded by her three pretty children, as she entered the saloon in which the King awaited her, that for a time his purpose was disarmed. A conversation commenced on various topics of the day, of no importance, when suddenly Don Alonzo seized Inez by the hair, and drawing his sword, pointed it at her bosom. Disengaging herself from his hands, the Princess threw herself upon her knees before him, and entreated him in so moving a manner to spare her life, that filled with compassion, he raised her and declared that he had only drawn his sword for a joke, and intended no harm.

O monarch, hear !

If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,
If prowling tigers, or the wolf's wild brood,
Inspired by nature with the lust of blood,
Have yet been moved the weeping babe to spare,
Nor left, but tended with a nurse's care,
As Rome's great founders to the world were given,

Shalt *thou*, who wear'st the sacred stamp of heaven,

The human form divine—shalt *thou* deny
That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply ?
O that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,
Of human mould, superfluous were my prayer.
Thou could'st not then a helpless woman slay,
Whose sole offence in fond affection lay,
In faith to him who first his love confest,
Who first to love allured her virgin breast.
In thee her babes can'st thou thine image see,
And still revengeful hurl thy rage on me ?
Then, for their sakes, if yet thou wilt not spare,
Oh, let my infants prove thy pious care !
Yet pity's lenient current ever flows
From that brave heart where genuine valor glows.
That thou *art* brave let vanquished Afric tell :
Then let thy pity o'er mine anguish swell.
Ah, let my woes, unconscious of a crime,
Procure mine exile to some bar'rous clime :
Give me to wander o'er the burning plains
Of Lybia's deserts, or the wild domains
Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks and frozen shore ;

Thus let me, hopeless of return, deplore,
Where ghastly horror fills the dreary vale,
Where shrieks and howlings die in every gale,
The lion's roaring and the tiger's yell—
There with mine infants e'er condemned to dwell—

There let me try that pity to find
In vain by me implor'd from human kind.
There in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,
Amid the horrors of sepulchral gloom,
To him, whose love I mourn, my love shall glow,
The sigh shall murmur, and the tear shall flow ;
My fondest wish, and all my hope, to rear
These infant pledges of a love so dear :
Amidst my grief, a soothing, glad employ,
Amidst my woes, a woful, hopeless joy.

— Camoen's *Lusiad*, Book III.

In order the better to convince the Princess that he intended no harm, some authors assure us that the King passed the evening in her company, and left her with a token of his good faith and affectionate interest in herself and children. "On returning," says Frey Joao das Regras, "to the palace, Don Alonzo met, in the corridor leading to his apartments, the three conspirators, who were awaiting with fiendish anxiety the result of his Majesty's visit. Learning that far from doing her injury, Don Alonzo had been completely fascinated by the grace and affability of Inez, Pancheco told him that Pedro had just given the command of all the frontier fortresses to her brother Don Juan de Castro, and then Gonsalvez added several more details, among others that Don Luis de Castro had attempted the life of the Infante Don Ferdinand, his nephew, which greatly angered the King. Pancheco, seeing Alonzo incensed against his son Pedro for thus openly favoring his wife's relatives, said, wishing to strike the iron while it was hot, 'If your Majesty wills it, I can do a thing you dare not do.' Whereupon the King said :

"What is that which I dare not do ?"

"Why, kill a lady," said Gonsalvez.

"What lady?" then asked the King.

"Oh, you know!" cried all three laughing.

"Then Alonzo said they might do as they pleased, and they went out of the palace immediately."

They went straight to the convent, and entered by the outer yard, which was always open. Having reached the little gate leading to the *quinta* (garden) of the pavilion, Pancheco knocked three times, and the other two hid behind him. Lopez Coello, who was a good mimic, seeing that their knocking was not answered, and having recognized the figure of the Princess walking in the garden, then imitated Don Pedro's voice, as if asking admittance. Believing that her husband had returned suddenly, Doña Inez ran to the door and opened it. Scarcely had she done so than she fell pierced to the heart by the murderous swords of the three assassins, who then returned to the King, their weapons reeking with her innocent blood.

The body of the luckless Doña Inez de Castro remained amid the flowers until the morrow, when it was discovered by her horrified attendants. Taken to the chapel of the convent, it was arrayed in spotless white and decked with roses. The holy nuns surrounded the bier and the Queen's mother Brittes sat in state, her crown upon her head and royal robes flowing around her, as chief mourner, having given an order that the corpse should not be buried until after her son's return. When he did return and was informed of the cruel death of his beloved consort, he was transported with grief and anger. He threw himself upon the corpse, he clasped it to his heart, he covered its pale lips, its hands, its feet with kisses, and refusing all consolation, remained for thirty hours with the body in his embrace.* At last, overcome with fatigue and weakness, he was carried away senseless from the piteous remains of his most dear Inez, and they were consigned to the grave. Notwithstanding the powerful influence and entreaties of the Queen Brittes, his mother, Pedro determined to take up

arms against his father, and in his fury laid desolate the whole country between the rivers Duoro and Minho. But at last the reasoning of the excellent Brittes prevailed, and the further horrors of civil war were prevented. Pedro, however, never spoke to his father again until the hour of his death, when he forgave the great wrong he had done him. When, however, the dying monarch entreated him to kiss him, the poor Prince stooped down to do so, but nature revolted, and he turned away without obeying.

On ascending the throne his first act was to sign a treaty with the King of Castile, whereby each monarch engaged to give up such malcontents as should take refuge on each other's dominions. By this stratagem Don Pedro secured the persons of his wife's assassins, who had fled, upon the death of their protector, King Alonzo, into Castile. Pancheco, the worst of the three, however, escaped into France, where he died a beggar. The other two were put to death with tortures too awful to describe. Suffice it to say that they endured their agonies for three entire days and nights. After this retributive act Don Pedro assembled the Cortes at Cantandes, and in presence of the Pope's nuncio solemnly swore on the Gospels that he had married Inez de Castro at Braganza in the presence of the bishop and of other witnesses.

Then occurred an event unique in history. The body of Inez was lifted from the grave, placed on a magnificent throne, and, arrayed in all the proper regalia, crowned Queen of Portugal. The clergy, the nobility, and the people did homage to her skeleton, and kissed the bones of her hands. There sat the dead Queen, with her long yellow hair hanging like a veil around her ghastly face. One fleshless hand held the sceptre and the other the orb of royalty. At night, after the coronation ceremony, a procession was formed of all the clergy and nobles, the religious orders and

* See Frey Joao dos Regras and "O Livro de Noa," or register of the convent of Santa Clara, Coimbra.

confraternities, which extended over many miles, each person holding a flaring torch in his hand, and thus walked from Coimbra to Alcobaca, escorting the crowned corpse to that royal abbey for interment. The dead Queen lay in her rich robes upon a chariot drawn by black mules and illuminated by hundreds of waxen lights.

The scene was wierd and solemn. The sable costumes of the singing priests, the copes of the bishops, the incense issuing from the innumerable censers, the friars in their quaint garments, and the strange, fantastically attired members of the various *hermandades* or brotherhoods, some of whom were dressed from head to foot entirely in scarlet, or blue, or black, or in white, with their countenances masked and their eyes glittering through small openings in their cowls; but above all the spectre-like Queen on her car, and grief-stricken King, who, tearless and firm, led the train, when seen by the flickering light of many torches, with its solemn requiem music, passing through many a mile of open country in the midnight hours, was a vision so unreal that the chroniclers describe it "as rather a phantasmagora than a reality." In the magnificent abbey of Alcobaca, so exquisitely described by Beckford, the Requiem Mass was sung by the Abbot, and the corpse finally laid to rest.

The monument still exists, with the statue, adorned with its royal diadem and mantle, lying thereon. The tomb of Don Pedro is placed foot to foot with that of Inez, so the legend runs, that at the judgment day they may rise together and stand face to face.

The subsequent history of this Prince proves the intensity of his passion for Inez, and cannot be read without awakening a sentiment of deep sympathy for his woes. He lived on for many years, but never did a smile pass over his face. Cold, gloomy, yet merciful, he reigned and won the title of Pedro the Just. Few who had known the merry Infante, the writer of

poems and singer of serenades, could recognize in the stern monarch the light-hearted feigned ambassador, who in disguise had won the love of the unhappy Inez.

A circumstance strongly characteristic of the force of his resentment must not be omitted. When the murderers of his wife stood before him, he was so transported with indignation that he struck Coello several blows across the face with his whip. Most historians blame him for this violent action, as unworthy of a king and magistrate. We cannot but sympathize, however, with the agonies of his heart when for the first time he saw the inhuman murderers of his beloved spouse.

In 1810 the bodies of Don Pedro I. and Doña Inez de Castro were disturbed by the French at the sack of Alcobaca. The skeleton of Inez was discovered to be in a singular state of preservation, the hair exceedingly long and glossy, and the head adorned with a golden crown set with jewels of price. Singularly enough, the crown, although of pure gold and very valuable, after being kicked about by the men as a toy, was thrown behind the high altar, whence, as soon as the troops evacuated the monastery, it was carefully taken and laid aside by the Reverend Father Abbot. Shortly afterward it again encircled the unhappy Queen's head, when, by order of the Duke of Wellington, the royal corpse was once more replaced in its tomb, with all military honors. From the son of this Princess, Don Juan, who succeeded his step brother Ferdinand to the throne, descends the present reigning house of Portugal. An attempt, made by Philip II. of Spain, in order to validate his own claim to the Portuguese crown, after the mysterious disappearance of Don Sebastian, to prove the marriage of Inez de Castro not legal and her children illegitimate, showed clearly the political reason for her posthumous coronation, whereby a whole branch of the house of Braganza was legitimized.

R. DAVEY. J

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

THE reformer of the abuse of alcohol was not so exacting at the beginning of the present century, when it was an everyday incident to carry a "gentleman" home from his cups, as he is now. The "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of Christopher North are not much exaggerated in the accounts of the wassailing of the author and his friends; and although the haggis-eaters of to-day are behind their fathers in the taste for strong liquids, the habit still prevails. In England the potations of the Squire Westerns of the past would be overmuch for their successors. In America the fathers and grandfathers of this generation drank more than what is now considered a full measure of alcohol. Especially was this the case in western Pennsylvania in the region which was the seat of the whiskey insurrection. This was and is the home of Monongahela whiskey, which the insurgents put above the law. There are still old men in Westmoreland county who are upholders of the wholesomeness of whiskey, and who point to themselves, as life-long drinkers, in illustration. When shown the men around them, broken down by use of alcohol, they reply that it is because the liquor is drugged and adulterated as it never was in their early days, or that men have degenerated in stomachic stamina. There is probably some truth in both reasons given by the Silenuses of Westmoreland, who, in concluding the subject, usually regret the golden era of the past, when the farmer had his own still, which was almost the cow of the household. These old men still drink whiskey heavily, regularly, and they live. It is well to bear this in mind when extravagant statements are made concerning the fatal poison contained in alcohol.

When men on this side of the Atlantic began to speak of reform there

was no idea of going beyond the advocacy of moderation in the use of strong drink, and to this end a group of farmers of Saratoga county, New York, formed themselves into a society to "abstain from rum and wine," which a few years later grew into the "American Temperance Union," whose pledge was not to drink "distilled spirits." Nothing was said of abstinence from wine and malt liquors. Ten years after, in 1836, the same society adopted the rule of renunciation of all intoxicating liquids.

As long as they held to the original programme of preaching temperance they found support in the Bible, but since the promulgation of the doctrine of total abstinence their position is changed, and they are removed from the favor of Biblical countenance, for it cannot be proved that the Bible contains anything from which a serious argument can be made in favor of abstaining from liquids which contain alcohol. This, however, they do not admit, and the Book continues to be brought forward to prove that their work is under divine sanction.

When they enlisted the theologians on their side in the temperance movement, in the beginning, the Scriptural arguments were good, but when they shifted their ground a division was created among the men of the pulpit, some of them falling back before the fact that the only foundation for the new rendering was contained in a few proverbs, and in the examples furnished by Samson and John the Baptist, who abstained from bread and wine. On the other hand, they could not forget that Christ not only drank wine Himself, but made it for others to drink; that he left it as a chief ordinance of His church, and assured His disciples it would be drunk in heaven.

The motive of the total abstinence men in trying to abolish the evils of

intemperance is conceded to be good, but they jeopardize their position in the effort to strengthen it with Scriptural support. In a word, if they desire total abstinence, they would do better to let it stand on its secular legs and not on the uncertain props of a garbled theology.

It is hardly necessary to say that the effort to make Christianity embrace the total abstinence theory must prove futile, the conclusion of the impartial reader of the Bible being that it pronounces against immoderation in the use of alcoholic beverages, and nothing more.

The statement gravely made by some theologians that the wine which Christ made from water was *unfermented* wine is an instance of the quibbling employed to bolster up a weak theory. The wine of to-day is the same in Palestine that it was in the time of Christ; the same method being employed in manufacturing it then as now, by crushing the grapes with the feet (I having myself seen the operation), and the wine thus produced is undoubtedly the fermented wine referred to by Christ and which was that in common use.

It is one of the misfortunes of those who call themselves temperance people to become intemperate in their statements touching the evils of drunkenness. The abuse of alcohol is generally recognized in the United States as one of the greatest enemies of the people, but when random statements are made in reference to the consequences flowing from it, such exaggerations tend to weaken the cause which its apostles seek to strengthen. For instance, it is common to say that the prisons are filled through the agency of alcohol, which is far from the truth. From statistics gathered recently in the western penitentiary of Pennsylvania, the following results were obtained: 70 per cent., or nearly so, of the prisoners either did not drink at all, or were moderate drinkers; 21 per cent. had been occasionally intoxicated; 9 per cent. had been

intemperate. From which it may be inferred that although alcohol has a heavy burden to bear, it is well to be careful in talking about the evils which it causes. It is, however, probably too much to expect accuracy of statement in the radical reformer, whether it be in religion or in drink.

This inaccuracy is not the only one. The banner which the apostles of cold water carry bears a name which is not the true one of their cause. Total abstinence from all intoxicating liquids is the phrase which describes their cause, but the word temperance, which they employ, does not. They have given to the word temperance a new meaning, and made it a synonym of total abstinence. But whatever the name may be, the movement now going on through the country is a moral one, and a good sign, for it is only by agitating a question, as the old anti-slavery advocates taught us, that important results can be reached.

In view of the excitement which the typical reformer now produces, the method which he employs becomes an interesting subject of inquiry. One part of its strength lies in the combination of religion with the especial cause which he advocates, and he thus stands on higher moral ground than he did before, when he pleaded for temperance alone. He has almost turned the rostrum into a pulpit, and assumed the unctuous fervor of the preacher. He prays a "sweet singer of Israel" to lead in the rude but popular verses of "Ring the Bell of Heaven," "Ninety and Nine," or one of the other songs which have the same vogue in religious revivals which "John Brown's body lies Mouldering in the Grave" had in the political excitement of war time. He lifts up his own voice and joins in with the full strength of his lungs, joyfully and buoyantly. This is preceded by prayer the same as in a religious ceremony. Afterward, when the speeches are made, he lends an earnest ear and furnishes staying commentaries. The proceedings have the earnestness of

the church with the broad humor of the stage. He is both end-man and doctrinaire. He laughs unrestrainedly at the humorous parts of the speeches, frequently applauds with striking palms at serious parts, and pronounces encouraging words from time to time, such as, "Never was a truer word spoken," "That's it, dear brother," "God bless you," and so on.

The temperance reformer of the past relied on his own individual effort in speaking, which gave to the meeting a somewhat autocratic character. The present one responds to the Anglo-American needs, and republicanizes it by inviting every one to join in the talk. This is an esteemed privilege, and one of the most important factors of the movement. It turns the meeting into a congress where all participate, and is an improvement on the old system, in which there was but one *deus ex machina*. The assembly partakes too of the character of a love feast, and the interchange of thought begets new bonds of union. In the system of general speaking the objective becomes subjective, the passive becomes active, the spectator an actor, and it is probably this feature more than any which has given such an extension to the movement called temperance.

The orator may be said to have abandoned politics and taken up the cause of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. He no longer wraps himself in the political winding-sheet in apostrophizing a tearful adieu to the bird of freedom, but is ready to lay down his life in the temperance meeting to bring the drunkard to repentance, or prevent a thirsty guest from taking a bottle of wine with his food in a hotel. He has stimulated disciples of the gentle sex to invade the domicile of the American citizen and tell him what he shall drink and from what he shall abstain. In the end he may possibly command abstinence from mutton, and recommend beef, or *vice versa*. To the student of history it is one of the phenomena of the time,

showing how far individual freedom may be interfered with in a modern democracy.

It is one of the characteristics of our people to require excitement, and especially of that kind stirred up by the wild, incoherent eloquence of the so-called reformer. In these times, when people should be gathering strength in repose, many of them are allowing themselves to be worked into a feverish state by frightful pictures of rum and brimstone presented to them by some frothy ex-publican who has knocked the heads out of his beer-barrels and turned his face from Gambrinus unto the pellucid waters of temperance.

In the love feast each reformed drunkard goes over the scenes of his shame and degradation with such particularity as to lead to the conclusion that the confession is not unmingled with satisfaction. Ordinarily, when a man commits a disgraceful act, it is natural to suppose that to dwell upon it must be painful; that when he has wallowed in the mire his chief desire would be to cleanse himself and try to forget it. In these meetings, it is plain, there is a desire in each reformed man to surpass his neighbor in his account of the degree of wretchedness which he reached previous to the change. If A confesses that he drank a pint of whiskey a day, the chances are that he will be followed by B, who drank a quart; if C fell on the pavement, D was picked out of the gutter; if E administered correction to his wife, F beat his black and blue. This is some of the faint, very faint humor which appears in this otherwise sombre picture. Human vanity seems capable of niching itself in impossible places. No good purpose can be attained by this washing of drunken linen in public, and a nature of refinement must instinctively shrink from it.

This appeal from the rostrum, although it is not efficacious in the way of radical, permanent cure, does temporarily alleviate the evil by inducing

some of the drunkards to turn away, at least for a time, from their cups, and it may be termed the persuasive method.

The other method employed is the coercive, exercised through legislative enactments, the most popular of which (with the advocates of total abstinence) is that of "local option," now in operation in a number of communities—a measure which one day will probably be found in violation of that individual freedom guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. It is tyrannical and unrepugnant, and if the majority of a community have the right to decree what a man must drink, they also have a right to decree what he shall eat and what he shall wear. Leaving aside the question of its constitutionality, it may be safely affirmed that no people, as a race or nation, have ever been reformed from drunkenness in this way. This forcing process, it is plain, is inferior to the voluntary one, both as regards the question of right and the practical results to be attained.

The last vagary of lawmakers is the application of the bell-punch in the collection of the whiskey tax in the State of Virginia, which does not indicate so much a desire to repress the consumption of alcohol as to create a greater revenue therefrom. The legislators of that State are credited with saying, when the act was passed, that to drink alcohol was a sin, and the enunciation of such an opinion was well enough if the sin had not been turned into wages, which as every schoolboy knows is death. Turning from the moral to the practical side, it is hardly likely that the bell-punch measure will bring about the results which its friends hope for, as there is arrayed against it both the interest of the buyer and the seller.

Wherever public action is taken it is directed against the producer and seller of intoxicating liquid. They are severely condemned. On the other hand, the drunkard is probably regarded too much as a legitimate object of

sympathy, and as one who is not exactly responsible for what he does; whereas he should be held to the same accountability as they are. To stop the sale of alcohol is to begin at the wrong end, and to correct the perverted taste for it is to begin at the right end, for the supply ceases in the absence of a demand. The drunkard is not a child nor an imbecile, and he should be taught that he has the same share of moral responsibility as the temperate member of society.

The inebriate the most deserving of sympathy is he who is so by inheritance, for he suffers in part from ancestral sins. He is the periodical drinker who, after each debauch, makes good resolutions, abstains for a time, and struggles, only to succumb when the uncontrollable desire takes possession of him. Its periodicity is as regular as a neuralgia. The drinker may go for four, five, or six weeks without tasting alcohol in any form—resisting any tendency toward it without especial effort—but his hour comes, and he wrestles in vain. He knows this and prepares for it, as he would for a season of sickness. It attacks him as a functional disease arising from a derangement of the nervous system, and some of the most distinguished physicians now recognize it as such, and not simply as a bad habit.

This kind of an inebriate will continue for weeks as a moderate drinker, taking perhaps one or two glasses of alcoholic spirit in twenty-four hours, and feel no desire to go to excess; then all restraint gives way, and he is impelled by an almost irresistible force into an orgie lasting perhaps several days. It is not done to gratify a taste for any particular intoxicating drink, for such an inebriate will swallow anything that will make him drunk, from beer to high proof brandy. When the rage is on him his mind loses its ordinary balance, and he will make any sacrifice to assuage this unnatural thirst.

On the other hand, there are others—and there are physicians among

them—who do not admit that inebriety of this kind is a disease, because such an admission implies that the man would cease to be morally responsible in satisfying his cravings for drink under these circumstances—in other words, that it would be making an apology for sin and crime.

It is hard to tell how far the inebriate who inherits the desire for strong drink may be held responsible for his acts when he arrives at one of his drunken periods. Before, however, he arrives at such a condition—that is, during the preliminary stages of the liquor indulgence—it may be assumed that he is able to control his desires and is morally accountable for sins of this nature. It is a misfortune, too, for such an inebriate to become possessed of the idea that his passion for drink is a disease beyond his control, for it appeases his conscience and discourages him from an attempt at reform.

A just conclusion appears to be, after looking over what has been done in the way of reform, that the popular notion of dealing with this evil by entire abstention from alcoholic beverages is only temporary in its effect, and like lopping off branches that sprout again. In short, the total abstinence theory is against all human experience, and thousands of years have proved its futility. It never has and never will reform a people addicted to the use and abuse of strong liquor. Yet if the same persistency were employed in any of the other affairs of life, in the face of such adverse experience, it would be characterized as unenlightened and foolish obstinacy. The light reaching back through past centuries seems to serve no purpose, and the drunkard is still a drunkard.

The stirring appeals of an effusive orator may induce men to sign the pledge, but the tongue of an angel will not keep the majority of them from breaking it. Self-reliantly they call the public to bear witness to the pledge which they make, and if they

break it, they are less self-reliant than before. Did these pieces of paper also bear a penalty for the payment of a given sum in the event of the promise being broken, they would not be considered worth quoting in the money market, and this gives a fair idea of the little value they possess. Each time that the drunkard breaks his promise he falls back further than before, and may not afterward be rehabilitated morally up to the level of his first pledge. He is set on a pair of tottering legs in haste, and before they have been sufficiently strengthened to bear him. Such strength is only acquired by a laborious education, to which time and trial are indispensable. The impulsive resolutions which spring into life under the words of an effulgent speaker and the excitement of a crowd are seldom enduring. The calm determination that is born without the hot and contagious feeling of a public meeting is worth a score of such.

What is more desirable than these sterile discussions is some evidence that alcohol in moderate quantities is unhealthy to mind or body. That is, this is desirable for the intelligent moderate drinker, who sits dispassionately under the heated oratory of the total abstinence advocate, immovable in his position, that this may be good for the drunkard, but does not touch him.

Men of science and physicians have endeavored to furnish evidence of the evil consequences of the use of alcohol in what are usually considered moderate quantities, but the results of their labors do not appear to have been popularized. In glancing over what has been done in this direction by some members of the medical profession it is well to bear in mind that men who have a favorite theory to maintain are usually partial. Such a one has given the result of his experiments in the much cited case of Alexis Saint Martin, a Canadian soldier, whose stomach was visible through an aperture made by a gunshot wound,

which healed, but left an opening, through which the physician referred to watched the process of digestion of different kinds of foods and liquids. After Saint Martin had been indulging in spirits Doctor Beaumont, the physician, thus described his case: "July 28, stomach not healthy, some erythema (inflammation) and aphthous (ulcerous) patches on the mucous surface. Saint Martin has been drinking ardent spirits pretty freely for eight or ten days past; complains of no pain, nor shows symptoms of general indisposition; says he feels well and has a good appetite. August 1 (four days afterward), inner membrane of the stomach unusually morbid; the appearance of inflammation more extensive, and spots more livid than usual, from the surface of which exuded small drops of thick, clotted blood; the ulcerous patches larger and more numerous; the mucous covering thicker than common, and the secretions much more vitiated. The gastric juices extracted this morning were mixed with a large proportion of thick, ropy mucous, and considerable diseased matter, slightly tinged with blood, resembling the discharge from the bowels in some cases of chronic dysentery. Saint Martin complains of no symptoms indicating any general derangement of the system except an uneasy sensation, and a tenderness at the pit of the stomach, and some swimming of the head, with dimness and yellowness of vision on stooping down and rising again; has a thin, yellowish brown coat on his tongue, pulse uniform and regular, appetite good, rests quietly, and sleeps as usual."

A popular fallacy is that one rule may be laid down as good for all stomachs. To learn the differences in the way of stomach it is only necessary to question half a dozen friends of matured age who know what agrees with them and what does not—every person who has arrived at the age of thirty having generally acquired this knowledge at some cost. One man cannot digest fish, another finds it his

most nutritious food; one knows that beer is the most indigestible beverage he can drink, another that it is as indispensable as bread or meat; and so on through the category of solids and liquids. The old physicians, twelve or fifteen years ago, prescribed a soft boiled egg to the convalescent; it is now pretty generally known that to most people the soft boiled egg is not wholesome and that the hard boiled is. The consideration of these facts shows that the effects of different foods and liquids differ in different stomachs—indeed, that in many instances they are in contradiction; and it has laid the foundation of that proverb that "one man's meat is another man's poison," which, as far as proverbs are worthy of human guidance, deserves as prominent a place as that one of the goose-and-gander sauce.

Had there been three or four Saint Martins, with permanent openings of the stomach, furnishing precisely similar indications as to the effects of alcohol, the argument would have been conclusive. As there was only one, the evidence is presumptive. It appears, too, that Saint Martin was a hard drinker, and excesses of any kind, as we know, bear with them a penalty.

Others have tried to make out a clearer case against, not the abuse, but the moderate use of intoxicating spirits, and it may be well to glance at the result of their work. They have sought to establish certain points, some of which I shall enumerate as briefly as the limited space of an article of this nature will permit:

Alcohol is contained in about 55 per cent. in brandy, rum, whiskey, and gin; 25 in port and sherry; 15 in fine Bordeaux; 13 in champagne and in ordinary Bordeaux, and 4 to 6 in beer. It is poisonous, and the same may be said of tea and coffee, too much of either being injurious to the human organism. The active principle of coffee—caffeine—is a poison, which if given in sufficient quantity will produce death, and the same is true of

theine, the active principle of tea. Doctor Leven found from experiments that the ordinary Parisian drank enough coffee every day to poison five guinea pigs; that the first effect of the caffeine was to quicken the circulation and breathing, and the second to swell the blood vessels; that there was intoxication from coffee, accompanied with violent palpitations, pains, and quiverings in the arms and legs, and contraction of the pupils. He found that the excessive use of tea produced substantially like symptoms. Another physician who devoted some time to the study of the subject, stated before a medical society that the effects of tea or coffee intoxication were worse than those of intoxication from alcohol, in this that the excitement from alcohol passed off more quickly, leaving the drinker depressed, it is true, but calm, with a tendency to sleep, while tea and coffee, after the stimulation, left restlessness and inability to sleep, as well as depression; that one of the after effects of alcohol was rather to soothe the nervous system, while one of coffee and tea was to irritate it. Thus coffee and tea are refreshing, and in moderation rather beneficial than injurious. That the abuse of them is attended with evil consequences hardly makes a good argument against their use.

The physical effects of alcohol introduced into the stomach in wine, beer, and spirituous liquors are pretty well known to intelligent physicians. It finds its way into circulation in two ways: direct through the veins of the alimentary surface into the veins conducting straight to the heart, and into the small tubes under the mucous surface of the stomach, which conduct to the thoracic duct, reaching to the big veins near the spinal column, which bear venous blood to the heart. Thus it goes into the blood in two ways.

It has to undergo a certain dilution with water before it will pass through the membrane separating it from the blood, in undergoing which it will deprive the watery textures surrounding

it, until it absorbs enough water to go into the circulation. This shows that spirits mixed with water are more quickly absorbed than when taken pure. A portion of the alcohol, in its circulation through the lungs, raised into vapor by natural heat, passes off in the expiring breath, the odor of which is easily perceptible. The quantity disposed of in this way is small. The body, and principal part of it, after going through the lungs, at last reaches the structural circulation of the organism. It goes into the brain, the muscles, and even the bones, with the blood. A portion of it is thrown off from the liver and kidneys, and is thus eliminated from the body. The remainder, it is supposed, is decomposed in the blood and carried away in other forms of matter. Experiments have been made by poisoning animals with injections of strong alcohol into the stomach, and after killing them part of the same has been found in their blood.

There are medical authorities who affirm that the presence of alcohol in the stomach retards digestion, and others that it assists digestion. They are probably both right in this, that an undue quantity does interfere with the action of the gastric juice, and that a moderate quantity, in the form of pure red wine, increases the amount of gastric juice, resulting from the stimulating action on the nerves, and to many people there are properties in the wine, aside from alcohol, which promote digestion, when used in moderation. Too much wine is poisonous just as too much salt is poisonous; and salt in just proportion facilitates digestion, and is wholesome. As Lewes says, it is wise to eat pickles, but silly to make one's dinner of them; it is wise to drink a glass of sherry, but silly to empty the bottle. Too much of anything, it is hardly necessary to say, though it should be the staff of life, is injurious.

A question which naturally suggests itself is, in what does moderation consist? There are people who take two

or three glasses of spirits, in the form of whiskey or brandy, during the day, a bottle of wine at dinner, and a glass or two of grog in the evening, and who consider themselves moderate drinkers. The majority of such drinkers come to an end before old age begins, but there is a minority who reach it, with, however, declining faculties. The smaller number may go on imbibing to the extent described until the age of thirty, without feeling any deterioration of power. Nature then begins to show signs of fatigue in repairing the waste, and the physical and mental resources do not respond to the demands made upon them unless the stimulant of alcohol is supplied. At last it becomes a necessity of organic life. No enterprise can be entered on without recourse to it. No fatigue can be supported without its aid, and each time that it is taken in the way that has been designated as moderate drinking, it is followed by an exhausting reaction.

After the age of thirty, when the operations of assimilation, of secretion, and of excretion become less active, the alcohol becomes more difficult to dispose of. Were the drinker to stop at such an age, or moderate the portion to a small quantity in the form of wine, he might double the capes of difficulty and live into a natural old age; but it is seldom that he does so. The absence of it incommodes him and produces melancholy. Having grown and reached his full development, the elasticity of the tissues becomes somewhat impaired. There is temporary paralysis of the vessels of the minute circulation, and with this there is a quicker beat of the heart. Thus the vessels of the body are unnaturally relaxed and distended, and in time manifestations of what is going on within appear on the face, the vessels of which become enlarged and suffused with blood. The scarf-skin is imperfectly thrown off, and owing to impaired nervous tone and circulation beneath, it is not replaced as quickly as in the case of the natural

epidermis. This is the face that is of a dull, lead-like hue in cold weather, and of a deep purple in warm weather. It is the face whose most pronounced color appears on the nose, as if alcohol, not satisfied with the injury already inflicted on the drinker, adds thereto by topping it with buffoonery and painting it in an unnatural color, its owner becoming a Bar-dolph whose facial illuminating centre furnishes a target for the gibes of John Falstaff.

Although a moderate quantity of pure wine, taken with the repast, be wholesome, there are two considerations that may be urged against its use, consisting in the difficulty of getting it pure and the tendency not to stop at a moderate quantity. These probably are the only objections that can be urged against the drinking of wine. Hence would it be better for those who cannot get pure wine, and for those who cannot restrain their appetite within reasonable bounds, to abstain.

These, however, are only side considerations to the one great fact that man in general will use a stimulant in the way of drink, has always done so, and will continue to do so as long as the world shall last. It is not so much a question of what he *ought* to do as of what he *will* do; and it is in vain that he is upbraided for not possessing the firmness and wisdom which belong to him as a man instead of the weakness and uncleanness which he so often exhibits. In view of this, the question naturally arises as to the best way of restricting the spread of the evil; and the answer to it is found in looking at the characteristics of peoples most addicted to inebriety and of those living most temperately. It has been said that this is a question of race; and it may be true, but only to a limited extent; for the inhabitants of Ireland are much addicted to the drinking of alcohol, while those of France are comparatively free from it, and both are of the Celtic stock. Climate may also be said to have its

influence; but the most important influence appears to be in the general use of wine, for the most temperate of peoples — Spaniards, Italians, and French—use it as English-speaking people do tea and coffee. The custom of taking it from childhood seems to keep off that craving for strong drink with which many of our people are afflicted.

An effort has been made to show that the French are not a temperate people, since they are given to the drinking of absinthe. It is true that absinthe is consumed to some extent; but it is mostly confined to soldiers, and may be considered as one of the demoralizing effects of the late war. It is a custom which some of the soldiers brought back from Africa, and which they adhered to through the social disorganization of their country in war time; but as they are now being brought under the new influences of peace and home, and of the old custom of wine drinking, the use of the pernicious drug is becoming more restricted.

It has been averred by one who maintains that the French are not a temperate people, that he saw a number of workmen employed in the construction of buildings lying about at noon on their backs or faces, quite drunk. If this observer had been more familiar with French life, he would have known that the workman, having an hour at twelve for his dinner, fills it up, after the repast, with a nap. This is an instance of the lengths to which the man with a theory will go. During a long residence in France I saw some isolated cases of

drunkenness, but they were so rare as to be considered remarkable; that is, of reeling, half-blind drunkenness such as one often sees in London and Liverpool. The soberness of the Italians and Spaniards is proverbial. In countries where the grape is not grown for the manufacture of wine, like Russia and Great Britain, drunkenness reaches its lowest degradation.

It is not sufficient that a country shall produce wine in order to lessen the appetite for strong drink. The conditions are that it shall be produced at a price that will bring it within the reach of the poor, and that it shall be pure. So far the production in America has done little or nothing toward curing drunkenness because these two conditions have not been complied with. Pure native wine is generally beyond the means of the masses, and it appears only on the tables of the wealthy, or in the sporadic orgies of the restaurant. The only region where wine may be said to be within the reach of the people is in California, where it is not sold pure, but is strengthened with alcoholic spirit in accordance with the requirements of the popular taste. This, in the beginning, is natural, for the palate accustomed to a fiery stimulant cannot at once accommodate itself to a mild beverage; but if the price can be kept down to what it has been, and doubtless is now, and the wine be given pure, the young inhabitants, at least, of that part of the country will probably show in their after life the happy influences which usually surround those who dwell in other lands of the grape-vine.

ALBERT RHODES.

LUCIA BERTONELLI

LUCIA BERTONELLI was a flower girl of Florence. She was not one of those common women who rush about with nosegays, or button-hole buds, and assault passers-by in the streets. She was a maker of artificial flowers, and took a rank as far above these others as an artist's above a gardener's daughter. She was conscious of this, and stood on her dignity. She had been brought up to do so. She lived with her mother, who was a dressmaker, and had once been well-to-do, but who now was separated from her husband and no longer very prosperous. Mme. Bertonelli was an energetic woman, with strong arms and a low forehead, who, beyond the knowledge of her craft, had only three ideas in her head: that she herself was respectable, that her daughter was ladylike, that her son-in-law should be rich.

The first two of these ideas were accomplished facts, and but for the foolishness of Lucia the last might have become so also. Lucia was very pretty, and very tender and quiet. She had a provoking face of the Lady Teazle pattern, and her hair grew naturally in that pile and fall of curls which Lady Teazle's wig attempts to imitate. When she powdered it white she looked like the loveliest Elmira shepherdess, but that her face was too good, being *spirituelle* as well as pretty, with a *retroussé* nose, firm chin, beautiful and large lips, and large, deep eyes, wide apart, with pure black lashes and brows. Her cheeks were always as white as her throat, from the hard life she led, for she was often obliged to get up at four in the morning to model moss roses or paint lilies before it was time to make beds and do the service of the house.

Foreign painters in Florence used to see her sometimes, and would generally become enthusiastic about her,

and try to induce her to sit as a model, for in her own peculiar type there was not a more beautiful or delicate head in Italy. Her hair alone would have rendered her famous in London or Paris. In Florence, however, it was the known correctness of her modest life that made her reputation, and not to destroy this she refused to become a model, although the money which she could have gained in this manner would have lifted a little the heavy burden of her life. Her days were all hard and her nights all short, yet no one who looked at her would ever have thought she did any work, or have believed how many roses she had made before those in her own face faded.

She was always prettily dressed. Her colors were only gray, and black, and white, but when she wore a little lace or velvet it was always good, and her mother, who made everything for her, put as much fashion and freshness into her dresses as if they had been for the best of her patronesses.

When Lucia was eighteen there came a time when no one could be found to buy enough dresses or artificial flowers, and there was danger and sadness over the two poor Bertonelli, for they were strangers in Florence. They had come there in flight from their native town, Turin, where Bertonelli, the husband and father, had lived. He had been a well-to-do shopman, but was a drinker and gambler, and worse, and when protested with about his way of seeking ruin, he replied that he was tired of his wife and daughter, and that they simply annoyed him. Having said this, he drove them out of his house with a whip in one hand and a knife in the other. Their places were already filled up, and they more than guessed his reason for getting rid of them, nor did they suppose that there was any dan-

ger of his becoming lonely in their absence. He was wicked. Husbands in Italy often are, but he was more wicked than many, and his sins were active, not passive. He committed them of his own free will, and spent all he had in the doing, receiving nothing. He felt himself far superior to some of his friends. When his wife and daughter ran away (what else could they do, when there only remained to them the choice between being whipped first and knifed afterward, or knifed first and whipped afterward?) he never sought them, and as no one sought him he became altogether lost; but it is probable that if he has not killed himself, he is now in rags selling cigar lights in the great Piazza of Turin.

Lucia and her mother chose Florence as their place of refuge when flying from their own home, because in Florence lived their only relative, Mme. Bertonelli's sister, who was also a married woman, good-natured, and not so very, very poor. She countenanced them, introduced them, and even helped them a little, but without spending much money; for this good lady was putting by a store, and like all people who save lived in perpetual fear of being ruined. She was not so much a stranger in Florence, for she had married there, which was a wonder. Middle-class Italians seldom marry from town to town, and change their residence very little. One arriving from a city fifty miles away is called a foreigner. When they do move, however, the Turinese go to Florence and the Florentines to Rome. Here, however, is the focus, and beneath it the current sets in the opposite direction, mounting from Naples to Rome and from below Naples to Naples. So when Lucia and her mother began to be in straits for employment, and also for food and money, they felt what it was to be away from their native place, and thought bitterly of the monster they had left there with the knife and whip.

Lucia now took occasion, during

the pressure of things in general, to confess that she had a lover. He was poor, yet he might help them if he were accepted. His name was Alberto.

Mother Bertonelli knew him, but she looked forward to better times, and forbade Lucia even to *think* of such a creature; for though Alberto was very young, and very ardent, and very good, and very beautiful, and everything that a lover ought to be, he was not everything that a son-in-law ought to be, for he had not a large fixed income or a lucrative employment. He was one of the many copiers in the Florentine galleries, but instead of cleaving to his work and acquiring skill in the mechanical repetition of Madonnas and such matters, he used to waste his time over original compositions of his own, for which, though they were nicely enough done, he found no sale whatsoever. He used to paint Lucia over and over again, as the Madame Pompadour, which was pretty, as a nun, which was pathetic, as Catherine de Medicis, which was absurd, and as the Bride of Abydos, which was imbecile. But Byron is popular in Italy.

Not for these evil deeds, but for the poverty they brought upon him, mother Bertonelli commanded that he should never be allowed to enter the house. She considered that this was sufficient. She would have exacted a promise from Lucia not to speak to him, but that she did not believe any one ever kept their promises, and besides she thought she looked after Lucia far too well to give her a chance of disobeying. In both these beliefs she was wrong. Lucia was a lonely girl, with no young friends to teach her the art of word-breaking, and she possessed many secret and exalted ideas of her own. There was a great deal that was sentimental in her character, but it suited her beauty, and there was a great deal that was hopeful and trusting, and it suited her quick smiles, delicate ways, and taste in her artistic industry; but there was

nothing about her common or profane, and in the point of keeping her word Lucia was to be trusted. But her mother had taken it for granted as a matter of course that she could not possibly be so, and neither tested her nor trusted her.

But to keep one's word when passed is a virtue toward oneself, and one that Lucia would have been proud of, while to give up one's true love at the tyrannous command of an unjust parent has always been considered by young people as rather shameful than otherwise. Lucia was not at all ready to do it. She was good to her mother, always smiled when she looked up at her, always helped her in anything she understood, and brought her all she gained by flower-making, in the confidence that she would receive as much of it for herself as could be spared from the common stock when the food and rent had been provided for. Her mother knew that she had a good daughter, and was, on the whole, a good mother to her, especially in the matter of dress. They got on well together, considering all things, and the only discord between them was about Lucia's lover, but this was never heard, for Lucia pretended submission, and Mme. Bertonelli, who easily believed that no one over whom she had power would dare to disobey her, was deceived.

The one place to which Lucia was allowed to go alone was the house of her aunt, and of course it was here that she used to meet her lover, and even sit to him to be painted, and have her face put into the costume of the Bride, or Catherine, whose figures would have been previously studied on the canvas from professional models.

Her aunt was entirely won over, and countenanced the young couple in the most unprincipled manner (for an aunt), even permitting the guilty pictures to hide under her bed, so that no one might ever find out how or where they had been painted. They were exhibited publicly afterward, but as neither Lucia nor her mother

attended art exhibitions, the pictures remained as securely hid when completed, and framed, and hung on the Academy walls as when still germinating under the aunt's bed.

This benevolent aunt had a little, or rather a big daughter, called Rosaura, who, being only twelve years old, was looked upon as a child, and ordered out of the room whenever she was in the way. Her jealousy and rage at this were excessive, for she had conceived a fancy for the handsome young Alberto, and from morning till night her constant meditations were on how to avenge herself and punish Lucia. At first she thought of betraying her to her mother, which would be a certain but unsatisfactory revenge. After long thought, however, she came to the conclusion that it would be better to cheat her out of Alberto first and betray her to her mother afterward.

Rosaura was a red-cheeked girl, with fine large lips and sulky brown eyes. She had strong passions of all kinds, and was herself strong enough to have knocked down Lucia if she had thought it would help her. The budding womanliness of her neck and arms gave her great pride and some hope of victory in rivalry.

She soon gave up staying in the painting room until she was ordered out of it, and took possession of the staircase as her own field of operation, preparing to carry on desultory warfare there, by which she hoped to weaken the enemy's forces and demoralize the ally before coming into open conflict.

At first she prospered. Every morning when she opened the door to him Alberto would offer some little mark of friendship in return for her quick welcome, and by putting up her face at the right moment she soon caused this to take the form of a kiss. Alberto looked on her as a mere child, and saw no harm in this. It was summer time, and she wore pretty little childish dresses with short sleeves. The simple kiss soon led to a little caress-

ing. The delight of this was so new and maddening to Rosaura that she would rush to her room and shut herself in when Alberto let her go, and it would be hours before she was ready to come out again without blushing, or could feel quite sure that she had got her childish expression of face firmly established again and fit for exhibition. Often during these solitary times she would suddenly remember in the midst of her dreamy joy that he who had caused it was now happy with her rival. At this thought she would tear her hair and beat herself, and be like a mad woman, so that many days passed before she got sufficient self-control not only to let Alberto into the house when he came, but out of it again when he was ready to go away. He thought her the most charming little girl, and enjoyed greeting her affectionately, with increasing warmth, and quite a free conscience. He even would let her detain him to play a little, for with Lucia he was so much in love that he scarcely dared to touch her, being very humble and afraid when alone with her, and a little play with pretty Rosaura would calm his nerves and help him to be more tranquil and assured in the presence of Catherine de Medicis or the Bride of Abydos. Often he said to himself, with his hand round the waist of Rosaura, gently stroking one soft arm, while she flung the other round his neck and leaned against him with half-closed eyes, "If it could only be so with Lucia!"

But it was not so at all with Lucia, for even when he took courage to advance she took fright and kept him at the same distance, and he felt that if she had rebuked him, he should have died. He turned cold at the mere thought. So for a long time the pictures made more progress than the lovers.

During the sittings, when they would be alone together, the unprincipled aunt used to be sewing at the window of another room above, and

it was arranged that if she saw any one coming, she was to stamp on the floor to give the alarm. It was not at all arranged, however, what was to be done should this alarm be given. Alberto would have some difficulty in hiding, like his pictures, under the aunt's bed, for the bedstead was a deep wooden one, and came to within four inches of the ground. There was no other hiding-place but a cupboard with shelves, where nothing more than two feet and a half long by nine inches high could be put without being taken to pieces, and it would not be surprising in case of danger if he should run in the general confusion and fright to hide in little Rosaura's room opposite, where no one would think of looking for him.

Curiously enough, no one discovered this except Rosaura herself. The others thought that forewarned must necessarily be forearmed, and that the power of taking alarm was itself a protection from all perils. So Catherine de Medicis was tranquil, and the Bride of Abydos feared nothing.

Things went on very quietly for a little while, but the quietness only iced over a dangerous stream beneath. The floods were loosened at last, and this was the manner of it:

Alberto being so respectful to Lucia when she was alone with him, and so ready to draw back, even when he began to grow more assured, if she gave the slightest frown or look of coldness, she began to feel at last that time was being wasted, and one day when his lips had been pressed on her hand with a kiss so gentle, so breathless a voice that she was unconscious of having been kissed at all, she said in a dignified manner, "Bacci pure," which would be faithfully translated by the words, "You are at liberty, sir, to go so far as a kiss."

Alberto was so stung by this result of his noble reticence that a scene of tenderness followed which would have made little Rosaura tear off her black hair and red cheeks for good and all, in one last convulsion of rage and

jealousy, if she could have known of it.

Fortunately she was already expecting Alberto to come out at any moment, and had planted herself on the stairs, a flight lower down, ready to receive her little parting caress. She waited for him that day longer than ever before, and when at last he *did* come he was in a mood far too exalted to touch any such common little thing as Rosaura. He went past her like a storm, burst open the door like a great wind, and departed like a whirlwind, leaving it open.

Rosaura rushed to her room as usual, but not for sweet feelings and thoughts. She went this time to give way to her rage, and did so, inflicting as much corporal punishment on herself, in her anger, as might have edified the whole of Florence had it been performed for the glory of Holy Church.

Finally she sobbed herself to sleep, aching with a good deal of miscellaneous pain—partly of the heart tortured by Alberto, and partly of the outer nerves, maltreated by herself. But all was put down to the account of the first offender and his love, and she resolved to have reparation from him and vengeance on her rival.

The next morning, when Alberto arrived, Rosaura presented herself as usual to admit him, though fully expecting to be insulted again. But whether from policy or a real consciousness of having slighted her, Alberto was even more tender than usual, and they began to mount the stairs together, with their arms round each other's waists, laughing and playing as they came. Still laughing, Rosaura led him to the door of her own room, as if by mistake, and even one step into the room itself. But at this moment he heard the handle turn of the door at the opposite side of the landing. He knew it was Lucia, but pretended to believe it was the aunt, and so disengaged himself from Rosaura, but only just in time. Lucia stood in the doorway, and almost saw

him with the child's arms round him. He, however, laughed all the more, and going straight up to his love took her in his arms with a merry kiss, and walked her back into the painting room before she had time to decide on the meaning of what she had so nearly discovered.

Rosaura, deserted in her moment of hope, sat down on her bed, pale with resolution. Her plan had already been decided and her plot laid. Lucia's mother was to come. Alberto was to hide in her room. She was to threaten him with discovery, and while he was soothing and beseeching her with tears and embraces, she was to push open the door with her foot, and be found. They would soon see whether she was as much a child as they supposed, and Lucia should think what she liked, which, as she would have no more Alberto, she would have plenty of time to do.

It was the first plot of the kind that Rosaura had ever made, and she thought it so good that there seemed no chance of failure. Lucia at this moment was troubled—almost suspicious. But Alberto was equal to the occasion, laughed at Rosaura as a child, and did not allow Lucia to be jealous. She tried to be cold and distant, but the day when a look would freeze him had passed. "Bacci pure," he said to himself, and when she drew away he saw that it was all acting, and caught her gently but strongly, and tamed her with the force of his hands, while she felt secretly delighted at his assumption and her own powerlessness.

But in the mean time Rosaura had slipped out to put her plans into execution. The lovers' battle was hardly over, and they had only just settled down quickly to painting, when, at the most silent and tranquil moment, when all the world seemed perfect and the hour promised to last for ever, three awful stamps were heard on the floor of the room up stairs.

Alberto and Lucia rushed to the window, and were just in time to see

Mme. Bertonelli, with an infuriated face, stride up to the house, and then Lucia, with a vague instinct for putting off the evil moment, sprang to the door and locked it.

Alberto looked round the room wildly; then at his picture; then at Lucia; then at the window again. He saw that nothing was to be done now but to face the situation bravely. He expected there would be a stormy scene, and as his painting was wet and easily spoiled, and might perhaps come in for the general vengeance likely to be wreaked on all within reach by the insulted mother, at that moment on the stairs, he took the canvas down from the easel, leaned it in a corner with its face to the wall, threw a cloak over it, and drew up a chair for extra protection.

He had scarcely done this when a terrible voice was heard outside the door calling, "Lucia! Lucia!" and a hand was laid upon the latch, that rattled as the teeth of the guilty rattle when the hand of injured justice lays hold of him.

"It is mamma," gasped Lucia. "What shall I do?"

"Let her come in," said Alberto in a firm voice.

"Oh, Alberto!" she whispered.

"Lucia! Lucia!" cried the voice of Injured Justice outside.

"Open the door, Lucia," said Alberto in a lordly manner, with an imperative gesture.

Lucia opened the door and stood for a moment. Her mother made one step into the room and snatched at her high pile of curls, arranged as usual *a la* Lady Teazle, for every one knows that the Bride of Abydos always wore them in that manner.

Lucia screamed and ran to Alberto, who, feeling as much a husband as if he had been Sir Peter, and as much a hero as the bridegroom of Abydos, enclosed her with one arm and held out the other in a threatening manner, not noticing that he was armed with a handful of oil-color brushes containing every mixture possible of sticky and

clotted pigments, brown, red, green, white, yellow, all ready to leave an indelible flourish on the person of whomsoever dared to approach.

He owed a moment of victory to this oversight. Mme. Bertonelli was determined to have her daughter in the end, and would have fought for her with any reasonable weapons, from finger-nails to stabbing-knives, but she was not prepared to return with her through Florence, bearing marks of Chinese white, and Indian red, and Mummy brown, and such unchristian and unsuitable war-paint.

She stopped a moment to gather up her fortitude. A new idea occurred to her, and she began—

"Where is my sister?"

Looking round, she discovered Rosaura, who happened to be flitting about near the door, and cried, "Go and bring your mother, child," turning suddenly upon her.

No one was very comfortable or happy at that moment of tumult and anxiety, but it is certain that when Rosaura received this order, and catching the eye of Alberto at the same moment, saw him smile and draw Lucia closer in, she then received an unkindlier cut than any that was given or taken in the whole battle.

While the aunt shuffled down, Mme. Bertonelli poured out her indignation on Lucia. There was no reproach that she did not heap upon her. She even went into the past, and accused her of all the faults that could be remembered or imagined, the worst being that of having deceived her before (she had no doubt) with other men than Alberto, without being discovered. This was a very injurious kind of accusation, for it included in its form a complete immunity from the obligation to bring any evidence to support it.

Lucia, who at this point could bear no more, darted from the arms of Alberto, and stood trembling and panting. She could only say, "It is a lie! it is a lie! it is a lie!" for her lips were parched and the words of her

own justification seemed to choke her, like the hand of an invisible enemy.

"How, miserable!" cried Mme. Bertonelli, going to strike her.

But Alberto and his brushes were again between them, and he twisted Lucia round under one arm, and held her there out of harm's way.

Rosaura, for whom everything had happened far too rapidly, and who saw that the best part of her plan had failed, was by the door again, sobbing and tearing her hair.

The aunt came in, and though she was a very mild, feeble, shapeless old thing, who had changed from a fine woman of thirty to a bundle with a voice at one end and slippers at the other, since the birth of Rosaura, yet now that she heard such a commotion, and at the same time saw her darling in such grief, she took it for granted that Mme. Bertonelli had been beating her. She became transformed at once into a tigress, and dashing at her sister began, "*Disgraziata!*" ("wretch!") which is the most awful of words in Italian, and (in the masculine) causes fathers and sons to part for life if they exchange it in anger. From this beginning the wild aunt went on to such a torrent of invective and reproach on the disturber of her peaceful household, that for a while it seemed as if the side of the besieged would triumph.

But strong Mme. Bertonelli soon recovered, and the explanation between the sisters became so warm that one of them took up a piece of wood belonging to Alberto's easel, and was going to emphasize her argument with it, in the Irish manner, on the head of the other. Alberto was obliged to put down Lucia and come between them.

Then came a change. The good aunt suddenly dropped into a chair, burst into tears, began to praise Alberto, and sue for the lovers, and beg pardon for all, and went into the depths of humility and coaxing in a single instant. But Injured Justice would neither be beaten nor begged off.

"Lucia," said her mother sternly, when quiet was restored, "come home with me." She held out her hand.

"Lucia," said Alberto, as she began meekly to obey, "stay with me."

"Very well," said Injured Justice; "give me two hundred francs to show that your intentions are honorable, and she shall stay."

Such an opportunity for buying off the sword and filling up the scales made the eyes of Alberto to flash with joy and the heart of Alberto to bound with hope; but he had no money. He turned to the aunt and said, "*Cara signora*, lend me two hundred francs till to-morrow."

"I have not a scudo in the house," wept the aunt. "I have only enough to live."

At this answer, though the grief of the others increased, the tears of Rosaura began to diminish. Mme. Bertonelli, with a severe smile, said once more:

"Lucia, come."

"Are you going?" cried Alberto in agony.

"What would you have?" (*che volete?*) answered Lucia, using one of the two national phrases inevitably on the lips of all Italians in a difficulty. Then, going on to the other, she added, "*Pazienza!*"

She then slowly went to her mother and gave her hand. Mme. Bertonelli took it, as the statue of the *Comendatore* takes that of Don Giovanni in the last scene. The aunt still wept, but did not interfere, and Rosaura this time opened the door for the loved one instead of the lover. But Lucia detected her expression of hate and triumph as she passed, and suddenly calling up the remains of her strength, turned round and said in a clear voice—

"Alberto, it is Rosaura!"

Rosaura screamed and dashed at her, but Alberto was not far off, and at that moment she felt his fingers close round her arm not quite so tenderly as they had an hour before. He held

her till Lucia was gone, and the door closed.

"Oh, Alberto!" cried Rosaura, kissing his cruel hand and weeping on it, "*I* would not have left you like that. She does not love you, Alberto. I love you. I have always loved you."

If these words had been spoken to free her from his grasp, they succeeded. He dropped her arm as if it had been a snake, and rushed out of the house.

II.

LUCIA's hand was not released by her captor until she was fairly at home and the door locked. Then her mother, who had not spoken a word during the whole journey, set her free, and set free her own rage again at the same time.

It was for this then that she had sat up all night to toil and labor and make the prettiest dresses in Florence for her girl when they had scarcely bread in the house! It was for this that she had been the best, the tenderest mother; had protected her from her father at home; had never even thought of deserting her in exile, when *she* (Madame herself) had been young and handsome enough to have done a good thing (from a strictly monetary point of view) if she had been alone! This was Lucia's obedience! This was her truthfulness, after she had promised never to speak to that miserable—imbecile—that starving—that ugly—that——

"I never promised," cried Lucia. "I am not one who says one thing and does another. How dare you!"

Her infuriated mother seized her now by the thick pile of curls, there being no defender near, and pulled her down. Then, intoxicated with rage and the passion of inflicting pain, she dragged her on the floor, stopping her cries by fiercely jerking her head from side to side, till poor Lucia held her throat in agony with both hands, and gave herself up for lost.

"Now then," said Mme. Bertonelli, setting her upright on a chair, and going for a stick—"now then, will you say that again?"

She sincerely wished that Lucia only would do so, that she might dash at her with a hundred blows. But Lucia was too choked and giddy to say anything, and all her head felt as if it had been torn to pieces. She only paused and sobbed. Now, however anxious her mother was to lose no time about beginning with the stick, pausing and sobs were hardly enough to give her the necessary invitation and stimulant to do so.

"Promise me then at once," she shouted, "that you will never speak to him again."

If Lucia would only make the least shade of denial, this would be provocation enough; but she was too nearly fainting to speak at all, not being made of such strong fibre as the daughter of her mother ought to have been.

To her own disgust, Mme. Bertonelli felt all her cruelty cooling and escaping from her. Every moment it was becoming weaker. She sat, breathless, waiting for a rebellious movement. Suddenly Lucia changed position. The stick went up; but the next moment it was flung to the other end of the room, and the tyrant was down on her knees, holding her victim, and kissing and crying over her; for Lucia had fainted at last, and it was not at all clear whether she would ever come round again.

When she opened her eyes she did not remember distinctly what had happened, or why she was there with her mother crying over her. Then part of the past came back to her mind, and she shivered and tried to draw away. "No! no! no!" cried her mother, drawing her closer and covering her with kisses.

"What do you want of me?" said Lucia as soon as she could speak.

"Only to live! only to live!" answered her mother, sobbing.

But when it seemed certain that

this would happen of itself, then Mme. Bertonelli remembered, even through her tears, the important piece of business which lay beneath all these temporary bursts of excitement. The indignation of Lucia when accused of breaking her promise had been a new light to her mother, who now besought her again to promise, not to provoke a refusal this time, but with the desire of getting what she asked for.

For a long time, and through a great deal of persuasion, which her mother now used urgently, seeing that force had failed, Lucia resisted, but at last she was overcome, the pledge exacted from her being reduced to this, that she would not speak to Alberto again until he could afford to marry and support her. Then she gave her word, hoping that by the sale of her flowers, and the patronage she would coax out of her customers for Alberto, the good time might soon come. She said, in the mean time, to herself, "*Pazienza!*"

Of course she was no longer allowed to go to the house of her aunt, but she contrived to write her a letter, and have it delivered, in which she told of what partial consent had been obtained from her mother, forgot to put in anything about the hair and the stick, but reported the tears and beseechings in full. She ended with a solemn promise to be faithful to Alberto. She could not break her word to her mother, but neither would she to him. Let him but work when he got a chance, and be as true as she would be, and then all would be well in time. *Pazienza*. Such was the substance of the letter.

After this there was one line at the end—

"Beware of Rosaura."

Alberto submitted to his fate, but kept his love nourished at the same time. He took many opportunities of meeting Lucia in the street, and the answer to her letter was always in his face. Sometimes he would show a corner of the letter itself peeping

from his breast. He would turn as pale as the paper when he saw her, but they never spoke.

A year passed without bringing them nearer to each other, though Alberto got more work and had escaped from absolute debt and hunger. Lucia worked herself to death, and was visibly fading.

Alberto noticed this with increasing anxiety and dread. At last he roused her aunt to see it also. She could not deny it, and took the most hopeless view at once. Then her remorse was terrible, for she felt that in having been only half a friend to the lovers she had been their worst enemy, and if anything happened to Lucia, it might be laid at her door. Besides this she loved her niece, and to see her fading away, and to know how she worked and suffered, was beyond all bearing. So one day she confessed in secret to Alberto that money was strong, but death was stronger, and that she could no longer keep in the truth, for it was as much as her salvation was worth to let Lucia die before her eyes. Then she opened a secret hiding-place and showed him her treasures.

Fortunately Rosaura was not present, nor did she know whether she herself might not be the subject of the long and whispered discourse which was going on in her mother's room. She would never have believed her own mother could have forgotten her, nor had she; and the remembrance made the poor woman feel so like a thief, though she was stealing her own money, that she exacted a promise of the utmost secrecy from Alberto. Even Lucia was never to know where the money came from, or somehow or other Rosaura would be sure to find it out, and then there was nothing she would not be capable of doing.

So Alberto suddenly became prosperous, no one knew how. Mme. Bertonelli was appeased, and poor pale Lucia became a bride of Florence.

After this she was happy. Even

she had a few months of life, a short time for love and rest. Alberto was all hers, and the privation of the past was forgotten, while the future seemed pleasant and far away. It was well that they enjoyed the present moment while it was bright. The darkness came again soon enough.

Rosaura suspected something. Her mother was too much interested in the whole affair, and showed too much emotion at some times and too much knowing indifference at others. So Rosaura set herself to watch, but for months she lay in wait night and day without discovering anything. Still she never lost her conviction that there was a mystery which was being kept from her, but which it was her business to discover. The young couple continued in the mean time to be happy. They even became more and more so. A child was going to be born. Lucia was the centre of all interest. No one noticed Rosaura. Lucia was promised a splendid Florentine brooch if the child turned out a boy. Every one tried to keep her hopes up. Her aunt paid endless visits, and Alberto never left her for an hour.

Her aunt, in fact, feeling a sort of proprietorship in the whole affair, became so excited, and went to and fro so much, that at last she made herself rather ill and a great deal frightened. Her illness even increased a little, and her fright increased very much. At last she became in such terror that she thought it was a judgment, and sending for her spiritual director, confessed to him that she had taken half the money that she had put aside for her daughter's dowry, and given it to the lover of her niece.

While this confession was being made with locked doors, Rosaura was out in the passage, lying on her face, with her ear at the chink beneath the wood, while tears of rage fell from her eyes. She held herself from sobbing with all her force, and made no sound. She scarcely even breathed, but as soon as she had heard all that

she needed she ran off more swiftly to find Lucia than she had run once before to find Lucia's mother. That time her errand had only half succeeded. This time, as revenge was all she wanted, and she had no hope of obtaining anything for herself, she counted on complete success.

She found Lucia sitting, leaning back in an arm chair, watching her husband, who was painting near the window, and as she looked at him in silence, soft tears of love and weakness were flowing from her eyes and being stealthily wiped away.

Rosaura rushed in before she had at all decided what she should do for the vengeance which she meant to take. She trusted to the inspiration of the moment, but a general idea buzzed in her head that to reproach Lucia would only be half enough. She must make her think Alberto had been unfaithful as well.

The moment they saw her face they knew that some misfortune was going to come upon them again. Lucia became paler than before, and Alberto rose up with a troubled look.

"What have you come for?" he said.

"I have come for my money!" burst out Rosaura, as the words suddenly occurred to her. "I know it all now. You miserable! You my *cavalliero*! Now what will you say? I was a child, perhaps, and my mother was a fool, and so" (here she turned on Lucia), "you must come pretending to die, and making her give you my money that you might buy my Alberto with it."

At this they both broke in, but she went on loudly to Alberto:

"Yes, yes, you know you were bought. You know when you used to come pretending to paint her, it was to see me. How many times have you waited with me on the stairs, and then gone up at last lest she should find out that we were making fun of her? There was very little talk of love inside *that* room. You were very respectful and humble to her, were you

not? Too respectful to touch her, while I was alone in my room feeling fifty kisses—dear, passionate kisses—on my face, my neck, my arms! No wonder when you left me you were respectful to her. What do you say? Can you deny this?"

Alberto was pale. He bit his lip.

"Tell him to deny it!" said Rosaura.

Lucia turned to him with a look. He tried to speak, but could not. His anxiety for her, and his sense that he was in a net, and that if her love and faith in him were shaken now, it might cost him her life and the life of his child, took away from him all power of decision or action. His memory told him that he could not deny all that Rosaura had said, and his fears whispered that she would not allow him to deny any of it. Perhaps she had busily spread the tale elsewhere, and Lucia would never believe in him freely again. He looked at Rosaura, fascinated with terror. He felt that his wife's life was in her hands, and he saw that she was come for revenge, and would stop at nothing. He knew too that he had not understood her. She had loved him—then he had no mercy to expect from her now.

"Tell him to deny it," she repeated. "He cannot deny it. If he could, would he stand there and suffer me? What keeps him silent? Guilt! guilt!"

As she spoke she saw a strange look of terror in his face and the same reflected in Lucia's. She held them both under her feet. She exulted in her triumph, and went on with more bitterness every moment.

"So they bought you, my poor Alberto. They came and took my money, and bought you. But they could not keep you. You were not cold and unfaithful to me for long, and even then you never knew. You had no hand in the thieving. You were never even told that it was mine that they stole, or you never would have made that wretched marriage which you told me since was worse than the starving that made you con-

sent to it. I pity you, Alberto *mio*, but that thing shall know her bargain. Of course you told her you were faithful to her. A gallant man could do no less, when he had once sold himself. But of course now you are a great artist I am to have my money again. They only borrowed it, you know. You cannot pay me? Well, I am easily pleased. You always found me only too easy to please, even when I had to share you. Just kiss me once as you used to, and I will go away now, and not trouble you again until you come to me. But come soon, dear. One kiss!"

She began to go nearer to him as she spoke, putting up her face in the old way. Alberto felt that all was lost. He moved toward her. His lips were blue, his eyes clouded and sunk, his hands trembled. He had resolved to kill her.

Lucia thought he was obeying her. She leaped up and tried to run between them, forgetting her own state. Then she uttered a cry and fell down.

That night her child was born.

For four days after she lay perfectly still and tranquil. She had peace again, and faith in Alberto. She never, never doubted him after the first moment. It was she who when they were parted long ago had discovered that "It was Rosaura," and now she resolutely put away from her mind all that had been said of him, only remembering that as before "It was Rosaura."

At the beginning of the fourth day she was ill, but in the afternoon she felt better. She did not know what was the matter with her. After the great day was over, she thought that all danger had gone with it. She had been ill, of course; she had expected to be ill, she did not know how badly, nor for how long. Every thought but love of Alberto and hope in life was banished from her mind.

Now she felt a little better. Those about her knew that she must die, but no one had the heart to tell her. Rosaura was sent for the priest. She

went in a deadly fright, feeling the beginning of a terror, a sick horror of herself that never left her all her life after, when she remembered this time. The poor, timid aunt was there, being frightened out of her own illness by the more real danger of Lucia. Her only thought was that the priest must come quickly.

But after he had been sent for Lucia sat up in bed and seemed recovering. She made them bring the child, which was a boy, as she had so much hoped, and for a while she remained gently holding him and wondering over him. Then she reminded them of the Florentine brooch that had been promised her, but begged instead that it might be changed into brave clothes for the boy as soon as he should be old enough to leave off the swathing bands. They promised this sadly enough. Her aunt was obliged to go away suddenly. She could not restrain her crying. Alberto took her away. He still refused to despair, and said that if they did not frighten Lucia, all might yet be well.

After a while she said she was tired, and gave up the child, and lay down. A change began and came over her face. Alberto watched her, and felt the cold creep to his heart.

In the intense silence of the room they heard far off the bell that they ring, and the heavy chanting of the psalms that are sung when the priest brings the sacrament through the streets to a house of death. The sounds grew louder. The procession was coming to the very door.

Lucia heard it, but for a while lay listening quietly, not seeming to know what it meant. Suddenly she started up in bed. She looked at them all, turning from face to face to beg one to deny her fear. Only Alberto dared to meet her look, and in his face she saw only the certainty of her death.

"*I am to die!*" she cried, and fell back in the bed. They gathered round her, but she turned away from them.

From this moment she never turned back. When her aunt's and mother's crying burst out too loud, she only said, "*Go away, go away,*" as a tired child does to those who disturb it with compassion that brings no rest.

When the priest came she was silent. For some time a shrinking movement of the shoulder, away from him, was the only sign of life that she gave. Finding his words of no use, he laid his hand on her. She was still. They turned her round, and she was dead.

EDWIN ELLIS.

AFTER THE FALL.

O PERFECT fruit! Thy purple wine of bliss
Through all my being thrills in ecstasy;
The while I gather from forbidden tree
The whole world's sweetness, folded in one kiss.
With heart and eyes unsealed, I may not miss
One breath of rapture I have won from thee,
Nor yet thy crimson bloom that crowneth me.
Ah! what were all the world worth, wanting this?
"*Whoso doth eat thereof shall surely die!*"
Amen! I would not all too lightly buy
My treasure held so dear. This tremulous breath
Turns not the scale. I count it glorious gain
To purchase sweetest joy with bitterest pain,
My one glad hour of Life and Love, with Death!

S. M. SPALDING.

VENICE.

WHAT a rich legacy of historical recollections time has bequeathed to Venice! In the woof of her history sparkle noble deeds, grand aspirations after freedom, and a never ceasing defiance to that encroaching hierarchy which aimed at trampling all Europe under its feet. What a daring idea it was in the ancient Venetians, chased by their enemies the Huns in the fifth century, to refuge themselves on these islands in the sea, protected by it against their hereditary foes! With indomitable courage they combatted with the ocean, wresting from it inch by inch its territory, and extending industry, commerce, and civilization.

There are few cities that have illustrated and adorned as Venice the history of the middle ages. This epoch of transition for most nations was for Venice the period of her highest grandeur, when like a beacon light she illumined Europe with her art and civilization.

It remains a city for ever unique, to which no pen can do justice; scarcely even any pencil, except that old one of Claude Lorraine. The foundations of its houses are hidden in the waves, and when one reflects that many of its lovely palaces repose on foundations artificially built up from the bottom of the sea, and which extend as many feet below the water as the superstructure rises above, and have been far more difficult and costly to rear, one is filled with amazement. I have never been able to divest myself of the idea that Venice is unreal and shadowy, a mirage, a dream, a story out of the "Arabian Nights," told in stone. Many moonlight evenings, when sitting in St. Mark's place with the intensely blue sky above, and the fairy cathedral, with its delicate minarets, in relief against it, with its glittering shops, decorated with the spoils of the

ocean, and with miracles of glass, resembling soap-bubbles in prismatic texture, and jewelled goblets so light that a ghost might lift them—the very marvel and poetry of glass, from fabrics as old as the republic—with its troops of Venetian women in veils, looking as if they had walked out of antique picture frames, all seemed unreal, and I half expected to see a dragon appear with scaly sides, and shining eyes, like the one in the fairy ballet of "Fantasca."

This antique forum, St. Mark's, was once the kitchen garden of the monks of St. Lyaccaria. A canal ran through the centre, and on one bank was located the first church. In the twelfth century the canal was dried up, and later the place was the scene of the most splendid processions. On the Campanile, in remote times, to a beam was attached a cage in which were shut up sacerdotess convicted of grave sins, and also women, but this was abolished in 1518. On the giant staircase in the mystic ducal palace, on the first story rotunda, were crowned the Doges of the republic. After hearing mass in St. Mark's, they performed the promenade of the piazza carried by the Arsenalotti. In 1414 Thomas Mocenigo, elected Doge, fearing a revolt of the people hostile to his nomination, threw them money on his promenade. From this time that part of the ceremony was maintained. A Doge having established that the money remaining in the plate should be distributed among the Arsenalotti, caused curious scenes. In order that the sum should remain as large as possible, the carriers transported their august burden with such rapidity that in the last century the chair made the entire circuit of the piazza in four minutes.

St. Mark's piazza is now, as in olden days, a place of rendezvous for citizens and strangers at the end of the

day. From the royal palace bordering it on one side Manin spoke to the people, who adored him. Here Francis Joseph, on his last visit, saw the illumination in his honor. That evening there were no spectators, and he must have realized that the attempt of more than half a century to turn into Austrian what was Italian was a failure. It was here Victor Emanuel on his triumphal entry the 6th of September, 1866, saw thousands of applauding citizens. What memories, and how diverse! In the Giardini Reali adjoining one is as glad to see the green trees and flowers as a man returned from a long voyage not always a garden; it is devoted to granaries, and became workshops, fabricated in the service of the army, and were for the music, of fashion, and of prison-clothes. On this magnificent island that Titian and Paul Veronese saw in imagination those wonderful pictures which later became reality. Here Byron wrote some of his best poems, and many still remember George Sand, who often sat with her cigar on the marble benches, finding, perhaps, her finest inspirations in the charming view before her. Opposite is St. George's, the fairy island, where banished cardinals proclaimed a banished pope, and the church of the Salute, erected in gratitude for the disappearance of the pest. Near by, southeast of the cathedral, is the Pietro del Bando, from which were proclaimed the laws of the republic, and two columns of granite, brought from the archipelago by the Doge Michel, in 1127. The Venetians congregated the trophies taken from their vanquished enemies on the Piazzetta, and many of them decorate St. Mark's. The incongruity of the spoils brought from the East, which adorn the city, occasioned a romancer to say that "Venice resembled a pirate retired

from affairs." That arch thief Napoleon carried many of their finest works of art to Paris, which were later returned.

Let us imagine a day on the Riva degli Schiavoni, in the glorious days when Venice was the centre of art and civilization. Anchored along the coast were barques of strange shapes from whose masts floated the flags of many nations. Some were Venetian, departing for foreign climes laden with silks and velvets of unrivalled beauty, and cloths of gold, the product of the looms. Others had brought pearls, and rich jewels, to contribute to the voluptuous nobles. The women, with pearl emeralds, and sleeves sweeping the ground, ranged in their balconies and sought with eager eyes the returning ships of their lords, which would bring to them still rarer jewels to deck the locks of tawny gold which Titian loved and painted. The gondolas, decked with gay and glittering colors, with coats of arms blazoned on their tiny pennants, propelled by oarsmen in rich liveries, with one leg and half of the person in one color and the other in a contrasting tint, darted up and down the canals. Inside, noble cavaliers and dames in gorgeous costumes, with ruffles of rare old Venetian point, exchanged salutations. Only the memory of these golden days remains to us. The life and bustle of yore are no more. The bronzed gondolier, in simple garb, stretches himself face downward in the sun, or watches for strangers, come to gaze on the beauty of this seaweed-crowned jewel of the ocean.

The doves of Venice are still revered and idolized in memory of the olden time, when Dandolo received from their ancestors despatches enabling him to finish successfully the siege of Candia. During the besiegement of the Queen of the Adriatic, in 1849, by the Austrians under Radetzky, Venice, more famished than Paris during the late war, would not suffer any one to

touch the doves of St. Mark's. Grain was scarce; the inhabitants disputed for morsels of bread, but not a single day were the pigeons deprived of their food. Venice, dying of hunger, threw to the loved birds the last remnant of her grain. It is believed by the superstitious that they fly around the city three times in honor of the Trinity, and that while they are domiciled there Venice will not be swallowed up by the waves. They are protected by law, and any one found maltreating a pigeon is fined if it be a first offence, but if an old offender, is sent to prison. The dustman who sweeps St. Mark's place daily is on very friendly terms with the doves, who fly to him as soon as he appears, and even quarrel for places on the handle of his dustcart, on which, being polished and slippery, they present a ridiculous spectacle, sliding down backward. One which is lame limps hastily to meet him, flying affectionately to his arm. He never fails to draw from his bosom a morsel of bread, which he divides, with many caresses and kind words, among his feathered friends. It is a favorite reward to good children in Venice to be permitted to feed the doves of St. Mark's, who flock about them without fear, receiving food from their hands.

In Venice there are perhaps greater facilities for keeping house easily, and with a moderate expenditure, than in any other city in Europe. An unfurnished floor, consisting of six rooms, may be hired between St. Apostoli and the Merceria for twenty francs per month; near to St. Mark's place, the centre of Venetian life and gayety, for between twenty and forty francs. A small palace on the Grand canal may be obtained for ninety francs and upward per month. A house in Venice consists of a floor, completely separate from the story above and below, each residence having its private entrance from the ground floor. The first story is occupied by cellars or shops. The Venetians appear to have so little confidence in their security at night that

they redouble precautions. The lower stories have windows barred with iron, and the outside doors of the shops have sometimes seven or eight locks, some of peculiar and extraordinary workmanship. The porter, laden with keys, who opens the doors in the morning, reminds one of the jailor of a prison.

When a stranger rings at the door, which is provided with numbered bells for the different floors, he hears from apparently celestial regions, "*Chi c'è*" in answer to his summons, and upon looking upward perceives a servant or member of the family at an upper window. If the person sought be at home, the street door is opened by a mechanical apparatus, but if absent, a basket is lowered by a string, in which the caller deposits his card or the shop boy his package. In this way one is saved some fatigue, and pertinacious beggars do not gain admittance.

The upper windows have small stone balconies, where the Venetian ladies sit. Custom does not permit them to go out alone, but the balconies are in some sort a compensation, where they appear in charming toilets. Many a glance is thrown upward by gay cavaliers, who pass beneath, and murmur, "*Ah, che bella,*" for many of the young Venetians think that life has no mission but love and amusement.

Venetian houses are usually provided with stoves of plaster, colored and decorated to correspond with the walls; but they are rarely used by the inhabitants, who regard them as unhealthy. The kitchen fireplace is simply an elevated table of stone, upon which a fire is made of wood. There are also small openings for charcoal.

Wood is not very dear in Venice; it is brought from Dalmatia, and is sold in small bundles at one cent each, and five or six bundles suffice to warm a room sufficiently for half a day. The Venetians prefer, however, a *scaldini*, a small pot of glazed earthenware, with a handle, containing hot ashes and a few bits of ignited charcoal, serving only to warm the feet and

hands. The climate of Venice is not severe; the mercury never sinks below 13 deg. Fahr. above zero, and rarely reaches 97 deg. in summer.

Upon the lovely marble floors, which are kept polished with oil, is laid during the cold weather a thick and soft straw matting.

Men servants of all work are preferred to women, and receive fifteen francs per month, including meals. A good female servant demands from twenty to twenty-five francs per month. The linen is sent to be cleaned to a neighboring village, and is returned unironed.

At the fruit shops in Venice can be bought daily boiled potatoes at three cents per kilo,* and cooked beans at six and a half cents per kilo, and other vegetables in the season. There are also small fish shops, entirely open on one side, where fish are most perfectly and scientifically cooked. The scene inside is characteristic. The cook, wearing a large white-belted apron, and an immaculate cap of starched linen, flourishes a long tin spatula, with which he dips up his wares from a cauldron of hissing oil. On all sides he is surrounded with heaps of the curious inhabitants of the sea. On a bench are usually three or four hungry gondoliers, who hold a piece of polenta in one hand and a fish in the other. For a couple of cents one can buy fish or crabs sufficient for one person. At these shops polenta, a principal article of diet of most Venetian families, can always be procured warm at three to four cents per kilo. It is made of Indian meal and water, and passers-by may witness the process of making it. An enormous kettle is placed over a furnace, and the ingredients constantly stirred in it by the cook, with a huge mace, resembling the club of Hercules. When sufficiently cooked, it is turned on to a clean linen cloth, a large cake of more than half a yard in diameter and thickness. Wrapped in the linen, it retains its warmth several hours, and is the fa-

vorite food of the lower classes, and any rise in its price is sure to cause great murmuring and discontent. There are also shops where roasted poultry is exposed for sale, and others where boiled ham, tongue, and sausages may be obtained. One may send out a servant and provide all the accessories of a dinner, ready cooked, at less expense than they can be prepared at home, and all Venetian families depend on buying their vegetables in this way. Excellent French bread may be had at fourteen cents per kilo, and the most healthy wine of Lombardy, Barbera Amaro, for fifteen cents per litre.

The narrow streets of Venice, and especially the campos or squares, are traversed by street merchants who carry about fruit, fish, and baked pumpkins. These are simply cut in half, and baked over a slow fire. A vender of this comestible enters a campo, bearing a small table, upon which he places the smoking pumpkin, and proceeds to inform the inhabitants of the vicinity of his arrival, crying in a stentorian voice, "Zucca barucca. Oh, ma cosi buono, caldo, é dolce!"

Into the campos come frequently wandering musicians, who sing the most passionate love ditties and operatic airs. The popular Italian music of the day is not that of the head, nor yet of the heart, but the voluptuous music of the senses, sung with exaggerated emphasis. The Venetians living on top stories frequently lower a basket and draw up the purchases made of venders, or letters brought by the postman. It is amusing to see people bargaining out of the window, and trying to cheapen the wares of the merchant, who always demands more than their value.

The *Fraté dé Redentore* (Brothers of the Redeemer), an order of monks, who take the vow of poverty, traverse the city daily, provided with a sack, and beg for wine, bread, and woollen cloth. They regard anxiously every window, and often receive donations

* A kilogramme = 2 1-5 English pounds.

lowered in a basket. They eat no bread except that given them, but are provided with meat by their convent. One goes about in a gondola and begs wood, receiving sometimes only a single stick from a family. They wear a coarse, brown woollen robe, with a capuchin tied with a rope around the waist. They devote themselves to instructing poor children, and look very forlorn and miserable, presenting a contrast to the rich prelates who officiate at St. Mark's cathedral.

The water of St. Mark's, the only healthy water in the city, is carried about by women wearing a distinctive dress, consisting of a rather short skirt, a bodice with linen sleeves, and a gay kerchief on the shoulders. A round felt hat, with a bunch of flowers, completes the costume. Two brass kettles are carried on the ends of a flat piece of wood, curved like a bow, which is balanced on one shoulder. In one hand the water carrier holds a rope to lower her kettles into the well, and with the other she gracefully raises her robe. The charge is one cent for carrying two kettles of water to the door of a dwelling.

The men who sell water by the glass are one of the distinctive features of Venice. From early morn till midnight one hears their cry, "Acqua, acqua fresca." They carry a large water bottle strapped to the shoulders, and in one hand a low stand, with openings for glasses, and bottles of extracts to flavor the water. They earn from two to three francs per day, demanding only one to two centimes a glass.

One of the most picturesque scenes in Venice is on Friday, at the *pescheria*, or fish market, and the fish are, from the loveliness and brilliancy of their tints, as curiously beautiful as everything else in this bewildering city. Here are baskets of glittering silver fish, and deep rose-colored ones with silver spots; others of arsenic green and white, and heaps of little scarlet crabs, and blue lobsters, which move their restless claws, as if long-

ing to revenge their destiny by a cruel pinch. Most conspicuous are the great tonere fish, more than a yard in length, and curious polypus, a species of nautilus, together with tubs of shrimps, seeming to be mostly eyes. The fishermen wear wooden slippers with toes only, and heavy brown stockings reaching to the knee, and occasionally scarlet caps, which well become their bronzed faces.

The Venetians are especially fond of open air life, and with reason, for the exquisitely tinted skies and perfect architecture of Venice lend to it a peculiar charm, and the interior of many of the houses is damp and dark.

At dusk in summer nearly every one repairs to St. Mark's place. A gayer scene than it presents when the band plays it is impossible to imagine. The three great flagstuffs from which wave the national colors give it a fête day aspect. The entire square is then thronged with promenaders. The porphyry lions at the side of the cathedral, showing in their seamed faces the wear of centuries, are then seldom without a freight of juveniles. Mingling with the throng of beautiful dames, one sees strangers from all countries, and in holiday garb, the sailors of many nations, especially those of Italy, the neatest and most tastefully attired seamen in the world. They wear white pants, with blue flannel shirts of a peculiarly graceful shape, with large collars fastened with a knot of black silk, exposing finely formed throats. A small hat, with a broad turned up brim, is placed jauntily on the head. They are very handsome men, fit sailors for the dreamy Adriatic. Sitting outside of the cafés are officers of the various regiments, with the Apollo Belvidere-like proportions for which many of the Italians are remarkable, recalling the old Greek type. Wandering about are *carabinieri*, officers of public security, decidedly ornamental in blue uniforms, with dress coats trimmed with silver lace, and tri-colored hats with brilliant feathers.

The mole is filled with people as soon as the fervor of the sun has diminished, and all night long there are joyous promenaders who laugh and sing, and there is rarely quiet before daybreak. In the canals one sees brawny figures taking their evening bath, and plunging from the parapets of the bridges into the water, quite unconstrainedly, and with indifference as to who assists at the spectacle, and boys at dusk proceed through the street *en chemise*, to bathe in the nearest canal.

The inhabitants are very proud of their city, and their discourse is often amusing to a stranger. Happening one day to buy some fruit from a boy who kept a stand in one of the campos, the following conversation took place:

"Are you here for the baths, stranger?"

"Not especially. Are the baths dear?"

"It isn't dear there," jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the canal. "I go there. And what do you think of Venice, tell me, you who have travelled in other countries? Is there anything so beautiful? The Italian cities are the finest in the world, but there are none equal to Venice."

I assented warmly, and he continued, pointing to his face, "How do you like the Venetian physiognomy? We are said to be the handsomest of all the Italians. Tell me, stranger, what do you think of our girls? Are there any to equal them in the world?"

I replied that they were at least unequalled for grace.

The fair Venetians are still as remarkable for the richness and beauty of their toilets as when Byron wrote, Her daughters had their dowers from spoils of nations,

and they are as original as all else in this strange city. The costumes worn in St. Mark's square summer evenings and fête days resemble more ball than street toilets, and the hair is disposed with a style and originality far sur-

passing any French modes. In the hair behind is a large shell comb, the top several inches in height, and in front of it a thick braid of hair. Over the whole is thrown a rich lace veil or shawl. The effect is charming, and it has been the fashion in Venice perhaps since the days of the republic. A great deal of false hair is worn by all classes of Venetians, and it is remarkably cheap in Venice. One readily suspects the cause: the dead are conveyed in a gondola to the cemetery on the neighboring island of St. Michele, in charge only of domestics. A sexton on this island was lately arrested on a charge of robbing the dead of their hair, and an examination of his premises disclosed enormous quantities.

The Venetian women are extremely graceful, and have a preference for bright and glowing colors. Like the French, they are always well gloved, and wear handsome shoes. Their elegant toilets, however, are often too costly for the purses of the wearers, who for this reason are always in more or less pecuniary difficulty. Many of these elegant dresses are deposited at the Mont di Piété for several months, until the owners can repay the sum loaned upon them, which is three-fourths of the value, at one half per cent. if redeemed at the end of a month. The persons to whom they belong hire them for a fête day, for a trifle, returning them the next day. Some of the prettiest toilets one sees on Sunday are thus hired by their owners on Saturday and returned on Monday. One speaks familiarly in Venice of "going to the palace," which is an equivalent of the Parisian expression "*chez mon oncle*," the palace being the pawnbroker's, which in France, Germany, and Italy is a government institution, admirably managed, and where no advantage is taken of the necessities of the borrower.

The Venetians are not a handsome race, but are especially remarkable for the smallness of both hands and feet. The former have a refined and nervous

beauty quite unknown in other countries. It is the highest type of a hand, and they converse with fingers as well as with lips. There are gestures expressing sentences. A turning of the whole hand, with a rotary motion at the wrist, with the forefinger extended and the others partially closed, means a decided negative. If an Italian is troubled by a person who insists upon selling him something, a frequent annoyance in the caf  s, where venders of flowers and jewelry importune one, he makes this gesture far more emphatic than words. Holding up the hand with the forefinger and thumb joined is the superlative of excellence.

"Is this article of the best quality?" asks a purchaser of a merchant. Without speaking, the latter thus pantomimes what the French express when they say sweetly, "*C'est tous ce quil y a de beau*"; *i. e.*, perfection.

If a person is blamed for anything, to express his innocence he spreads out both arms as if he were opening his breast and inviting the accuser to look into his heart.

The feet of the Italians are also small and well shaped, and all classes are remarkable for the beauty of their *chassure*. They are evidently vain of the smallness of both hands and feet. The following incident occurred in Venice a year or two ago, and was related to me by a friend of the parties. There resided at that time in Venice a married couple, who were regarded by their friends as a remarkable example of conjugal felicity. They had been married twelve years, and the gentleman, though considerably her junior, was still the devoted lover of his wife, who, however, had lost somewhat her youthful beauty, and fancied that her husband did not love her as well as formerly. The gentleman, one of the finest chess players in Italy, was in the habit of spending several hours every evening in playing chess at the caf   Quadri, in St. Mark's square. His wife, though informed that he went there, chose in her jealous heart

to believe that some other lady had usurped the place in his affections of which she ought to be sole mistress, and concluded to watch him; so one evening after his departure she proceeded to St. Mark's place and ensconced herself on a marble projection of the church, commanding a view of the caf  . After several hours the supposed delinquent came out, and, followed by his wife, crossed the piazza into the frezzaria, and disappeared in one of its open courts. The lady went home, convinced that there was ground for jealousy, but with true Italian tact remarked nothing of her suspicions to her husband, who returned in a short time. The next evening she gave orders to a servant not to lose sight of her master. The servant followed him to the same court in the frezzaria, and saw him enter a house with a key. The following evening the lady, accompanied by the servant, again followed him, but going home he overtook them, saluted his wife pleasantly, offering her his arm; then, her passionate nature roused to its utmost, she lost all self-control, and pushing his arm indignantly away, overwhelmed him with all the abusive epithets of which the Italian language is capable, calling him wretch, beast, dog, unworthy father, etc. The gentleman gestured to the servant to go home, and then attempted to soothe the excited lady, who finally declared she would never go home again, and ran swiftly in the direction of St. Leo. The gentleman first chased the servant, who gave him an inkling of affairs, and then pursued his wife, and persuaded her to return with him. He informed her calmly that to-morrow he would explain all, but that at present she was not in possession of her senses. On coming in to breakfast the next morning, he found her waiting in her bonnet and shawl. Inviting her to follow, he conducted her in silence to the house in the frezzaria, and opening the door, bade her enter. The house was evidently unoccupied, but standing in

the hall she beheld six beautiful pairs of new boots and shoes. He explained that the house belonged to a count, for whom he was agent; that, as she well knew, his one vanity was pride in his small feet, which he liked to display in various styles of shoes; that she had often reproached him for his extravagance in this particular, and not liking to annoy her, he bought as many as he liked, and placed them here, going for a pair before he went to the café, and depositing his old ones, and returning afterward to resume them, and that these elegant shoes were her only rivals. Overjoyed, the lady begged a thousand pardons, and declared that "henceforward he might buy as many as he chose, and keep them at home," and promised that she would never be jealous again.

The chimneys of Venice are not the least remarkable part of her architecture, and no two are alike. There are many with a slender stem, of perhaps a yard in length, and a calyx-like top, resembling a tulip; others almost precisely like the watch towers on the corners of ancient castle walls; others of strictly Gothic style, and some of Doric design and classical proportions. Occasionally there is one with such a slender stem and overgrown top, loaded with a redundancy of ornament, that it is the very insanity of a chimney. They catch the last rays of the setting sun, and reflect the opal glories of its tints.

One can scarcely comprehend the common expression, "bathed in sunshine," till one sees the splendor of a Venetian sun. How it streams in golden waves over everything, wrapping the old buildings in a topaz mantle, and making Claude's landscapes a reality! It glorifies even an old wall with its fiery lustre, leaving the shadows dark and deep. It dazzles and burns, till one's tired eyes are glad to regard the emerald green canals, and the crabs, looking like the weather-beaten mariners they are, clinging to the front door steps, and one listens

then with delight to the sob of the cool waves, which caress the walls, and coquettishly retreat a little from the steps, only to encroach still more with the next wave.

One can scarcely imagine either of what a smile is capable till one sees a dark Italian face illumined by one. It seems to dance over every lineament, curving the delicately cut lips, and sparkling in the soft, expressive eyes.

The principal charm of Venice lies in its superb architecture, and an excursion in a gondola is full of curious surprises. One sees before one a narrow and sombre canal, when suddenly it turns and discloses a vista of enchanting beauty, the dark, emerald water, flanked on either side with noble architecture, with antique escutcheons over the grand portals, and often a trailing vine or tuft of grass or flowers growing out of the ancient stones. Here and there lie deep shadows, relieved with sparkling gleams of sunshine, and before one has sufficiently admired the scene the canal again turns, and something equally beautiful but different meets the eye. One shoots under the bridges, and sees the foot passengers going up over them, and descending the other side, and then suddenly disappearing through the narrow alleys, as in the scenes of a theatre.

The palace Foscari is one of the most pleasing in its architecture on the Grand canal. It is situated on a corner, and before it the street lamp burns day and night. Of the old famous families of Venice not many remain, and of these the destiny is often humble. The descendants of the noble race of the Foscari are poor, and exiles from the home of their ancestors. The grandmother of the present Foscari was a poor girl, companion to a rich old lady. An Austrian officer saw her, and became madly in love with her. She was penniless, and he had but little money. They agreed to poison the old lady and run away with her jewels. Their plan apparently succeeded. They left her dying, and

attempted to escape to Switzerland. The poison, however, was not sufficiently strong, and the old lady recovered. Before the nuptial knot could be legally tied, the girl was arrested, brought back to Venice, and lodged in prison. An old custom of the republic gave the right to each noble in turn to release from prison, on a certain annual fête day, one person, chosen after an inspection of the prisoners. That year it fell to the Signor Foscari to release the culprit. He went through the prison, saw this girl, admired her beauty, released and married her. The old lady good-naturedly forgave her, and declared that "it was quite natural for people in love to poison an old woman whose death might remove all obstacles to their happiness."

Shopping is quite a feat in Venice. A lady who sets out on a shopping expedition may well prepare herself for doubtful and hostile encounters. Having found the object sought, she demands the price. The shopkeeper names a sum from one-third more to double the value of the article. The customer starts back with a curious sort of shriek, which commences on a high key, ascends slightly, and then suddenly falls, a sound expressing incredulity, contempt, and astonishment, and after an instant of silence offers less than half of the sum demanded. The same howl of indignation is then repeated by the shopkeeper, only an octave lower. He protests "that the amount asked is in reality too low; that from anxiety to please the Signora he had mentioned his very lowest rate." The purchaser then offers half of the first required sum. Another howl of derision from the shopkeeper, who, however, drops perhaps a fourth of his price. The customer takes up her parasol and departs. Once outside she calls out a slight advance on her offer. The proprietor invites her to enter again, and proposes that they shall "*combinari*," *i. e.*, combine, and endeavor to meet on common ground. The customer

repeats her ultimatum. The shopkeeper declares that "at such ruinous rates he might as well close his shop." The lady loses patience, and quits, this time without looking back. After she is some paces from the door the shopkeeper sends a small boy, kept for the purpose, after her, or calls himself from the door: "The Signora can have it this time," he says sadly, "but he will never sell again so cheap." He folds it up and hands it to her with a graceful flourish, saying with a courteous bow, "*Servo sua*" (literally, her servant), in which the clerks and even the small boy join in chorus.

A shopkeeper with whom I once expostulated for the extravagant prices he demanded for his goods, replied "*Je ne suis pas ici, pour la gloire*." So universal is the habit of overcharging, that it even extends to funerals, and a lady informed me that she was once sent to the monks of St. Zaccaria to reduce the extravagant sum they demanded to enter in first-class style the president of the criminal court. She succeeded in inducing the pious brothers to accept one-half the original price.

Of all the Italian dialects, that of Venice is the most musical, there being no hissing sound in it. "*Vissere mie*" (*viscera mine*) is one of the expressive terms of endearment with which the Venetian addresses the object of his affections.

Going over the Pont Canonica one day, I noticed two poor old crones, wearing the singular pointed-toed slippers, without back, peculiar to the lower orders of Venetians, which disclosed at every step the immaculate white stockings affected here even by the poorest beggars. They were coming from the shrine of the Virgin, and had evidently been relating their griefs and sympathizing with one another. They were just about to separate, and I heard these words, illustrative of a style of conversation, common among the lower classes, expressing only the principal words of a sentence, leaving

the rest to be understood. One said to the other, "Poveretta!" (poor creature).

The one addressed replied, "Benedetta!" (Blessed one. Meaning, Many thanks for your sympathy.)

To which the first speaker added, rolling up her eyes piously, "Providenza." (Providence; that is, I commit you to Him.)

I cannot forbear to speak of the cats of Venice, which have taken the place of dogs in other countries, and become the friend of man. They are exceedingly beautiful, with thick rich fur, and seem to have lost the usual shy and timid characteristics of their race. Nearly every shop has its cat, and they sit frequently outside of the doors, where they are even brushed by the garments of the passers-by, and gaze with much interest at the life of the street. Many of them live almost exclusively on bread and other unnatural articles of diet. No more curious illustration of the adaptation of the individual to its surroundings can be found than the cats of Venice. They respond immediately to a caress, sometimes raising themselves to meet it; but a kind word seems to unlock some secret spring of anguish in their breasts, and they look into one's face with a piteous and prolonged mew, which I, who love cats, can readily translate: "Only think, dear stranger, how wretched is a Venetian cat—no trees to climb, not even a bit of bark to sharpen one's claws upon; locked up every night, with no lovers or nocturnal promenades permitted! How sad and wearisome it is to be a cat in Venice!"

In the shops in Italy one is often deceived in price, in weight, and even in change. The Italians counterfeit all kinds of foreign articles, with remarkable skill and boldness, and are especially adroit in fabricating wines, many of which do not contain a drop of the juice of the grape. The daily journals advertise with the most unblushing effrontery the materials for making wines; for example, "Quint-

essence de vin, to make of a hogshead of red or white wine two hogsheads of the best quality at half price." Also, "Powder to prepare without apparatus one hundred litres of white wine, imitating the real Muscat. The packet, three francs." The government officials lately seized at Pavia, for sanitary reasons, one hundred and twenty thousand litres of wine, fabricated perhaps from the famous receipt of that Florentine negotiant, whose last words to his son were, "Remember, my son, that wine can be made from anything, even," with a sardonic smile on his dying lips, "from grapes."

In the shops they do not hesitate to adulterate their wares in every conceivable manner, and with the most deleterious substances. The bakers increase the weight of their bread by potter's clay or plaster of Paris, and often use spoiled grain.

The conviction forces itself upon one, that as a nation the Italians, while extremely intelligent and clever, are to some extent destitute of moral perceptions. Perhaps one cannot blame them for this, more than one can find fault with flowers, which in certain parts of the globe are without perfume. They have but little regard for truth, and among the middle and lower classes no high standard of honesty. It is perhaps true, as some aver, that the Latin races have deteriorated both morally and physically, and are on the road to extinction. One of the most eminent Italian professors, Paolo Mantegazza, appears to be of this opinion. That southern nations are rarely as virtuous as those of the north seems to be a fact. Has the sun then a deteriorating influence? The greater warmth in southern countries develops the vegetation far more luxuriantly than in northern lands; the landscape is more lovely, the sky of richer tint; thus the quality of taste for beauty becomes especially developed in the inhabitants, and the attention being so much directed toward physical perfection, moral beauty becomes overlooked and forgotten.

In warm latitudes scorpions, reptiles, and insects secrete poison they are incapable of acquiring in cooler regions. Do human races under a burning sun develop certain moral poison or obliquities rendering them incapable of the virtues of colder climes? Rossini, speaking of his country, said, "Dieu a tout fait pour les Italiens. Il nous a donné un beau ciel, et le génie. Il a fait plus encore; il a fait les Espagnols, pour que nous ne soyons pas, le dernier peuple de la terre."

Yet one cannot deny to the Italians, and especially the Venetians, the most ardent patriotism, which, though rather a virtue of half civilized nations than of one fully up to the standard of the nineteenth century, is yet not to be forgotten. Though patriotism is only in some sort national selfishness, destructive of the great idea of universal brotherhood, which the world is just commencing but dimly to comprehend, it may long rank among the minor virtues.

During the siege of Venice by Radetzky, in 1848, the Venetians, in far worse plight than the Parisians during the late war, bore the most severe sufferings uncomplainingly. The women, and even the beggars, seemed imbued with but one sentiment, love of Venice, and a willingness to die in her defence if by so doing she might be freed from Austrian domination.

The Venetians at present hail the aurora of the coming resurrection of Venice. After a protracted lethargy of many years this siren of the sea gives signs of a vigorous awakening. In the future she may be something more than the admiration of strangers who come to throw themselves under the spell of her enchantment. There are no barriers which regenerated Venice will not overcome. Again may it be a centre of trade and commerce. Already it has opened a weekly line to the Levant, and inaugurated a line of ships to the Orient and the Indies, and new roads are projected, to connect it with Germany, and the rest of Italy. Immedi-

ate improvements of the lagunes and ports are contemplated. The enlargement of the passage of the Lido, making it navigable for large ships, has already commenced. The receipts of the custom house surpass in 1872 by 360,000 francs those of the previous year. From the window of the new Bourse one may see numerous ships laden with merchandise from the remotest regions. A line of steamships already connects it with New York. It is now possible for New Yorkers, weary of paying a sum which in Europe is a little fortune for the privilege of inhabiting four stories, which have every luxury and convenience except the indispensable one of a dwelling all on one floor, to come over to Venice and spend the summer in one of the most charming sojourns in the world. The new establishment of baths on the Lido* will be a mine of gold for Venice, and it will become one of the most attractive watering-places on the continent.

In the middle of March, 1872, I visited the Lido. It was then, where the new bath establishment stands, a desolate waste. The road leading to the beach was bordered with ditches, from which the frogs croaked a dismal welcome. An army of laborers were busy. Three months later a magnificent bath house, which has scarcely any superior in Europe, had arisen. In the centre is a fine restaurant, with a broad piazza looking on the sea, from whence one can observe the bathers on either side. Adjoining is a reading-room and a music salle, each unexceptionable in its appointments. From the piazza one looks out to the beautiful Adriatic, over which broods always a soft haze and a sky toward evening opal-tinted. One fancies that the ocean conducts to some enchanted country, the land of dreams, where lie one's Spanish estates. The fishing barques in the distance, with their graceful red and yellow sails, harmonize well with the scene. A few small shops of elegant

* An island half an hour's sail from Venice.

architecture stand on each side of the fine macadamized road, where formerly the frogs croaked.

The Italian government is far in advance of the people whom it strives to elevate, with indifferent success, for the clericals sow distrust of it in the minds of the ignorant masses whom they control. The attempts to make the people live under better sanitary conditions are in some parts unsuccessful, because the clergy teach that epidemics are chastisements sent by Providence. The cholera, which a few years ago ravaged Italy, was predicted by the Pope, as a consequence of the wickedness of the government in depriving him of his temporal power. Yet in united and regenerated Italy

circulates new life. Those who see the Italy of to-day can scarcely realize her ancient indolence. The *dolce far niente* has given place to a restless activity. There is an eager effort in the mercantile classes to supply whatever is demanded by the public. Indeed, the brilliant imaginations of the producers far outstrip the demands of consumers. The late minister of the Interior, Sella, has accomplished wonders. The manufactures of the northern provinces, especially those of silk, have lately greatly increased, and under the powerful patronage of Austria and Germany, which promises tranquillity to Italy, she may be enabled to recruit her wasted finances and develop her resources.

S. G. YOUNG.

LES CHATIMENTS.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

Sentiers on l'herbe se balance.

O PATHWAYS where rank grasses wave,
Valleys and plains and wooded shore,
Why are ye silent as the grave?
"He who once came here comes no more."

No forms to yonder window come,
No flowers deck the garden fair.
Where is thy master, lonely home?
"I cannot tell. He is elsewhere."

Guard well the house, thou faithful dog!
"And wherefore? Every one is gone!"
Child, whom art weeping for? "My sire."
Wife, whom dost mourn? "The absent one."

Where went he? "Forth into the dark."
Ye waves that moan in accents dread,
Whence come ye? "From the galleys. And
What bear ye to these shores? "The dead!"

LUCY H. HOOPER.

THREE EXCURSIONS.

I.

THEY differed greatly from each other, but each had an interest of its own. There seemed (as regards the first) a general consensus of opinion as to its being a great pity that a stranger in England should miss the Derby day. Every one assured me that it was the great festival of the English people and the most characteristic of national holidays. This, since it had to do with horseflesh, I could readily believe. Had not the newspapers been filled for weeks with recursive dissertations upon the animals concerned in the ceremony? and was not the event, to the nation at large, only imperceptibly less momentous than the other great question of the day—the fate of empires and the reapportionment of the East? The space allotted to sporting intelligence in a small journal like the “Pall Mall Gazette” had seemed to me for some time past a measure of the hold of such questions upon the British mind. The “Pall Mall Gazette” is a short newspaper; it contains but a single editorial—it is compact and eclectic. But in spite of the fact that it has to count its paragraphs very narrowly, it appears never to grudge the goodly fraction of a page which it so frequently bestows upon the mysteries of Newmarket and of Tattersall’s. This, however, is very natural in a country in which in “society” you are liable to make the acquaintance of some such syllogism as the following: You are seated at dinner next a foreign lady, who has on her other hand a native gentleman, by whom she is being instructed in the art of getting the right point of view for looking at English life. I profit by their conversation, and I learn that this point of view is apparently the saddle. “You see, English life,” says the gentleman, “is really English country life. It’s the

country that is the basis of English society. And you see, country life is—well, it’s the *hunting*. It’s the hunting that is at the bottom of it all.” In other words, “the hunting” is the basis of English society. Duly initiated into this equestrian philosophy, one is prepared for the colossal proportions of the annual pilgrimage to Epsom. This pilgrimage, however, I was assured, though still well worth taking part in, is by no means so picturesque as in former days. It is now performed in a large measure by rail, and the spectacle on the road has lost its ancient brilliancy. The road has been given up more and more to the populace and the strangers, and has ceased to be graced by the presence of ladies. Nevertheless, as a man and a stranger, I was strongly recommended to take it; for the return from the Derby is still, with all abatements, a classic spectacle.

I mounted upon a four-horse coach, a charming coach, with a yellow body and handsome, clean-flanked leaders. I mounted beside the coachman, as I had been told this was the point of vantage. The coach was one of the vehicles of the new fashion—the fashion of public conveyances driven by gentlemen of leisure. There are expensive pastimes which involve benefit to other people, but are a bore to one’s self; there are others that are agreeable to one’s self, but a nuisance to other people. This amateur coaching has the advantage of being agreeable to every one—the driver and the driven alike. Its expensiveness, moreover, is curtailed by the fact that the seats are sold at prices more than nominal (though by no means high), and the gentlemanly charioteer is therefore not seriously left out of pocket. (On the other hand, it can hardly be supposed that he makes money.) On the Derby day all the coaches that

start from the classic headquarters—Hatchett's, in Piccadilly—and stretch away from London toward a dozen different and well-selected goals, had been dedicated to the Epsom road. The body of the vehicle is empty, as no one thinks of occupying any but one of the thirteen places on the top. On the Derby day, however, a properly laden coach carries a company of hampers and champagne baskets in its inside places. The open coach door allows a glimpse of a kind of miniature reproduction of a superior grocery. The vehicle on which I went to the Derby was driven by a professional whip, who proved to be an entertaining companion. Other companions there were, perched in the twelve places behind me, whose social qualities I made less of a point of testing—though in the course of the expedition these qualities, under the influence of champagne, expanded so freely as greatly to facilitate the operation. We were a society of exotics—Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Germans. There were only two Britons, and these, according to my theory, were Austrians—an antipodal bride and groom, on a wide wedding tour.

The drive to Epsom, when you get well out of London, is sufficiently pretty; but the part of it which most took my fancy was a suburban district—the classic neighborhood of Clapham. One has always heard of Clapham—of its respectable common, its evangelical society, and its goodly brick mansions of the Georgian era. I beheld these objects for the first time, and I thought them very charming. This epithet, indeed, scarcely applies to the evangelical society, which naturally, on the morning of the Derby day, and during the desecrating progress of the Epsom revellers, was not much in the foreground. But all around the verdant, if cockneyfied common, are ranged capacious houses, of a sober red complexion, from under whose neo-classic pediments you expect to see a nice-faced lady emerge—a lady in a cottage bonnet and mittens, distribut-

ing tracts from a little satchel. It would take an energetic piety, however, to stem the current of heterogeneous vehicles which at about this point takes up its metropolitan affluents and bears them in its rumbling, rattling tide. The concourse of wheeled conveyances of every possible order here becomes dense, and the spectacle from the top of the coach proportionately entertaining. You begin to perceive that the brilliancy of the road has in truth departed, and that well appointed elegance is not the prevailing characteristic. But when once you have grasped this fact your entertainment is continuous. You perceive that you are “in,” as the phrase is, for something vulgar, something colossally, unimaginably, heroically vulgar; all that is necessary is to settle down to your point of view. Beside you, before you, behind you, is the mighty London populace, taking its *ébats*. You get for the first time a sort of notion of what the London population really consists of. It has piled itself into carts, into omnibuses, into every possible and impossible species of “trap.” A large proportion of it is of course on foot, trudging along the perilous margin of the wheel track in such comfort as may be gathered from a fifteen miles’ dodging of broken shins. The smaller the vehicle, the more ratlike the animal that drags it, the more numerous and ponderous its human freight; and as every one is nursing in his lap a parcel of provisions as big as himself, wrapped in ragged newspapers, it is not surprising that roadside halts are frequent, and that the taverns all the way to Epsom (it is wonderful how many there are) are encompassed by dense groups of dusty pilgrims, indulging liberally in refreshment for man and beast. And when I say man I must by no means be understood to exclude woman. The female contingent on the Derby day is not the least remarkable part of the London multitude. Every one is prepared for an “outing,” but the women are even more brilliantly and res-

olutely prepared than the men; it is the best possible chance to observe the various types of the British female of the lower orders. Or rather, let me half retract my phrase. *Is* it, after all, the best possible chance? On the whole, charitably speaking, I think not. The lady in question is usually not ornamental. She is useful, robust, prolific, excellently fitted to play the somewhat arduous part allotted to her in the great scheme of British civilization. But she has not those graces which would enable her to make a harmonious figure on a day of bright festivity. A figure she certainly makes, but it is not exactly a graceful one. On smaller holidays—or on simple working days—in London crowds, I have often thought her handsome; thought, that is, that she had handsome “points,” and that it was not impossible to see whereby it is that she helps to make the English race, on the whole, one of the comeliest in the world. But at Epsom she is too stout, too hot, too red, too thirsty, too crowded, too boisterous, and last, not least, accoutred with finery too violently infelicitous. Upon the aberrations of her taste in this respect I have neither the space nor the courage to linger. And yet I wish to do her justice; so I must add that if there is something to which an American cannot refuse a tribute of admiration in the gross plebeian jollity of the Derby day, it is not evident why these brave she-revellers should not get part of the credit of it.

The striking thing, the interesting thing, both on the onward drive and on the return, was that the holiday was so completely, frankly, lustily, good-humoredly taken. The people that of all peoples is habitually the most governed by decencies, proprieties, rigidities of conduct, was, for one happy day, unbuttoning its respectable straight-jacket and letting its powerful, carnal, healthy temperament take the air. In such a spectacle there was inevitably much that was unlucky and unprofitable; these things came uppermost

chiefly on the return, when demoralization was supreme, when the temperament in question had quite taken what the French call the key of the fields, and seemed in no humor whatever for coming back to give an account of itself. For the rest, to be dressed with a kind of brutal gaudiness, to be very thirsty and violently flushed, to laugh perpetually at everything and at nothing, to thoroughly enjoy, in short, a momentous occasion—all this is not, in simple persons of the more susceptible sex, an unpardonable crime.

The course at Epsom is in itself very pretty, and disposed by nature herself in sympathetic prevision of the sporting passion. It is something like the crater of a volcano, without the volcano. The outer rim is the course proper; the space within it is a vast, shallow, grassy concavity in which vehicles are drawn up and beasts tethered, and in which the greater part of the multitude—the mountebanks, the little vociferous betting-stands, and the myriad hangers-on of the scene—are congregated. The outer margin of the uplifted rim in question is occupied by the grand stand, the small stands, the paddock. The day was exceptionally beautiful; the charming sky was spotted over with little idle looking, loafing, irresponsible clouds; the Epsom downs went swelling away as greenly as in a colored sporting print, and the wooded uplands, in the middle distance, looked as innocent and pastoral as if they had never seen a policeman or a “Welsher.” The crowd that spread itself over this immense expanse was the most prodigious assemblage of human life that I have ever looked upon. One’s first fate after arriving, if one is perched upon a coach, is to see the coach guided, by means best known to the coachman himself, through the tremendous press of vehicles and pedestrians, introduced into a precinct roped off and guarded from intrusion save under payment of a substantial fee, and then drawn up alongside of the

course, as nearly as possible opposite the grand stand and the winning post. Here you have only to stand up in your place—on tiptoe, it is true, and with a good deal of stretching—to see the race fairly well. But I hasten to add that seeing the race is indifferent entertainment. If I might borrow a formula from Hibernian logic, I would say that in the first place you do not see it at all, and in the second place what you do see of it is not worth the seeing. It may be very fine in quality, but in quantity it is inappreciable. The horses and their jockeys first go dandling and cantering along the course to the starting point, looking as insubstantial as sifted sunbeams. Then there is a long wait, during which, of the sixty thousand people present (my figures are imaginary), thirty thousand affirm positively that they have started, and thirty thousand as positively deny it. Then the whole sixty thousand are suddenly resolved into unanimity by the sight of a dozen small jockey heads whizzing along a very distant sky-line. In a shorter space of time than it takes me to write it, the whole thing is before you, and for the instant it is a very ugly thing. A dozen furiously revolving arms—pink, green, orange, scarlet, white—whacking the flanks of as many straining steeds; a glimpse of this, and the spectacle is over. The spectacle, however, is of course an infinitesimally small part of the purpose of Epsom and the interest of the Derby. The interest is in having money in the affair, and doubtless those most interested do not trouble themselves particularly to watch the race. They learn soon enough whether they are, in the English phrase, to the good or to the bad.

When the Derby stakes had been carried off by a horse of which I confess I am barbarous enough to have forgotten the name, I turned my back to the running, for all the world as if I were largely "interested," and sought entertainment in looking at the crowd. The crowd was

very animated; that is the most succinct description I can give of it. The horses of course had been removed from the vehicles, so that the pedestrians were free to surge against the wheels and even to a certain extent to scale and overrun the carriages. This tendency became most pronounced when, as the mid period of the day was reached, the process of lunching began to unfold itself and every coach-top to become the scene of a picnic. From this moment, at the Derby, demoralization begins. I was in a position to observe it, all around me, in the most characteristic forms. The whole affair, as regards the conventional rigidities I spoke of a while since, becomes a real *dégringolade*. The shabbier pedestrians bustle about the vehicles, staring up at the lucky mortals who are perched in a kind of tormentingly near empyrean—the region of lobster salad dishes passed about and champagne corks cleaving the air like celestial meteors. There are nigger-minstrels, and beggars, and mountebanks, and spangled persons on stilts, and gypsy matrons, as genuine as possible, with glowing Oriental eyes and dropping their *h's*; these last offer you for sixpence the promise of everything genteel in life—*minus* the aspirate. On a coach drawn up beside the one on which I had a place, a party of opulent young men were passing from one stage of exhilaration to another with a punctuality which excited my admiration. They were accompanied by two or three young ladies of the kind that usually share the choicest pleasures of youthful British opulence—young ladies with chignons more golden than gold and lips more rosy than the rose herself. The whole party had been drinking deep, and one of the young men, a pretty lad of twenty, had in an indiscreet moment staggered down as best he could to the ground. Here his cups proved too many for him, and he collapsed and rolled over. In plain English, he was beastly drunk. It was the scene that followed that arrested

my observation. His companions on the top of the coach called down to the people herding under the wheels, to pick him up and put him away inside. These people were the grimmest of the rabble, and a couple of men who looked like coal-heavers out of work, undertook to handle this hapless youth. But their task was difficult; it was impossible to imagine a young man more drunk. He was a mere bag of liquor—at once too ponderous and too flaccid to be lifted or carried. He lay in a helpless heap under the feet of the crowd—the best intoxicated young man in England. His extemporized chamberlains took him in this fashion and that, but he was like water in a sieve. The crowd bustled over him; every one wanted to see; he was pulled, and shoved, and fumbled. The spectacle had a grotesque side, and this it was that seemed to strike the fancy of the young man's comrades. They had not done lunching, so they were unable to bestow upon the incident the whole of that consideration which its high comicality deserved. But they did what they could. They looked down very often, glass in hand, during the half hour that it was going on, and they stinted neither their generous, joyous laughter nor their appreciative comments. Women are said to have no sense of humor; but the young ladies with the gilded chignons did liberal justice to the beauty of the joke. Toward the last, indeed, their attention rather flagged; but even the best joke suffers by reiteration, and when you have seen a stupefied young man, infinitely bedusted, slip out of the embrace of a couple of clumsy paupers for the twentieth time, you may very properly deem that you have arrived at the furthest limits of the ludicrous.

After the great race had been run I quitted my perch and spent the rest of the afternoon in wandering about that grassy concave that I have mentioned. It was amusing and picturesque: it was like a huge Bohemian encampment. Here also a great number of

carriages were stationed, freighted in like manner with free-handed youths and young ladies with gilded tresses. These young ladies were almost the only representatives of their sex with pretensions to elegance; they were often pretty and always ill dressed. Gentlemen in pairs, mounted on stools, habited in fantastic sporting garments, and offering bets to whomsoever listed, were a conspicuous feature of the scene. It was equally striking that they were not preaching in the desert, and that they found plenty of patrons among the vulgar sort. I returned to my place in time to assist at the rather complicated operation of starting for the drive back to London. Putting in horses and getting vehicles into line seemed in the midst of the general crush and entanglement a process not to be facilitated even by the most liberal swearing on the part of those engaged in it. But little by little we came to the end of it; and as by this time a kind of mellow cheerfulness pervaded the upper atmosphere—the region of drivers and travellers—even those interruptions most trying to patience were somehow made to minister to jollity. It was for people below to not get trampled to death or crunched between opposing wheel-hubs, if they could manage it. Above, the carnival of "chaff" had set in, and it deepened as the lock of vehicles grew denser. As they were all locked together (with a comfortable padding of pedestrians at points of acutest contact), they contrived somehow to move together; so that we gradually got away and into the road. The four or five hours consumed on the road were simply as I say, a carnival of "chaff," the profusely good-humored savor of which, on the whole, was certainly striking. The chaff was not brilliant or subtle or particularly graceful; and here and there it was quite too tipsy to be even articulate. But as an expression of that unbuttoning of the popular straight-jacket of which I spoke awhile since, it had its wholesome and even innocent side.

It took indeed frequently an importunate physical form; it sought emphasis in the use of pea-shooters and water-squirts. At its best, too, it was extremely low and rowdyish. But a stranger, even of the most refined tastes, might be glad to have a glimpse of the vulgar hubbub, for it would make him feel that he was learning something more about the English people. It would remind him that they too are subject to some of the most frolicsome of the human passions, and that the decent, dusky vistas of the London residential streets—those genteel creations of which Thackeray's "Baker Street" is the type—are not a complete symbol of the remarkable race that erected them.

II.

I WAS lucky in my weather. On a day even more charmingly fair than the one I have just commemorated, I went down to Hatfield House. I had been assured that it was one of the most interesting of great English mansions, and as I learned that it was shown to strangers with an altogether exemplary liberality, the short journey of less than an hour seemed well worth making. I found the expedition interesting in the highest degree; and my only hesitation in attempting to make a note of my impressions arises from the very purity and perfection of those—from their harmonious character and exquisite quality. Such a place as Hatfield is, to my sense, one of the most beautiful things the world possesses—one of those things which we instinctively feel the vanity of any attempt to reproduce, just as we feel the indisposition to gossip about any deep experience. Sooner or later, however, our experience begins to reverberate; and these poor words may pass as a faint reverberation of Hatfield.

It is the property of the Marquis of Salisbury, and it lies in the county of Hertford, within twenty miles of Lon-

don. There is a little red-hued village directly at its gates; from the railway station you step directly into the village. But when, having walked along the village street and climbed the gentle eminence on which the walls of the park rest, you pass beneath an old brick archway and step into sight of the mansion and its acres, you seem to leave such matters as railway stations immeasurably far away. You emerge from the shadow of some magnificent trees—shadow that mingles well with the ruddy mottled brickwork of a most picturesque old structure, a chapel turned into a stable, which adjoins the entrance gate and forms an impressive relic of the original and smaller house; then you face to the right, and see, beyond a wide gravelled platform, the long delightful front of the mansion, gazing serenely down one of the sun-chequered avenues of its park.

Hatfield House was one of the finest productions of the Jacobian period, and it remains, I believe, the noblest specimen. It was erected in the course of the first decade of the seventeenth century, by William Cecil, son of Lord Burleigh, the great founder of his race's honors, Elizabeth's minister. There is a story that the Cecil who built the house was himself the surveyor and architect, but I do not find it substantiated in an account of the place given in one of Mr. Murray's excellent publications. If it is true, one cannot but admire so elaborate and definite a vision of the desirable home on the part of a distinguished amateur. To have such a house as Hatfield built for one may seem a rare degree of human felicity; but to build it one's self for one's self adds not a little to the honor and luxury. Built at all events it is in the stateliest fashion, and with the happiest effect to the eye. It is a long red house, with a castellated top and a great many square-bowed windows running vertically from story to story. That is the simplest description that can be given of the front that is turn-

ed toward the gateway and park. But such a description is pitifully bald, whereas the reality is extremely rich and interesting. Indeed, I have never seen a house-front of which I grew more familiarly fond as I looked at it. The charming proportions, the sweet domestic dignity, the cool, faded, elegant tones of the brick, the happy disposition of the elements, after all simple and subdued, of which it is composed, make it a structure for which I can imagine myself acquiring at last, with familiarity, a kind of tranquil passion. There is another front of a quite different kind, which is much grander and more ornate, but I am not sure that I like it as well. The house is a huge parallelogram, but on the side which is turned away from the village it puts forth, at right angles, two long and stately wings, which form, with this second façade, the three sides of a court. This is properly the grand front. It is adorned with Italian stone work and delicate sculptures, and balanced by neat iron gates which open upon a long straight avenue, stretching away, if I am not mistaken, to London. This immense avenue, with its trees set far back from the road and divided from it by an expanse of grass on each side as wide as the roadway, makes the stateliest approach to the house—such an approach as, in some directions, such a house as Hatfield ought always to have. Here, in former days, the slow-moving coach and its swifter outriders must have been seen at the end of the long vista; the grassy border of the avenue seems a place intended for all retainers and dependants to come and station themselves, with their hats off, in an expectant line. And for the coach, which should see the charming great house at the end of the drive, sitting there on its green-sward with parted arms, like a stately mother divided between tenderness and ceremony, this disposition of things must have had its periodically recurring impressiveness. The sides of the house which connect the two fa-

çades are very charming places—places with gravelled terraces looking on gardens and shady sitting spots just out of long windows.

Of the inside of Hatfield there would be a good deal to say if one chose to go into enumeration. The most urbane of housekeepers conducted me through it, and I found in wandering from chamber to chamber, from one great saloon to another, from library to hall, and from gallery to chapel, the particular sort of entertainment of which, on the whole, I am fondest. Nothing is more interesting than the observation of *interiors*—of human habitations which have been greatly lived in. Hatfield is full of the things that make a house interesting—historical memories, picturesque arrangements, handsome appointments, traces of great hospitality and of connection with great contemporary events. Unfortunately, if my relish of old apartments is great, my memory for them is small, and I have only a confused impression of walking through an endless labyrinth of rooms in which sculptured chimney-places reached to darkly carven ceilings, in which oriel windows looked out from deep embrasures into garden and park, in which old monumental beds, and ancient hangings, and polished wainscots, and curious cabinets, and every form of venerable bric-à-brac, in the best condition, created a sort of mild bewilderment of envy. Within, as without, Hatfield has preserved its perfect Jacobian character, though I suppose that in infusing the perfection of modern comfort into its quaintness and antiquity it has done no more than the customary duty of all great English residences. There are certain chambers, called the state apartments, which seemed to me to set off the house very handsomely. There is a long gallery—that charming feature of so many great English houses—running, in the second story, the whole length of the greater façade, continuously windowed on one side, beautifully roofed, furnished with half

a dozen chimney-pieces, and most delightful, I should suppose, with its southern exposure, as that "winter morning-room" for which the house-keeper declared that it served.

What a charming place, filled with groups of pleasant people, say in Christmas week! There is a chapel, with a high gallery all round, divided into little cushioned niches, plentifully supplied with prayer-books and easily accessible from bed-rooms, during morning prayers, by tardy worshippers on tiptoe. Very pretty indeed is this little chapel, and very much like a private theatre, with the small niches I speak of as boxes in the second tier. Then there is a great banquetting-hall, with a stone pavement and an arched roof, in which, if I rightly understood the attendant, the possessors of the house, while there, daily partake of some meal with their children—or in which the children, at any rate, habitually dine. This is one of those facts which an American may be allowed to find impressive. When it is mentioned to him he lingers some moments, looking up at the time-darkened rafters and the serious walls, and envies this parcel of modern youngsters the education of such a habit—the daily contact with things which remind them so solidly of the continuity between their own small lives and the gathered honors of their race. And, meditating, he turns away with a kind of awe of young persons moulded by influences so ennobling. He turns away and goes out into the park; but here he does not get rid of the "influences." He meets them at every turn, in the rustle of the old oaks and the flicker of the verdurous light.

The park at Hatfield is worthy of the house; one cannot say more for it. It is of the highest antiquity, and seems like a remnant of early English forest. Its gnarled and twisted oaks are disposed in avenues in which you would stroll up and down indefinitely if it were not that you constantly in-

cline to wander away and fling yourself at the foot of one of the innumerable detached trees, as mighty of girth and as fantastic of limb, which are scattered at hazard over the sides of the grassy undulations. One of these trees is more definitely historical than the rest. Nothing but a rugged trunk and half a dozen mouldering twigs remain; they are the last surviving witnesses of a great occasion. Here, according to tradition, sat Elizabeth Tudor, reading a book, when the panting nobleman who had hurried down from London, brought her the news that the death of her childless sister had placed the crown of England upon her head. The same story has it that she rose with such animation, to make her way back to the house, that her hat fell off in the movement, and, having been picked up reverentially by one of her courtiers, was preserved ever afterward in verification of the scene. It lies in the drawer of a cabinet, and is taken forth and shown to the still more reverent visitor: a curious circle of delicate and elaborate basket-work, lined, if I remember rightly, with faded silk. I have omitted to mention that Elizabeth was for some time a resident of Hatfield, where she had been placed by her sister in a sort of honorable confinement. She lived in the elder house, a portion of which constitutes the present gateway, and of which only the chapel remains—being now, as I have said, transformed into the most picturesque of stables. There is an ecclesiastical stable of this kind in "Daniel Deronda"—the property, if I remember rightly, of Sir Hugo Malinger—which is the scene of one of the first incidents in the hero's remarkable flirtation with Gwendolen. I found it natural to wonder whether this curious fragment of early Hatfield had suggested to George Eliot the disposition of the domicile of Sir Hugo's stud. The studs of English gentlemen are certainly better lodged than some of their tenants, and at Hatfield the very horses are subjected

to those ennobling influences of which I just spoke. The Gothic arches expand, far aloft, above the clean, spacious boxes, with polished sides, where the glossy hacks and hunters turn their heads to show you the whites of their charming eyes; and the little sculptured mediæval faces, at the spring of the groining, look down with a genial grin into the well-filled mangers. In this enjoyment of space, and air, and picturesqueness—this contact with the protective virtue of the past—the hacks and hunters have their knowledge of what I feel like calling the most satisfactory of human institutions. This is not too high a title to bestow upon a place like Hatfield. The last impression it made upon me was that of the force of circumstances. You cannot spend an afternoon there without feeling that circumstances are the major part of life; and if you go there disposed to say that they are literally everything, there is nothing in Hatfield that will contradict you. Everything in fact will seem to say to you that to have all that embodied tradition, that preserved picturesqueness, that domestic grandeur, as the background of one's personal life, is a pure gain, and not to have such things is a dead loss. A place like Hatfield is deeply aware of its own preciousness, and that is the argument it will hold. The wandering American, at least, will feel that he best consults the harmony of the occasion by assenting. The moral of mellow façade and quiet terraces, of oaken chambers and Elizabethan trees, will seem to him to be that we are made up by the things that surround us, and that such things as these make us up supremely well. He will find it impossible not to believe that they mould the character, that they refine the temper, that they make the whole nature strong and exquisite. How can he refuse to believe it? how can he be guilty of the incivility of not supposing that the people who have allowed him to pass his charming day have moulded characters and exquisite natures?

III.

It seemed to me a good fortune to have been asked down to Oxford at Commemoration by a gentleman implicated in the remarkable ceremony which goes on under that name, and who kindly offered me the hospitality of his college. I made, as the French say, neither one nor two; I simply took the first train. I had learned something of Oxford in former years, but I had never slept in a low-browed room looking out on a grassy quadrangle, opposite a mediæval clock-tower. This satisfaction was vouchsafed me on the night of my arrival. I was inducted into the rooms of an absent undergraduate. I sat in his deep arm-chairs; I burned his candles and read his books. I hereby thank him, from the bottom of my heart. Before going to bed I took a turn through the streets, and renewed in the silent darkness that impression of the charm imparted to them by the quiet college fronts which I had gathered in former years. The college fronts were now quieter than ever: the streets were empty, and the old scholastic city was sleeping in the warm starlight. The undergraduates had been, withdrawing in large numbers, encouraged thereto by the collegiate authorities, who deprecate their presence at Commemoration. However many young gownsmen may be sent away, there always remain enough to make a noise. There can be no better indication of the resources of Oxford in a spectacular way than this fact, that the first step toward preparing an impressive ceremony is to get rid of the undergraduates.

In the morning I breakfasted with a young American, who, in common with a number of his countrymen, had come hither to seek stimulus for a finer quality of study. I know not whether he would have reckoned as such stimulus the conversation of a couple of those ingenuous youths of Britain, whose society I always find charming; but it added, from my own point of view, to the local color of the entertainment. Af-

ter this was over I repaired, in company with a crowd of ladies and elderly people, interspersed with gownsmen, to the hoary rotunda of the Sheldonian theatre, which every visitor to Oxford will remember, with its curious cincture of huge, clumsily-carven heads of warriors and sages perched upon stone posts. The interior of this edifice is the scene of the classic hooting, stamping, and cat-calling by which the undergraduates confer the last consecration upon the distinguished gentlemen who come up for the honorary degree of D. C. L. It is with the design of attenuating as much as possible this incongruous chorus, that the heads of colleges, on the close of the term, a few days before Commemoration, speed their too demonstrative disciples upon the homeward way. As I have already hinted, however, the contingent of irreverent lads was on this occasion quite large enough to produce a very handsome specimen of the traditional rumpus. This made the scene a very singular one. An American of course, with his fondness for antiquity, his relish for picturesque, his "emotional" attitude at historic shrines, takes Oxford much more seriously than its customary denizens can be expected to do. These people are not always upon the high horse; they are not always in an acutely sentient condition. Nevertheless, there is a certain maximum of discord with their beautiful circumstances which the ecstatic Occidental vaguely expects them not to transcend. No effort of the intellect beforehand would enable him to imagine one of those silver-gray temples of learning converted into a kind of Bowery theatre before the curtain rises.

The Sheldonian theatre, like everything at Oxford, is more or less picturesque. There is a double tier of galleries, with sculptured pulpits protruding from them; there are full-length portraits of kings and worthies; there is a general air of antiquity and dignity, which, on the occasion of which I speak, was enhanced by

the presence of certain ancient scholars, seated in high-backed chairs, in crimson robes. Formerly, I believe, the undergraduates were placed apart—packed together in a section of one of the galleries. But now they are scattered among the general spectators, a large number of whom are ladies. They muster in especial force, however, on the floor of the theatre, which is void of benches, and provides only standing room. Here the assemblage is at last divided by the entrance of the prospective D. C. L.¹ walking in single file, clad in crimson gowns, preceded by mace-bearers and accompanied by the regius professor of civil law, who presents them individually to the Vice-Chancellor of the university, in a Latin speech, which is of course a glowing eulogy. The five gentlemen to whom this distinction had been offered in 1877 were not among those whom fame has trumpeted most loudly; but there was something very pretty in their standing in their honorable robes, with modestly bent heads, while the orator, equally brilliant in aspect, recited their titles sonorously to the venerable dignitary in the high-backed chair. Each of them, when the little speech is ended, ascends the steps leading to the chair; the Vice-Chancellor bends forward and shakes his hand, and the new D. C. L. goes and sits in the blushing row of his fellow doctors. The impressiveness of all this is much diminished by the boisterous conduct of the collegians, who superabound in extravagant applause, in impertinent interrogation, and in lively disparagement of the orator's Latinity. Of the scene that precedes the episode I have just described I have given no account; vivid portrayal of it is not easy. Like the return from the Derby, it is a carnival of "chaff"; and it is a singular fact that the scholastic festival should have forcibly reminded me of the great popular "spree." In each case it is the same race enjoying a certain definitely chartered license; in the sprigs of gentility at Oxford and

the London rabble on the Epsom road it is the same strong good humor, tintured with brutality.

After the presentation of the doctors came a series of those collegiate exercises which have a generic resemblance all the world over: a reading of Latin verses and English essays, a spouting of prize poems and Greek paraphrases. The prize poem alone was somewhat attentively listened to; the other things were received with an infinite variety of critical ejaculation. But after all, I reflected, as the ceremony drew to a close, this discordant racket is more characteristic than it seems; it is at bottom only another expression of the venerable and historic side of Oxford. It is tolerated because it is traditional; it is possible because it is classical. Looking at it in this light, one might manage at last to find it pleasing and picturesque.

I was not obliged to find ingenious protests for thinking well of another ceremony of which I was witness after we adjourned from the Sheldonian theatre. This was a lunch party at the college in Oxford, at which I should find it the most extreme felicity to reside. I may not further specify it. Perhaps, indeed, I may go so far as to say that the reason for my wishing to dwell there is that it is deemed by persons of a reforming turn the best-appointed Abuse in a nest of abuses. A commission for the expurgation of the universities has lately been appointed by Parliament to look into it—a commission armed with a gigantic broom, which is to sweep away all the fine old ivied and cobwebbed improprieties. Pending these righteous changes, one would like while one is about it—about, that is, this business of admiring Oxford—to attach one's self to the Abuse, to bury one's nostrils in the rose before it is plucked. At the college in question there are no undergraduates. I found it agreeable to reflect that those gray-green cloisters had sent no delegates to the slangy congregation I had just quitted. This delightful spot exists for the satisfaction of a small society of Fellows

who, having no dreary instruction to administer, no noisy hobbledchoys to govern, no obligations but toward their own culture, no care save for learning as learning and truth as truth, are presumably the happiest and most charming people in the world. The party invited to lunch assembled first in the library of the college, a cool, gray hall, of very great length and height, with vast wall spaces of rich-looking book-titles and statues of noble scholars set in the midst. Had the charming Fellows ever anything more disagreeable to do than to finger these precious volumes and then to stroll about together in the grassy courts, in learned comradeship, discussing their weighty contents? Nothing, apparently, unless it were to give a lunch at Commemoration, in the dining hall of the college. When lunch was ready there was a very pretty procession to go to it. Learned gentlemen in crimson gowns, ladies in brilliant toilets, paired slowly off and marched in a stately diagonal across the fine, smooth lawn of the quadrangle, in a corner of which they passed through a hospitable door. But here we cross the threshold of privacy; I remained on the further side of it during the rest of the day. But I brought back with me certain memories of which, if I were not at the end of my space, I should attempt a discreet adumbration: memories of a fête champêtre in the beautiful gardens of one of the other colleges—charming lawns and spreading trees, music of Grenadier Guards, ices in striped marquees, mild flirtation of youthful gownsmen and bemuslined maidens; memories, too, of quiet dinner in common room, a decorous, excellent repast; old portraits on the walls and great windows open upon the ancient court, where the afternoon light was fading in the stillness; superior talk upon current topics; and over all the peculiar air of Oxford—the air of liberty to care for intellectual things, assured and secured by machinery which is in itself a satisfaction to sense.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER XXXI.

“AND EVEN FOR LOVE WILL BURY LOVE
IN EARTH.”

WHEN Minola made that sudden confession to Mary Blanchet which was told in a former chapter, she did it under the impulse of a feeling which she could no more restrain than she could explain it. After it was done she was sorry, perhaps, that she had made the confession, but she had no fear that it would be betrayed. Devoted as Mary was to her brother, Minola felt certain that she would never let one word of such a secret escape from her to him; and Minola did not even consider the possibility of her telling it to any one else. They hardly spoke of it afterward. Minola only once impressed on Mary the necessity of keeping it the profoundest secret, which, to do the poetess justice, was hardly necessary. If there was one obligation which Mary respected above all others, it was the confidence of a woman's love secret. She became, if possible, more devoted than ever to her leader: first, because the leader had proved herself a very woman by having a love secret, and, next, because Minola had confided the secret to her. Mary did not ask who the hero of the secret story might be. She easily got to know that Mr. St. Paul was not the person; because by questions and by inferences she came to understand that he had really offered himself for the place, and had not been accepted. This was a subject of immense delight and pride to Mary. In her wildest dreams of day or night, she had never hoped for such an honor as to have a friend who had refused the son of a duke. No matter about the character of the duke's son; no matter if he was cast off by his own family and his own class; all the same

he was the son of a duke—nothing could alter that. He, then, being out of the way, it was not, perhaps, very difficult for the astute Mary to guess at the real person; and it did indeed seem to her a great misfortune for her leader to have fallen into an attachment so hopeless as that must be. Still, the sympathies of Miss Blanchet were always rather with hopeless than with hopeful attachments. Minola became in her eyes only all the more interesting, all the more beautiful, all the more womanly and queenly, because of this unhappy love.

One great advantage Minola gained by her sudden outburst of confession was that Mary ceased from that time forth to tell her of her brother's love and disappointment. But Minola did not know that Mary grew rather more hopeful about her brother than before. Since Miss Grey absolutely could not marry the man she loved, there was all the more chance that she might resign herself to marry some one who at least loved her. When Victor Heron was married once for all, then, perhaps, Mary thought, Minola might begin to reconcile herself to realities. Herbert Blanchet's chance might come then after all.

Meanwhile a marked change for the better was coming over Blanchet himself. He really had been awakened, as a certain class of pious persons might say, to a sense of the goodness that was in life and in some human hearts. He had had these feelings stirred within him for the first time by Minola's spontaneous kindness. He fell in love with Minola, and he grew ashamed of himself, and the pitiful affectations of his life. He asked her to love him, and he was refused, as we know, but very kindly and considerately. Minola showed, perhaps, only too much consideration for his feel-

ings. She assured him that she had no intention to marry, and that in any case she could not say she felt for him any of the sentiments he professed to feel for her. He went away not without hope, and he set himself to work to redeem his life from the reproach of idleness. Mrs. Money, as we know already, took him lately under special care as helper of unhappy men. Perhaps she guessed well enough what were his pains and his hopes. He went to see her often, at hours, as she took care it should be, when Minola was not likely to be there. Mrs. Money grew more and more fond of him as she helped him on, and perhaps thought it would not be a bad thing for either if in the end Minola came to marry him. "The dear child must marry some one in the end," Mrs. Money took for granted, and, as she had means enough of her own, why might she not marry this handsome and gifted young fellow? Why might she not come to love him? Of all these ideas Mrs. Money communicated none to her husband, for she knew that he had ideas of his own on the same subject which were not the same as hers. For once Mr. and Mrs. Money were, as regarded a girl's settlement in life, almost as much divided as Mr. and Mrs. Page. Under the influence of her ideas, however, Mrs. Money was determined to extend a helping hand to the poet. She induced her husband to exert his influence so far on Blanchet's behalf as to recommend him to some newspaper editors whom Mr. Money knew, and to obtain for his talents as a writer of light and brilliant articles a chance of success and pay. The poet went to work very steadily. He joined with a literary friend to take chambers in the Temple; he renounced poetry for the present, until he should have shown that he really had in him a capacity for hard work, and until some inspiration should arise compelling him to attempt a poem, and therefore proving him a man of at least poetic calling. In truth, the meaning of all this was that

Blanchet was disappointed, was penitent, was disposed to blame himself for his failure hitherto—another and very subtle and satisfying mode of self-conceit—and that he was ready to plunge from extreme of self-indulgence to extreme of self-restraint.

In all this, however, he was working still with a purpose and a hope. He had in his life experienced most things except prosperity. He had fallen on bad chances and into a bad school for a petulant and fitful nature like his. He had been left for the most part to a companionship which had little regard for the manly virtues of character. He had consoled himself for disappointments and failures by wrapping himself in a ragged mantle of self-conceit, and affectation, and cynicism. It was easier to talk and think with scorn of an unappreciating world than to work patiently to deserve appreciation. The break-down of all this, his strong love for Minola and her generous kindness, together wrought on him so as to dispose him for more wholesome struggles and a fresh life. His self-conceit now worked in a new form. He was strongly persuaded that Minola was only trying what he could do in the way of manly struggle and achievement before she listened to him, and he told himself that the present was, after all, only a period of probation.

Once he allowed some hope of this kind to escape him in talking with his sister, and she did not wholly discourage it. Some faint whisper, some half-breathed, unconscious utterance of hers, filled him, however, with a terrible suspicion. He had never before thought of the possibility of Miss Grey loving any one if she did not love him. He always complacently regarded her as he regarded fame, as something which, perhaps, has to be wooed amid disappointments, and which may not come all at once or without trouble, but which was sure to be his portion when he had exerted himself enough to deserve it. The new suspicion breathed so uncon-

sciously into his mind by poor Mary filled it with a strange power. It held him day and night. It turned him suddenly and almost completely from his steady work of self-improvement. He felt that he could do nothing until he was clear upon that point, and he set himself to watch and find out.

There never could have been a sermon against suspicion and against mean watchfulness half so impressive as the sum total of what his suspicions and his spyings cost Herbert Blanchet, if he only could have known it. Minola had heard of his steady work from Mrs. Money as well as from Mary, and she was glad of the improvement, and felt a higher respect for him because he had not allowed himself to be wholly crumpled up by a disappointment in love. When all was first known between her and Victor Heron, she felt so miserable and so guilty, that she could have found it in her heart to wish she had married any one, or gone to the other end of the world, or drowned herself, rather than have Lucy and Heron and herself entangled in such a miserable web of perplexity, and of something like deceit.

One dim, foggy evening, when spring seemed to have suddenly turned back into winter, Minola sat in her room, drearily touching some chords on her piano, and meanwhile asking herself, "What is to be done now? what is to come next?"

"One thing is to be done," she said, speaking aloud and rising from the piano. "I am going out, Mary."

"Isn't it wet and foggy, dear?" Mary asked. Mary never saw any use in going out when the weather was not very fine.

"I don't care, Mary; I'll battle with the elements. Is not that the heroic way of putting it?"

"I suppose so; I wish I were a hero, dear."

"What has become of your poetry, Mary? Your poems ought to be your heroism."

"What has become of them, dear?

Oh, I don't know! What has become of everything?"

"Yes," Minola said, in irrepressible despondency, "I wonder what has become of everything we cared about, Mary? I wonder what will become of you and me?"

Mary sighed.

"Oh, you are well enough, Minola dear! You have youth and beauty and everything; and you could do so much good and make people happy, and by making them happy you would be happy yourself."

There was silence for a moment or two.

"How is your brother, Mary?" Minola asked abruptly.

"He is very well, dear," Mary said, looking up timidly. "I think he is very well; he does not complain of anything. He is working very hard, and he tells me it does him good, and he seems very hopeful, I think."

"I am very glad to hear it; indeed I am, Mary," Minola said in an almost penitent tone; and then she made preparations for what she called battling with the elements.

She went her usual way through the park, thinking sadly enough of the first days when she knew that walk, and when she was full of the joy of her newly acquired independence. It seemed to her, knowing all that had passed in that short interval, as if no human creature could have shown herself less fitted for independence than she. She began to be sick of her purposeless life, which had, so far as she saw, only brought distress on herself and on her friends. A woman of the world would have thought little of all that had passed—would have thought, perhaps, that nothing that could be called anything had passed. But Minola's proud spirit and sensitive conscience had not been subdued or seared by the ways of the world. She had tried the past chapters of her life, and she had condemned them; and from her own sentence there was no appeal.

Soon Miss Misanthrope stood on the

bridge that spans the canal, her favorite spot. She had come there for quiet and for thought. The day had been wet and foggy, so much so that at one time it seemed impossible for her to get out of doors at all, and she dreaded a whole day caged up with Mary Blanchet—at least until she had made up her mind on a question of deep moment to her. But the rain ceased to stream, and was succeeded by a thick, warm fog, and Minola did not heed the fog; and so she started for her solitary walk. By the time she had crossed the park the fog was beginning to lift, and when she stood on the bridge she saw a curious and a very lovely sight. On the canal, across it, all along its banks for a certain distance, the heavy, damp fog brooded. It brooded thick, and soft, and dank, as though the season were early winter instead of late spring rapidly melting into summer. It was rather late in the evening; the appearance of the scene was for a certain distance around rather that of a November night than of a spring evening, however late. But high up in the heavens, above the region of the fog, the sky was clear, was all of a faint delicate blue, and the moon was now bright. Immediately beneath Minola's feet, in the water, the reflection of the moon was brilliant, and the sluggish ripples were glorified in its light. Yet if she allowed her gaze to follow the canal, though but a very little way, she came on the fog bank and the region of the mist again. So, if she raised her eyes slowly from the canal to the sky, she saw in succession of almost imperceptible change, the murky hue of the water in the fog, the blackish gray of the spectral trees seen dimly through it, and then shades of softening gray, until in some manner, which the gazer could not clearly make out, the gray had all given way to the pale blue, and at last, following the lighting heaven to the source of light, she reached the glittering, effulgent yellow in which the moon herself was circled. A strange and beautiful

condition of atmosphere and sky thus brought the fogs and chilly waters of November and the soft blue skies and mild moonlight of May into one picture.

The picture had this effect upon Minola, that it took her for the moment away from her own brooding troubles. It told her, too, that come what would the beauty of sky and water would remain a living possession for her. She began to wonder whether, after all, we do not exaggerate in our romantic or petulant moods those sorrows that are said to be especially of the heart. It seemed to her, under the softening and purifying influence of the scene around, that there was much left for her to do and to enjoy in life. Hers was a nature of that mould that is peculiarly alive to the influences of sky, and scene, and atmosphere—a nature that under other conditions of training would have been profoundly superstitious, and for which, to adopt the picturesque expression of Schiller, the door of the ghost kingdom would easily open. Had she not been brought up in prosaic and well-informed England of the midland counties it is probable that the door of that ghost kingdom would always have stood ajar for her, and that amid the commonplace work and joys of every day she would often have had sight of the vast lost regions of the supernatural—that Eden of fearful fascination from which man, by reason of his eating the fruit of the tree of science, has shut himself out. But, even as it was, she retained enough of the thrilling temperament that admits of superstition to feel peculiarly influenced, now encouraged and now depressed, by the movement of a cloud, the gleam of a star, the sudden, unexpected ripple of water among concealing reeds. Therefore as she stood this night, and studied the picture all around her, she felt her soul growing exalted, and saw the heavy mists of her personal troubles begin to roll away and show some gleam of brightness beyond.

When she came slowly away she was

filled with a resolve. If it was not a very wise one, it was at least unselfish, and it was the result of the calmest thought she could take, alone and uncounselled. She had clearly seen for some time that her present theory of life was all a failure. It had completely broken down. She brooded hopelessly over this mournful conviction for a while, and then, like all beings of healthy, unselfish nature, she began to ask herself what was to be done next? She could not give up all her life to grieving over the irreparable. It was not enough for her to sit down and cry because things had not gone well with her. Something must be done: what was to be done?

She could not remain in London and live this kind of life any more. It would be intolerable if she had to run the risk of meeting Victor Heron day after day. She knew well enough his sudden energy of nature, and she feared for him more than for herself that he might make some effort to break away from the pledge that as yet alone held him to poor Lucy. It seemed clear to Minola that in the miserable game of cross-purposes they had been playing they had left no way out except with unhappiness to some one. It was equally clear to her that Lucy ought not to be the sufferer. She did not doubt that time would soften or wholly remove the effect of his mistake and his disappointment for Victor Heron, and that he would come to love Lucy as she ought to be loved, and to be as happy as men can well expect to be. When a thing is inevitable she knew that souls with any manhood in them will always make the best of it; and she well knew that Heron's was a soul filled with genuine manhood. The one thing, therefore, most needful to be done was to make the complete separation of herself and Victor inevitable.

At first she had ideas of going to live far away from England. She spent more than one musing hour in thinking on the place to be chosen for her retreat. She thought of the East,

and was almost amused at the idea of her being another Hester Stanhope, for in her very childish days Hester Stanhope used to be a sort of heroine with her. She thought of Rome; and, indeed, her heart yearned for a life wholly given up to Rome. She thought of Athens; and she thought, too, of the fresh, new world across the Atlantic, where every new idea and every free assertion of individual energy is believed to have a fuller and fairer chance of justifying itself than here among us. But there came up amid all these dreamings the reflection that, after all, this would be doing little good for any mortal but herself. It would only be a sort of sensuality of the soul indulged to the full. It was then the thought rose in her mind that perhaps it was her duty to make some manner of sacrifice for the happiness of some one else. "I cannot be happy myself in my own way," she said to herself; "that is certain. Why should I not try to order things so that by some self-denial I may yet be the means of making some one else more happy than he might otherwise be?" How very happy she might make poor Mary Blanchet by marrying her brother! And Blanchet, too, who professed to love her so much—and who was surely quite sincere, for Minola had lately learned to have great faith in the sincerity of human love—if she could make him happy, would it not be a better use to which to put her life than to moon it away in the indulgence of a vain lament for the unattainable? There were some gifts in him, and under favoring auspices they might shine into something really great. Why should she not apply her life to the task of endeavoring to give them a full development? It seemed to Minola that this would be a far better way of spending her youth than surrendering it wholly to solitude and her own indulgence in vain regret. One dread sometimes made her shudder at the idea. Suppose Victor Heron were to think that she never really

had had any steady and enduring love for him? Suppose he set her down as a woman of no real heart, no strong emotion at all? But then came quick as a ray of light the conviction, "He will never think that;" and afterward in melancholy resignation, the reflection, "If he should, it is only all the better."

So she made up her mind. The resolve was an unwise one no doubt. A girl who had known more of the world's ways would never have made it—at least she would never have made it with such a purpose and such a hope. A woman of the world might have married for money when she could not get the man she loved; she would have married for a home, and a protector, and a settlement, and all the rest of it; and we should most of us have said that she did sensibly and well. She might have married to please her father and mother, as the good girls were always taught that it was their duty to do in the formal old days, and her filial piety would have been applauded. But the idea of marrying a poor young man without even the excuse of loving him, the idea of marrying him merely because he loved her, and she thought she might do him good, and make his life happy—this would undoubtedly have seemed to all sensible persons not only very absurd, but perhaps rather unwomanly as well. Such, however, was the resolve Minola made, and it was made deliberately and in honest purpose for the right. In the perplexed way of her life she saw nothing better to do than this. This would secure the happiness of poor Lucy, who then would never know that her happiness had been in danger; it would make Heron's course clear and inevitable; it would perhaps make Blanchet happy; it would certainly make Mary very happy; and for Minola herself it would at least give her the knowledge that her life was of some use to some human hearts. She came away from the park with a resolve. In that sense she was less unhappy than before.

"I will see Herbert Blanchet. I will trust to his honor and his generosity. I will tell him that I love—that I did love—a man whom I cannot marry; and, if he is willing to have me for his wife with that knowledge, I shall not hold back any longer."

"After all, perhaps I shall thus be acting out my part of Miss Misanthrope in the spirit and the letter," she said, with a gleam of her old temper, as she walked homeward.

"Mary, I should like to see your brother very much, and as soon as he could come," Minola said to her companion that evening, as they sat alone, and tried to get up an appearance of their old cheerfulness.

Mary looked up surprised.

"I am sure, Minola, he ought to be only too delighted; but do you think it would be well to ask him to come?"

"Would it be any harm?"

"He feels such a great deal, you know; or, indeed, I don't think you could well know. There are feelings we can all only have for ourselves. I am afraid, Minola dear, it would only renew his unhappiness, poor fellow. He loves you so much, Minola."

Minola colored and felt distressed. Almost her heart failed her, but she kept to her purpose.

"If I wanted to see him very particularly, Mary, don't you think he would come then?"

Mary looked up again in doubled wonder. A wild hope came into her mind which she would not dare to express, but which set her all trembling and brought the tears into her eyes.

"Oh, yes, Minola dearest, of course he would come! Of course he must know, as well as I know, that you would not bring him here to give him needless pain, and that you have some good purpose."

"I want to say something to him very particularly, Mary, which I think now I ought to say. I want to ask him something. I don't know how he will answer it; but I feel that I ought to give him the chance of answering it. Now, don't begin puzzling your head about it, Mary dear; you will

know it all soon, whatever way things turn out; but at present, dear, it specially concerns him and me, and I could not tell even you, Mary, until I had spoken to him first."

Mary was a little cast down from her wild hopes. She feared that, after all, it was only some explanation Minola proposed to give to Herbert, with a view, perhaps, of making him more reconciled to his fate, a result about which Mary had but little hope. She accepted her part, however, and promised to go and see her brother the very first thing in the morning.

It would be needless to deny that, in thinking over her project of self-sacrifice, Minola had thought of other names as well as that of Herbert Blanchet. She had thought, for instance, of her too faithful old lover, Mr. Shepard; but she could not see the possibility of a life spent with Mr. Shepard. She did not see that she could be of any manner of use to him in his career; rather, indeed, she felt that she must necessarily be something of a hindrance. Then there was no Mary Blanchet in that case to be joined in the objects of the sacrifice. Mr. Shepard had money enough, and wanted no help in that way. Her money might enable Blanchet, she thought, to give his genius full sway—to give it its head, without regard to prudence, and publishers, and pot boilers. "I suppose he has genius; I think he has genius," she kept saying to herself. If she was to sacrifice herself—and this must in any case be an absolute sacrifice—she felt she must justify the act to her own heart and conscience by the assurance that it would do the fullest good in her power to do.

When Mary, full of doubt and hope, went to see her brother next morning, she was startled by the change that appeared to have suddenly taken place in him. He seemed to have thrown away his hard-working mood, and to be reckless and almost ferocious. When Mary told him she had brought him a message from Minola, he looked almost as if she had said she brought a warrant for his arrest.

"What does she want of me, Mary? You must know. Come, let us hear it; tell it out."

"But, Herbert dear, indeed I don't know. She did not tell me anything."

"And you don't guess, my sister?" he asked with a sickly smile that made her uncomfortable to see.

"No, Herbert. She only said that she wanted to ask you a question, and that you ought to have a chance of answering it, or something of that kind."

"Yes, I thought so. Very well, Mary; tell her I will not go; tell her to think anything she likes of me—the very worst will not be too bad; but I will not see her."

He turned his back on his sister. Mary, however, had seen him in heroic and in despondent moods often enough not to feel quite discouraged by this demonstration. She endeavored to argue with him; and ventured to hint that probably he might find everything turning out for the very best when he came to speak with Minola.

"You think so?" he asked with a laugh. "Very well, Mary, I will go; it may as well be got done with once for all. Come, my sister, let us go. Are you to be present at the interview, Mary?"

"No, Herbert; oh, no! She wants to speak to you alone first. But I dare say I shall know some time."

"I dare say you will; I only wonder you have not known it already. Tell me, Mary, don't you think one had best tell the truth when it is certain that he must be found out if he tells a lie?"

"Oh, Herbert, what a question!"

"You think it very absurd, don't you? Well, Mary, there is some sense in it too. You may be sure I shall answer Miss Grey's question very truthfully to-day."

CHAPTER XXXII.

LEFT LONELY.

THAT was a time of strange and painful emotion during which Minola

waited for the coming of Blanchet and his sister. There were moments when she would have given all the world to be able to recall what she had said and done. There were even moments of agonizing reaction, when she felt inclined to descend the stairs softly, and open the door, and go into the street, and disappear for evermore somehow from the sight of all who knew her. Once or twice she covered her face with her hands as if she felt an intolerable shame. Once or twice she burst into tears. She was only sustained by the thought that the extraordinary step she had resolved on would secure poor Lucy's happiness, and that it would make both Mary Blanchet and her brother very happy. Other way to make her wretched failure of a life useful to any human creature she saw none. She got up and walked about the room like some half wild and caged creature, whose limitations sometimes became almost unbearable. She was terrified at the fate she had brought upon herself; she looked back with miserable regret to the few free and happy days she had spent when she first came to London. "Let no wretched woman ever try to be independent!" she cried out in her bitterness.

What a long time they were coming! for now she began to wish that the interview were over, and anything resolved upon that could not be undone. Trifling little things came into her mind, and perplexed and distressed her. If, for instance, Mary Blanchet should remain in the room! "If she is there, I shall not be able to say out what I want to say," Minola thought; "and if she wishes to remain, will she think it strange and wrong if I ask her not to stay? If it is all settled, how shall I have to behave to him? Will he understand that I am not going to play any love part? If he comes, and I tell him all this, and he is content, then will he kiss me, and must I seem willing to be kissed? Will he accept me at all on such terms?" A wild gleam of hope lit up within

her for a moment, and then died out. "Oh, yes, he will accept me. He does not care!" she said; and she trembled with pain and shame at the strange humiliation she had brought upon herself. She will never forget the agony of that hour while she waited there alone.

At length they are come. She heard the voice of Mary apparently reasoning with Blanchet. Then one point of perplexity was presently settled for her, because the door opened and Mr. Blanchet came in, and he was alone. Minola heard the soft pattering of Mary's receding feet. Then a sudden revulsion took place in her feelings, and she wished that Mary had come in with her brother. It was too late now, however, to think of that, for Blanchet was in the room unaccompanied, and came toward her.

Minola was greatly surprised and even shocked at the appearance of Blanchet. She would have been still more pained if she could have persuaded herself that his present aspect and manner were the result of his love, and that she was to blame for having brought him to this pass. But there was something sullen and almost fierce about him which did not seem to her inexperienced eyes to speak merely of the pangs of misprized love. He looked like a man who has come to meet an accusation and is determined to brazen it out. His very manner of saluting her had in it something of defiance which was strangely unlike his old ways of poetic devotion, when he used to place himself, metaphorically at least, at her feet, and look up to her as his patroness and saint.

Perhaps Minola now wished she had not sent for him. Perhaps her mind misgave her as to her purpose of self-sacrifice. Perhaps she would gladly have had Mary Blanchet or any one else in the room, to bear her company.

She had sent for Mr. Blanchet, however, and she had to receive him becomingly. It seemed marvellous to her now how she ever could have invited him with the intention of offer-

ing herself to him to be his wife. Taking her courage, as the French phrase has it, in her two hands, she went to meet Herbert with a friendly greeting.

To her surprise Blanchet did not take her hand when she offered it, but made a bow, and placed himself at some distance from her, standing near the chimney-piece.

"I know why you have sent for me, Miss Grey," he said, "and I had better not take your hand until we understand one another. I am told by Mary that you wish to ask me a question. Well, let me save you trouble and myself too. I answer the question at once. I say yes—yes!"

Then the poet threw back his dark hair, and stood as one who cares not now what is to follow. If he had ever been a reader or a stage-struck admirer of Shakespeare, one might have supposed that the attitude and look were got up after Othello, when he says, "'T was I that killed her," and is thenceforth prepared for the worst.

This was a mystery to Minola. It seemed absolutely impossible that he could have learned or guessed at the nature of the question she had meant to put to him. It had only been settled in her own mind the evening before, and was never whispered, even to the reeds along the canal. Nor even if he had known it by supernatural inspiration, did his tone and manner seem appropriate to the occasion, and to the answer he had given.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Blanchet, and you can't, I think, have any idea of the reason why I asked you to come and see me."

"Yes, yes; I know it very well—only too well."

"Then you must tell me what it is; for really, Mr. Blanchet, if you know it, I don't."

Minola seated herself quietly on a little sofa, and waited for him to explain all this. His theatrical ways were so absurd and offensive in her eyes that they impelled her to fall back upon a reserved and distant de-

meanor. He could hardly have gone mad, she thought; and in any case she now only wished to be well out of the whole affair. Minola could not believe that real emotion and stage-play could go together in the one part in private life, and she judged Blanchet wrongly for this reason. There are people in whom the instinct of the theatrical is as strong as the common instinct of self-preservation. Blanchet was as much in earnest now and as near to actual despair as he could be in this life.

"Oh, yes; I know!" he said; "and I may as well save you all trouble in reproaching me. You need not tell me you despise me, Miss Grey; you can't despise me more than I despise myself. You need not tell me I have been ungrateful; I know that there never was a more ungrateful wretch on earth. If you could care for any thanks from me or believe in their sincerity, I would thank you for one thing—for not telling poor Mary anything about this. It was like your magnanimous nature to do this. She will come to know of it some time, I suppose; but not from you—not from you."

Minola began to be really alarmed and shocked. This was no play-acting. His eyes were burning with wild emotion. He was in thorough earnest. Her idea was that he must have committed some crime and got it into his head that she knew of it. She got up and went kindly over to him. He shrank away.

"We are talking at cross-purposes, Mr. Blanchet; and I am afraid you are going to tell me something I ought not to know. You must not say any more—at least without thinking of what you are saying. I have no reproach to make against you, Mr. Blanchet: what could I have? If you have done anything that deserves all the reproach you are giving to yourself, I don't know anything of it—and indeed I don't believe it."

"You don't know; you really don't know?" and his eyes lighted up with

a momentary ray of surprise and hope. Then he became despairing again. "You are sure to know before long; and I may as well tell you myself."

"No, no, Mr. Blanchet, I don't want to know; I have no right to know. Pray don't say any more. Let us ask Mary to come in." He put his hand upon her arm and stayed her.

"No, no, you must hear it all now; we had better have an end to it. It concerns you, Miss Grey, and you have a right to know of it. 'T was I who saw you and Heron in St. James's park; it was I who told Lucy Money, and made you seem a treacherous friend to her; 't was I who did mischief that I suppose can never be set right, and did it all to the only woman in the world who ever was really kind to me. Yes! What do you think of me now?"

Minola felt herself growing giddy and sick as he talked on in his wild way. Little as she understood of what he was saying, yet she knew enough to make her feel as if the ground reeled beneath her. It was enough that Victor and she had been seen and watched and misunderstood by somebody, and that all her efforts to make things happy for Lucy were in vain. For the moment she did not think of herself. She knew that there was nothing she had done to be ashamed of, or which two simple words to Lucy would not explain. But when that explanation once began, where was it to stop? For the moment she did not even think of the degradation to herself in having her movements watched, and reported, and misrepresented; or of the shameful ingratitude of Blanchet, whom, an hour ago, she almost looked upon as her destined husband.

Blanchet now stood leaning both his elbows on the chimney-piece, his head turned away from her.

"Mr. Blanchet," Minola said quietly, "you say you have done me some great wrong. There is just one favor you can do me now, and that is, to tell me in the simplest words what

you saw, and what you said of it, and why you came to say it."

She stood and waited, with a manner seemingly of the most perfect composure. Within her breast all was pain, shame, anger, and distraction. But she contrived to keep an air of entire self-restraint and calmness. It appeared to her that the mere dignity of womanhood exacted from her that much of self-control at least.

Then Blanchet told his story. It was a little incoherent here and there, and dashed with theatric expressions of passion and despair. But its general purpose was only too clear. He was going to call on Mrs. Money that unhappy day, and as he was crossing the park he saw Victor Heron seated, and apparently waiting for some one. The poet confessed that, prompted by some demon of jealousy and suspicion, he watched, and he saw Minola come up, and he saw them meet and saw them walk together. Then, still and further inspired by the demon on whom he was disposed to throw so much responsibility, he hastened to Mrs. Money's house. He learned that Heron had left a full hour before Minola; he even found out that they had parted formally from each other; and then he told Lucy for her private information that he had just seen them together in the park, an hour after Heron had left Lucy declaring that he must hasten to the House of Commons.

Minola heard all this, bending her head slightly every now and then to signify that she understood his meaning. At the end she quietly asked what Lucy had said to the story he told her.

She looked very pale, Blanchet said; but she only begged of him not to say anything to her mother, and then she went away. But he saw too well, he added, that she was struck to the heart by what she had heard. Then first, when his rage of jealousy and madness had passed away, he began to understand the full measure of his shame. When Minola sent for him—

to ask him a question, as Mary had told him—he felt sure it was to put the question of guilty or not guilty. He might as well plead guilty at once. It must all come out. There must be explanations, and he must stand confessed. That did not trouble him now, he said. His one only thought was that Minola had been his best friend in the world, and that he had betrayed her.

Minola listened to these explanations with a heart in which scorn and anger were longing for utterance, but with serene and imperturbable composure. Once again she thought to herself, "Yes, it is true—women are born hypocrites;" and she thought too, "I am glad of it just now."

"Things are not quite so bad as your excited conscience would make them out, I hope, Mr. Blanchet," she said, with a half smile of contempt. "It was not well done of you to play such a part, nor exactly what I should have expected; but I hope it will prove that you have not done much harm to any one—except to your own feelings and conscience, of course. I met Mr. Heron by the merest chance that day in the park, and I never met him there or anywhere else except by chance. That can be explained in two words if Miss Money thinks any explanation necessary. She will believe anything I tell her or that Mr. Heron tells her."

Blanchet shook his head.

"You think she will not believe him or me?" Minola asked with quiet contempt. "Oh, yes, Mr. Blanchet, you are mistaken!"

"I didn't mean to doubt that," the poet said, with downcast head. To do him justice, he had not the least doubt that either Minola or Heron would tell the truth; his doubt was whether the full acknowledgment would be entirely satisfactory to Lucy Money; and Minola guessed his meaning.

"That, at any rate, can be left to Miss Money's own judgment, Mr. Blanchet. I was only anxious to as-

sure you that you have not after all done so much harm as you seemed to fear just now."

She looked very cold and cruel. As he turned his eyes to hers he caught no light of ancient kindness or pity in them; only a cold and merciless dislike and contempt. He cast one abject, penitent glance at her, a glance that seemed to implore for some merciful consideration.

"You don't even reproach me," he said, appealing to her with outstretched hands of sudden passion and despair.

"Oh, no! I have no right to complain of anything you may choose to say. You did see me in the park with Mr. Heron; it is quite true. You have said nothing untrue of me: what right have I to complain?"

Then she made a slight, hardly perceptible movement—one of those movements which it comes by nature to even the least affected women to make, and which convey so much with such little effort. It indicated to Blanchet, beyond the possibility of mistake, that the interview was at an end.

"At least try to forgive me," he said despairingly. "I thought all you Christians were bound to do that."

"It is not a question of forgiving," she said with the same composed air. "I have no power to punish, Mr. Blanchet, and I don't see why we should speak of forgiving. You don't ask me, I suppose, to think just the same of you to-day as I thought yesterday? I could hardly do that, even as a Christian duty."

As Blanchet was hurrying out of the house he met his sister in the hall. She ran to him with inquiring eyes, seeking in his face for some sign of coming happiness to all of them. He stopped and looked at her, and then a sudden thought seemed to take possession of him, and he caught her arm.

"Come away with me," he said; "get your things and come away this moment. This is no place for you."

She has refused him again, poor Mary thought. Oh, why then did she send for him at all?

"But, Herbert, my dear, how can I leave her? Do you want me to go away from Minola for ever?"

"Yes, yes, for ever. Come away this moment, I tell you. I'll take care of you; I'll provide for you if that is it. But come away from this place. We have no right to be here, either of us."

"What has she said to you, Herbert—what have you done?"

"She has said nothing to me; I wish she had said something to me. What have I done? I have acted like a treacherous cad——"

"Oh, Herbert, it can't be!"

"It is, I tell you. Come away from this, Mary; you have no right to be here; come away this moment, I tell you."

His energy quite overbore poor Mary. She had never seen him in such a mood before; indeed, she had never seen any one else in such a mood. She could no more have stood out against him than against a storm. But the idea of her going away from Minola seemed like an overturning of the world.

"But won't you tell me what this is all about? What have you done, Herbert? Why must I leave her? How could I live without her? What would she say?"

"I'll tell you all when you come with me; I'll tell you nothing now. Get your things; I will give you five minutes. Go along, Mary, and be quick."

Mary looked wildly up and down, as one who hopes, perhaps, that some supernatural intervention may come at the last moment to rescue her from a doom which she has no strength to fight against herself. She looked up the stairs and along the hall, and even to the ceiling. Nothing came to save her. She burst into tears.

"Come," said Herbert, turning his dark eyes on her with a wildness in them which she could not trifle with any longer.

"I'll come, Herbert; I'll come," she said.

She ran up stairs; she rushed into the room where Minola was, and clasped Minola in her arms, and clung about her and kissed her, and stammered some incoherent words of fondness and good-by, and ran out again before Minola could understand what she meant or what she was about to do. In another moment Minola heard the street door shut, and going to the window saw Mary hurrying off with her brother.

Minola felt dazed by the sudden occurrences of the day. She looked after the departing figures of Mary Blanchet and her brother, and at first could hardly understand the situation. Then she turned and looked into the darkening, lonely room, and she felt very much alone indeed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MAN WITHOUT A GRIEVANCE.

THE man with the grievance had got his chance at last. His time had come. The hopes with which he came over to England, and which had so often seemed to fail and fade from him, were likely to be realized now. He was about to have a hearing for his cause. He was to make his statement in the presence of all England—that is to say, from the floor of the House of Commons. The night fixed for the hearing of Victor Heron's motion in the House had come, and it had excited a great deal of public interest, and was certain of a patient consideration.

The destinies had surely been very kind to Heron since his coming to England. He thought of this as he was crossing the park from his lodgings to get to the House of Commons this particular evening, and found his nerves becoming tremulous with the anticipation of the coming fight, of the speech he had to make, and of the success which he felt confident the justice of his case must win for it. When he landed in England, under a

sort of cloud and otherwise obscured he found at first that it was hardly possible to get any one of influence even to listen to what he had to say. He could not now but admire, to use the old phrase, the change which had been wrought for him in the condition of things. There was a time when he would readily have given ten or twenty years of his life for the chance that now was coming so easily to him. He ought to be a proud and happy man. Proud he might perhaps have been, were it not that he felt terribly nervous now that the time was so near; but happy he certainly did not feel. To be happy in any manner of political success, or at least to enjoy it thoroughly, one ought to have no heart, he began to think. He was very unhappy; his unhappiness rose up between him and his grievance—between him and his speech. He was glad to take refuge in the thought of the inevitable speech, and in the nervous trepidation that it called up; even that was better than thinking of other things. He endeavored to fix his attention exclusively on the approaching debate, and to make himself believe that the end of all things would come the moment it was over. He had gained the great object of his life—at least he stood on the direct way to gain it, and this was the spirit in which he received the crowning of his hopes.

Mr. Augustus Sheppard went down to the House that night to hear the debate. It was not a party question, every one said, and he was free to wish that Victor might gain his cause. Indeed, it was Victor himself who was obtaining a seat for his former rival to hear the debate. Mr. Sheppard quite understood now that it was good form to be on friendly terms with a man whom you had opposed unsuccessfully at an election. He had some interest, too, of his own in the present debate and in Heron's success. There was a general impression that if Heron made out a real case, the Government would certainly give him the very next good

appointment in the colonial administrations that came to their hand; and Sheppard assumed that that and not a parliamentary life would be the object of Heron's ambition. Heron then would resign the seat for Keeton, which he had only obtained by a fluke; and Mr. Sheppard would have a capital opportunity next time, when it was not likely that the odd chances that had defeated him could occur again. He felt still a sort of superstitious longing for success at Keeton, because it had so long been in his hopes; and he had a faith that if he carried Keeton, he would also carry Minola Grey. He was then in a peculiarly hopeful mood as he walked toward the House of Commons the evening of Heron's motion.

Mr. Sheppard was a little too early; he generally took care to be a little early for everything. He was never known to be late for an appointment. He began to walk more slowly when he came near Westminster Palace, for he saw by the clock on the tower that he had plenty of time to spare. He slowly entered Westminster Hall, and found himself entangled in a crowd there. A case of some public interest was going on in one of the law courts on the right of the hall, and people were waiting to see some of the witnesses pass out; while on the left of the hall others were watching to see members of Parliament pass in. Sheppard remembered that the case was one in which a good many noblemen were more or less interested, and that among others the Duke, who was his feudatory chief, had expressed some opinion about it, and had even been present at some of the sittings of the court. He stood a moment, therefore, with a sort of respectful and well-regulated curiosity, and he asked a question of one or two persons around him; and it happened that he saw a friend or two passing through the crowd, and he interchanged a few words. He pleased himself with thinking of the time, now perhaps very near, when people would see him

passing into the House of Commons with other members, and then he began to make his way forward, believing it not becoming that a person of such expectations should be seen standing in a curious crowd. He was making his way clear of the throng, when a tall man passed him, whose appearance seemed familiar to Mr. Sheppard. Mr. Sheppard, however, went on his way; but the other stopped and looked after him, and then strode in pursuit, and speedily overtook him. A hand was laid on Mr. Sheppard's shoulder, and a friendly voice was heard in his ear.

"Hullo, Sheppard, how are you? Don't bear malice, I hope—especially as I lost as well as you."

Mr. Sheppard turned round and saw a figure which he could not mistake. He forgot, however, for the moment some of the conditions under which the figure chose to present itself to society; and he began in a doubtful and embarrassed tone:

"Oh, yes; I beg your pardon, Lord Hugh——"

"I say, Sheppard, cut that! I have dropped all that sort of thing; I'm the opposite to the dog, don't you know? in the fable; he dropped the substance to get at the shadow; I drop the shadow seeing that I can't have the substance; and I think you'll own, Sheppard, that I am the more sensible animal of the two."

"I am pleased to see you, Mr. St. Paul."

"Thank you, Sheppard, it's very kind of you. You don't look particularly pleased, and that makes it all the more good of you to say it." And Mr. St. Paul laughed his familiar laugh.

"Well, we met last time under circumstances that don't of themselves tend to make men pleased to see each other, Mr. St. Paul," Sheppard said; for he was not to be long kept in awe of a person of noble family when that person was not respectable in his conduct, and was not on good terms with the head of the house.

"I don't know; it was a fair fight,

Sheppard; I lost as well as you. I dare say if I had got in, you would have had a petition."

"I think it highly probable we should have taken some such course, Mr. St. Paul. There would certainly have seemed to be some justification for such a course."

"I wonder who would have paid the expenses if there had been a petition against me."

"I should have found the means to pay them, Mr. St. Paul."

"Found the means, I dare say; but would not the means have been found in my brother's purse, Sheppard?"

"I am not dependent on your noble brother, Mr. St. Paul, greatly as I respect him, and as every one must respect him."

"Quite right, Sheppard; quite right. But we will not fight about that now. I am going off again, and I had rather part company on good terms with as many old friends as will do me the favor to be civil to me."

"I thought you had left England, Mr. St. Paul."

"No; I am getting off to-morrow or next day; one has such a lot of things to do, don't you know? But, I say, have you heard the news about our old friend Money?"

"No, I have heard nothing about Mr. Money or his family," Sheppard said with some appearance of interest.

"Nothing bad, I hope. I should be sorry if——"

"Well, that is pretty much as you choose to take it. I should not call it bad to leave this confounded country; but I don't know how you may look at the matter."

"Is Mr. Money going to leave the country?"

"Right away. He has sent in his retiring address to his constituents. A chance for you there, Sheppard, perhaps. Money helped to put a Liberal in for Keeton—you might retaliate by getting yourself in for his borough."

"But why does he take so strange and sudden a step? Not any business calamity surely?"

"No, no; a business affair, but not a business calamity—unless your patriotic soul, Sheppard, sees a calamity in anything done by a Briton in the service of a foreign country. Our friend Money is going to let the Emperor of Russia have all the benefit of his services as an inventor and constructor of engines chiefly used in the unchristian work of destruction."

"Indeed? You astonish me."

"Do I? I am glad of it; it is something to have any one to astonish with a piece of news. I knew it must come to this long ago. It was all very well while everything looked peaceful, and the lion lying down with the lamb, and all that sort of thing, *you* know. But, by Jove! we may have a big fight now any day, and our friend would soon find he couldn't serve the two masters. He's a sensible fellow—Money; and he makes his choice while he can do so decently, without seeming to go over to the enemy, don't you know? Of course he is quite right; we wouldn't pay him, and t'other party will; and why should he not get the best pay he can in times like these, Sheppard, my boy? That's business, isn't it? We all live by business, you know."

"Still, I should have thought that there was more of patriotic feeling in Mr. Money—and he having sat so long in Parliament too——"

"Ah, that's it, you know," St. Paul said carelessly. "He has been behind the scenes, and sees how things are done; you have not as yet. He knows what it all comes to; he is a sensible fellow—Money; you may be sure he knows uncommonly well what he is about, Sheppard. I knew this long time it must come to this."

"And this is beyond doubt?" Sheppard asked, still dubitating, and at the same time trying to follow out a train of ideas applying to himself more exclusively.

"True as Gospel. I have just read his retiring address—in which, however, he takes good care, of course, not to be very explicit about the

cause of his going off; and I have been talking to the man who is going to marry his daughter in a few days."

"Oh, Mr. Heron?"

"No, not Heron; the other man—I forget his name, who was at the Bar, you know—I remember him at Oxford; the fellow who marries the elder sister——"

Mr. Sheppard signified that he understood the meaning of Mr. St. Paul's reference.

"Well, of course he did not say exactly what I knew to be the fact; but he did not contradict it. I fancy he is not very sorry that Money is going out of the country. He wants to be in society, you know; and, of course, Money is not just the sort of father-in-law for a man in society."

"You don't know, Mr. St. Paul," Sheppard said, becoming almost friendly in his anxiety to learn all about this affair—"you don't know, I suppose, whom Mr. Money takes with him to Russia?"

"No, I don't know; only his wife, I suppose. If the other girl marries our young friend Heron, it isn't likely she would be going off to Russia, I suppose. They say Heron will get a colony somewhere. Well, glad to see you, Sheppard. Good-by."

"You are very kind, I'm sure, Mr. St. Paul," Sheppard said with a certain fervor, for he really thought it was friendly of St. Paul to speak to him so good-humoredly after all that had passed between them on the memorable night of the riot at Keeton.

St. Paul laughed.

"I am going to be a great deal more kind to you now, Sheppard; for I'm going to leave you just in time to save your credit. I see my brother coming; and if you were caught in conference with me, you would never set foot inside any house of his ever again. Good-by, Sheppard."

St. Paul nodded, smiled, and turned away. Sheppard stood for a moment and looked after his great, stooping form, as it made its way out through the crowd, and then he prepared to

pay his respects to the chief of the ducal house. He felt a little humiliated by the parting words of St. Paul, but it must be confessed that it was a source of some gladness to him not to be found in parley with a disreputable younger brother when the Duke came up. The Duke was hurrying by, and only gave Mr. Sheppard a hand to shake, and a "How d'y'e do, Sheppard?" But this was something to have got unalloyed by any qualification or suspicion which the presence of St. Paul might have infused into it.

But even while the dry, cool fingers of the Duke were still in his momentary possession, Mr. Sheppard was thinking of how the disappearance of the Money family from Minola's horizon would affect his chances with her. He thought of this as he sat and listened to Victor Heron's speech. It may be said in passing, that Sheppard did not greatly admire the speech. It seemed to him to want order and finish. He was surprised that Heron should have plunged into the subject so directly. Mr. Sheppard had been studying rhetoric of late, and he had formed for himself a very clear idea of how Victor's subject ought to be treated. He thought the speaker should have begun with a sketch of the growth and greatness of England's colonial system; should have shown how the glory of England depends in great measure on the way in which she governs her colonies; should have had a good deal to say about the manner in which the great Mr. Pitt had condemned slavery; might even, perhaps, have quoted a passage from Mr. Pitt's famous peroration about the sunlight streaming in upon the mind of Africa as it did while he spoke through the windows of the House of Commons; and thus brought the House, as it were, into tune with the particular question to be debated that day. Victor did nothing of all this, but began in an easy conversational tone, and in three sentences was right into the heart of his subject, only warming into anything

like eloquence as he came to deal with occasional passages on which he felt deeply, and then as soon as possible resuming the quietly argumentative tone again. The House seemed to like it evidently, and Sheppard heard people near him saying it was going to be a great success. Mr. Sheppard was a little astonished, but felt that he ought to be pleased for more reasons than one. He was satisfied he could make a far more eloquent speech than that, and if that sort of thing was successful, he might fairly expect to take rank among the great orators of the House when he got his chance.

But he was only thinking of all this at passing moments. For the most part his mind was occupied with thoughts of Minola, and of the manner in which the departure of the Moneys would affect her and by consequence him. If Mr. and Mrs. Money go to Russia, and Heron and his wife go to some colony, then Minola would be left almost absolutely alone in London. He knew the girl too well to think that she would look for new friends. Surely, then, she would come to value his steady, faithful love. He would have become a success by that time, and no woman is indifferent to success. She would see that in his love there was nothing interested or selfish. Indeed, his love for her was not selfish in the ordinary sense. It would have surprised both him and her to know it, but it was true all the same, that in one respect at least he did strongly resemble her beloved Alceste. His extreme love went so far as to form wishes against her who was its object; he could have wished that she were reduced to miserable condition—that heaven, in giving her birth, had given her nothing—that she had neither money nor friends—in order that he might have the happiness of seeing her depend for everything upon the helping hand of his love. Mr. Sheppard was less acquainted even with Tibullus than with Molière, but the Latin poet had expressed many hundreds of years be-

fore Alceste the wish that often filled Sheppard, as it had filled Minola's hero, the "*Utinam possis uni mihi bella, videri, displiceas aliis; sic ego tutus ero.*" This wish was strong in Sheppard's mind while Victor Heron was addressing the House. Indeed, no love from the most romantic and passionate lover could have been a better tribute to a woman's worth than that of Sheppard for Minola Grey. All her other lovers were taking her on mere trust. All the others were caught by some charm in her which they could perhaps not define. She might, for aught they could tell, be in reality something quite different from what she seemed to be. Sheppard had known her almost from her cradle time; he saw her faults as the others probably did not; he had often winced under her occasional touches of sarcasm; he knew very well that she had always done injustice to him, but he knew how sterling, how sweet, how true was the woman's heart that was within her breast; he had seen her tried in all manner of ways, and he had seen that trial always only brought out the simple nobility of her nature; he was as certain as he was of life that if once he could induce her to marry him, she would never have any other thought than how to make him happy. In his love there was undoubtedly that calculating spirit which belonged to all his nature. He sometimes admitted this to himself in a manner; for he occasionally said to himself, "No one else would lose so much in losing her as I should, for no one else knows so well what she is worth."

The debate did not last a very long time. It was over in rather a sudden way, Mr. Sheppard thought. As far as he could understand, some one on behalf of the Government was put up to say that Mr. Heron had done quite the right thing in all he did, and that his only mistake was in supposing that there was the faintest idea of disapproving of any part of his administration. Then Mr. Money got up, and in a few short and very telling sentences

seemed to say that if the Government had felt approval, they had a very odd way of showing it, and that he thought the honorable member for Keeton had much better press his motion for inquiry. Then other Opposition members said something to the same effect; and one or two grave and independent members on the ministerial side said something of the same kind; and then at last a very leading member of the Government got up, and made the most emphatic assurances of respect and regard for all Mr. Heron had done, and declared that the Government were quite prepared to accept a simple resolution expressing the approval of the House of the manner in which the St. Xavier's Settlements had been administered. There was no possibility of fighting any further. Heron had won a complete victory, and the whole affair was over. Before Mr. Sheppard had time to rise from his seat the House of Commons was occupied with something else, and its benches were nearly empty.

He hurried into the lobby, and had a chance of saying a word or two of congratulation to Mr. Heron. Then he saw Mr. Money come out, and he pushed his way up to him and held him fast.

"Is this true, Mr. Money, this strange news that I hear? Is it true that you are going to leave old England?"

"Quite true, Mr. Sheppard; at least that I am going to leave old England for a time. I dare say she can muddle on somehow without me."

"And you are going soon?"

"As soon as I can get away. I came down here to-night for the last time to give a vote for Heron's motion, if a vote were needed, which you see it was not. You heard the debate? Didn't they get shabbily out of it?"

Mr. Sheppard was not thinking much of the debate.

"I suppose you take some of your family with you to Russia, Mr. Money?"

"Some, yes; but not all."

"Oh, no! I know," Mr. Sheppard said, with the air of one who understands everything. "I was going to ask whether Miss Grey is going with you?"

"Miss Grey? No. Why should she go?"

"Well, I didn't know; she and your ladies appear to be such friends, and she is so much alone, that I thought perhaps——"

"Miss Grey would be only too welcome," Money said gravely, "if she cared to exile herself, Mr. Sheppard; but I don't think it at all likely that she will leave London."

"Then she will be quite alone?"

Mr. Money looked Sheppard fixedly in the face with a curious expression, in which there was a dash of pity.

"Well, I don't know, Sheppard, I'm sure. Perhaps she will not be so much alone after all. Good night. If we should not see you again, why then good-by and good luck."

He wrung Sheppard's hand with a grasp of unusual warmth and friendship. There was something in the pressure as of one who sympathizes or commiserates. It was perhaps because he was going away, Mr. Sheppard thought; and he felt touched by the kindness even while he was glad that the Moneys were going away, and that Victor Heron was to be married, and doubtless to go away too; for then Minola would be left to him without a friend to come between the two; and in the end she must marry him.

Mr. Sheppard left the House of Commons and walked to the West Centre, and took up his stand for a while under Minola's windows, thinking of how much alone she soon must be, and having very little idea of how utterly alone she actually was then. If Minola could have looked out of her window and seen him; if she could have known of all his faithful watching; if she could have realized the fact that now in her utter loneliness, when all others seemed to have gone from her, he still remained

and was only longing to make himself endurable to her, would she have thought of making to him the offer she had so nearly made to Blanchet? It would be rash to conjecture. She was very wretched, and life seemed to have no hope any more. The desertion of Mary Blanchet had touched her to the very core. It is hard to say what the presence of any love and devotion, however formal and inartistic, might not have done at such a time. Perhaps had she seen Sheppard in that moment and had he spoken out, the cross-purposes of the story of all their lives might have been made complete and inextricable.

Meanwhile Victor Heron had got rid of most of his congratulating friends, and stood alone for a moment in a corner of the thinning lobby. He had won a success, complete and beyond his hopes; it had been a success for his cause, and with that, too, a success for himself. Although Mr. Sheppard had not thought very highly of his style of eloquence, it had taken the House of Commons completely. He could not possibly doubt the reality of the success he had made. Member after member came up to grasp his hand and congratulate him, in that spirit of fellowship which is so remarkable in the House of Commons. Men who were entirely opposed to him in political views—men who had never spoken to him before—men who would have voted against him if the Government had opposed his motion and it had gone to a division, now rushed up to offer him the most sincere congratulations on the success of the speech he had made. Victor was very emotional, as we know, and there were moments when he could not reply to these kindly words, and when strange lights seemed to twinkle before his eyes, and he only saw as through a mist. He was proud; he was humbled. In the pride and in the humility, however, there was a dull pain always at his heart. He kept thinking of her who had urged him on again and again to perseverance in his

course; who had faith in him when no one else had; who stimulated him to new exertion when no one else saw into his heart and his purpose, and believed in his success. He might have had her to share in the success; her bright eyes might even now be moistening near his own in the joy of this great triumph. In whatever career this might open up to him, he might have had her companionship. She would have helped him to serve his country, and to leave a name which perhaps might be written down with honor in the list of England's servants who had done faithful work. He stood there pulling his moustache and thinking; quite depressed amid all his success, and feeling that, if his cause had had a victory, his life was only a failure.

While he thus stood, some one who had passed into the House of Commons came out into the lobby again; and an arm was put through Heron's, and he heard Mr. Money's voice, and he wakened up from his melancholy brooding.

"Will you walk out with me, Heron? There's nothing going on here that you and I are likely to care about.

I am going to Pall Mall. Will you walk with me across the park? I want to speak to you as soon as possible on a matter of some interest to both of us."

Mr. Money's manner was unusually grave. There was no need for him to tell Victor that he had something serious to say. Victor saw that well enough as he looked in Money's face. Heron felt the blood rush into his own face. He seemed to himself somehow as one to whom an accusation of guilt is suddenly brought home. He did not say a word just then, but allowed Money to lead him away; and they left the lobby together.

As they were passing down Westminster Hall, Money stopped suddenly and turned round:

"I was fond of this old place," he said. "I am sorry to leave it. I had a sort of ambition to get on here once. Odd, is it not, Heron, you are just beginning here as I am giving up? I suppose I shall never cross the floor of the House of Commons again. Well, I am sorry; but then there are so many things to be sorry for!"

He said no more, and they walked in silence out of the great hall and into the streets.

YOUR PEARLS.

TRUST not the secret of thy soul with those
Who hold their treasures with a reckless hand:
Nor to each ready ear thy thought disclose,
Nor to each smiling face thy heart expand.

Pearls from the ocean's depth too priceful are
To be strewn heedless at the common feet.
Show not to curious eyes the hidden scar,
Nor to the winds thy sacred words repeat:

Else under trampling hoofs thy gold shall lie—
The holy gold of thy interior self.
Crushed the rare pearls by every passer-by,
Or given from hand to hand, as vulgar pelf.

It is the lesson taught each separate heart
To shield its gems from universal gaze:
To shine in quiet glory and apart,
Revealed alone on coronation days.

Give freely to the world its just demand
Of sympathy, of kindness, of trust;
But keep reserved for one beloved band
The pearls too pure to be trod down in dust.

All lives may know thy gentleness and grace,
All hearts thy loving power may evidence;
But on few hands—oft one alone—dare place
The costly ring of priceless confidence.

E. B. RUSSELL.

AMERICANISMS.

SOME four or five years ago—it was just after the publication of “Words and their Uses”—the editors of “The Galaxy” announced, with my reluctant consent, a series of papers from me on “Americanisms,” the failure to write which is among my many sins of omission. This neglect is not entirely due to a conformity to the divine law of procrastination; a law which doubles the delights and even the duration of life, alleviating its labors and mitigating its sorrows, and which, if formulated into an adage, might be, Punctuality is the thief of time. There were other reasons for my not keeping the promises and vows of my literary sponsors. Before the announcement to which I have referred, it had been my intention for some time to write something on the subject of “Americanisms,” so called, I having been led thereto by an examination of Mr. Bartlett’s well-known work, which, notwithstanding its cautious title, “A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States,” and notwithstanding its author’s wide research—rather, let me say, because of it—seemed to me a very misleading and untrustworthy book—a book injurious in its effect both at home and abroad. Here was a large octavo volume, of more than five hundred pages, filled with so-called “Americanisms,” which, compiled by an “American,” was accepted as a sort of confession of the extent to which the English language had been corrupted, perverted, and overlaid with slang, by the English race in “America.” I remember having seen it so referred to more than once by British critics, and, I think, not altogether without reason. They did not make any allowance for the *caveat* “usually regarded” in the title; and they were the more excusable for this

because of the passages quoted and the arguments presented in its pages in support of the charge of Americanism, erroneously, as I believe that I shall show, in a large number of instances. My observation had led me, as it is now well known that others had been led, to the belief that the number of words and phrases which may properly be called “Americanisms” is very few indeed; if not positively so, at least comparatively, when the bulk of the “authoritative” dictionary was taken into consideration. The larger number of these so-called “Americanisms” I found to be no more “American” in their origin than “Yankee Doodle” is itself. Indeed, I believe that I am able to show, and that I shall show, that the very words and phrases which are stigmatized most positively as “Americanisms” are of English origin, and have continued in use in England until the present day, in many instances, and in more until a very late period.

Having referred to “Yankee Doodle,” I will point out that one of its most humorous and seemingly characteristic passages is of a date much older not only than our war of independence, but than our colonial existence; indeed, if it could be traced, its origin, like that of most good things, would be found to be hidden in the darkness of remote ages. I refer to this stanza:

Yankee Doodle came to town
And wore his striped trousers :
Said he couldn’t see the town,
There were so many houses.

In the “Contes du Sieur Galliard,” by Tabourot d’Accords, is the following passage:

Chascun me disoit que je verrois une si grande et belle ville; mais on se mocquoit de moi; car on ne la peut voir à cause de la multitude des maisons qui empêchent la vue.*

* See Singer’s ed. of Hall’s “Satires,” iv. 1, p. 72. D’Accords is a fictitious name. The French is of the middle of the sixteenth century.

That is, "Every one told me that I should see such a large and handsome town; but they mocked me; for one could not see it because of the multitude of houses that hid the view." The Sieur Galliard here is, as his name indicates, a roystering blade, rather rustic withal.

On another passage in this silly so-called "national song" I shall venture a remark in passing, because I have found that many people did not understand it.

Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon his little pony;
Stuck a feather in his cap,
And called him macaroni.

So, in "The School for Scandal," Sir Benjamin Backbite's epigram, "done in the smack of a whip," is,

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies.
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronis.
To give them this title, I'm sure can't be wrong,
Their legs are so slim and their tails are so long.

A hundred years ago the slang name for a certain sort of fop was "macaroni." He was distinguished chiefly by the strange way in which he dressed his head; one part of his *coiffure* being an enormous club, braid, or tail of hair that hung down his back; and he wore feathers and other fantastical things in his hat, and was generally a very pitiful and ridiculous creature, and, Sheridan hints, weak in body as well as in mind.

To return to what is more strictly within my present purpose. On the publication of the second series of "The Biglow Papers," in a collected form, Mr. Lowell prefixed to the volume an introduction, in which he presented this view of "Americanisms" with characteristic felicity of style and knowledge of English literature. His treatment of the subject was so effective that I was inclined to abandon my purpose, and as he had been acquainted with my intentions, I wrote to him that he had left me or any one else little to do. In his reply he took another view of the matter, and seemed to think that he had but skimmed the subject. Perhaps so; but in the skimming he had taken off the

cream; and what he had done was the more fatal to the success of any one else because he had not, in the literary cant of the day, undertaken to be "exhaustive," and had not solemnly classified his examples and done his work chronologically, and philologically, and catalogueically, ticketing it, and indexing it, and making it scientific and soporific, but had presented it in a form which, while it established his point as effectively as if he had toiled over the subject like a German grammarian, was yet interesting to any intelligent student of English literature and language.

There was, however, yet another reason for my hesitation. I had reason to fear that my view of the subject might not be agreeable to some of my readers. For that Dickens was right in making Mr. Chollop say, "We air a great people, and we must be cracked up," no one who has made the personal acquaintance of that gentleman—and he dwells in various "sections" of the country—will deny. And the number of him is so large, and the manifestation of him so multifarious, that he forms a very appreciable element of our public. The only mistake made in regard to him, a mistake perhaps of Mr. Dickens's own, is in supposing that he represents the product of our two hundred and fifty years of outer-European social life and our hundred years of political severance from the British political system. Now, I cannot write about "Americanisms" without "riling" Mr. Chollop and stirring up the American eagle. The one will rail at me; the other will scream. Want of patriotism will be the least of the sins that will be laid at my door. I shall be denounced first, of course, as an ignoramus, then as a slanderer of my countrymen, as an upstart pretender to superiority, and while I am doing my unwelcome work for my welcome wages, as a bloated aristocrat. For my very first point is that in language, if not in all things, whatever is distinctively "American" is peculiarly bad. Among

the things that I should except from this remark are cinchona, caoutchouc, canvas-back ducks, terrapins, and Spanish mackerel; but these apart, all other things truly American, whether abstract or concrete, whether "institutions" or material objects, are inferior when compared with corresponding things in other countries. Whatever doubt there may be as to this upon other points, there can be none as to any traits or tricks of language peculiar to "America."

But before Mr. Chollop assembles himself together to fall upon me, I beg that he will consider rather more carefully than is his wont the precise meaning of what I say. My unpatriotic confession is only as to things distinctively American, which he will unanimously declare is the very ground of my offence. But when he is called upon to point out the things, the institutions, the manners, the fashions, and the words which are distinctively "American"—that is, of "American" origin—and which even he in his sober moments would pronounce excellent and lovely, he will, I think, either stop at his beginning, or show need of further instruction upon the subject. There is so little in "America" that is "American"; and it has not been possible, thus far at least, that there should be more.

As to Americanisms, whether of language, social habits, political institutions, or what not, the question that first arises is, What are Americanisms? To answer this we must first decide the other, What is Americanism in the abstract? The answer to this, that Americanism is that which is peculiar to Americans, leads us further on to the question, What is an American? To this I admit that I am quite unable to give an answer; nor have I ever been able to find any intelligent, well-informed person who upon a few minutes' consideration of the question could answer it to his own satisfaction. Hence it is that, as some of my readers may have observed, when I use the word "American" I always

quote it. It is a make-shift word, of no exact meaning, and indeed of no meaning at all, which I use because it is used by others. And when I wrote, between ten and thirteen years ago, a series of letters to the London "Spectator" upon events, and politics, and society in this country, as I wished the letters to be anonymous and yet to have some distinction, I asked the editors to affix any signature to them they liked except "An American," and suggested "A Yankee." This they adopted, and the letters became known as the Yankee letters. I did this simply for that I know what a Yankee is—a man of English blood and New England birth and breeding—and do not know, cannot by any strain or struggle apprehend any reasonable meaning in the word "American" as applied to a man.

Let us search for such a meaning. First, that is American which pertains to America. But America stretches from Cape Horn to the north pole, so widely did mingled accident and craft expand the discoverer's claim of the Florentine "pickle-vender" Amerigo Vespucci. With what reason do we leave South America out of the question when we use the name of the continent, or rather of the hemisphere? I cannot see. But cutting off the great peninsula, and confining ourselves to the continent, why when we speak of America should we shut out of view those two great parts of it in which there was the oldest civilization indigenous and transplanted—Mexico and Canada? There is no reasonable reason; none has ever been given. The limitation of the name "America" to the territory politically known as the United States of America, while Mexico and Canada are spoken of by their own names, as if they formed no part of America, is an arbitrary, accidental fashion of speech, entirely without historical justification or significance; and is as if we should call France Europe, and its inhabitants Europeans, to the exclusion of Germany, Spain, Italy, and the rest.

This will appear in a very confusing way to any person who has occasion to consult a book on the languages or the history of the various peoples of the earth. In such books the Aztecs, the Esquimaux, the Sioux, and the Cherokees are spoken of as distinctively American people and their languages as the American languages; and the alligator, the rattlesnake, and the grizzly bear are distinguished as American animals, but the horse is not. And justly these are the people and the languages and the lower animals that have a right to the name American, if that name may be rightfully claimed for anything.

Let us, however, for the sake of our examination, accept the limitation of the word "America" to the United States of that name, and then ask, What is an American? To this the ready and the general answer is, a man born in America. But this does not help us at all, as we shall see. It suggests the question, "If I were born in a stable, would that make me a horse?" What is the value of a name that is equally applicable to Henry Longfellow, to Patrick McShane, to Hans Breitmann, to Bone Squash Diavolo, to Squatting Bear, and to the little Ah Sin; that is, to Anglo-Saxon, Celt, Teuton, Negro, Mongol—all "Americans," merely because they were born in America? Plainly such a name has no real meaning, no defining power. The notion that the country in which a man is born makes any difference in his classification in the human race is the rudest and crudest that could possibly be formed upon its subject. The common notion that a man born in England is an Englishman, or that he is called an Englishman because he was born in England, and the like with regard to France and Frenchmen, exactly reverses the fact. England has its name from its people. It was called England because Englishmen took possession of it, and Englishmen were born there. So France took its name from the Franks, who took possession of it. This has been the rule

with regard to every country, "*no-menque a gente recepit*," and the rule is founded on reason. But here we see the rule reversed. The country has first a name given to it from an Italian adventurer, and then this name is applied to the various aboriginal peoples found in it; next it is applied to all persons of whatever race who are born in the country; and finally the name is limited to people of whatever race happen to be born within only a certain part of the country. Could any way of naming people be more unreasonable, more misleading, more inconsequent, more absurd?

That this statement of the case is not exaggerated will be made plain by the consideration of an example or two. Mr. Thackeray was born in Hindostan: did that make him a Hindoo? And if his son and his son's son had remained in that country, would they have therefore been Hindoos? I know a gentleman of purest English blood who was born in Birmingham, England: is he therefore an Englishman? I think that he is so; not because he was born in Warwickshire, but simply because he is an English man—*i. e.*, a man of English race—and you cannot make anything else of him, if you have him born in Madagascar or Patagonia. His father and his mother and their forefathers settled that question, and his mother could not unsettle it by crossing an imaginary line the day before his birth. But there is probably no more characteristic "American" in the world than he, not one who would insist more strongly on his "Americanism"; and this because his forefathers for a few generations before him were born and bred here, although for a very great many generations before that they were born in England, and were, as I have said, of the purest Anglo-Saxon stock. The confusion of ideas upon this subject is largely due to the fact that the place of birth determines political status. A man born in Great Britain or Ireland, or in any British possession, is a Brit-

ish subject, as one born in the United States is a citizen of the United States. But there is this strange and unreasonable difference between the conditions or rather the consequences of their birth. A British subject is an Englishman, a Scotchman, an Irishman, a Hindoo, or a Parsee, according to his blood and race, no matter where he may be born; but let these men be born citizens of the United States, and they are all confounded together as "Americans," than which, it seems to me, there could not be a more unreasonable and unmeaning use of language. And many of these people insist strongly upon their Americanism without having the least notion of what they are claiming. The claim is most stoutly set up and highly valued by those who have the least or the shortest right to it, and who are most ignorant in regard to the character of nationality. I remember once saying to a girl who had rendered me some little domestic service that she was a nice Irish girl, and how she "flared up," and said that she was an American girl; and so others would have rated her, although her Celtishness and her Irishness looked out of every feature of her face. They would have called her, I suppose, an American of Irish descent. But what does that mean? What is "an American"? If they should call her an Irish girl of American birth, that I could understand.

And what shall we do with Alaska? Was a man born there twenty years ago an Alaskan or a Russian? and is he who was born there this year an "American"? If he is, why is he so, and how? He is a citizen of the United States; but why and how, if his parents were English, or French, or Chinese, is he other than English, French, or Chinese because Alaska has been annexed to the United States?

There is seeming difficulty about this question, but it is rather seeming than real. What, for example, are the descendants of an Englishman and a Frenchwoman? That question will

be determined by time and place of abode. If they remain in France, they will, by breeding and intermarriage, become French; if they go to England, English. Marshal MacMahon's name tells his Irish origin; but his family have become French by generations of association and intermarriage with French people. And suppose an Englishman, a British subject, were to marry a Yankee girl, and their children should be born and educated in Italy—a case which has happened—what would the children be? It seems to me that they can by no contrivance be made other than English. The greatest difficulty in this respect is presented in the case of the children of different races; for instance, Irish and German, born in this country. These may perhaps properly be called Americans; but they are of exceeding rarity. The races thus far are distinct, to all intents and purposes. There will, however, come a time when all will be intermingled—Anglo-Saxon, Celt, Teuton, Negro, and Mongol; and then indeed there will really be Americans. But then "American" will mean simply, man. In the American of five hundred years hereafter (for it will require at least that time to do the work) the blood of all the peoples of the earth will be intermingled; and when the real American appears he will be a man of no race whatever, but simply a human creature. There are some persons that will rejoice over this obliteration of race distinctions; but I am so narrow-minded that I am not among their number.

This discussion, however, has plainly enough its impracticable side. We must use the word "American," and apply it to men and things, although we cannot tell exactly what we mean by it, although it is fraught with unreason and confusion, and although it is both abnormal and dishonorable in its origin. It answers a certain convenience; and in language convenience is almost the *ultima ratio*. In language, then, what is an Americanism? I answer, a word or phrase

which had its origin in "America," so called; that is, the United States of America. The definition must be thus given, and its application must be limited to the English language; for in Spanish there are also Americanisms; but they have their origin in Mexico and in Cuba. This is not the view heretofore taken of Americanisms in language, among which it has been the custom to reckon as one class words and phrases of English origin which have become obsolete in England. But by what propriety can anything be called American which was produced in England and brought to this country? Granted, for the sake of argument, that although Winthrop, or Dudley, or Stuyvesant coming here is an Englishman or a Dutchman, the descendants of each and all of them are "Americans," we must in language have also a descent or at least a modification, an acclimatization, before we can ticket our word as not English, but "American." But our word stands. It is the thing; not a descendant or a modification, but the thing itself. It is as if Winthrop or Dudley himself had lived down to our day. Old English, it may be, as he would have been an old Englishman; but it is still English, and nothing else. A word once English is always English. You can make nothing else of it. It may not be in vogue; for words drop out of use, sometimes very suddenly, in the course of a few years. And are they then no longer English? If not, what are they? They may be old-fashioned, like many another old English thing. But is a beam-and-plaster house not English because houses are not built so nowadays? A very young architect might at once reply to me, "Yes, but houses are built so nowadays." In this he would be right; but it is a fashion that has come up again very recently. Thirty or forty years ago no man would have thought of building in that style. But was it any less English fifty years ago than it is now? Clearly not, I think. And

so it is with words in which English thoughts have dwelt, and in which, although they are deserted and left empty and echoing only to the olden time, English thoughts go back again to dwell, as we shall see. Those words and those houses are English alike, deserted although they may be and out of fashion. I should like some of those who insist that words which have dropped out of use in England, but have been retained here, are "Americanisms," to say whether the "Ancrer Riwe," for example, is English, and if not English, what it is? But no one will dispute its Englishhood. It is old English. Well, if the language of the "Ancrer Riwe" had been in general use in England, and an island were to be discovered where it had been taken by Englishmen, and where it had continued in use to the time of the discovery, would it be made any the less English by that fact? I trow not. To say that a word was English once, but is not English now, is a sentence worthy of a judge in cap and bells, who cannot distinguish between the fashion of things and their essentials.

There is another sort of words which are usually classed as Americanisms with, it seems to me, no sufficient reason. These are the names of "American" things. For example, *maize*, *potato*, *tobacco*, *moccasin*, *squaw*, *wigwam*. But these things having been unknown to Englishmen before their discovery in "America," of course they were called by the names they had when they were discovered. These names are not Americanisms any more than Brahma is a Hindism or Czar is a Russianism. They are merely names adopted of necessity. It is not as if the things were English, or were common to the world, and these names had been adopted for them by the English-speaking people. In that case they would be *isms*; as it is, they are merely American names for American things. To illustrate this point still further: The words *gown* and *basket* have for centuries been a part of the

English language; but they are Welsh. At the time that they were adopted the English or Anglo-Saxons had gowns, baskets, and names for them of course. The names *gown* and *basket* came into the language because the Anglo-Saxons and the Welsh were living in what Mrs. Malaprop would call contagious countries. The two people mingled more or less, and the result of the contact was the adoption of some Welsh words, of which some forty odd remain in use. Now when these words were adopted by the Anglo-Saxons instead of their own, they might properly have been characterized as *isms* by whatever name the Anglo-Saxons applied to intruding words and phrases from the language of the people they were supplanting. But the words *kerne* and *gallouglass*, which the reader of Shakespeare will remember (*Macbeth*, I., 2), were not open to a like charge; for they are the names of a peculiar kind of Celtic soldier or fighting man which the English did not have. And yet again, the word *elephant*, which came from the East, is the name of an animal peculiar to that part of the world. Consequently it appears in almost all languages, the Greek and Latin and all modern languages, and in none of them is it properly an Orientalism. But when it came to be applied in Latin by metonymy to ivory, for which that language had a word, *ebur* (whence comes our word ivory through the French), as when Virgil says of dreams,

Sunt geminæ Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur Cornea; qua veris facilis datur exitus Umbris; Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,*

and when in old French the same was done, as in the "Chanson de Roland,"

Li quens Rollans par peine e par ahans
Par grant d'olor sunet sun olifan,†

where *olifan* means the famous horn of Roland, which was of ivory, there is a question at least whether it might not be properly regarded as an Orientalism. Certainly it might if the Orientals themselves so used the word.

* Æneid, VI., 894.

† St., 132.

Such words, therefore, as *wigwam*, *squaw*, *maize*, and *tobacco* are not properly Americanisms, although they are well known to all English-speaking people, and are frequently used by them. They are merely American names for American things, which are of necessity used to designate them. But if *wigwam* were used in the place of *hut* or *cabin*, and *squaw* in the place of *woman* or *wife*, they might properly be classed as Americanisms. Let us suppose, however, what is possible, but not likely to happen, that such a use of *wigwam* and *squaw* for *hut* and *woman* should first come into vogue, not in the United States, but in England; in that case we should have Americanism indeed, but not in the sense in which that term is commonly applied, which is to distinguish corruptions of the English language, slang, cant, and colloquial phrases, which are peculiar to the English-speaking people of "the States," or perhaps of Canada.

A very mild instance of this latter sort of Americanism has been produced in this country not by the use but by the dropping out of use of one of the aboriginal words mentioned above, *maize*, and the application to that American grain of the generic word *corn*. This is a genuine Americanism. In true English, *corn* means any kind and all kinds of grain—wheat, rye, oats, barley; it is connected with *kern-el*. By a natural appropriation of the general to the particular, when the particular is of special importance, *corn* is applied by classes of men to that grain with which they have most to do. To the English farmer and miller *corn* means wheat; but to the English hostler it means oats. But maize having long been by far the most important grain to our rural population, that became to them *par excellence* corn; and thus we have in this peculiarly "American" use of an unexceptionable English word a genuine Americanism.

How unsafe it is to infer that because a word, however before appa-

rently unknown, suddenly springs into use in this country, it is therefore of "American" origin—an Americanism—is exemplified by the strange word *bulldoze*. This word came up during the late Presidential canvass. I was at the time in England. Before the summer of 1876 it was, I believe, quite unknown, but when I returned I could hardly take up a newspaper in which I did not find it. Since then it has continued in common use, and many have been the accounts published of its origin; but all of them are on their face fanciful, and it seems to me deliberately fictitious. The word made its appearance at the South, and it was first applied, I believe, to secret acts of violence perpetrated against negroes, and afterward to all killing, maiming, and beating by way of intimidation. The essential part of the compound is the last word, *doze*; the first, *bull*, being an intensive qualification, a description of the manner of "dozing." I write the word *doze* because it is thus pronounced, and not *dose*, as in a dose of medicine. All the efforts to show that it has that meaning, and that the whole word means a bull dose—that is, a big dose of violence—have been, in my opinion, quite futile. It would seem that if any word could be safely assumed to be a genuine Americanism, it is this. I am not prepared positively to deny that it is so; but I think that I shall at least show that it is probably of old English origin.

Most of my readers know that Sir Walter Scott prefixed to the chapters of his novels, as mottoes, extracts from plays. Some of these were from old dramas, more or less known to the students of old English literature. But many of them were written for the nonce by Scott himself, and these were credited simply "Old Play." Of the latter sort is the following passage, which appears at the head of Chapter XII., Vol. II. of the original edition

(1822) of "The Fortunes of Nigel." It introduces a chapter in which the bully Captain Colepepper figures largely.

Swash Buckler.—Bilbo's the word—
Pierrot.—It hath been spoke too often.
 The spell hath lost its charm. I tell thee, friend,
 The meanest cur that trots the street will turn
 And snarl against your proffer'd bastinadoe.
S. B..—"T is art shall do it. I'll *doze* the mon-
 grels.
 Or in plain terms I'll use the private knife
 'Stead of the brandished faulchion.

Here the word "doze" is plainly used almost exactly in the sense which it has in *bulldoze*. The passage is, I believe, not a quotation from any old play—if it were, so much the better; but almost surely it is Scott's own. Where did he get the verb *doze* in that sense? I confess that I do not know. I am unable to trace it. But although he "made up" the professed quotation, it is not at all probable that he made this word. For to do so would have been at variance with his purpose, which was to produce something which would on its face support the pretence that it was from the work of some old English dramatist, one of the Elizabethan period; for that is the style of the passage. At any rate here we have the word *doze* used more than fifty years ago by a British author just in the sense in which it has so suddenly come into use in "America." It is at least another warning not to assume a purely "American" origin for the slang phrases which spring so suddenly into use among us.

In this article I have indicated the spirit in which, not to say the principles upon which, I shall hereafter from time to time examine some of the mass of the words and phrases which are generally regarded as "Americanisms," going chiefly to Bartlett's dictionary for my examples, but by no means confining myself to that valuable but misleading work.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

A CHAPTER OF ODDITIES.

IT is familiar experience that a thing ludicrous in itself often becomes more so by juxtaposition with what is solemn. Effects are heightened by contrasts, in art, in letters, and in life. Dickens, after his touching description of the death of little Paul, over which many have wept, closes his chapter with the exclamation of Miss Tox: "And to think that Dombey and Son should be a Daughter after all!" Artemus Ward and Mark Twain revel in the comical incidents of grave situations. A droll detail in a sad picture becomes more grotesque—as in a famous death chamber drawing of Hogarth. The drama depends largely upon incongruity or sudden contrast for emotional effects, so that in a play of Boucicault the sharp change from impending or actual death to life and joy relieves the strained anxiety, while a few jokes spiced into a plot of murder appear tenfold wittier than elsewhere. The jests of the gravediggers in "Hamlet" are laughable because of their apparent incongruity with the occupation. A pun suddenly recalled in church causes us to bow down our heads as if in meditation, to bury our faces in our handkerchiefs, and to bite the lips to keep down a laugh over a jest never before so irresistible.

Once, on the morning after the celebration of the *Fête des Morts*, which occurs annually on the 1st of November, the "Gaulois" and "Figaro" of Paris astonished their readers by "burial numbers," well described as "deadly-lively." Their columns were packed with facetious reports of funeral sermons and with comicalities based on supposed scenes at the cemeteries the day previous. "Figaro" said that a certain gentleman, who on the day of the *Fête des Morts* wished to hire apartments, was asked if he had any children. Burst-

ing into tears, he sobbed out, "Alas, my friend, I had four happy ones with me till recently, but now they are all in the cemetery!" The landlord pulled on a face *de circonstance*, which hardly hid his secret satisfaction at so desirable a tenant, and signed the lease forthwith. A moment afterward four urchins, headed by their *bonne*, burst upon the scene, crying, "We've been to the cemetery, papa." The grin of the tenant and the chagrin of the landlord may be imagined when it turned out that the lovely young brood had only been to throw the customary wreaths on the tomb of a distant relative.

We remember reading of a youth who, on being informed by a messenger that his uncle lay at the point of death, threw aside everything and hurried precipitately to the bedside of his dying relative; but, chancing to pass before a hat-store, a happy thought occurred to him. "See here," he said. "I'll just step in and have a bit of crape put on my hat. He'll notice then that I have thought of him!" But we can match this hearsay story by one from actual experience, for whose authenticity we shall vouch. An old gentleman of our acquaintance, whose wife, after an illness of years, had just died, was approached by his son, who entreated his father not to worry about ordering a mourning hat for the funeral, as he himself would attend to that matter. "Oh, that's all right, Charley," said the mourner. "I had one made, and the crape put on, a month ago!"

A curious case of forethought, which happened in Salisbury, New England, some time since, has also come under our notice. A man had been sick nigh unto death, and his officious friends ordered a coffin for him; but, unhappily, the sick man declined to die, so that the only result of this re-

markable instance of precaution was that, on his recovery, he found that he had received a formidable addition to his household furniture. This unseemly haste to get rid of the dying is a somewhat audacious application of the maxim which enjoins upon us to "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

A Scotchman, watching by the bedside of his dying wife, became impatient at the poor woman's anxiety to express her last wishes, and civilly requested her to "get on wi' her deeding!" The essay embellished by this little story was one in the "Fortnightly Review" on "Euthanasia"—or the modern proposition for seriously carrying out the plan which a writer once somewhat flippantly suggested of having old and imbecile persons shot by the bishop of the diocese. Mr. Williams, of the Birmingham Speculative Club, once suggested that persons dying of incurable diseases should be mercifully put out of the way, just as we shoot a favorite dog or horse under similar circumstances; but a passage cited from the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More shows that this philosopher had found an attraction in the same idea, and his imaginary vicars spurred up their parishioners to perform this sad but affectionate duty. The "Saturday Review" suggested that future novelists will have to paint the white-haired vicar, summoned from his repose at dead of night, not in order to soothe the dying hours of his parishioners by spiritual consolations, but to kill them offhand; and that when a little more enlightened we shall perhaps prune mankind as we now prune a garden. "Among the poorer classes, where the inconvenience inflicted by people who 'take an unconscionable time in dying,' is necessarily felt much more keenly than with people in a different rank, it is to be feared that this delicate hint is frequently followed up by some practical remonstrances. 'They pinched his nose beneath the clothes,' as Barham says on the authority of a real oc-

currence, 'and the poor dear soul went off like a lamb.'"

The number of Scotch stories extant on this head breeds a suspicion that there may be something national in this impatience over a too deliberate form of dying. The wife of a small farmer in Aberdeenshire, having been long confined to bed before the time when her last moment approached, the husband, who was of a very niggardly disposition, at length grudging to let her have so much as a light by the side of her bed. One night, when in this dark condition, she exclaimed: "Oh, isna this an unco thing, that a puir body can get nae licht to see to dee wi'!" The husband instantly rose, lighted a candle, and bringing it forward hastily to the bottom of the bed, said: "There! dee now!"

The painful abruptness of this husband only sets off to advantage the far gentler, if not less suggestive hint dropped by a certain faithful wife to her aged spouse. The story goes that, as an old man by the name of Michael Young, who lived at the bottom of the West Lomond Hill, in Fife, was breathing his last, his wife, somewhat tired with her long vigils over his final illness, breathed the following affectionate hints into his ear: "Be wearin', Michaelie; be wearin' (going). Ye ken the candle's wastin' and the folks wearyin'. Be wearin', Michaelie, my mon."

A laconic letter is recorded as written by a clergyman to his curate, which ran as follows: "I do not like your terms; my wife is very ill; and please God she but die, I'll do the duty myself!" An incident that came within the present writer's knowledge a short time ago has its comical aspect. A respected and venerable lady died in the boarding house of a city not far from New York. Her sickness had been chronic, and her demise was expected several days before the one on which it actually occurred, which was Monday. The Thursday previous the niece of this good lady requested a gentleman, a fellow board-

er, to unhinge a door for her, "so that it should be ready to lay out her aunt upon" as soon as she had breathed her last! This door thus remained off its hinges several days before it was called into requisition. It should be added that the thoughtful young lady had also previously examined the ironing-board with great care, but did not find it suitable for her purpose.

Prudence on such occasions may sometimes be carried too far. English papers narrated some time since that an inquest was held at Castleford on the body of a pork butcher, who destroyed himself owing to distress of mind produced by an unfounded rumor that he had killed some pigs suffering from foot-and-mouth disease. One Saturday, after getting his dinner, he went into an outhouse, while his wife was up stairs, and hanged himself. When his wife came down stairs she found him hanging, but instead of giving an alarm or cutting him down, she went into the house, put on her shawl, walked to Norman-ton, and then took a cab to Wakefield, where she informed a friend of the melancholy occurrence. The friend immediately drove over to Castleford, and told the police, who at once cut the body down. The "Pall Mall Gazette," discussing this display of deliveration under trying circumstances, remarked that it almost equalled that of the old maiden lady who, after seeing her sister, with whom she lived, consumed accidentally by fire in the parlor, merely rang the bell, and when the servant appeared said, "Sweep up those ashes, Jane, and we shall only want one roll for breakfast to-morrow morning."

We must mention the touching tribute which a French gravestone cutter is said to have paid to his wife, in the form of an epitaph worked by his own hand. A Milton writing "Lycidas," or a Tennyson penning "In Memoriam," does not furnish a more striking image of the mourner's art pressed into the service of his affection.

*Ci-git
Madame Léoval,
épouse
de M. Léoval, marbrier.*

*Ce monument
A ÉTÉ ÉLEVÉ PAR SON MARI
COMME*

*Hommage à sa mémoire
ET*

SPÉCIMEN DE SA FABRICATION.

LE PAREIL, 1,500 FRANCS.

To say the truth, we have seen the foregoing as an "American" inscription, and can hardly trace its paternity. It reminds one of the obituary notice and epitaph which, according to an American humorist, was devised by a disconsolate editor for his departed spouse. "To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the 'Trombone.' Terms, \$3 a year, invariably in advance. A kind mother and an exemplary wife. Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard. We shall miss thee, mother, we shall miss thee. Job printing solicited." The undertaker took his pay in job printing.

The heroine of the extraordinary story called "No Fatherland" produces a rather remarkable poem, for her own consolation, upon the death of her father:

We must never give way to despair and grief,
For, according to God's dispensation,
Our sorrows on earth are trifling and brief
When compared with eternal damnation.

One can hardly be surprised, by the way, to learn that a lady who could write thus "for her own consolation" died not of disappointed love, but of varicose veins.

A fine white marble tomb in Montmartre cemetery is said by one of the Paris papers to bear the inscription:

Le premier attendre l'autre

—that is to say, "The first will await the other"; and underneath this terse but touching pledge of the celestial rendezvous are finely sculptured two hands clasped. It detracts somewhat from the force of this sentiment to learn from the same authority that the tomb has been opened to receive the fifth husband of a widow still living.

Almost all ancient churchyards contain a number of grotesque epitaphs. Out of a large collection we shall throw into our potpourri only one or two. The first is on a sexton's wife:

In memory of B—, wife of D— D—, died March 23, 1809, aged 43. She was the mother of 17 children; and around her lies 12 of them; and two were lost at sea. ☞ Brother Sextons, please to leave a clear berth for me near by this stone.

A famous one in Boston runs thus:

Elisha Brown, of Boston, who in Oct. 1769, during 17 days, inspired with a generous zeal for the Laws, bravely and successfully opposed a whole British regiment, in their violent attempt to force him from his *legal habitation*. Happy citizen, when called singly to be a barrier to the liberties of a continent.

Touching this last inscription some explanation is obviously needed. For though epitaphs are proverbially eulogistic, the story that Brown of Boston breasted a British regiment for seventeen days is fishy even for a tombstone. Any American patriot is of course a match for many red-coats but a man against a regiment is long odds. The explanation is that Mr. Brown in 1769, when the British troops were quartered in Boston, possessed a valuable estate at the south part of the town, which the troops desired to use as a barrack. They accordingly "surrounded" it, and continued there for seventeen days; but he resisted their efforts to starve him out, having no other sustenance than what his friends could throw into his chamber window. Such, at least, is the patriotic yarn.

The obituary newspaper poetry formerly in vogue throughout the country, and still cultivated in Philadelphia, has some quaint features. A book of such poetry is kept at the publication office from which advertisers may select to suit their taste. Some of the verses become great favorites, and readers of the newspaper, who peruse them a thousand times, apparently make up their minds in so doing what their choice shall be should sad personal occasion for using memorial lines arise; or perhaps the clerks, to save time, turn to the verses which they know from experience will

suit, rather than allow the mourner to vex himself or herself with vainly searching among multitudes of mortuary stanzas for something to express his sentiments. At all events, whatever be the reason, the same verses often appear in the same paper applied to half a dozen different persons. The "Public Ledger" has achieved a great celebrity in this direction. To a stranger this custom seems startlingly odd; but in Philadelphia this handful of obituary verses, repeated thousands of times every year, enhances the value of the paper in which they appear. One of the prime favorites in this collection of mortuary verse begins:

We had a little Johnny once.

Its popularity appears to be due not so much to the intrinsic sentiment as to the facility it affords for substituting any required name for the word "Johnny." We find similar substitutions possible in a verse designed for maturer life:

Smooth the dark tresses from my white cheek,
Press down my eyelids, so mournfully meek,
And tread very softly, but fear not to speak,
Because I am dead.

In this description of the preparation of the corpse for burial, for "dark tresses" we might find light tresses, blond tresses, curls, braids, or any other form of coiffure that the truth rather than the metre may require. In a paper before the writer, the first advertisement in the death column is followed by an eight-line stanza, beginning, "Death has claimed our little Mamie." A few advertisements intervene, and then comes the same stanza, beginning, however, "Death has claimed our little Joseph." A few more notices, and then in the same column for the third time occur the same eight lines, beginning, "Death has claimed our little Johnny." The mental wear and tear of selection could not have been heavy upon the clerk that day.

Occasionally it is difficult to conjecture the precise object aimed at in these poetical advertisements. Per-

sons of small pecuniary means often choose, for the sake of economy, the simple line,

Gone, but not forgotten,

wherewith to wind up the regular announcement of the death and the funeral service. But the question occurs to one unaccustomed to this fashion, why *should* the lost one be forgotten on the very day when he has gone, and even before he is buried? The very corpse itself should be a sufficient reminder; yet really loving and mourning sons, fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters hasten, as we have seen, to publicly deny an imputation which never was made, to dispel a popular suspicion which never existed, and to put into the newspaper an assurance of a fidelity to the loved one's memory which the public never questioned.

More comprehensible in its way is the eulogy by parents in these obituary notices of the personal beauty of their offspring; yet a hypercritical taste might suggest that these assertions in the case of families having no special public celebrity might better be confined to oral statement in the home circle of friends rather than bruited to the world by the device of a public advertisement. We find assurances that such and such a child was too lovely, too beautiful, too graceful, or too good to dwell on earth—which is saying a great deal when women as beautiful as Cleopatra, and men as good as the disciples, the saints, and the martyrs have lived to maturity. The following is a favorite sentiment applied to thousands of young children, which seems to us obnoxious to the foregoing criticism:

A beautiful angel came in our midst,
Too loving, too pure to remain, etc.

In the "Mottoes for Monuments; or, Epitaphs Selected for Study and Application," by the Pallisers (a book, by the way, which would be a treasure to the obituary newspapers, that use the same verse half a dozen times in a single issue), in one instance we find it remarked of a baby, who died at the age of three, that

The sparkling eyes, the lisping tongue,
Complaisance sweet and manners mild,
And all that pleases in the young,
Were all united in this child.

This is certainly a remarkable degree of perfection for a child of three to attain, and it is hardly surprising that the verses go on to advise the reader to "sin no more," holding out a possible sight of this baby in heaven as a sufficient inducement to a life of piety.

Occasionally there is an antique bitterness of frankness in the "last words" thus attributed to deceased friends through the "Ledger's" mortuary verses. Here is one taken from yesterday's paper, that shows anything but a resigned spirit:

Friends and relatives, great and small,
I bid farewell to one and all.
In love I lived, in peace I died,
I asked for life, but was denied.
Gone to meet his loved ones.

From the number of different deceased persons to whom this sentiment has been applied within the last ten days, it is clear that weariness of life and Christian resignation are not so usual as has hitherto been supposed. Or, is the true solution (as indeed we dimly suspect) that these verses are selected with a view to price rather than sentiment? Here is another notice from our collection:

CHALLIS.—On the 20th instant, CHARLOTTE CHALLIS, in the 83d year of her age.

We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod;
One must be first; oh, may we all
Prepare to meet our God.

Only the name has been altered in the foregoing extract from the notice that actually appeared; and the reader is besought to imagine what can possibly have been in the minds of those who thus warned the world that "one must be first," apropos of a person dying at the age of eighty-three. If she were indeed *the first*, the question arises, how old the remainder of her contemporaries are.

We find, too, in various forms of mutilation, the time-honored

Affliction sore long time she bore:
Physicians were in vain.

This is a great favorite in obituary advertisements, originality confining itself to changing the last two lines of the verse into some such unrhyming form, for example, as this:

God saw it fit, and took him home
To dwell with Him above.

How far inferior this is in poetry, if superior in piety, to the old-fashioned "And eased him of his pain," we need not stop to point out.

In the same paper I find this odd advertisement of a wife's death:

Farewell, dear husband, my life is passed;
May you and I unite at last.
Mourn not for me or sorrow take,
But love my mother for my sake;
A loving mother, true and kind,
She was to us in heart and mind.

That is certainly a pretty strong puff for the mother-in-law. But the difficulty in all such cases seems to be whether the survivor or the deceased person has really chosen the sentiment thus advertised as the words of the latter. A curious train of reflection is also suggested by this advertisement of a widower, in the "Ledger," on the death of his wife: "On the 16th inst., A. B., wife of X. Y. Z., in the 21st year of her age. One is gone who can never be replaced."

Sometimes a favorite stanza is altered by overloading until it hobbles badly. For example:

Farewell, my wife and children dear.
I am not dead, but sleeping here.
Prepare for death, for die you must,
And with your husband and father sleep in dust.

The last line has evidently been made to do duty for so much fact as to carry it off its poetic feet. Another verse that suffers in much the same way is one beginning "Dear friends," in the plural, and then proceeding:

Wilt thou not come and drop a tear
For one who loved thee well and dear?
I shall not answer when you weep.

But we must quit, literally upon the edge, this vast mine of oddities in obituary poetry. Other journals besides those of Philadelphia sometimes shine in this way. Here are some lines credited to a Doylestown paper:

Dear mother, thou hast left us here
To mourn our loss;
And as we meet at our lonely meal,
That vacant chair of thee reminds us.

A Raleigh, North Carolina, newspaper distinguishes itself with this pastoral strain:

Died in Thomasville, North Carolina, Jessie, infant daughter of James and Mary Jones, aged six months and twenty-one days.

Weep not, thou stricken ones!
Though severed on earth,
May you not be found in different bundles
When the great day of reaping shall come.

Rather neater, however, is Old Humphrey's epitaph on a farm laborer:

He labor'd in the fields his bread to gain,
He ploughed, he sow'd, he reaped the yellow grain;
And now, by death from future service driven,
Is gone to keep his harvest-home in Heaven.

And a good deal less poetical, but still striking, is the epitaph on a watchmaker in Lydford churchyard, on the borders of Dartmoor, England, as given in the Pallisers' collection: "Here lies in horizontal position the outside case of George Routleigh," etc., the hope being expressed of his "being taken in hand by his Maker, and of being thoroughly cleaned, repaired, and set a-going in the world to come."

Finally, we copy *verbatim* a notice which we cut out of a first-class Philadelphia paper—not the one already referred to—and running as follows:

A CARD.

The funeral of Mr. Daniel Strain took place at his father's residence, corner of Front and Carpenter streets, on Thursday last at 8½ o'clock. The funeral was conducted by undertaker J. J. ROBERTS, No. 837 South Third street, above Christian. It is needless to say that our friend Roberts is one among the best undertakers. Everything was conducted in the very best manner. The body was inclosed in one of the finest caskets we ever saw; in fact, everything was in the best style. We would recommend our friend Roberts to our friends as an undertaker, and to the public as a prompt and polite gentleman in his profession. We bespeak for him a liberal patronage.

WILLIAM STRAIN.

And with this "card," which the printer will copy from the original slip, we close our budget.

H. J. C.

THE AMERICAN ARMY.

THE fierce political struggles of this country during the last few years may be said to have culminated in the Presidential election of 1876, the most singular, in some of its aspects, that has occurred since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. It is no part of my intention to enter into the causes of the prolongation of the turmoil incident to that election, and equally foreign to my purpose is it to comment on the character or advisability of the method finally taken to quell public excitement and to decide between the two candidates for President. It is difficult, if not impossible, for any man to pronounce justly on the wisdom or morality of questions of political management of the country in which he lives, obscured as they always are by prejudice and passion, and dependent on matters of fact which people of opposite parties cannot be brought to see alike. The severely impartial world at large accepts the *de facto* government at any time in default of a powerful *de jure* party, and the result of the contest of 1876-'7 has been no exception to this rule. I do wish, however, to recall the matter for a moment, for the sake of a single feature of the struggle which distinguishes it from former Presidential elections in the United States. This feature is the use made of the United States regular army during the contest, and the present position of the army in consequence of that action. My principal object in so doing is to bespeak the attention of the general public to a subject on which exact information is very uncommon, the character and prospects of our regular forces.

The United States, being a republic, has always been averse to standing armies. The same feeling prevails in all communities where the people are jealous of their freedom of action, and

prefer to protect themselves at their own risk against possible danger from the lawless classes rather than to purchase personal security by the use of a standing army, at the possible expense of personal liberty. In the republics before the Christian era this jealousy proved greater than the fear of a foreign foe, but the necessity of meeting an armed invader at any time provided a substitute for a standing army in a well disciplined and exercised militia, recruited by conscription from the ranks of the best citizens. In the present Swiss republic, surrounded as it is by powerful nations with large armies, the same instinct of self-preservation which brought the Athenian citizen into the ranks of the *hoplitai*, and which surrounded the Roman consul with his ring of free legionaries, has created a national militia which to-day comprises the whole adult male population fit to bear arms. In the United States no such overmastering necessity exists to produce such an effect; therefore the United States militia may be said to be almost valueless in a strictly military point of view. A great deal has been written on the subject, and many earnest efforts have been made to change this state of things. Something has been done in a few of the States, and much more has been attempted, to place our militia forces on a better footing as regards reliability; but all these efforts have so far failed of any important success, from the nature of the case. Whatever enthusiasts may think and hope, some stubborn facts will always confront them. The mass of mankind, especially commercial mankind, is naturally averse to the irksome restraints of military training, and will not submit to it unless forced by necessity. No such necessity exists in the United States to a degree that can be readily appreciated in ordinary

times, and therefore it is nearly certain that as long as the country remains in its present condition it will always be unprepared for war and always liable to humiliating reverses at the beginning of hostilities, foreign or domestic. The protection from serious foreign invasion afforded by two oceans, and the possession of the whole temperate zone of the American continent, is practically absolute. Marauding expeditions of small forces, such as occurred in the war of 1812, are alone possible in a foreign war, and they are nearly certain, from the nature of the case, to end in disaster, whatever temporary successes they may appear to gain.*

This being the case, the apathy of Americans in general to military questions is by no means surprising. When necessity arises, as in the civil war, there is no lack of enthusiasm and interest, and the close of such a war leaves the nation strong and competent to cope with any in the world, for it brings out the reserve of power which every country possesses, and which goes untrained in times of peace. There still exists, however, in the United States, in times of the profoundest peace with civilized nations, a certain necessity for an armed force; and this necessity has been so constant during the period since the war of 1812 that it has induced the employment of a standing army. The need which calls forth our regular force is found in one word—Indians. To this has been added within thirty years another—Mexicans; while from 1865

to 1876 a third excuse was held to exist, implied in the word "reconstruction." It is this last cause that has led to the troubles which to-day affect the status of the American army, and it may not be uninteresting in this connection to give a short sketch of the origin, progress, and present position of that army.

At the close of the Revolutionary war the Continental Congress possessed a regular force, well disciplined, and in excellent condition, known as the "Continental." This force had been drilled at Valley Forge by Baron Steuben, and was the backbone of the American volunteer army, the only body of troops, with the exception of the mounted rifles of the Southern States, capable of meeting the British regulars on equal terms, in the open field. It was this force that prevented Washington's defeat at Monmouth, and saved Greene from utter annihilation at the hands of Cornwallis in the southern campaign of 1781.

At the close of hostilities the Continentals were disbanded, and the United States existed without any trace of a regular army for several years. At last, after the adoption of the Constitution, and during the first term of Washington's Presidency, troubles arose with the Indians, which induced Congress to authorize a regiment of 700 men "for frontier service," with two companies of artillery. This was the first regular force raised in the United States, as we now understand them. This force was increased, September 29, 1789, to a regiment of infantry, of eight companies, and a battalion of four companies of artillery, for the occupation of seacoast forts to defend the harbors of the infant Union.

The presence of General Washington as President, and the respect shown to his wishes, led to the increase of this small army during his two terms of office, to suit the General's theories of a perfect military force, till in 1792 the "American Legion" was instituted, modelled on the type of the Roman legion, with 5,120 men,

* It may be objected to this view that since the general introduction of steam power, distance is annihilated, and that it would be easy for England to send over an army of fifty thousand men to this country by using her large mercantile steam fleet. Nevertheless, to a close student of the facts of British commerce and army, this view appears chimerical. To send an army of fifty thousand men to the United States from England would require at least one hundred steamers, each as large as a Cunard liner, and a second fleet nearly as large to carry coal for the supply of the first fleet, besides the men-of-war to protect the convoy. When all was done such an army could not conquer the United States, though it might capture Baltimore and Washington a second time.

divided into four sub-legions of 1,280 each, infantry of the line, with a battery to each sub-legion. This legion was provided with a major general and four brigadiers, and had its own composition always intact. Theoretically, as a body to enter a battle, it was perfect, but it was soon found that the duties of an American regular army in time of peace required a different composition, with a number of small units of force, capable of being scattered over the country in a number of different places, as required. To save the organization of Washington's pet legion it became necessary to raise two extra battalions of infantry and one of rifles, besides a troop of horse and a battery of artillery, to send off as required.

Then a corps of artillery and engineers was found necessary to build regular forts, and the legion had to be reduced in numbers to avoid an undue increase of the whole force. After three years' trial even Washington gave it up, and the regiment has remained the unit of force in the American army ever since.

A year later (1797) we find that the major general has disappeared from the rolls, while the general staff, now such a conspicuous feature of our army, begins to make its appearance in the shape of a quartermaster and paymaster general.

The administration of President John Adams was distinguished by a great and sudden increase of the regular army in anticipation of war with France, followed by as sudden a reduction. In 1798 Congress gave authority for ten thousand men, under a lieutenant general, and organized a medical department, under a "physician general." That year there were twelve regiments of infantry, one of light dragoons, two of artillery, while the next year this force was more than doubled. In 1800 this army was as suddenly disbanded, all but two regiments of artillery, four of infantry, and two troops of horse. Here we begin to notice another feature of the

American army, its heavy proportion of artillery to other forces, induced by the necessity of guarding so many sea-coast forts. Its later peculiarity, the great number of mounted regiments, arose from the exigencies of Indian warfare on the plains.

The administration of Thomas Jefferson was marked by the first attempt at rational and permanent organization that had been seen in America. The army establishment was fixed at one regiment of artillery of twenty companies, two regiments of infantry, and, most important of all, one corps of engineers, to which was attached a military academy with twenty cadets. Thus was established the future nursery of the American army at West Point, and even had President Jefferson done nothing more, he would have deserved the gratitude of the nation.

President James Madison was the next to find himself, in 1812, confronted with the problem of a reorganization of the regular army, which was now raised to ten regiments of infantry (each of eighteen companies), two of artillery (each of twenty companies), and one of light dragoons (twelve companies). The military academy was finally enlarged under him to accommodate 250 cadets, and the same year the army was fixed at twenty-five regiments of ten companies each.

The years 1813 and 1814 witnessed a still further increase. Twenty-six regiments of infantry, three of rifles, one of light dragoons, and twelve battalions of artillery were successively added, while two major generals and seven brigadiers, with a numerous general staff, were commissioned. In 1815 the military peace establishment was fixed at 10,000 men, the rest of the army being finally disbanded.

From thence till 1832 the only noteworthy incident in the history of the American army is the gradual increase of the officers of the general staff and scientific departments. The infantry was reduced to seven regiments, the artillery remained at four, the cavalry disappeared entirely, but the depart-

ments of the general staff increased in number and the ordnance department was instituted.

It was during this time that the extension of American enterprise and exploration, since resulting in the settlement of the whole continent, commenced. The expedition of Lewis and Clark in 1806-'7 had opened the eyes of the Americans to the grand range of far western country which offered itself for their settlement. First one State then another was settled, and wherever the emigrants went in large numbers they were able to protect themselves, developing into a rudely effective militia that was able to defy the Indians that already inhabited the country. As the tide of emigration rolled further it became more shallow. On the Mississippi frontier and beyond the settlements were so sparse and feeble as to be unable to protect themselves, and thence arose the necessity for an increase of the regular army to protect the Indian frontier. It came naturally in the form of new regiments of mounted men to fight with the horse Indians of the great plains. The first dragoons were raised in 1832 to replace a force of volunteer rangers, and went out to the frontier just as the Indian troubles began. A great part of these troubles was caused by the rivalry of the American and Hudson's bay fur companies, as well as by the gradual increase of emigration. Very soon after, an Indian war broke out in a totally different quarter—Florida—and caused a further increase of the regular army. The Second dragoons were organized for service in Florida and thence transferred at the close of the war to the West. They were followed in due time by the Mounted Rifles, now the Third cavalry, of which regiment John C. Fremont was the best known chief, and finally by the First and Second cavalry, all these mounted regiments being required in view of the gradual increase of Indian troubles. Only one regiment of infantry (the Eighth) was raised between the

war of 1812 and the Mexican war. This regiment was organized in 1838. During the Mexican war the regular army was nominally increased by ten regiments, but they really held only a temporary position, similar to that of the State troops which volunteered for that war.

It was not till 1855, when the Indian troubles on the plains were increased by the temptations and provocations offered by the emigrants of the overland route to California, that the regular army was permanently increased. The First and Second cavalry (now Fourth and Fifth) were organized in that year, together with the Ninth and Tenth infantry, expressly for frontier service, and at this strength the army remained till the breaking out of the civil war in 1861.

In that year the cavalry was renumbered, the Sixth cavalry raised, together with infantry regiments from the Eleventh to the Nineteenth inclusive, three regiments having two battalions, each subsequently formed into regiments up to the Twenty-third inclusive. In the same year the Fifth artillery was raised.

It will be observed in all this history of the American army that its extension was very gradual, and that each new regiment raised up to 1861 was only added on the plea of urgent necessity and a danger common to all the people of the United States. Including the period of the Mexican war, our army was only used, until 1856, to repel foreign enemies or subdue Indians on the frontier. The first instance of its employment to sustain the views of the existing government in a question on which two great parties held opposite opinions was during the Kansas troubles, pending the adoption of the Lecompton Constitution. At that time, the Democratic party being in power, United States troops were ordered to Kansas to support the slave-holding party, in precisely the same way in which they were used by the Republican party in 1876 in South Carolina and Louisiana, and

on the same plea—the prevention of bloodshed and the support of the law. The parallelism of the two cases goes this much further, that at the close of the Kansas troubles the Republicans were in the opposition and held a majority in the lower House, while the Democrats had the Senate and Executive. The Republicans therefore adopted exactly the same measures that were adopted in 1877 by the Democratic House. They refused to vote any supplies for the army, unless the troops were compelled to abstain from interference in the political trouble of Kansas, and the army was deprived of its appropriation in 1859. It was not then, however, compelled to suffer positive want, inasmuch as the unexpended balances of other appropriations were used to cover the deficiency till the temper of Congress cooled, a resource now cut off by a recent act, forbidding that money appropriated for one purpose should be used for any other.

The breaking out of the civil war changed all the previous notions of the true employment of army officers, on account of the composite character of that war, which resembled no former contest. The civil wars of Rome, France, England, and almost all others of which history tells, were contests between two or more factions of a nation for the possession of supreme power; in other words, they were essentially political wars. The American civil war, on the other hand, began, continued, and ended for a mere abstraction. This peculiarity, apart from the question of numbers and strength, had a great deal to do with the hopeless character of the struggle of the Confederacy. The really brilliant character of the Confederate generals was dimmed by the fatal influence of a purely defensive policy, where a vigorous offensive might have secured success. Instances of the same fatal defect are common in history, such as the abortive rebellions in Ireland and Poland; and the same pathetic interest that gathers round those

struggles, on account of the elements of self-sacrifice involved, still hallows the final failure of the “lost cause,” and casts a glamour over the page that records its story.

This brings us to the position of the American army at the close of the civil war, and the change which it then underwent. As I have before pointed out, the general character of the army until 1861 was that of a defensive force, to protect the nation from foreign and savage foes; and never, save in the instance of the Kansas troubles, had it been employed to suppress those domestic disorders incident to difference of political opinion. It is the fear of the possible employment of a standing army in such a capacity that causes the jealousy of its existence apparent in all free governments. Theoretically a republican polity means the rule of reason and conviction as expressed by the vote of a majority of the inhabitants. Those votes may be actually swayed by deceiving demagogues, may be given foolishly, or may be altogether wrong in the eyes of a large minority, but as all governments must rest on the consent—or submission—of the governed, these points have little or no practical force. Resolving the question into its ultimate elements, a republic and a despotism are only variations of the same condition, master and servant, governor and governed. The difference is only between one man's will and the greatest crowd's will. The instant a military force is brought into play to aid a minority in maintaining its power in a republic its whole scheme of government is overturned, just as completely as when the army of a despot mutinies against him. The prime idea of an army is that of a weapon formidable only to the enemies of its master. In a despotism this master is the head of the State, the autocrat; in a republic it is the majority for the time being. Hence the great indignation with which a Republican majority resented the employment of the army to thwart their

will in Kansas, and with which a Democratic House in the present year has turned against its employment for a similar purpose in South Carolina and Louisiana.

In England, where the government is practically a republic, with an hereditary executive officer to obey the will of the majority, while the same jealousy of a standing army once existed, it has died away, from the difficulty, under the present practice, of placing the army in antagonism to the will of the majority. In that country, as soon as the ministers become unpopular, and bring in measures that are voted down, custom compels them to resign or "go to the country," as it is called; that is, dissolve Parliament and hold fresh elections, abiding by the result thereof. The result is the same in either case: the will of the majority becomes law, and the army remains only in the hands of that majority as its passive servant, its weapon of offence and defence. The dissatisfied prefer yielding to force to attempting a hopeless revolution. Where this course is not taken rebellion and other troubles are nearly inevitable in a representative government. The effect of the constant employment of the army as a balance of power is especially shown in the case of France, where the government has seen, within eighty-seven years, eight revolutions, in all of which the troops played a conspicuous part, either as the tool of an ambitious minority, used to overawe public opinion, or as a mutinous body, fraternizing with *bonnets rouges* in the streets of Paris. Royalty, republic, empire, royalty, constitutional monarchy, republic, empire, and republic in succession owe their triumphs to the support of the French army, till at the present writing there are very few men who believe that France is capable of liberty.*

* The first French revolution was not accomplished till the soldiers of the regular army mutinied, turned out their old officers and elected new ones, thereby leaving the Garde du Corps as the only body faithful to Louis XVI. Napoleon

The American civil war and its consequent, the "reconstruction policy," changed the theory of the American army. It left the line which divided the armed enemy of the nation from the mere political antagonist of a party so faint and ill defined that it was not surprising if it was frequently overstepped. The grand mistake of the whole reconstruction period as regards the army was that the force was used for a purpose foreign to the spirit of a republican government, and that the support of the provisional governments was eminently injurious in the characters and responsibilities which it forced on the members of the army. Instead of proclaiming a simple state of siege and military occupation which every one could understand, Congress and the President tried the experiment of establishing theoretical "provisional" governments, the real weakness of which was exposed by the measure of enlarging the army, so as to support them with troops. This measure at once put the army in every Southern State in the false position of supporting a minority. It became evident as years rolled on that all the provisional governments of the Southern States were decidedly unpopular and rapidly becoming positively odious to a majority of their people, but still the army was maintained in its false position, its attitude from year to year having all the worst features which can excite the jealousy and fear of a free State.* changed the government to an empire by the army, and Louis XVIII. was raised to the throne, turned out, and restored partly through the influence of the allies, through the instrumentality of the marshals of France and their troops. The revolutions of 1830 and 1848 were both made a success through the troops fraternizing with the mob they were sent to suppress, and Louis Napoleon gained an empire by use of his army. The present republic owes its existence to the support of the French army, and will be supplanted through the army by another government, if at all.

* It was the universal sentiment of the people of all the Southern States after the war that they would infinitely prefer a military occupation, which they could understand and respect, to a mongrel crowd of carpet-baggers whom they hated and despised, but were forced to recognize on account of the troops behind them.

The consequence was soon seen in the disfavor with which the regular army was regarded throughout the country, extending from South to North and increasing every day. It reached Congress, and was made visible in constant reductions of force, made necessary from year to year by the popular outcry on the subject. The same army, which had been increased at the close of the war to forty regiments of infantry, was reduced to twenty-five, and the strength of these regiments was cut down every year. The humiliating and irksome duties forced upon army officers by the semi-political nature of their employment had an injurious effect upon them as well as the rank and file, and the records of courts martial during those years display a great increase of offences "unbecoming an officer and gentleman" and an equal increase of dismissals. The baneful effect of political influence in the matter of appointments to the army came in still further to degrade it. Many good people to-day believe that the act of Congress giving the preference for commissions in the new regiments of the regular army to volunteers of war service produced a superior class of officers, when nothing could be further from the truth. The records of courts martial and dismissals of officers during the period of reconstruction show that eighty-eight per cent. of the cases were those of volunteer appointments, nine per cent. those of officers raised from the ranks of the army itself, and that only three per cent. belong to the class coming from the Military Academy. This record extends over a period of ten years to 1875, and the facts require no comment. The principal cause of the inferiority of the volunteer class of officers to the regular is well known in the army itself, though not so much out of it. The reason was that in a large majority of cases the commissions were given only to men who had a friend in the Senate or the House, and that if a man had no such friends, his application for a

commission was generally useless, no matter what his previous record. In some cases within the information of the writer, where no such friends could be found, the matter was arranged through a Washington claim agent or lobbyist by the direct payment of money, five hundred dollars being the usual price for a second lieutenancy.

It was no wonder that under such a state of things the American army should have deteriorated, as it undoubtedly did during the period of reconstruction. Its final salvation and purification was mainly owing to the influence of old army traditions, and that mysterious emanation called *esprit de corps*, affecting the whole body of officers, which induced them to act as one man in casting out the unworthy members of their society and raising the standard of public opinion in the army. This, and the rigorous measures of reduction forced on the army by successive hostile Congresses, have ended in restoring the army of 1877 to very much the same high standard which it displayed before the civil war, when it was small in numbers, but nearly perfect for its special purpose.

These questions still remain: Is our army still too large, or too small? Do we need it, and for what? Can we replace it by any other force?

The events of the last summer since the dissolution of Congress have answered two of these questions very effectually. Within that period we have been confronted successively with a new Indian war, probable Mexican hostilities, and a widespread series of industrial riots, consequent on the financial stringency of the times, which threaten to spread in many directions and entail serious trouble in the future unless an ample force is available for the protection of law and order.

The first of these incidents—the Indian war—found the scene of hostilities practically defenceless. Had it not been so it is very improbable that

Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces would ever have revolted. In consequence solely of the paucity of available troops in the department of the Columbia, the rising of the tribes in the northwest became more and more formidable daily, and it was necessary to telegraph in all directions for troops to swell the available force to the dimensions of a single regiment of nine hundred men. Part of these troops came from San Diego in southern California, and no sooner had they gone than Mexican robbers took advantage of their absence to raid into the country from the neighboring province of Sonora. The troubles that have lately arisen on the Mexican border through the determination of the present administration to check Mexican robbers are another instance of the total insufficiency of the American army to perform the duties required of its members. Had a force of ten thousand men been stationed on that frontier any time within the last thirty years, the raids from Mexico could never have occurred; but as it is, with a skeleton force of detachments of white and negro troops, occupying isolated forts, as the sole defence of the country, the obvious weakness of the American position in Texas has proved a constant temptation for Mexican raiders.

In the midst of our troubles in the northwest and southwest, when every man that can be raked up has been sent either to the Columbia river or the Rio Grande, a third trouble breaks out in the very heart of the United States, within a few hours' ride of its capital. A strike occurs on a railroad, the local militia is too feeble and unreliable to contend with it, and the Government is called on for troops to protect the travelling public from mob law. The last man that remains to the commander of the army is hurried forward, and the grand total of the disposable forces of the United States is found to be a few hundred men. These are hurried to the scene of action and scattered along the line to pro-

tect travel, but no such handful of men could protect a thousand miles of track. The riots, suppressed in one place, burst out in the other and extend into Maryland. Then the Maryland militia is called out, and proves to have a single reliable regiment, capable of overawing a mob by the possession of moral and physical power, while a second regiment allows itself to be attacked and maltreated by the same mob, keeping up a feeble but irritating fire, which results in the death or maiming of a score of people, some of them innocent lookers on. The subsequent increase in proportion of these riots and their spread to Pennsylvania, with the consequent burning of Pittsburgh, are familiar to our readers as an example of the uselessness of an untrained militia, while the suppression of these same troubles the instant that the United States troops appeared needs no comment as an example of the value of those troops.

A previous attempt at a railroad riot in the State of New York, made about ten days before the Baltimore and Ohio riots, proved abortive owing to the fact that New York State had a fairly reliable militia force, maintained at a cost of little more than a quarter of a million dollars yearly.* Owing to the presence of this force, the Adjutant General of the State was able to send three regiments of well-drilled militia to the scene of action within a few hours, at a trifling expense, and the mob vanished in the presence of breech-loading muskets in the hands of men trained in the Creedmoor system of rifle practice. The collapse of the Pennsylvania militia in the face of danger, and the success of the New York troops in suppressing

* The appropriation for the New York National Guard last year was \$275,000. It must be understood that the men give their services nearly free of expense, except during riot duty, when they are paid well. Part of the regiments are uniformed by the State, but the uniform furnished is so ugly and shabby that the generality of the regiments buy their own uniforms. The present appropriation for New York, if increased to one million, would make the State force really effective when wisely expended.

equally formidable riots when they subsequently recurred in their own State, shows the necessity of adopting in every State of the Union a system at least as good as that of New York. In only one way can this be done, by the constitutional enactment of a general militia law by Congress. The defects of the New York system came out in the course of the Erie strike. As long as the State depended on its country regiments, feeble in numbers, with poorly instructed officers, the rioters triumphed; but the advent of the large, well disciplined city regiments changed the face of affairs. New York still wants a system that shall give her good country regiments.

These and other facts teach us that so long as the United States remains a nation, with foes abroad, some force is needed for frontier protection against those foes, and that so long as the country continues to increase in population and wealth, the problem of life becoming more complex yearly, our liability to mob violence increases in exact proportion to the increase of our poorer classes and to the tendency of wealth to accumulate in comparatively few hands. The golden age of the United States, when capital was more plentiful than labor, and when the problem of existence could be solved by the hardy pioneer in the midst of a limitless territory, has nearly passed away, and is rapidly being replaced in the Atlantic seaboard States, if nowhere else, by conditions of society more nearly approaching those which prevail in the old world. To prevent the excesses of mob violence, always unreasoning, a force sufficiently powerful to inspire respect and overawe the incipient elements of such violence is necessary, and will become more necessary every year.

Setting aside all prejudice, political or otherwise, and looking at the facts of the last twelve years as a whole and in connection with the present state of the country, these conclusions seem to force themselves on the mind of the observer:

I. That the present force of our regular army is entirely inadequate to the frontier duty it may at any time be called on to perform. With a skeleton composed of twenty-five regiments of foot, ten of horse, six of artillery, and a battalion of engineers, the total nominal strength is reduced by law to 25,000 men, leaving an effective force, available for movement (outside of regular fortifications which must be guarded), of less than ten thousand men.

II. This number is further reduced, by the necessities of a multitude of small posts on the plains which must also be guarded, to less than three thousand men, and at the present moment every man of this force is absorbed in active duty.

III. With the present reduced numbers of the regular army, the proportional cost of carrying on hostilities on any part of the frontier is greatly increased from the necessity of transporting small bodies of men by rail over many thousand miles of country, only to be sent back to other points to meet new exigencies.

IV. Were our present skeleton regiments not restricted by law to a certain strength per company, and were the duties of our regular force confined strictly to frontier and foreign service, the present expenses of transportation would be saved, and the saving would pay the expense of the additional men necessary to keep the frontier in safety at all times.

V. The use of United States troops to quell internal disorders is necessary so long as the States are unprovided with a proper and reliable force of militia.

VI. Reduction of the force of the regular army without at the same time providing for a substitute equally efficient in cases of internal disorder, is a measure calculated to cost the country more in the end than can be measured by any saving in the annual estimates consequent on such reduction.

F. WHITTAKER.

THE MUNICIPAL DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES.

A DEBT of \$1,000,000,000—half the sum of the national debt, an annual expenditure of \$220,000,000—within \$40,000,000 of the national expenditures—liabilities increasing at the rate of \$50,000,000 yearly, involving an additional charge of \$3,000,000, and all this money handled by reckless men, and expended in ways unknown to the taxpayer—such is a brief description of the evils arising out of our attempts to rule the large populations of our cities, made up of foreign and floating elements, through a government in form republican. Does this description disturb anybody? Seemingly it does not. Congressmen rave at the expenditure of a few thousands to clothe our shabby army, or to complete our Military Academy at West Point, but in local expenditures no one attempts to exercise any check, and the above is the measure of the yoke that has been imposed upon taxpayers. For years the inhabitants of our large cities have been fleeced; for years they have been bowed down beneath a burden imposed upon them by universal suffrage, so heavy that it is not surprising to hear from the lips of a former Secretary of the Treasury, lately returned from Europe, that our municipal debts were the great stain on American credit abroad. A glance at the financial condition of one hundred and thirty cities now, and comparison with their condition ten years ago, may afford some trustworthy information in regard to a subject of which we have no statements affecting much precision, that can be used as a basis for comparison. To obtain correct conclusions on this subject it will be necessary to compare four elements; namely, debt, the valuation of property, the annual tax levy, and population in any particular city or town. This done the aggregate proportions which these elements may

bear to each other will give a correct idea of the increase of debt and taxation.

In the investigations just completed one hundred and fifty cities, representing every State in the Union, were selected and inquiry instituted as to their debt, valuation, taxation, and population in 1866 and in 1876. One hundred and thirty responded to the inquiry. The statistics furnished by the officials of the one hundred and thirty cities are as accurate as it has been found practicable to make them. They are, of course, defective in a few cases. Some reports do not supply specific information on all heads; in some cities no proper records seemingly are kept of these matters, and the debt of 1866 in a few instances could not be ascertained. These omissions have been supplied in each of the three elements represented—namely, debt, valuation, and taxation—by adding together all the complete returns, and estimating those omitted at the same relative proportion as the aggregate footings of the complete columns bear to each other. The reader will readily be able to discern where this has been done: in the debt columns cities in which the debt of 1866 is exactly one-third of that of 1876; in the valuation and taxation columns in which the valuation and taxation are exactly half. The population of each city has been obtained with as much care as possible. In all cases where a late census has been taken these figures are used; but in cities where no census has been taken since 1870 the same methods have been employed as in obtaining the population of 1866; namely, by ascertaining the average yearly increase between 1860 and 1870, and multiplying it by six. The conclusions arrived at in this way are in the main correct. Of the other figures in the table it may be well to say that

the statements sent by the city officials have been given exactly as received in every instance excepting that of New York. Comptroller Kelly gave us as the debt of that city \$91,452,210.49. By a report, however, recently given in obedience to a demand of the Senate, we find the total bonded debt of the city is given at \$149,357,557. This is distributed in three classes: first, the funded or permanent debt, \$119,631,313; second, the temporary debt, \$22,371,400; third, revenue bonds, \$6,104,844. This gives a total

of \$148,107,557, to which, in order to obtain the grand total given above, and also in our table, must be added the sum of \$1,250,000 for the bonded debt of the annexed portion of Westchester county. From the description of securities we learn that \$98,000,000 is classed as payable from taxation and \$21,000,000 from the sinking fund.

The accompanying table will exhibit, at a glance, the condition of matters in nearly every city of importance in the United States:

TABLE SHOWING THE DEBT, VALUATION, TAXATION, AND POPULATION OF ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES, FOR THE YEARS 1866 AND 1876 RESPECTIVELY.

NAME OF CITY.	Total Debt, 1876.	Total Debt, 1866.	Valuation, 1876.	Valuation, 1866.	Annual Tax, 1876.	Annual Tax, 1866.	Population, 1876.	Population, 1866.
Albany, N. Y.	\$2,762,000	\$865,500	\$35,617,154	\$26,977,000	\$1,171,530	\$1,010,011	73,595	66,640
Atlanta, Ga.	2,487,000	829,000	20,000,000	5,700,000	384,000	57,000	30,000	16,892
Aurora, Ill.	40,000	25,000	3,000,000	1,000,000	40,000	25,000	14,000	9,000
Allegany, Pa.	1,711,000	526,574	5,020,000	1,804,232	226,916	84,500	67,854	42,387
Augusta, Me.	1,111,500	589,823	1,000,000	1,000,000	100,000	100,000	10,000	10,000
Adams, Mass.	247,976	310,000	6,347,234	3,173,617	104,138	52,079	16,103	10,333
Arlington, Mass.	350,643	78,655	5,786,482	2,893,241	71,506	35,753	5,000	4,832
Bloomington, Ill.	222,500	12,865	5,083,039	1,579,840	129,500	23,697	19,099	11,584
Banor, Me.	587,000	232,700	10,469,156	7,290,525	274,777	238,298	19,418	17,536
Boston, Mass.	43,590,437	13,021,643	748,878,100	415,362,345	9,270,804	5,274,434	341,109	221,651
Buffalo, N. Y.	7,139,291	750,500	11,395,955	34,957,700	1,545,000	532,447	134,238	105,080
Baltimore, Md.	23,242,656	228,816,100	144,326,217	1,089,240	2,316,643	200,743	200,743	200,743
Brooklyn, N. Y.	35,758,114	9,723,274	227,013,123	136,424,786	4,854,932	1,885,549	483,252	344,333
Brookline, Mass.	1,268,300	473,800	27,490,300	13,745,150	335,382	167,691	17,871	15,836
Beverly, Mass.	1,042,490	676,540	8,565,480	4,282,740	125,854	62,927	6,718	6,365
Burlington, Ia.	523,500	645,744	5,091,315	3,012,544	102,980	30,125	19,864	11,640
Belleville, Ill.	244,726	81,000	2,969,119	1,210,675	58,000	30,000	9,000	7,912
Charleston, S. C.	4,749,793	1,600,000	85,000,000	19,000,000	1,000,000	122,000	96,000	96,000
Chicago, Ill.	17,531,632	3,947,064	108,035,178	4,046,800	1,719,064	4,776,261	234,387	234,387
Cambridge, Mass.	4,741,500	541,032	62,685,453	28,383,700	1,033,717	389,237	47,778	34,204
Cincinnati, O.	23,334,701	2,038,000	184,498,505	133,672,163	2,856,263	1,210,322	266,526	195,315
Camden, N. J.	831,000	277,000	4,000,000	357,900	71,500	20,000	10,442	6,464
Cumberland, Md.	349,900	50,000	4,000,000	357,900	71,500	20,000	10,442	6,464
Cleveland, O.	7,261,000	2,420,323	27,147,741	14,935,050	257,903	108,278	40,000	26,186
Columbus, O.	1,165,000	No debt.	27,147,741	14,935,050	257,903	108,278	40,000	26,186
Chelsea, Mass.	1,611,650	794,400	17,759,530	8,579,753	811,832	155,931	26,695	16,496
Detroit, Mich.	2,436,900	443,968	94,570,905	21,373,921	953,649	391,500	102,768	63,333
Dubuque, Ia.	1,500,000	860,000	6,513,555	3,848,900	121,266	20,315	24,840	16,539
Davenport, Ia.	296,175	450,000	6,513,555	3,848,900	121,266	20,315	24,840	16,539
Dayton, O.	1,130,500	300,000	14,935,050	257,903	108,278	40,000	26,186	26,186
Decatur, Ill.	89,000	37,500	2,857,351	3,929,925	50,000	40,920	9,000	5,832
Evansville, Ind.	1,477,489	206,964	18,000,000	8,000,000	300,000	140,000	28,036	17,691
Elizabeth, N. J.	5,131,092	1,710,364	16,255,555	8,127,777	328,000	114,000	26,391	17,126
Elmira, N. Y.	294,400	98,133	5,000,000	2,300,000	93,800	11,700	7,000	4,542
East St. Louis, Ill.	270,000	No debt.	2,500,000	846,293	28,000	13,966	8,000	4,381
Elgin, Ill.	47,343	15,775	2,500,000	1,375,815	182,097	52,280	23,000	17,000
Erie, Pa.	1,193,692	110,000	16,660,000	1,375,815	182,097	52,280	23,000	17,000
Fall River, Mass.	3,196,032	199,032	48,920,485	24,460,242	529,258	264,629	34,406	21,670
Fitchburg, Mass.	978,045	572,400	11,714,888	5,857,444	200,582	100,291	13,333	9,873
Fort Wayne, Ind.	667,280	255,753	14,000,000	6,960,420	164,790	72,186	25,000	17,000
Fond du Lac, Wis.	175,225	173,005	3,736,618	1,093,360	119,003	83,029	17,152	9,838
Freeport, Ill.	69,000	40,000	4,200,000	3,400,000	27,000	22,000	10,000	6,882
Galveston, Texas.	1,273,000	494,678	823,793	730,977	15,179	12,229	8,000	8,060
Galena, Ill.	173,091	177,352	4,800,000	1,200,000	37,000	38,000	12,000	8,060
Galesburg, Ill.	100,000	28,000	10,334,237	5,545,139	181,934	128,249	14,960	11,853
Haverhill, Mass.	362,217	173,314	48,920,485	24,460,242	529,258	264,629	34,406	21,670
Hartford, Conn.	4,235,415	1,337,446	48,920,485	24,460,242	529,258	264,629	34,406	21,670
Hoboken, N. J.	370,400	190,000	15,800,000	10,739,135	340,000	137,017	26,679	16,043
Holyoke, Mass.	2,422,800	2,422,800	9,637,062	4,816,966	180,000	90,610	16,360	8,538
Hannibal, Mo.	298,629	304,271	3,263,125	2,268,973	94,526	32,243	17,000	9,000
Indianapolis, Ind.	1,606,000	300,000	60,345,950	23,702,402	844,943	355,555	62,023	36,390
Jersey City, N. J.	13,967,450	4,555,816	62,000,000	31,000,000	1,022,175	5,011,038	116,000	61,318
Janesville, Wis.	39,825	32,500	3,800,000	2,302,000	46,000	30,000	10,044	8,954
Joliet, Ill.	120,000	26,000	4,245,224	837,396	79,455	25,270	10,000	7,196
Jacksonville, Ill.	316,000	39,028	3,731,701	877,536	97,536	18,920	12,000	7,670
Kansas, Mo.	1,500,000	430,500	25,492,161	10,253,333	25,492,161	102,617	21,345	21,345
Lancaster, Pa.	68,572	245,894	11,490,000	3,300,000	68,500	35,000	21,811	19,181
Lexington, Ky.	120,000	10,665	5,508,344	2,754,472	73,203	36,616	18,089	12,619
La Salle, Ill.	30,000	15,000	1,800,000	900,000	24,000	18,000	6,500	4,496
Leominster, Mass.	338,000	47,000	3,889,933	1,990,496	66,923	33,461	5,000	2,746
Louisville, Ky.	10,600,000	3,533,210	71,844,772	63,334,654	1,406,187	876,288	120,995	87,265
Lawrence, Mass.	1,721,498	357,700	23,975,598	13,748,290	463,102	195,232	35,680	24,408
Lowell, Mass.	453,000	2,341,000	543,349	21,481,759	519,633	319,633	43,338	38,338
Lynn, Mass.	1,300,505	430,500	25,492,161	11,475,563	452,127	260,327	26,328	24,599
Leavenworth, Kans.	483,498	161,166	7,229,881	3,662,330	112,253	98,486	24,126	13,695
Manchester, N. H.	939,627	380,789	15,309,345	10,050,020	248,900	245,567	28,593	22,164

TABLE SHOWING THE DEBT, ETC., CONTINUED.

NAME OF CITY.	Total Debt, 1876.	Total Debt, 1866.	Valuation, 1876.	Valuation, 1866.	Annual Tax, 1876.	Annual Tax, 1866.	Popu- lation, 1876.	Popu- lation, 1866.
Memphis, Tenn.	\$5,711,991	\$2,479,408	\$22,653,630	\$30,819,998	\$383,058	\$291,544	43,835	37,819
Mobile, Ala.	2,772,800	2,772,800	13,272,811	1,136,430	293,953	494,942	38,499	27,723
Minneapolis, Minn.	1,050,000	No debt.	21,000,000	15,000,000	291,000	25,000	32,721	8,495
Malden, Mass.	535,744	340,000	9,981,630	4,980,815	155,240	77,620	8,275	6,762
Medford, Mass.	511,500	300,300	873,745	4,068,726	130,162	66,081	6,242	5,367
Melrose, Mass.	266,666	182,800	4,666,899	2,333,444	62,874	31,437	5,000	4,000
Milwaukee, Wis.	2,194,790	1,003,853	53,676,163	14,428,285	1,069,675	323,674	100,775	60,962
Nashville, Tenn.	1,671,724	899,446	10,798,455	17,344,756	271,254	287,556	37,342	22,314
New Brunswick, N. J.	113,350	40,000	7,000,000	5,000,000	220,944	96,833	17,339	13,537
Newton, Mass.	1,248,000	381,000	28,200,965	14,100,482	392,201	196,101	16,165	10,733
Newburgh, N. Y.	324,600	329,450	11,821,025	8,080,000	81,566	65,838	18,104	16,286
Natick, Mass.	238,000	60,000	3,725,125	1,862,562	63,821	31,910	6,943	6,144
Northampton, Mass.	617,873	468,906	7,646,300	3,822,550	117,841	58,928	12,183	8,511
New Haven, Conn.	986,081	175,000	46,000,000	31,932,292	437,000	159,661	57,768	46,210
New Orleans, La.	22,638,779	13,538,413	119,000,000	126,000,000	1,780,000	1,890,000	203,439	182,318
New York, N. Y.	149,335,657	33,664,633	1,111,054,343	736,999,908	10,091,621	16,950,769	1,249,868	887,635
Newark, N. J.	8,610,930	353,666	97,100,000	46,568,002	1,657,331	825,691	124,929	91,811
Norfolk, Va.	2,265,199	1,429,345	10,210,963	5,597,070	246,034	96,967	12,106	7,467
New Bedford, Mass.	1,178,000	582,100	26,750,202	21,369,100	457,355	340,382	20,000	20,738
Newburyport, Mass.	407,666	214,725	7,725,617	7,214,200	150,408	161,257	12,695	12,918
Newbury, R. I.	962,000	94,500	7,569,860	4,085,152	122,000	47,440	13,728	11,715
Oshkosh, Wis.	61,000	170,000	5,146,640	737,601	131,603	68,802	16,609	10,932
Oswego, N. Y.	1,256	419	7,033,067	3,566,534	573,366	181,648	29,347	19,285
Peoria, Ill.	4,544,122	14,000	14,100,000	1,432,797	121,776	15,103	35,000	19,480
Portland, Me.	6,073,300	2,478,356	30,680,358	29,004,115	791,876	741,568	58,000	48,212
Pittsburg, Pa.	13,772,466	2,454,482	122,942,173	100,116,000	1,108,542	314,879	111,352	71,350
Providence, R. I.	9,632,246	999,983	121,065,200	89,448,800	1,755,445	784,418	100,675	61,608
Patterson, N. J.	1,357,500	450,000	23,329,946	17,500,000	591,246	350,000	41,974	27,981
Philadelphia, Pa.	169,129,271	35,140,335	695,413,378	162,831,829	11,739,384	6,513,273	860,000	630,934
Peabody, Mass.	342,000	943,000	6,151,950	3,075,795	91,570	45,785	7,809	6,950
Quincy, Ill.	1,635,376	500,000	9,715,149	8,075,503	176,814	76,717	30,000	19,676
Rochford, Ill.	1,380,565	87,000	4,100,000	1,432,797	121,776	15,103	35,000	19,480
Rochester, N. Y.	5,549,186	1,127,000	55,664,970	11,000,000	1,010,660	349,209	70,895	56,713
Reading, Pa.	1,171,446	625,908	35,598,667	4,000,000	161,981	70,000	40,390	29,722
Rock Island, Ill.	268,000	81,481	4,035,000	876,502	42,000	12,757	9,000	7,377
Richmond, Va.	4,492,195	2,071,642	42,018,077	2,203,509	630,271	320,797	64,916	41,785
Rahway, N. J.	1,161,500	367,166	4,200,000	4,200,000	135,000	30,000	6,000	6,528
Racine, Wis.	860,000	800,000	4,200,000	4,200,000	135,000	30,000	6,000	6,528
San Francisco, Cal.	3,893,801	3,893,801	283,532,859	76,366,437	4,509,932	1,029,513	27,112	112,404
Springfield, Ill.	854,875	309,276	5,693,156	1,822,877	165,774	178,499	20,000	14,140
St. Paul, Minn.	1,332,502	808,158	25,694,000	9,000,000	256,940	68,219	24,288	16,170
Syracuse, N. Y.	1,316,000	66,500	36,029,350	10,773,541	480,445	149,112	55,010	40,078
Salem, Mass.	1,509,000	1,473,925	26,044,532	13,022,266	403,252	201,626	26,430	24,371
Springfield, Mass.	1,981,000	347,160	35,109,456	14,997,020	497,453	221,422	33,605	22,101
Springfield, O.	103,186	28,700	9,673,976	4,646,080	101,465	46,996	16,492	10,388
St. Joseph, Mo.	1,380,565	490,300	20,000,000	10,000,000	101,465	46,996	20,677	15,311
Savannah, Ga.	3,600,640	1,200,313	16,444,490	108,565,391	2,782,072	1,222,493	444,593	250,827
St. Louis, Mo.	16,318,000	5,671,500	26,573,400	13,286,700	504,757	252,378	18,681	12,021
Summersville, Mass.	1,571,854	612,063	26,573,400	13,286,700	504,757	252,378	18,681	12,021
Trenton, N. J.	493,648	164,549	17,744,072	8,874,536	265,323	125,000	26,201	20,655
Taunton, Mass.	273,250	353,229	16,890,271	8,445,135	243,426	121,626	20,580	17,327
Troy, N. Y.	846,144	856,289	15,539,700	14,710,081	532,146	360,574	60,805	43,571
Toledo, O.	2,928,754	976,251	28,750,000	18,750,000	584,752	109,799	62,590	24,457
Utica, N. Y.	75,000	750,000	48,219,387	22,599,350	654,672	297,665	50,792	24,647
Worcester, Mass.	2,929,700	2,623,140	26,603,388	19,442,000	261,508	118,115	36,890	27,007
Wilmington, Del.	1,078,650	738,333	9,526,918	4,763,459	109,841	54,920	10,655	7,997
Waltham, Mass.	467,350	180,000	7,541,369	3,772,184	102,761	51,381	6,242	5,367
Westfield, Mass.	387,000	174,508	3,752,889	1,876,444	59,818	29,909	5,000	4,000
Winchester, Mass.	234,350	36,533	800,000	400,000	25,000	30,000	6,000	4,076
Waukegan, Ill.	No debt.	6,000	800,000	400,000	25,000	30,000	6,000	4,076
Washington, D. C.	25,000,000	8,333,333
Total.....	\$644,378,663	\$221,312,009	\$6,175,082,158	\$3,451,619,381	\$112,711,275	\$84,060,098	8,576,249	5,919,914

The cities embraced in the table have not been selected because of their large debts, but so far as possible to represent the entire country. While the table contains most of our large cities, the investigations were not strictly confined to the more populous towns, and in the table will be found some cities of only ten and fifteen thousand inhabitants. It will be observed from this table that New York, the largest and wealthiest city on the continent, heads a growing column of large municipal debts. In 1869 a desperate gang of thieves held control of every department of the city government, and nearly every department of

the State government, and this debt is a legacy bequeathed by them to the taxpayers of the city. But the debts of other cities are not less formidable in comparison to their population than New York. The same conditions that led to New York's municipal experience exist in other large cities to-day, and have not yet been remedied even in that city. Other cities are not irritated much. They may suspect all is not right, but while their own debt gets bigger and bigger, and the taxes become more burdensome every year, they look upon New York's experience as a local disgrace. In this they may some day be bitterly mistaken. Brook-

lyn, with its debt of \$35,758,114; Baltimore, with \$33,343,251; Philadelphia, with \$66,169,271; Cincinnati, with \$23,334,701; Chicago, with \$17,831,692; and St. Louis, with \$16,318,000, may lull themselves into fancied security, but depend upon it, the lesson vouchsafed to New York carries with it as deep a significance in Maryland or Pennsylvania, Ohio or Illinois, or Missouri as it ever had in New York; and the question of ruling such populations as these by means of universal suffrage is no less an important one in these States than it is in New York.

An investigation made by the writer last February into the municipal indebtedness of Illinois shows that the total local debts of that State are upward of \$40,000,000. This debt bears an interest ranging from 6 to 10 per cent. The \$14,500,000 of railroad aid debt (the only debt registered in Illinois) bears an average of 9 per cent. Debts of cities will average 7 per cent.; and the debts of school districts, towns, and counties bear varying rates of 7, 8, and 10 per cent., leaving an annual tax on the people of the State for these local debts of about \$3,500,000. In ten years the increase in property in Illinois has been 120 per cent.; in debt, 160 per cent.; in population, 53 1-2 per cent.; and in amount of annual taxation, 110 per cent. Population and value of property have not by any means kept step with the increase of debt or annual taxation. In connection with this part of the subject, it may be well to point out that what is called and given as the municipal debt of a city, indicates but imperfectly the extent of its real municipal obligations, or even of the tax charge upon the people of these cities. In Illinois, as in other States, there is a county government, a city government, a town government, and sometimes a school district government. Each of these organizations can create and has created a debt. It will thus be seen that it is exceedingly difficult to obtain trust-

worthy figures for our purpose. The compilers of the national census of 1870, admitting this difficulty to the full, presented their statements in relation to municipal debt with candid hesitation.

In the table presented on page 400, it will be seen that in the State of New York the amount of the permanent debt of the several cities given—namely, New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Auburn, Buffalo, Newburg, Oswego, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Elmira, and Yonkers—is \$205,000,000, involving a yearly expenditure for interest alone of nearly \$12,000,000. The total appropriation for carrying on the government of this State is nearly \$3,000,000 less than the sum these cities, representing about half the population of the State, have to pay as interest on their municipal debts. The appropriation for the payment of the interest on the debt of the city of New York alone exceeds the sum requisite to defray the expenses of the State government for the present year. Ten years ago, as the table shows, this debt of \$149,000,000 was only about \$33,000,000; less than that of Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, or Baltimore to-day. Six years earlier than this, in 1860, it was only \$18,000,000. It is truthfully said the public debt of the city of New York, or the larger part of it, represents a vast aggregate of money wasted, embezzled, or misapplied. The increase in the annual expenditure in New York city since 1850, as compared with the increase of population, is more than 400 per cent.; and as compared with the increase of property more than 200 per cent.

Passing now from New York, and glancing at the large cities of Pennsylvania represented in the table, we find the aggregate indebtedness of six—Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Alleghany, Reading, Erie, and Lancaster—upward of \$82,000,000. The city of Pittsburgh, with a bonded debt of over \$13,000,000, has not yet paid the interest due April, 1877, and next Oc-

tober another installment falls due. The citizens of that city are just beginning to realize that it is one thing to create a debt recklessly and quite another thing to pay for the same. The local debt of the above six cities is treble that of the entire State debt. Of the municipal debts of Massachusetts, owing to the complete system of statistics, more accurate information can be obtained. The total valuation of city property of the 347 cities and towns in the State was, in 1876, \$1,769,359,431; the total municipal indebtedness of the State, \$92,101,673. This debt is mostly held by a few large cities, and those represented in the table alone have a debt of \$75,000,000, leaving for the something over 320 remaining cities a debt of \$17,101,673. The Legislature of this State have shown their wisdom in the recent passage of a law providing that all cities indebted to the amount of a certain percentage on their valuation shall establish a sinking fund, to be managed by commissioners. This law gives authority to the Attorney General, citizens of the city, or any creditor to the amount of \$1,000, in case the city does not establish a sinking fund in accordance with its provisions, to apply to the Supreme Judicial Court for compulsory process against the city.

Returning to the table, we observe that the aggregate footings of the four elements of debt, valuation, taxation, and population, are as follows:

	1876.	1866.
Municipal debt of 130 cities.....	\$644,378,663	\$221,312,009
Assessed value property of same.....	6,175,082,158	3,451,619,381
Annual taxation of same.....	112,711,275	64,060,098
Population of same...	8,576,249	5,919,914

The aggregate municipal indebtedness of these cities is now over 10 per cent. of the assessed value of property, whereas in 1866 it was only 6 per cent., showing an increase of indebtedness of 4 per cent. of the valuation of property. It will also be seen that debt has increased upward of \$420,000,000 in the last decennial period, a yearly increase of \$42,000,000. The percentage of increase is about as follows:

Increase of debt, about 200 per cent.
Increase of annual taxation, about 83 per cent.
Increase of valuation, about 75 per cent.
Increase of population, about 33 per cent.

Population and value of property have by no means kept pace with debt, which has grown to a magnitude that may occasion surprise in quarters where correct information on the subject might have been expected. To more forcibly present the sad defects in our management of municipal affairs in densely populated cities, twelve of the largest cities on the continent have been selected from the table, and their debt, valuation, tax levy, and population computed separately. The cities taken were New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Baltimore, San Francisco, New Orleans, Brooklyn, Louisville, and Pittsburgh, with the following aggregate results:

	1876.	1866.
Municipal debt.....	\$436,608,119	\$152,055,877
Assessed value property.....	4,008,580,981	2,300,842,000
Annual taxation.....	79,353,777	42,523,574
Population.....	5,043,618	2,671,554

For comparison we now take twelve cities of medium size, and presumably governed by those who pay the taxes. In such communities the proportion of the proprietors to the whole population is much larger than in the twelve cities given above. In the twelve smaller cities the reckless and vicious part of the community is small, and incapable of being organized and lead by unscrupulous men. That these conditions diminish the dangers of abuses in the management of municipal expenditures a comparison of the subjoined aggregates with those given above sufficiently shows. The cities taken for the second comparison were Alleghany, Columbus, Chelsea, Davenport, Fort Wayne, New Haven, Patterson, St. Paul, Taunton, Troy, Utica, and Burlington, with the following aggregate results

	1876.	1866.
Municipal debt.....	\$11,685,060	\$5,899,248
Assessed value property.....	278,873,913	126,230,714
Annual taxation.....	3,431,527	1,645,082
Population.....	441,121	308,861

In the first table, representing the dozen large cities, we find debt increasing at the enormous rate of 187 per cent. in ten years; in the second table, representing the twelve smaller cities, the rate of increase is nearly 90 per cent. less, or 98 per cent. In the large cities valuation increased but 74 per cent., in the smaller 121 per cent. Of course the rate of increase in population was higher. In the large cities the amount of debt *per capita* of the population is \$86 50, in the smaller cities only \$26 50, and yet it must be remembered the proportion of the proprietors or taxpayers to the whole population is much larger in the latter than in the former. Here is a summary of the investigation:

FINANCIAL CONDITION OF TWELVE LARGE CITIES.

Aggregate increase of debt in 10 years.....	187 per cent.
Aggregate increase of valuation in 10 years.....	74 " "
Aggregate increase of taxation in 10 years.....	86 " "
Aggregate increase of population in 10 years.....	88 " "
Amount of debt <i>per capita</i> population	\$86 50.

FINANCIAL CONDITION OF TWELVE SMALL CITIES.

Aggregate increase of debt in 10 years.....	98 per cent.
Aggregate increase of valuation in 10 years.....	131 " "
Aggregate increase of taxation in 10 years.....	108 " "
Aggregate increase of population in 10 years.....	42 " "
Amount debt <i>per capita</i> population,	\$26 50.

The great danger and disgrace in the management of municipal matters seems to be confined to our large and densely populated cities. Our present system did well enough so long as we were a vast agricultural community. But the telegraph and railroad and manufactories have changed the entire face of the country, and built up vast interior towns, with populations densely packed and ignorant, who can be easily swayed by designing demagogues and public plunderers. As long as the elements of vice, ignorance, and poverty preponderate, as they do in most of our large cities, just so long will universal suffrage be a farce, and municipal indebtedness continue to in-

crease \$50,000,000 yearly. Though the corrupt ring is overthrown in New York, no radical measures have been taken to prevent the recurrence of precisely the same thing again. It is true Mr. Evarts and his distinguished associates have made their elaborate investigations and presented their valuable report to the State—a report by the way of equal value to the entire country. In these proposed changes, and in nothing short of them, can we see anything like a rational and business-like management of the affairs of all our large cities, and therefore they are recommended to the careful and comprehensive consideration of all interested in good and honest local government. Every city should have a responsible executive head elected by the people—heads of the department answerable to him and removable for cause. Debt must be regulated by those who have to pay the taxes. A board of finance, elected by taxpayers and rentpayers, to have full control, jointly with the mayor, of financial affairs of the city. Property holders to have something to say about improvements chargeable to their estates. The Legislature of any State to be deprived of the power to impose burdens upon the taxpayers of cities for purely local affairs. And above all that local affairs be separated as far as possible from State and national politics. Without making pretensions of anything in the nature of a final settlement, these are a few of the changes which in the writer's opinion would measurably check this growing evil, and at all events make taxpayers thoroughly acquainted with the objects on which their money is laid out. Perhaps it would be but a short step toward the establishment of good municipal government which we hope for at some future day. But at any rate it would be a move in the direction of better things, and in recommending it to thoughtful minds for their consideration we hope it will not be despised.

ROBERT P. PORTEB.

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE EASTERN WAR.

THE Eastern war has now gone far enough to thoroughly develop the covert and hitherto mysterious strength of Russia, and to strip it of all illusions. Fears of her seizing the dictatorship of Europe may be safely postponed. Germany remains, with prestige unmarred, the military head of the continent; for we cannot imagine the Turks making as stout a fight against Kaiser Wilhelm as they have made against the Czar.

This is the earliest definite lesson, I think, of the struggle on the Black Sea. The Muscovite spectre, hovering vast and undefined over the Eastern horizon, has long alarmed the rest of Europe. The Crimean war reduced that spectre to tangible form, showing it also to be overrated; but two-and-twenty years hold vast possibilities in the growth of a young giant, and the world was anxious to learn what Russia's military establishment had become since the taking of Sebastopol.

Up to a dozen years ago Russia bade fair to be the arbiter of Europe, after France should have had her day. For certain it is that each considerable nation takes its turn at the military headship of the continent. Turkey herself may be said to have held it, when, under Solyman, she raided where she chose into southeastern Europe, made Hungary her vassal, and knocked at the gates of Vienna. Poland, now blotted from the map, was, under Sigismund I., perhaps the most powerful State on the continent. Austria, lately humbled by Prussia (for, with nations as with men, youth must be served, and the aged wrestler is at last thrown by the lad he despised), held the supremacy of Europe under Charles V. Spain, now third rate, was the most formidable power in Europe under Philip II. Early in the seventeenth century the military leader of the continent was Sweden, thanks to the genius of Gustavus Adolphus. The prowess of Italy, as of Greece, dates back to classic days, though Rome may also be said to have ruled Europe in the eleventh century,

under Hildebrand. Even little Holland had her turn at the naval supremacy of the world, which Portugal, now so petty a State, had previously held with great glory during two centuries. Prussia only failed to seize the military leadership of Europe under Friedrich II. from lack of resources—her turn was to come a century later. The most formidable power of Europe in the last half of the eighteenth century was England, to whom succeeded France, already strong in arms under Louis XIV., but fully ripened under Napoleon. Then Russia, entering the lists late, came at fast pace to the front; but the fates so foiled the prophets that when France fell under the wreck of Napoleonism the power that rose to the top was not Russia, but North Germany. Germany's invasion of France was far more skilful and brilliant than the Russian invasion of Turkey. Turkey, it is true, is a country very defensible against overland attacks from her northern front; and of her triple lines the two outer, the Danube and the Balkans, though cut, have not been destroyed. But contrast the Turkish troops in drill, weapons, experience, and prestige with the French army of 1870; besides, if the Turks surpass the Russians in their navy, so did the French surpass the Germans.

Thus far the struggle of Russia and Turkey may be pronounced the least interesting to Americans of all recent European wars. Our daily newspapers have bountifully written it up, and a war on so grand a scale could not be wholly a dull performance; but the contrast in general interest is great between this war and the war of France and Germany in 1870, or of Prussia and Austria in 1866, or of France and Sardinia with Austria in 1859. It is possible that we had a livelier interest even in the Crimean war, so that, if this be true, it is not wholly the distance of the scene that now enfeebles our attention. Undoubtedly the presence of England and France on the arena in 1854 deepened American interest, which would now, also, be made greater

should England fight Russia. But for us the most marked change between 1854 and 1877 is that then the bulk of American sympathy was against Russia, and now it is for her. There was a pro-Russian party with us in 1854, particularly in the Baltic trade, and so now there is a pro-Turkish party; but we are talking of majorities. We have certainly come to know more about Russia, and to like her better on account of her friendliness in our civil war. She refused the hint of France to profit jointly by our distress. We have lionized her sailors, Uncle Sam has twice played Corydon to her Alexis, and we bought a corner lot of Russia under pleasant circumstances, even if we hardly needed it. Besides, the present war inflames religious zeal as a strife of cross and crescent, whereas the presence of the Allies cheek by jowl with "the unspeakable Turk," in 1854, quenched any such sacred flame. At that time, too, we had Russian news largely filtered to us through West European colanders, and colored in the straining. Again, the Servian and Bulgarian cruelties of the Turk have put him low down in our public sentiment. Some editors add that America feels a magnetic sympathy with the destiny of Russia for stretching herself—though this sympathy is perhaps a little fanciful, and it seems to me rather that the vaulting ambition of Russia, offsetting Turkish brutality, prevents many Americans from taking either side with anything like comfortable bigotry.

Again, were this grapple of Moslem and Muscovite conceivably to end in the wiping of Turkey from the map of Europe, or even in the taking of Constantinople, all Europe would be agog. But the general feeling is that the war will not be pushed so far; that in due time, and after sufficient victories, some of the western powers will say to Russia, unless she herself cries a halt, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further." With this broken and pitiful ending of the drama apparently in view, it is robbed of that palpitating element of surprise, or of momentous possibility rather, which often lends to war an interest so thrilling.

Besides, there can be in a single combat between these nations only one general result of the fight. Barring intervention and alliance, Turkey must at last

have the worst of it. She has made head against Russia for months, she has gained her full share of the fields, but she must go down before a well-armed nation of sixty million souls, welded and wielded by a central power as despotic as her own, and able, as Suwarrow said, to "swarm out" her enemies by sheer numbers, if it came to that. A war in which one of the combatants is considerably over-matched excites an interest to know how long the weaker nation can fight; it does not excite an interest of great doubt like the match between France and Germany.

We have also felt the contrast of the present war in rapidity of movement with the wars of 1870 and 1866, whose wonderful brilliancy is fresh in memory. We recall how within a fortnight after the signal guns sounded, tremendous battles settled the fate of empires. These were wars of almost unparalleled rapidity—paralleled, at any rate, only by Napoleon's master strokes. Jumping at generalization, as usual, the world had concluded that "short, sharp, and decisive" was to be the style of all future wars, and it was disappointed by the dragging campaign on the Danube. The Asian hostilities were prompter, but strangely fluctuating. The grapple of these two semi-Asiatic powers recalls the tentative moves of our war of secession, rather than the German campaigns of 1860 and 1870. Still, events since the forcing of the Danube show that Russia was wise in getting a heavy force up to the river before yielding to the popular impatience for crossing. She has needed it all since her defeat at Plevna.

Up to the present writing the Turks have perhaps gained the majority of fields, but Russia may yet reach Adrianople, as Diebitsch reached it half a century ago; thence she would probably press down to the banks of the Bosphorus, unless the Turks, through England and Austria, propose peace. In modern days, with the arts of war so generally understood, numerical strength has perhaps grown in relative value. This our war of secession taught; Bismarck knew it when he joined with Italy before attacking Austria, and with South Germany before attacking France. A Sweden could once be the arbiter of Europe, but

hereafter only the most populous States can play that part; its successful performance requires not only a Bismarck in the cabinet and a Moltke in the field, but forty million subjects. Russia has her Bismarck, but without, as it seems, even a Moltke's lieutenant. She has, however, sixty million brave subjects, and Moltkes will perhaps come, in time.

ANCIENT CONNECTICUT.

AN obscure writer in the July "Galaxy" ascribed to Dr. Peters's "General History of Connecticut" the story of Putnam's riding down a stairway of seventy stone steps, when he escaped from Tryon's troopers at Horseneck. It is greatly to be hoped that the remainder of this writer's essay (which was on "The Embroidery of History") was more accurate, else haply he might be like that lecturer on "Intemperance" who taught by furnishing in his own person the "horrible example." The Appletons have just reprinted Dr. Peters's history, with interesting addenda and notes by the Doctor's great grandson; and in this edition there is nothing about Putnam at Horseneck. There is, to be sure, the story of Putnam and the wolf—except that the reverend historian turns the wolf into a she bear and two cubs, which Putnam despatches, at dead of night and all alone, not with his gun, as in the common version, but with a billet of wood. Of the stone stairway story there is *nil*; and accordingly I more than half suspect that the magazine writer, finding it attributed to Peters in a biography of Putnam, while seeking the origin of the yarn, too confidently adopted the reference, in lack of the "history," which is wanting to some rather pretentious libraries.

I feel somewhat softened, however, toward both the magazinist and the libraries, on reading, in Mr. McCormick's preface, that "possibly there are not twenty persons living who have ever read" Dr. Peters's history, which was published in London in 1781; that "as its truthfulness was unpalatable to the Connecticut colony, the issue that came to this country, I believe, was publicly burnt, and the court prohibited the republishing of the work in the State; consequently it has become a very rare work, so much so that in March, 1877, a copy, at a sale of old works, brought the fabulous price of \$115, demonstrating the

fact that but few remained in existence." It was quite time, then, to reprint the book, especially as it seems to have been made a scapegoat in more important matters than that of the Horseneck story. Now, if there was one thing that Dr. Peters prided himself on it, was his veracity. He does not say that his history is eloquent or profound, but he does claim that it brings to light "truths long concealed," and that he has "followed the line of truth freely."

In the coolness of a century later, it is odd to note the hearty hates of the venerable royalist and vigorous churchman, who says that he is "unbiassed by partiality or prejudice," though his well-known treatment by the Windham mob would excuse both. He is persuaded that justice will one day be administered to the Duke of Hamilton and other noble proprietors of lands in New England who have been "wickedly supplanted by the emigration of Puritans, republicans, regicides, and smugglers." The "renowned, pious fathers" of the Hartford colony, "to the eternal infamy of Christian policy, with the gospel spread the smallpox among the Indians." Elsewhere he speaks of "the infamous villainy of Hooker, who spread death upon the leaves of his Bible and struck Connecticut mad with disease." He calculates that there were 90,000 Indians in Connecticut in 1637, "when Hooker began his holy war upon them," and that the English killed of the Indians, "with sword, and gun, and smallpox," 86,000, leaving only 4,000 in Connecticut in the year 1680. "Upward of 180,000 Indians at least," says Dr. Peters, "have been slaughtered in Massachusetts bay and Connecticut to make way for the Protestant religion."

Of Wadsworth's famous hiding of the Connecticut charter in a hollow tree ("elm," says Dr. Peters), the historian declares, with vigorous italicizing, that the General Assembly voted to Wadsworth their thanks and twenty shillings "as a reward for *stealing* and hiding their charter in the elm."

The Americans of Dr. Peters's time "consider the kingly governors as the short horns of Antichrist." Mr. Tryon is the most pleasing gentleman that Dr. Peters has ever seen in a civil capacity in America, and has a punctilious regard for his word, "a quality which, though

treachery is the staple commodity of the four New England provinces, the people greatly admire in a Governor."

The geographical parts of the History are interesting. The Connecticut has, in its northern part, three great bendings, called Cohosses, about one hundred miles asunder:

Two hundred miles from the Sound is a narrow of five yards only, formed by two shelving mountains of solid rock, whose tops intercept the clouds. Through this chasm are compelled to pass all the waters which, in the time of the floods, bury the northern country. Here, water consolidated without frost, by pressure, by swift ness, between the pinching, sturdy rocks, to such a degree of induration that an iron crow cannot be forced into it; here, iron, lead, and cork have one common weight. At the upper Cohos the river spreads twenty-four miles wide. For five or six weeks ships of war might sail over the lands that afterward produce the greatest crops of hay and grain in all America.

The New Londoners have the credit of inventing tar and feathers as a proper punishment for heresy. At Norwich the people bury the dead with their feet to the west. Were Dr. Peters to characterize the people of Norwich, he would do it in Mr. George Whitefield's words, "You are wholly of the devil." The Doctor says that Whitefield actually tried to bring down the walls of the fort at Saybrook, Joshua fashion, by having rams' horns blown, and went off disgusted at his failure. Of Windham he relates that in July, 1758, the whole town turned out in their night shirts and fled, through alarm at the approach of an army of thirsty frogs, going to the river for a little water. The frog army was forty yards wide and four miles long, and was several hours passing through the town. Only by sending back envoys to treat for peace did the people discover their error.

At Weathersfield it is a rule with parents to buy annually a silk gown for each daughter above seven years old, till she is married. The young beauty is obliged in return to weed a patch of onions with her own hands. New Haven gave the name of pumpkin-heads to all the New Englanders, for the Blue Laws enjoined every male to have his hair cut round by a cap, in lack of which was used the hard shell of a pumpkin, "which being put on the head every Saturday, the hair is cut by the shell all round the head." These Blue Laws of New Haven were "never suffered to be

printed," says Dr. Peters, but he gives a "sketch" of some of them:

No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting-day.

When it appears that an accused has confederates, and he refuses to discover them, he may be racked.

No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas or Saints days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, and Jews-harp.

The worthy historian "sketches" many other Blue Laws. He says that in his day "similar laws still prevail over New England as the common law of the country." To the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and to William III., who founded it, "under God, are owing all the loyalty, decency, Christianity, undefiled with blood, which glimmer in New England." The general assembly of Rhode Island, "lest religion should chance to prevail," made a law that no one should be held to pay a note given to support the Gospel.

The historian hopefully estimates that Connecticut "will, in the year 1860, contain 2,000,000 people." Of religion and government he says: "Properly speaking, the Connecticutians have neither, nor ever had; but in pretence they excel the whole world, except Boston and Spain." The Indians still hate New England Christians, "who killed their ancestors with a pocky Gospel." The ice and flood in the Connecticut river frequently carry off "large pieces of ground from one side to the other, which has proved the source of 'perplexing lawsuits as to the ownership of the soil.'" An Episcopal clergyman from England was, as late as 1750, tried, convicted, and fined in Connecticut for the distinct Sunday crimes of whistling, of walking too fast from church, of picking a bunch of grapes from his garden, and of combing a discomposed lock of hair on the top of his wig.

Altogether, this history of Connecticut must have greatly enlightened England, and the reader can now understand why the reverend author specially claimed, in the preface, that whereas other New England historians had abounded in "error, disguise, and misrepresentations," his work, "whatever other historical requisite it may want, must, I think, be allowed to possess originality and truth—rare properties of modern publications." PHILIP QUILIBET.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

MEASUREMENTS OF THE EARTH.

ONE of the great undertakings which have been entered upon in the nineteenth century is the accurate survey of the civilized world. Individual tasks, like the survey of one arc of the globe, have been performed for the purpose of ascertaining the form and dimensions of the earth. Of this kind were the measurement of the parallel of 52 deg. north latitude from Valentia, in Ireland, to Orsk, in Russia, of the meridian between Dunkirk and Barcelona, to determine the proper length of the French metre, and Strure's measurement of a meridian between the North sea and the Danube. But the new undertaking is no less than a grand network of just such triangulations as these, covering Europe and forming the base lines for the local mapping of the different countries. The scope of the task which European governments propose to themselves is well indicated by the plan adopted in 1865 for the survey of Italy. It should be premised that all the European States are united in the common task of measuring the degrees of longitude and latitude, each one performing the work in its own boundaries, but with strict reference to that of its neighbors. This work is partly astronomical and partly field measurement.

The Italian commission determined on three geodetic nets along the lines of three meridians and three parallels of latitude. The first net extends from Cagliari by the island of Corsica along the shore of Tuscany to Genoa and Milan, thence crossing Switzerland and western Germany to Christiana in Sweden.

The second begins at the island of Ponza, and passes through Rome, Florence, Padua, to Munich, Leipsic, and Berlin.

The net for fixing the third meridian runs from Cape Passaro (the southeast extremity of Sicily) to Messina, Potenza, Foggia, the island of Tremiti, across the Adriatic to Dalmatia, where it joins the Austrian and Russian systems that stretch northward to the Baltic sea.

These are the three meridians. The parallels are all within Italian territory. The first runs from the frontier of Savoy to Padua, following a line that connects Bordeaux in France to Fiume in the Austrian empire. The second extends from Corsica through Gargano to Dalmatia, and the third from the island of Ponza to Brindisi.

This plan of operations was fixed upon in compliance with an agreement made between the governments of Europe for coöperative work. In 1861 General Beyer proposed to the Prussian government to call a convention for the purpose of forming a league the object of which should be the measurement of an arc of a meridian and of a parallel of latitude on the central zone of the European continent. The result of united action has been a great extension of accurate geodetic work. Instead of one meridian and one parallel, portions of several will be simultaneously measured.

A similar work is proposed for the United States, and as there is no other nation (unless Brazil is excepted) on the whole American continent which is in a position to carry out such a task, it is probable that the Government will be persuaded to undertake it. The method employed would be to carry a number of lines, accurately determined, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. These would be several hundred miles apart, perhaps three in number in the eight hundred miles north and south width of the country; and they would be crossed by a number of other lines at right angles to them. Thus the whole country would be covered by a network of huge quadrilaterals, the position of which would be accurately fixed. These would at any time become the base lines for State and other surveys. This work was in fact authorized by Congress three years ago, and it has been slowly prosecuted, but by methods so slow that Congress appears to have grown tired of it, and withheld the appropriation this year. We would like to see a special service organized to perform this task by somewhat

more rapid methods, so that the progress made might be sensible each year. If our Government enters upon this work, it will be possible to fix the position of at least one parallel of latitude on opposite sides of the globe. In the next century it may be possible to connect the American with European triangulation by way of Alaska and Russian Asia, while it is quite likely that the plans for Arctic colonization may then be carried out so as to make the measurement of a great circle within the Arctic zone possible.

SUBTERRANEAN LAKES.

GEOLOGY has proved the existence and located the position of ancient lakes that are now absolutely dry, and the necessities of civilization are teaching us that there may be large collections of fresh water in the solid crust of the earth. With the rapid growth of population, and the simultaneous concentration of industries in some regions, such as are found in parts of England, for instance, the problem of obtaining pure water for the great cities becomes a difficult one. The area of contamination from human or manufacturing sources is so great that it is impossible to bring in supplies from the country beyond its borders without great expense, and it is not always possible to overcome the difficulty even with any reasonable expenditure of money. In such cases it may be necessary to draw the needed stores from the very bosom of mother earth, and fortunately the great beds of sandstone offer reservoirs of almost unlimited extent. Prof. Boyd Dawkins, indeed, has come to the conclusion that in Lancashire and Cheshire, England, there is a vast lake fed by subterranean water. Whether that surmise is true or not, the sandstones are known to receive a great quantity of the surface waters, amounting, it is estimated, to one-third of the rainfall. In a country with a rainfall of 45 inches yearly, one-third would be 15 inches, or about 340,000 gallons per acre. The depth of these reservoirs ensures the purity of the water, and must also act as a governor upon the regularity of the supply. It is from similar rocks that the petroleum of Pennsylvania is drawn.

THE STONE AGE IN NEW JERSEY.

We have several times had occasion to refer to the large collections of objects dating from the American age of stone which have been made by Dr. C. C. Abbott, of Trenton, New Jersey. In the last Smithsonian report he has described all the classes of implements the stone age in New Jersey affords. Agriculture, the chase, warfare, household life, vanities, recreations, enjoyments, and distinctions of rank are all clearly recognizable. Dr. Abbott says the aborigines had an eye to the picturesque in landscape, for their remains are most abundant at places which have a commanding view—the Delaware Water Gap, for instance. The relics decrease in number as the large rivers are left and their tributaries followed up toward their sources, and from this it might be thought that the people were few in number and inclined to huddle about deep waters, reaping what is probably the easiest harvest that man has discovered—fresh-water fisheries. But against this supposition is the fact that in almost every brook, however small, fish spears and arrow heads are now found. From this wide distribution the Doctor infers that the prehistoric race was really numerous, and had abundant villages.

The sites of their villages can now be recognized by the number of relics found on them, and even the occupation of the villagers distinguished by the character of the "celts." Burlington, Monmouth, and Ocean counties contained their favorite cornfields, as the sandstone and slate "shovels" picked up there demonstrate. Another thing that determined the position of the villages was the corn mill, just as in modern days it governs the location of rural settlements. But these "mills" were quite different from ours. Every traveller has noticed the natural depressions in the surface of rocks exposed to the weather. Wherever one of these hollows was found to lend itself kindly to the operations of the pestle, there the village was built up, and around it the relics of the aboriginal life are now picked up in large quantities. These sites are mostly in the northern part of the State, projecting stones suitable for this use being found mostly toward the south.

Some localities seem to have been long

occupied by a permanent village. Most of Dr. Abbott's relics come from a bluff on the Delaware near Trenton, not more than five miles long, and from this place he has taken many thousand specimens. In other cases the site of a veritable arrowmaker's hut has been found, indicated by a heap of arrow heads, spear heads, small hatchets, and chips. Some of these workshops indicate that the aborigine was not such a good mineralogist as he has been represented by ardent ethnologists. Unfinished weapons are found that were rejected because of flaws that a good workman, able to reason upon long experience of stone working, would have discovered at the outset. Sometimes the celts are found under circumstances which indicate that they were either hidden or merely laid away in a store for future use. In one case a bushel basket full of axes was found, all of the grooved cobble-stone pattern; and at another place twenty were discovered closely packed together, and covered with a bright red powder. Another "find" was of fifty ungrooved axes, all of porphyry.

The manufacture of stone implements was evidently an industrial art. As a rule, the stone of the locality, whatever it was, formed the basis of the industry. But chips and unfinished tools are found covering fields that have no stone near them. Fragments of jasper are abundant about the aboriginal villages, though the State does not contain that rock *in situ*, and only occasional pebbles are found in the rivers.

A certain uniformity of style in the manufacture of weapons is noticeable, from which it is argued that the chipping of stone implements was a craft, or that there was intercourse and barter among the people. One puzzling circumstance is the fact that very few complete lance-heads are found. Fully ninety-five out of every hundred specimens are merely the pointed half. As these points of lance-heads are very abundant in some limited localities, it is conjectured that they may have been broken in battle, the owner withdrawing with the wooden handle and the basal part of the point, which could be readily fashioned into some smaller cutting tool or weapon. Besides the prevalence of particular patterns in the New Jersey celts, they ex-

hibit the usual close correspondence with similar work in other parts of the world. They are, however, nearly all of the rude forms, nothing like the delicate daggers of Scandinavia being known. As to their age, nothing absolute is known, and almost the only indication is given by an axe that was found four feet under the main roots of a tree, and eleven feet below the surface. The axe, which was very rude in workmanship, was therefore older than the tree, and as five hundred rings were counted in a part of the trunk, it was thought that the least age of the axe was one thousand years. Dr. Abbott's work is illustrated by two hundred and twenty-three figures.

A GRAVE OF THE LAKE DWELLERS.

PROF. DESOR found near Neuchatel, Switzerland, a prehistoric burial place, covered with seven feet of earth washed from a hillside. It was rectangular, five feet four inches long and three feet nine inches wide, built of flat granitic stones covered by two large gneissic slabs. The latter must have been cut artificially. It appeared to be the grave of a family or clan, for the positions of the bones proved that whole bodies had been deposited, and not separate portions, or bones alone. The posture was probably that of sitting, and fifteen or twenty individuals were placed in this one grave. The few skulls which were preserved in a perfect form appear to be of the true Helvetic type, and similar to those found in other lake dwellings. The form is described as mesaticephalous (semi-long), which appears to have existed in the stone age, and continued through the bronze age to the present day, constantly increasing in size and in the development of the forehead, both in height and breadth. In spite of these changes the type remains perfectly recognizable. In the grave were found implements of the polished stone period, and with them some bronze ornaments. This grave, therefore, has established two very important facts: the continuity of the Helvetic human type from the stone age till now, and the connection of the stone and bronze ages.

A POINT IN TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

A RECENT attempt to open the doors of the English navy to young engineers in

private workshops has ended in a way that proves how completely the conditions of service on the ocean have changed. About one hundred and forty commercial engineers sent in their names as applicants for twenty vacancies in the rank of assistant engineers, and one hundred presented themselves for examination. But of these no fewer than *eighty-three* retired when they saw their examination papers. Of the remaining seventeen, eight left after trial. Seven finished their task, but with what result we do not know. This occurrence makes it evident that the standard of competency in the government service is not the same as in the commercial marine. Formerly a man who was an able-bodied seaman or an efficient captain in the merchant service was considered to be competent for similar positions in the navy; but it appears that this close correspondence no longer exists. The merchant marine of England is no longer the perfectly prepared reserve it was formerly. Still the difference is not so great as appears from this one test. Though the merchant engineers may not be able to answer the theoretical requirements to which their brethren are trained in the government schools, they know how to manage and repair steam machinery of the most elaborate kind. They may not be able to conquer examination papers, but if they were called upon to act as engineers in time of war, they would probably be found efficient and well trained.

HEARING IN BIRDS AND INSECTS.

CURLEWS frequently obtain food on sandy flats after ebb tide by thrusting their bills in the sand up to the nostrils and seizing a worm, or other edible, hidden under several inches of sand. The hole left by this proceeding is very small, only large enough, in fact, to take in the long and slender bill of the curlew, and there are no signs to indicate that the bird has moved his bill, probing about in the sand, as other birds often do in mud. Nor do they thrust into the sand at random. The prey is reached by one persistent push of the bill. Mr. George Romanes discusses the question, "How do the birds know the precise spots where their victims lie buried in the sand?" They cannot see them, nor any signs upon the surface indicating their

whereabouts, and he concludes that they *hear* them. This explanation argues a very delicate sense of hearing in the curlew, for the sound made by a soft worm moving slowly through the sand must be in itself very slight indeed, and it is masked by the cover of several inches of sand lying over the animal. Mr. Romanes strengthens his supposition by referring to the thrush, which also ascertains the whereabouts of its food by the sense of hearing. The distance which it runs between successive pauses for listening represents probably the diameter of the circle within which it can hear the movement of a worm. In insects several proofs of a sense of hearing have been given. But these views have not met with entire acceptance, and indeed there are circumstances in which this explanation does not seem entirely credible. Another observer thinks birds do not hear, but *feel* the movements of the worm in the sand. Many birds patter with their feet when hunting food, and the object of doing so is supposed to be the discovery of some slight movement of the worm. The plover rapidly vibrates one foot over the ground. This bird also makes little runs, and appears to listen intently. As the ear is in a very rudimentary state of development, this explanation of their mode of finding food is the commonly accepted one.

COLOR OF SOIL IN RELATION TO CROPS.

In studying the puzzling question of why some potato fields may entirely escape blight, even when they are surrounded on every hand by fields that suffer severely from the disease, Mr. J. B. Hannay noticed that these fortunate plots were darker than the infected areas. Thinking that the greater absorption of heat by the darker ground, and consequent higher temperature, might explain the singular immunity, he experimented to determine the question. A piece of ground was chosen, poorly adapted to growing potatoes, as it was a kind of blue clay. It was planted in the ordinary way, using stable manure. One half was left as planted, but the other half was covered with soot which had been carefully washed until the soluble matter was entirely removed. The tubers in this part sprouted first and were always healthier than those in the un-

dressed part of the field. Temperatures were taken by a thermometer inserted in the soil, which showed that at a depth of two inches the soot-covered earth was, on the average, 1.77 degree hotter than the natural ground; and at the depth of eight inches the difference was 1.09 degree. Thus the dark earth afforded its tubers a warmer *climate* than light-colored soil. The most remarkable difference was found in the composition of the resulting crops. The soot-covered potatoes contained 22.5 per cent. of starch, and those in plain ground only 17.5 per cent., and the granules were smaller in size.

A FLOWING QUICKSAND.

QUICKSANDS are just as great a trouble to the engineer now as in the days of George Stephenson, who was obliged to reassure one of his contracts because the contractor took to his bed and died on striking a quicksand. The buildings on a farm in England were lately jeopardized in a singular manner. In sinking a well through a solid bed of clay the workman was surprised by a sudden burst of water from the wall about twelve feet from the bottom. The water came in so rapidly as to make his escape a very lively one, and it continued to enter until the well was full and running over. It brought with it a great quantity of sand, and at length the buildings standing near by showed that the ground had begun to settle. The most strenuous efforts were made to stop the torrent by filling the well with a mixture of large stones and hydraulic mortar, but without effect at last accounts.

THE ETHNOLOGIST IN LAPLAND.

ONE of the most difficult collections for the ethnologist to make is that of masks of living faces, and yet this is one of the most important. Dr. Van der Horck described his trials with the Lapps, at a meeting of the American Geographical Society. One amusing difficulty was found in the fondness of the natives for oil. At first he put olive oil on the face to keep the plaster of Paris from sticking, but he could not keep them from licking it off. Then he tried offensive train oil, but with no better success! A more serious difficulty was the superstitious feeling of the Lapps, though it is singular that they were more

ready to allow casts to be taken of their faces than measurements of their heads. The former is much the more disagreeable, but they probably suspected magic or witchcraft in the craniometer with which the head was measured. After oiling the skin the face was covered with a thick coat of plaster, quills being thrust into the nostrils for air. Usually the plaster mask came off easily after setting, but on one occasion it adhered firmly to the face of a fine-looking and very typical Lapp. The Doctor was compelled to shave under it with a scalpel, the operation being painful, and the patient both frightened and angry. He had stipulated in advance that his beard should not be cut! When finally released he grabbed the Doctor's loaded gun, and came near making an end of him. Dr. Van der Horck is now among the hostile Sioux Indians, and if he makes many such mistakes with them, he is likely to leave his scalp in exchange for some warrior's mask! He says: "In taking casts of the ear, I usually closed the auditory orifice with a piece of cotton, oiling the skin, and covering the whole with plaster, which when dry I carefully pulled off, the ear yielding. The operation of 'having your ear pulled' is rather painful under such circumstances, and the Lapps were never anxious to let me have the cast of more than one ear! Skulls can only be taken from the graves with the greatest secrecy, as they watch over the burial places with superstitious care. These ancient burial places are usually near the hallowed groves, or places near which they were accustomed to assemble for worship, and they are still designated by the remains of stone pillars, or by the native name attached to them, such as 'Piattsam-dudder,' holy mountain, or 'Patts-yoki,' holy river."

VANDALISM IN OFFICIAL QUARTERS.

SCIENTIFIC and professional men frequently have to deplore acts of vandalism by coarse men who, because they are ignorant themselves, take pride in destroying the valued records of patient research. James Fisk, Jr., left his mark upon the engineering profession in America by sending to a paper mill a great accumulation of drawings, records of practice and experiments that had

been made by the engineers of the Erie railroad. No attempt had been made to publish them, but their results had been incorporated into the work of the road, and that is all that remains of observations carefully made during a quarter of a century. Something of the same kind took place when the casts of fossil animals purchased for the Central park museum and partly set up were deliberately carted off and thrown on a dung heap by the order of men who had money and political influence, but not intelligence, nor regard for the welfare of the citizens who paid for the park, the casts, and the commissioners, and for whose amusement and instruction the casts were bought. The last exhibition of this kind of brutal rage is given in England, and, it is hinted, by one of the Treasury officials. The printed specifications of the English patent office have accumulated until it is a question where they shall be stored. The gentleman referred to has solved the problem by sending about 250 tons of these records to a paper mill!

THE TITLE OF IRON PRODUCTS.

THE American Institute of Mining Engineers has taken advantage of the presence of so many foreign metallurgists, to present to the world a scheme for a uniform nomenclature in the kinds of iron. This has been a constant subject of discussion by English, French, German, and American iron workers for many years. Their conclusion is as follows:

First, that all malleable compounds of iron, with its ordinary ingredients, which are aggregated from pasty masses, or from piles, or from any forms of iron not in a fluid state, and which will not sensibly harden and temper, and which generally resemble what is now called wrought iron, shall be called **WELD IRON** (German, *schweisseisen*; French, *fer soudé*).

Second, that such compounds, when they will from any cause harden and temper, and which resemble what is now called puddled steel, shall be called **WELD STEEL** (German, *schweiss stahl*; French, *acier soudé*).

Third, that all compounds of iron, with its ordinary ingredients, which have been cast from a fluid state into malleable masses, and which will not sensibly

harden by being quenched in water while at a red heat, shall be called **INGOT IRON** (German, *flusseisen*; French, *fer fondu*).

Fourth, that all such compounds, when they will from any cause so harden, shall be called **INGOT STEEL** (German, *fluss stahl*; French, *acier fondu*.)

The greatest objection to this system is that it introduces a change which is thought by many metallurgists to merely add a new chapter to a long discussion, but without bringing it to a close. The defect of the committee's work is that it really accomplishes nothing decisive. The terms proposed may be sufficient for theoretical treatises on steel and iron, but practical men know that the metal trade will not adopt them.

Weld steel is hardly a sufficient designation for a cutler who wants to contract for tool steel. He might get the product of the puddling furnace instead of the cementation box, or if his contract called for *cast steel*, he might be supplied from the Bessemer convertor. In most cases some designating term will have to be added to the titles proposed by the commission to fit them for commercial and industrial use. That will prevent their use altogether, for who will say, "Bessemer cast steel," when he can leave the middle word out entirely. None of the terms are really characteristic except one, which we already know well—cast iron. This is but one objection of the many urged to the proposed nomenclature. The committee really accepted the views of one of two parties as to the significance of such terms as "steel" and "iron." The party of opposite views remains unconvinced. The unsatisfactory nature of the result is very suggestive considering the character of the gentlemen who composed the committee. Such authorities as Tunner of Austria, Akermann of Sweden, Gruner of France, Wedding of Prussia, Bell of England, Egleston and Holley of our own country form as trustworthy a body for the consideration of this subject as could well be found. The question now is, If such referees have failed, would it not be well to cut short a discussion that has been so long and fruitless?

DIAMOND FIELDS IN AUSTRALIA.

It is a matter of common observation that the empirical rules of workmen,

however ignorant they may be, often embody real scientific truths, though they are not able to give intelligent expression to them. Such is the association which Australian diamond miners have noticed between "morlops" and diamonds. Morlops is the name given by the men to small jasper pebbles of yellow, pink, brown, and other colors, which they say are never found in the dish unless diamonds are there too. The fact shows how close the observation of the diamond hunters is. The asserted companionship of the two stones is made very probable by the fact that "morlops" have a specific gravity of 3.25 and diamonds of 3.4 to 3.5. The sands in which they both occur have been operated upon by running water, which has assorted the minerals that compose them according to their specific gravities, and has therefore thrown these two, of nearly similar density, together. Morlops is a name peculiar to Australia, and its etymology is unknown. Australian diamond mining is not very successful on account of the small size and poor quality of the stones. One company had in 1,680 diamonds only 1 of eight grains, 1 of four grains, 6 of three grains, 85 of two grains, and 1,587 of less than two grains. On the other hand, the yield of the diamond dirt is tolerably regular, averaging about twenty stones to the load. The diamonds are found "just at grass roots" in the soil of a kind of basin or closed valley about four miles long and three wide. The surrounding district is of the age of the coal measures.

THE PENINSULAR FORM OF SOUTHERN LAND.

THE reason why the northern hemisphere should contain nearly all the land and the southern nearly all the water surface of the globe has puzzled geographers for many years. Without reference to older theories, the hypothesis of Prof. Croll, that it is due to, and is also a proof of, alternate glaciation of the two hemispheres, now engages the attention of scientific students. This explanation is that the Antarctic region is now in a condition of extreme glaciation; that an ice cap of 2,800 miles in diameter, and probably from twelve miles or more thick at the centre, covers the south pole. The presence of this huge

mass of solid water produces two effects: The accumulation of ice lessens the amount of fluid water in the ocean, which is therefore shallower; and the piling up of this mass at one spot changes the centre of gravity of the earth, shifting it to a point nearer the south than the north pole. As water may be expected to group itself spherically around the centre of gravity and not around the physical centre of the globe, there is an accumulation of the water toward the south. The earth in fact consists of two globes, a solid one, the form of which may be considered as fixed, and a fluid one enveloping the other. The amount of water is not sufficient to cover the whole of the solid globe, but the higher inequalities project through the fluid envelope. Now, if this fluid globe is shifted bodily in any one direction, it is evident that the projecting portions of land in that quarter will be covered up, while the solid globe will be uncovered in the opposite direction. The result of piling up the Antarctic ice would be a rise of the ocean level to 1,000 feet above its present line, and a fall of the same amount in the Arctic region. Sir John Lubbock considers that the peninsular condition of land in the southern hemisphere is not due to anything abnormal in its shape there, but merely to the submergence of the low lands by the accumulation of water in that half of the earth. He says: "Let us suppose three tracts of land, each trending north and south, each with a central backbone, but one with a general slope southward, one with no slope either way, and the third with a northward slope. The first will, of course, form a peninsula pointing southward, because as we proceed southward less and less of the surface will project above the water, until nothing but the central ridge remains. The second tract, however, would also assume the same form, because, though by the hypothesis the land does not sink, still the gradual preponderance of water would produce the same effect. If, moreover, the central mountain ridge, as is so generally the case, presents a series of detached summits, the last of such elevations which rises above the water level will necessarily form an island," situated at the extremity of the peninsula, which is frequently the case in the southern

hemisphere. In the third case, that of a land sloping northward, the result of the opposite inclination of the land and water would be to produce, not a pointed peninsula, but an oblong tract. The alternate accumulation of water in the two hemispheres, with the varying height of the water line, is thought by many geologists to explain the numerous elevations and submergences which a study of the rocks proves to have taken place in past time.

THE INTERNATIONAL METRIC STANDARD.

THE task of making a perfectly homogeneous alloy of platinum and iridium for the new standards of the metric system was a very tedious affair. Five ingots were made by melting together, for each one, 450 ounces of platinum and 55 ounces of iridium, the metals having been cut into small pieces by means of an hydraulic press. The fuel used was coal gas and oxygen and the furnace one of St. Clair Deville's. When cold the ingots were rolled into sheets, cut in strips, and again melted, the resulting ingot appearing to be very perfect. It was forged into a bar 35 centimetres long, 7.5 wide, and 2.5 thick, or about $90 \times 2 \times 1$ inches. This was repeatedly annealed and rolled out into a bar 4.10 metres long, 21 mm. wide, and 5 mm. thick, or, 14 feet \times 1.2 inch \times 1.5 inch, this being about the desired thickness and width. The alloy is so hard that it wore the iron surfaces between which it was drawn to give it a perfectly rectangular form, and it was finally planed true. It has been carefully analyzed by Deville, who found its density to be 21.508 at 0 deg. C. and its composition—

	I.	II.
Platinum.....	89.40	89.42
Iridium.....	10.16	10.22
Rhodium.....	0.18	0.16
Ruthenium.....	0.10	0.10
Iron.....	0.06	0.06
	99.90	99.96

This then is the composition of what is extremely likely to be the world's standard of length. The alloy is to be tested to ascertain how much it changes in volume with time and repeated heating. The preparation of the bar was performed by the English firm of Johnson, Matthey & Co.

NITRO-GLYCERINE POWDERS.

THOSE explosives which, like dynamite, are made up of an inert powder in which nitro-glycerine is mixed, are found to lose some of their strength by evaporation, though the action is slow. One sample lost 2.2 per cent. in five years. This loss is not sufficient to affect the use of the powder in any of its ordinary employments, such as blasting, for the reason that an excess is always used in such operations. But another peculiarity of these nitro-glycerine powders is their tendency to collect all the liquid part of the explosive at their lowest point. If the cartridges stand on end for any length of time, the nitro-glycerine settles to the bottom, and the action may be so complete that the top will not have enough of the explosive constituent to take fire. Cartridges have been known to fail from this cause which were entirely effective and good when they were finally exploded. For this reason all cartridges made of the nitro-glycerine powders should be laid on their sides, and not stood up endwise.

SCHIEL has lately found the rainbow to be perfectly polarized, but the bow must be very bright.

ICE crystals are sometimes formed in loose gravel, a fact which may explain the singular occurrence of ice in the frozen well of Brandon, Vt.

THE list of native tellurides of gold is increasing rapidly. A new one has just been named Bunsenite. It is found at Nagyag in Transylvania, and is pure auric telluride.

A NEW oil field is said to have been developed in several counties in Kentucky, principally in the valley of the Cumberland. A thousand farms are said to have been leased for well sinking.

A ZOOLOGICAL Museum Company has been incorporated in Brooklyn, N. Y., with a capital of \$500,000 in 10,000 shares. The intention is to build a museum of wild animals for exhibition. Messrs. Charles B. Dungan, James H. Redfield, Horatio G. Gilbert, L. R. Messtamil, and H. S. Dungan are trustees for the first year.

Eggs of the celebrated whitefish, which are such a favorite product of the great American lakes, have been sent to Australia by our Government and successfully propagated there.

An ingenious electrical apparatus is that of Mr. Tisley for producing a current by the dropping of mercury from a small orifice into dilute sulphuric acid; if the vessels containing the mercury and the acid be connected by a wire, a current is found to traverse it.

A SINGULAR case of disease lately occurred in England, every member of the family down to the dog and cat being affected. It was caused by a parasitic insect, *Trombidium*, which is supposed to have originated on some garden plants, from which the cat and dog obtained and carried it to the human members of the family.

A BELGIAN physician thinks that life may be maintained on air alone, because when emaciation has proceeded to a certain point the nitrogen of the air may gain admission to the circulatory system. He endeavored to show that persons like Louise Lateau, whose body exhibited the crucifixion wounds, and who professedly spent weeks without food, may in fact exist without other nourishment than they can obtain from the air.

THE growth of the sugar cane has met with a check in Australia from a disease called the "rust," on account of red spots which appear on all the canes healthy and unhealthy. These spots are minute fungoid growths. The sap from diseased canes has a lower density than that from healthy ones, and the sugar is more difficult to make. A combination of influences of soil, climate, exhaustion of soil, and variety of cane are pointed to as the cause.

THE antagonism of secretary birds, from the Cape of Good Hope, to snakes, was lately tested at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in Paris. A number of living snakes were thrown into the enclosure where the birds were kept, and as soon as they were perceived the secretaries showed great excitement. They uttered shrill cries and sprang upon the snakes, hold-

ing them to the ground with their strong feet, while they cut them to pieces with their beaks. The reptiles could neither escape nor retaliate, for the thick wrinkled skin that covers these birds' legs resisted all attempts to penetrate it.

It is a matter of common remark that the air of cities is warmer than that of the country, and scientific observation confirms the fact. The average temperature at the Greenwich observatory is higher than in former times, and the change is attributed to the building of houses around it. No less than five million tons of coal are burned every year in London, and it is calculated that the heat thus produced would add 2 1-2 degrees of heat every hour to a stratum of air 100 feet thick, and covering 118 square miles, the area of the city.

A SINGULAR message was lately delivered to the Entomological Society of London. This was a request made by Mr. Riley of St. Louis, Missouri, that entomologists should supply him with cocoons of the parasite *Microgaster glomeratus*, which were much wanted in America to destroy the numerous broods of *Pieris rapæ*, which has been imported into this country. Entomologists have long predicted that insects may one day become an important part in our economy and be cultivated as assiduously as large animals or the agricultural products.

PROF. OSBORNE REYNOLDS has ingeniously imitated the formation of hailstones by blowing finely-powdered plaster of Paris against a jet of steam issuing freely into the air. The steam was wet enough to moisten the plaster, and in this way masses closely resembling hailstones were formed. They had the rounded base and the striæ of the real stones, but their sides were somewhat steeper. He thinks that the larger drops in a cloud begin to fall first, and falling faster than the small ones, overtake those that are below them. The result of contact is aggregation depending on the well-known action of ice particles in freezing at their surface of contact. In this way a drop grows as it descends, and its size depends merely on the number of smaller drops it is able to freeze to itself.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

WE reviewed not long since the first volume of Mr. Van Laun's "*History of French Literature*," and now the second is before us.* The interest of the first volume is chiefly historical. It shows the development of the French national mind and the formation of what we recognize as the French style and the French cast of thought. The second is more purely critical in its character, and its interest is entirely literary. The author passes under review the great authors of what has been well styled the Augustan age of French literature—Corneille, Descartes, Molière, La Fontaine, Balzac, La Rochefoucauld, Boileau, Racine, and others second only to these eminent men. But still his pages show the history of France in her literature; for the volume opens with the literature of the League and the Jesuits, and gives a full historical and critical account of that remarkable work, or rather congeries of works, the "*Satire Merippée*." Indeed, a very just understanding of the political and social condition of France at the time of Henri IV. may be obtained by reading Mr. Van Laun's first chapter. In his critical opinions upon the writers and orators of this period Mr. Van Laun is somewhat prone to extravagance of praise. For example, he writes of Gaston de Montluc as if he were Cæsar and Cicero rolled into one. He says of a speech of Montluc's before Francis I., that it "sounds even now like the blast of a trumpet." Unfortunately for this panegyric, he gives the speech, which either in the original or the translation appears to be only the earnest, direct appeal of a brave and intelligent soldier to fight the combined English and German armies with five or six thousand Gascons. All that is stirring in it is the man's determined bravery and the earnestness of his appeal. The speech is merely the outspoken courage of a brave soldier. Montluc has

no place in French literature, hardly in French military literature. The analysis and description of the "*Satire Merippée*" is on the contrary equally discreet and interesting; its value being increased by biographical notices of its various authors. This is probably the most artful and effective political satire ever written. It did more to destroy the League than was done by any one other agency.

In his second chapter, which is devoted to the didactic school of literature which sprang into perfection as the first fruit of the Renaissance, the author deals first with Ronsard, whose name is great in French literature, but who now is little read. Ronsard attained a great height of favor in his lifetime. He was hailed as the Pindar, the Horace, the Petrarch of France. Marguerite of Savoy, Mary Stuart, Queen Elizabeth, and Catherine de Medici vied with each other in expressing their admiration of him, and all of them sent him handsome presents. But Ronsard, although he did much to discipline French taste and to polish French style, is dead as a poet, except to the curious in literature. The reason of this is sufficient. In the words of a distinguished French critic, Paul Albert, "Ronsard has no ideas, and he is very poor in sentiment." Mr. Van Laun pleads for him; but on the very passages which he quotes we must agree with Albert. Our author is nearer the truth when he says, "France is still waiting for her grand epopœia." France has a grand epic in the "*Chanson de Roland*," but that is too antique to be read even by Frenchmen.

A very interesting chapter is the one upon the reform of the French language. This was brought about chiefly through the agency of Malherbe. Malherbe was a poet, or at least a writer of finished verses of no great value; but it was as a critic that he exercised his influence upon the French language and its literature. He was looked up to, both by his contemporaries and his successors, as the greatest authority of the Renaissance in respect to style and diction, and he

* "*History of French Literature*." By HENRI VAN LAUN. II. From the Classical Renaissance until the end of the Reign of Louis XIV. 8vo, pp. 392. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

was not merely a self-constituted law-giver in matters of linguistic propriety, but also a scrupulous, exact, argumentative, and scientific linguist. This is Mr. Van Laun's appreciation of him, which is perhaps again a little too high. A scientific linguist was hardly possible in Malherbe's time; nor do scientific linguists do much for style. Writing is an art, not a science; and writers who leave their mark upon literature do so without caring much for or knowing much of linguistics. Be this as it may, Malherbe accomplished the great task which he undertook; and Mr. Van Laun is right in saying that after him "the language was hardly capable of further development, and the master minds of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were to express themselves in terms which the seventeenth century had unmistakably stamped as the classical standard of speech."

As in England so in France, literature attained its highest point in the drama, and almost at a single leap. A dramatist almost unknown to the majority of French readers, Jodelle, is the father of French tragedy. Casting aside the rude Mysteries and Moralities which occupied the stage in his youth, he began to write real tragedies. They were feeble, and died the death of feeble things. Then, after the pottering of a few more feeble imitators, all at once arose Corneille. Of this greatest of French tragic poets Mr. Van Laun's account is ample, and his appreciation equally generous and discreet. He finds the great merit of Corneille in his loftiness, his heroic way of feeling, thinking, and speaking. "When," he says, "we have read one of Corneille's best tragedies—and I admit at once that they are very unequal—we rise from its perusal better than we were before, with an intense reverence for these more than human heroes or heroines whose adventures we have followed?" But he confesses that these heroic creatures are not men and women of this world; they are unnatural. They are all of them "so completely concrete in all their actions, so monotonously virtuous or vicious, so argumentative, that they seem not to possess many passions, but only one; and whether as fathers or lovers, friends or enemies, tyrants or champions, we admire them, respect

them, but admit that they sometimes weary us." For sometimes read always, and this is the truth; and the judgment is one that may be passed upon all French tragedy of the grand classical school. Molière was a dramatist of a different order. True, he wrote comedy; but it was not because of that that we delight in him. He was natural as well as humorous, true as well as witty. Of his characters Mr. Van Laun well says: "The language which they employ is always natural to them, and is neither too gross nor over refined. And how remarkable and delicate is the *nuance* between his different characters, though they may represent the same profession or an identical personage. None of his doctors are alike; his male and female scholars are all dissimilar." Equally true and important is the criticism that Molière's verse "has none of the stiffness of the ordinary French rhyme, and becomes in his hands, as well as his prose, a delightful medium for sparkling sallies, bitter sarcasms, and well-sustained and sprightly sallies." In a word, Molière was a real dramatist and a great one. He held his mirror up to *nature*. He is the greatest among French writers, as Shakespeare is the greatest among English, although still at a very long distance behind; for Shakespeare was—what was he not? As to Racine, he is little more than a feeble, amorous Corneille, with all Corneille's faults, none of his grandeur, and with all his interest confined to love-making in stilted rhyme.

We can follow our author and his authors no further into detail; but we can heartily recommend his book to the increasing class of readers who are interested in French literature. His knowledge is thorough, his criticism thoughtful, original, and acute; and his work, when it is completed, will be the only just and worthy appreciation of its important subject in our language.

LONDON gossip reports that Mr. Anthony Trollope has said that to him novel-writing is so easy that his words "run from his pen like tea out of a teapot"; which provoked a London critic to say that Mr. Trollope's teapot sometimes poured very weak tea. There is much truth in both remarks. Mr. Trollope is doubtless the most fluent writer among

English novelists of his generation. Mr. Thackeray wrote with ease when he had brought himself up to the work. The existing manuscripts of some of his novels show very little elaboration, very little erasure or interlineation. Some of them were partly dictated, his elder daughter acting as his amanuensis. "Henry Esmond," his most highly finished work, is one of these; and in the manuscript of that even the dictated passages remain almost without alteration. But Thackeray wrote comparatively little. To Dickens writing was hard work, and his "copy" was so full of erasure and interlineation that it was almost as toilsome for compositors to "set" it as for him to produce it. George Eliot writes with great care and great elaboration. Her work shows this. It is full of thought, expressed with the utmost care in the choice of words and the construction of phrases and sentences. Facility of composition is no reproach in itself. It implies no inferiority in imagination or in literary craftsmanship. Scott had it in a remarkable degree; and so had Shakespeare. But when writing is easy because little is said that it is hard to say, and the freely flowing tea is weak, that is another matter.

The fact is, that although Mr. Trollope has given us some admirable novels, almost first rate, and although he has described upper-class and middle-class life in the England of to-day with great fidelity, he is sometimes very weak. He has the faculty of interweaving social events in such a way as to make an interesting story, and he has a keen eye for the slight peculiarities of character and speech which distinguish every-day people from each other in the present smoothed and formless time; but he concerns himself chiefly with trivial traits, and plays upon the mere surface of human nature in the nineteenth century. He has little imagination, no depth, little art, either constructive or pictorial. He is the most realistic of the novelists of a realistic day. And there is an oppressive sameness in his work. Flirting and jilting, and love making with "honorable intentions," according to the canons of society, are the staple of too many of his novels. The bad shallow man and the bad deep man, the bad shallow woman and the bad deep woman; the

good girl who is ready to fall down and worship her lover if he will only "propose" in unmistakable phrase, one that he cannot back out of—if he will but "protest," and so make what Juliet's nurse calls "a very gentlemanly offer"; and the good man who hangs back, and does not protest for a long while, but then does it with a vengeance—these are the web and woof of the tissue of his fancy. Well, this suits the taste of the majority of the readers for whom he writes—a body composed chiefly of young women. He is capable of better things, as he has shown. The Barchester novels are full of strong characterization of men and women who have real character. But the producing of so many chapters monthly, with headings fitted to captivate the eyes of monthly magazine buyers, has caused him to dilute himself and to give us sometimes very weak tea indeed.

His last novel* is one of his weak ones. As to his story, he is like Canning's knife-grinder, and has none to tell. But he describes an old village, Dillsborough, and its lower middle class society, and the people of the neighboring squire's house, well. The honest village attorney, his mean, mercenary, vulgar wife, the gentleman farmer, or rather the farmer that tries to set up as a small gentleman and fails, the hard-hearted old lady at the squire's house, and the soft-hearted old lady who has a right to go there, and does so sometimes—all these, and their various surroundings, he sets before us with the faithfulness of a photograph, and with some of the photograph's exaggerations of untrue perspective. But real as it is, most of it is so commonplace, that before we get through the book it becomes a weariness to the flesh. There is, however, a bad, bold, shameless young woman, Arabella Trefoil, the niece of a great duke, who, with her degraded mother, is a mighty hunter of husbands, and she relieves the book of its monotony. Not pleasantly, however; for so base a creature in woman's form as Arabella Trefoil it would be hard to find—in fiction; and that she exists in reality, or in possibility, among the ladies of the highest class of English soci-

* "*The American Senator.*" A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 8vo, pp. 190 (paper). New York: Harper & Brothers.

ety, it is not comfortable to believe, product as she seems to be of the conditions of that society.

With the events which produce the semblance of a story Mr. Trollope has interwoven the sayings and doings of the personage who gives the book its name. This is an American Senator who goes to England to study the country, its institutions, and its people. To use the slang phrase common in England, "he is not half a bad fellow"; but Mr. Trollope makes him of course a very disagreeable one—and also of course gives him a ridiculous name—Gotobed. It should seem that a man who lives in such a glass house of a name as Trollope ought to be careful how he throws stones of this kind; but it is a cardinal point of belief with so many of our British cousins that all Americans have ridiculous names, that it would not do to present one in a book with any one of the names which are common to both countries, even Brown, or Jones, or Robinson. Senator Gotobed makes a nuisance of himself. He pries, and disputes, and flies in the face of the society into which he is hospitably received. He is good-natured, but ill-bred, and has no more tact than a donkey. He treads on everybody's toes. He dines with a clergyman, and not only fails to appreciate a good dinner and good wine, and lets his failure to do so appear offensively, but he attacks the Church and the "cloth" while his host's meat is in his mouth. Mr. Trollope has done this sort of thing in one way or another before, and such are his representations of the behavior and breeding of Americans, that the question naturally arises, With whom did Mr. Trollope associate when he was in this country? How did it happen that he was excluded from fairly decent social circles in America? What had he done, what did he do or say that shut the doors of people of ordinary good breeding against him? For such must have been the case. The man is either a deliberate libeller or he is ignorant of that which he professes to be able to describe. He makes his American say that "in the States we haven't yet got into the way of using dinner clarets," and he don't know the difference between '57 Mouton and *vin ordinaire*. With whom did Mr. Trollope dine when he was in America? Did the people among whom

he managed to get, use forks and napkins? We should not be surprised to hear to the contrary. Skill in the detection of vintages is not a very high or valuable qualification, except to a custom house appraiser or a dealer in wine; but Mr. Trollope makes a point of it, and we therefore ask these questions. Englishmen of any mark who do not make themselves personally offensive, are usually asked to houses here where they may drink "dinner clarets," quite of the grade of '57 Mouton, like water if they wish. And Mr. Gotobed says that "things are fixed convenient." We think that Mr. Trollope's associations in this country must have been, to say the least, a little queer. An American of average good breeding and education would be obliged to search and pry even more curiously than Mr. Gotobed does, to find an opportunity of meeting socially people, Americans, who speak of things being fixed convenient. Mr. Trollope has placed himself in no very enviable position if he intends, as he ought to intend, to describe in Mr. Gotobed a fair representative of the men whom he saw in this country. He simply shows that for some personal reason he was excluded from the society of Americans of average social culture.

But in one respect Mr. Trollope makes good use of his American Senator. He makes him a stalking horse under cover of which he shoots the shafts of savage censorship and ridicule into English society. There has been no more damaging indictment of that society than that of which Mr. Gotobed is made the occasion and the mouthpiece. Snobbishness, tyranny, frivolity, unreason, pig-headed conservatism, and coarse brutality are shown to pervade all classes in England. Putting all these revelations to the credit of a very disagreeable person, and an American, Mr. Trollope saves himself craftily from the consequences of bringing such charges in his own person. His trick may not be detected at home, but it is patent, and he has really succeeded only in "fouling his own nest," while he does all in his power to effect the same for Americans. His book as a novel is poorly constructed, and is not pleasant in its incidents or the characters of most of its personages; but as a presentation of some of the weak points of English so-

ciety—and according to him they are many—it is an interesting study. —M. Daudet's "Sidonie" had so large a sale that it is not surprising that we have another of his novels before us.* The translator of "Sidonie," who is also the translator of "Jack," proves to be Mrs. Mary Neal Sherwood, a daughter of John Neal of Portland, from whom she has plainly inherited a literary skill which promises not to diminish in the second generation. The English of "Sidonie" was unusually good, and the style was easy and clear. "Jack," the new novel, is in this respect not at all inferior to its predecessor. The novel itself is almost the equal of "Sidonie" in character drawing, and is a pleasanter if not a more interesting book. It is full of bad people; but there is no one in it quite so bad as Sidonie, who is certainly the basest and the vilest creature within the range of fiction. Women admit that Sidonies exist, or we should be glad to believe that in conceiving her Daudet had stepped beyond the bounds of nature and made a monster. Iago, the worst man in imaginative literature, is a more respectable because a more intellectual and complicated creature. Sidonie is vulgar and shallow as well as vile. The story of Jack is a very touching one. He is the illegitimate son of a frivolous, selfish, vain woman of the *demi monde*—a *monde* which does not exist in this country. The maternal feeling, which like the maternal office makes any woman in a certain degree worthy of respect, is not a fixed quantity. In some women it is almost rudimentary; from that it rises to a dominant instinct; while in the noblest mothers it becomes a grand passion. In poor little Jack's mother it is strong enough to win some sympathy for her; but it is subordinate to her vanity and her passions. At a literary entertainment given at the school at which she places Jack, a sort of French Do-the-boys Hall, she meets and falls in love with a self-styled poet, a handsome, weak-brained, hard-hearted egoist, whose life is one pompous platitude. She throws herself at the empty skull of this living libel upon literature, and gives him not only herself, but her money, and he tyrannizes

over her and her poor child, and consumes them both. The picture of this man—M. le Vicomte Amaury D'Argenton is the name of him—is in the very best style of character drawing. His monstrous selfishness and his colossal vanity are depicted with a pitiless firmness of hand. He is a thoroughly detestable creature, and yet every man must own a perfectly natural one. As to Ida, Jack's mother, whom in his childish years he worships, her character is shown in the following beautiful passage. She weeps over him and confesses to him the wrong that she has done him, when she finds that because of her position he is refused at a reputable school. Then the author says: "And the strange creature, forgetful of her recent grief, laughed gayly, that Jack too might laugh. It was one of the privileges of this inconstant creature never to retain impressions for any length of time. Singularly enough, too, the tears she had just shed only seemed to add new freshness, brilliancy to her youthful beauty, as a sudden shower upon a dove's plumage *seems to bring out new lustre without penetrating below the surface.*" We shall not follow the sad fortunes of the son of this not very peculiar woman. The reader of Daudet will find them full of the most pathetic interest, an interest all the deeper and stronger because it is not all of the sentimental kind. Daudet is a moralist in art, a sort of French Thackeray. The tendency of his writing is directly against that of the modern school of fiction in France, which has made the majority of the French novels and dramas of the day very unwholesome mental food except for the strongest intellectual digestions. He is not so minute in his dissections as his English prototype is; he is more compact in style, and far more skilful in construction. The effect of his work, both in literature and in novels, cannot fail to be good.

THE Rev. Dr. C. S. Henry, whose name was once one of the most prominent among the men of letters of the highest class in America, has withdrawn himself so completely and for so long into private life that to the younger class of readers he is almost unknown. But once in a while he puts forth a volume

* "Jack." From the French of ALPHONSE DAUDET. By Mary Neal Sherwood. 16mo, pp. 384. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

which shows that his right hand has not forgotten its cunning. We have a new one now before us.* It is a volume of short essays of which the first gives the book its title. And this is not, or seems not to have been so merely because this essay comes first. For it really gives the key note of the chorus, which is the pure morality of common sense and right reason. "Satan as a Moral Philosopher" has for its text the Arch Fiend's reply to the Almighty, that Job's vaunted integrity was a mere conformity to the dictates of self-interest; "skin for skin; yea, all that a man has will he give for his life." Dr. Henry points out that here in this most ancient of dramatic poems the essential difference is recognized both by God and the devil between doing right because the consequences of right-doing are good and profitable and the doing it merely because it is right. The point is well taken, and the argument is strong. It is shown clearly that the teaching of the book of Job is directly against that of the moralists to whom morals are but a sort of political economy; that Satan himself, the arch enemy of man, the embodiment and impersonation of the evil principle, recognizes in that sort of morality or right-doing merely a higher, more long-headed kind of selfishness. This doctrine is now that of some of the best minds in morals. It has become so within a few years, and it is directed not without effect against a certain sort of Christianity. But it is not new with Dr. Henry. Long ago he taught it to those who had the good fortune to be guided by him in their university course of studies. He was always the foe of the Paley school of morals. The other essays are all excellent; and the series on the formation of our Federal Constitution and our political system, with which the book closes, is, both for the facts which it presents and the wisdom with which they are discussed, one of great value. Dr. Henry never trifles; he treats even small subjects in a noble style; his manner is large and simple. He has no crotchets; he is fearless; and he has withal a vein of genuine humor—which, however, hardly appears in these essays, that serves his moral purpose well and

delights his readers. He would be sure of a wider welcome if he wrote oftener.

THE "Life of Edwin Forrest," by the Rev. W. R. Alger,* is remarkable as being the biography of an actor written by a clergyman; written too with an enthusiasm for his subject, and dramatic art in general, that is rarely seen out of the theatrical profession. Mr. Alger is a poetical dreamer, yet a bold thinker, despising shams wherever found and defending what he admires regardless of public opinion; and these interesting volumes embody in the form of elaborate essays his views on the vexed questions of the church, the theatre, the faults of our Government, love, marriage, and divorce, so that reading the work you know Alger as thoroughly as the man he delineates. An earnest desire for reform in various directions permeates his volumes. "Society, in the present phase of civilization, is full of tyrannical errors and wrongs, against which most persons are afraid even so much as to whisper. To remove these obstructive evils and exert an influence to hasten the period of universal justice and good will for which the world sighs, men of a free and enlightened spirit must fearlessly express their thoughts. 'It is,' Goethe said, 'with true opinions courageously uttered as with pawns first advanced on the chessboard: they may be beaten, but they have inaugurated a game which must be won.'" In explaining why he undertook the work, the author says it was his belief "that the theatrical life may be as pure and noble as the ecclesiastical; that the theatre has as sound a claim to support as the church; and that the priestly profession has as much to learn from the histrionic as it has to teach it." "The respective ideals of life held up by the priest and the player are diametrically opposed to each other. One teaches abnegation, ascetic self-repression and denial, while the dramatic ideal of life is fulfilment, harmonic exaltation, and completeness of being and function. Which of these ideals is the more just and adequate? If God made us, it would appear that the fulfilment of all the normal offices of our nature in their coördi-

* "Satan as a Moral Philosopher. With other Essays and Sketches." By C. S. HENRY, D. D. 16mo, pp. 296. New York: T. Whitaker.

* "Life of Edwin Forrest, the American Tragedian." By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

nated plenitude of power is His will. It is only on the theory that the devil made us in opposition to the wisdom and wish of God, that intrinsic and sheer denial can be our duty." "It must be affirmed," he continues, "that the chief animus of the clerical profession has been the desire to be obeyed, and that this is less Christian and less amiable than the ruling spirit of the dramatic profession, which is the desire to be loved." He alludes to the sweeping denunciation of the drama by Henry Ward Beecher, "who, never having seen a play, condemns it from inherited prejudice, although himself every Sunday carrying a whole theatre into the pulpit in his own person." As regards the two great questions of love and national Government, Mr. Alger expresses his ideas boldly, but his millennial plans seem a trifle visionary. He argues: "The region of the personal affections in society, and the procreation of posterity, being most obstinately held by passions and prejudices, longest resists the application of impartial, fearless study to the usages imposed by traditional authority. The consistent doing of this will be one of the greatest steps ever taken. It will break the historic superstition that the conjunction of a pair married in seeming by a priest is necessarily holier than that of a pair married in reality by God; destroy the stupid prejudice which makes in the affectional relations of the sexes only the one discrimination that they are in or out of wedlock, and remove the cruel social ban which renders it impossible for straightforward sincerity of affection and honesty of speech to escape the dishonor which double-facedness of passion and duplicity of word and deed so easily shoulder aside. And when this is done, much will have been done to inaugurate the better era for which the expectation of mankind waits."

After alluding to the fact that the political and social unit has changed from the *family* to the *individual*, he says that "this movement when completed may by a terminal conversion of opposites play into a more intimate fellowship and harmony of the whole than has ever yet been realized on earth. If the destiny of the future be some form of social unity, some public solidarity of sympathies and interests in which all

shall mutually identify themselves with one another, then the temporary irreverences and insurgences of a democratic *régime* may have their providential purpose and their abundant compensation in that final harmony of coöperative freedom and obedience to which they are preparing the way out of priestly and monarchical *régimes*." To all of which we add, amen.

Coming to the strictly biographical portion of this work, we find Mr. Alger adulating in stately and labored sentences "the representative American actor." He says: "Most of us are but as collections of fragments pieced together, so full of strictures and contractions that no vibratory impact or undulation can circulate freely in us. But Forrest had this open and poised unity in such a degree, that when at ease he swayed on his centre, like a mountain on a pivot; and when volition put rigidity into his muscles, the centre was solidaire with the periphery." And again, "His reflex researches on himself in his impassioned probationary assumptions of characters struck to the automatic centres of his being, the seats of those intuitions which an historic humanity epitomized in the individual."

Mr. Alger claims for his hero a right to be represented in the temple of Fame—for he was "an emphatic somebody"—and follows him as closely in review as Boswell followed Johnson in action, interpreting all the principal characters that Forrest personated from the actor's standpoint, making him quite equal to the creation of those characters. Bonaparte used to ask, when a candidate for office was recommended to him, "What has he done?" Achievement in great enterprises commands attention and honor. The successful actor is but a skilful representative of other men's thoughts, uttering the words which are prepared for his use. Had Sophocles, Terence, Calderon, Molière, Schiller, and Shakespeare been merely actors and not authors, their names would not have been immortal. Without their works would the drama have been called a school of morals, or could Mr. Alger have defined it as "the science of human nature and the art of commanding its manifestations," and the theatre "the universal church of humanity"? Evi-

dently the actor is a retailer of other men's inventions, not "an empnatic somebody," but a positive nobody without the aid of other men's "shaping imagination: *vox et præterea nihil*."

Mr. Alger believes that the genius of the player has an incomparable claim for literary preservation because the glorious monuments of the deeds of the others remain for the contemplation of posterity, but the achievements of the actor pass away with himself in a fading tradition. Architect, sculptor, painter, poet, composer, legislator, bequeath their works as a posthumous life. The tragedian has no future of this sort unless the features and accents of the great characters he creates are photographed in breathing descriptions on the pages that record his triumphs, and make him live for ever who otherwise would soon become a bodiless and inaudible echo. Add to this opinion his unbounded admiration of Forrest as an actor and a man, and his firm belief that "purified from its accidental corruptions and redeemed from its shallow carelessness, the theatre would have greater power to teach and mould than the church," and we have the reasons for these two royal octavos of eulogy and comment.

To account for a career like that of Edwin Forrest, it is necessary to admit that he must have embodied force, intellect, passion, culture, and perseverance in a very uncommon degree, and that mere brawniness, strutting, and claptrap could not command such an immense and sustained triumph. If he ranted, he ranted like a king. His special tastes and inclinations were boldly defined in early boyhood. After listening to a sermon from his good old pastor he would go home, make a pulpit of a stuffed, semicircular chair, with a pillow placed on the top of its back for a cushion, mount into it, and repeat the sermon as well as he could from memory, insisting always on having his costume before he would consent to declaim—a pair of spectacles across his nose and a long pair of tongs over his neck, their legs coming down his breast, to represent the bands of the preacher. His playfellows nicknamed him "the Spouter," but the workmen in a neighboring tannery would lift him upon the stone table where they dressed leather, listen to his recitation, and reward him with their hearty applause.

Wilson, the ornithologist, a gentle, lovable man, took a sincere interest in the bright lad, correcting his faults in declamation and suggesting new pieces to commit. At the age of eleven young Forrest made his début at the old South street theatre, in Philadelphia, in the character of a girl, the one who was to perform being sick. "The first scene displayed Rosalia de Borgia on the back of the stage behind a barred and grated door, peering out of a prison. As she stood there she was seen by the audience and applauded. They could not well discern her rugged and somewhat incongruous appearance. Pretty soon Rosalia came in front, before the footlights. Then at once arose a universal guffaw from the assembly. She looked about, a little disconcerted, for the cause of this merriment. To her intense horror and disgust, she found that her gown and petticoat were quite too short, and revealed to the audience a most remarkably unfeminine pair of feet, ankles, and legs. The actor stood it for a time, till a boy in the pit, one of his mates, yelled out, 'Hi yi! hi yi! Look at the legs and the feet!' Forrest, placing his hand over his mouth, turned to the boy and huskily whispered, 'Look here, chap! you wait till the play is done, and I'll lick you like hell.' Then the boy in the pit bawled out, 'Oh, she swears! she swears!' The audience were convulsed with laughter, the curtain came down, and poor Rosalia de Borgia, all perspiration, was hustled off the stage in disgrace. You may be sure that he kept his word with that boy in the pit, and that his mortification at this ludicrous failure only roused him to decided success soon after in the same place, but *not* in female character!"

Mr. Alger confesses that although inwardly tender and generous, he was rough, easy to quarrel with, and not slow to go to the extremes of fists and heels, and very frankly gives some telling examples. Throughout his whole life he had an Indian-like bitterness and a tenacious spirit of revenge when aroused by any personal wrong.

When but fourteen he hired without advice or assistance the Prince street theatre for a single night, engaged the company to support him, got his brother William to print the bills announcing him in the character of Richard III.,

drew a good house, and came out of the bold enterprise with many compliments and a small sum of money. We next see him as a dramatic apprentice and strolling player, submitting to a regular drill in the miscellaneous parts of the working stage, beginning at the very bottom, as the only sure path to the dramatic throne, and developing his physique, at first so slender and delicate, by continuous gymnastic exercise. One of the moulding points in his career at this time was his meeting with President Holly of the Transylvania university of Lexington, Kentucky, who was so much struck by the performances of Forrest that he sought him out, and urged him to cherish noble aspirations in the profession he had chosen, and to curb his taste for comic parts. He dwelt at length on the true principle of the dramatic art, which he maintained to be not merely to hold the mirror up to crude nature, but to give a choice and refined presentation of the truth. Nature, he said, is reality, but art is ideality. The actor is not to reflect all the direct and unrelieved facts of nature, but to present a selective and softened or intensified reflection of them. Art plays the tune of nature, but with variations. Forrest said the conversation made an epoch in his mind, although he differed in opinion, holding that the purpose of acting was to show the exact truth of nature. This mistake in judgment was the central defect in his acting, his excess of nature being at times almost repulsive. It is worth mentioning, in connection with this portion of his career, that he was the first actor who ever represented on the stage the Southern plantation negro, with all his peculiarities of dress, gait, accent, dialect, and manners, and ten years before Rice made his debut at the Bowery as Jim Crow. During this period he one day rowed over the river to Covington and climbed a slightly eminence there wooded with a growth of oaks. He sat down under a huge tree, pulled from his pocket his well-worn copy of Shakespeare, and began to read. He had on a somewhat ragged coat and a dilapidated pair of stage boots, whose gilding contrasted with the rusty remainder of his costume. He was no little depressed that day with loneliness and thinking of

his destitute condition and precarious outlook. He fell upon this passage in "Henry IV.":

Oh, God! that one might read the book of Fate,
 how chances mock
 And changes fill the cup of alteration
 With divers liquors. Oh, if this were seen,
 The happiest youth—viewing his progress
 through

What perils past, what crosses to ensue—
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

Edwin felt melancholy enough as he laid the volume on his knee, and his head sank on his bosom in painful musing. After a long time, breaking from his reverie, he looked up. There stood erect before him a stout grapevine. Apparently its tendrils had been torn from the oak, by whose side it grew, and it had rallied upon its own roots, spread and deepened them, and now held itself up in solitary independence, as if it were not a vine, but a tree. The moral lesson electrified him. He took new heart, with the feeling that it would be shameful for him to succumb, when even a poor plant could thus conquer. Twenty years afterward, with a grateful memory of the incident, he bought that whole woodland region of some sixty acres, and named it Forrest Hill. His experiences in New Orleans, when only eighteen, gave him a wide knowledge of human nature. Then and there the chivalry of the slaveholding South, with its virtues and vices, was to be found at its height. His intimate friends were all daring, reckless types of muscular manhood, or rather brutal, bloodthirsty dare-devils, the Indian chief of the Cleveland tribe, "Push-ma-ta-ha," being his only friend who seemed at all desirable and attractive.

The chapter on "Life in New Orleans" contains several anecdotes illustrating the fiendish manners of those men. One is enough: "Two men were addressing the same woman, and were very jealous of each other. At an offensive remark of one the other said, 'I will take your right eye for that.' 'Will you?' was the retort, before his enemy had gouged his eye from his head and politely handed it to him. He quietly replied, 'I thank you,' and put the palpitating orb in his pocket. Then, regardless of the streaming socket and the agony, with the ferocity and swiftness of a tiger he turned on his remorseless mu-

tilator, and with one stroke of a long and heavy knife nearly severed his head from his body, and dilated above him, shuddering with revengeful joy." Under the guidance of a gentleman gambler and duellist, who had killed his opponent in twelve duels, Forrest was initiated into all the mysteries, all the heights and depths of a world of experience kept veiled and secret from most people. It was a world of dreadful fascinations and volcanic outbreaks, extravagant pleasures, and indescribable horrors—a world whose heroes are apt, as the proverb goes, to die with their boots on. The young actor with his professional eyes drank in many a revelation of human nature uncovered at its deepest places and in its wildest moods. It was a fearful exposure, and he did not escape unscathed, though it seems from his after life that he was more instructed than infected.

The professional career of Edwin Forrest, and the events of his stormy life, are too well known to be repeated here. Mr. Alger has given faithful studies of his favorite rôles, with pictures in costume, illustrating each great character.

H. A. PAGE in his recently published biography of De Quincey* reveals the man in his home life and inner experiences, and gives the reasons for much that has seemed unaccountable or blameworthy in his history. An eminent physician furnishes an interesting chapter, arguing that the opium De Quincey was accustomed to use in such quantities in all probability arrested the development of consumption, as his father had died of that disease, and he had repeatedly been pronounced "a martyr elect" to the same insidious and relentless foe. During his later years he endured agonies from gastric ulcers in the stomach produced by his semi-starvation in London and during his truant wanderings, and opium is the only efficient remedy known for that distressing pain. It should always be remembered that De Quincey did not at first take opium for its dangerous delights, but as a relief from acute suffering. Then he was constitutionally a dreamer and idealist, as

well as a logician and a dainty humorist; a curious combination. "He did not become a dreamer because he fell under the 'Circean spell of opium,' but rather he fell under the spell of opium because of the excessive sensibility that created for him a world in which, in a very special sense, he walked apart with creatures of his own creation—the images or shadows of those whom he had met, and loved, and lost. Every person that had come close enough to his sympathy was soon translated into an atmosphere of dream, whose presence immediately penetrated his views of life and of nature, imparting to all a shadowy spirituality and pathetic pomp of coloring." The death of his sister Elizabeth, when he was but six years old, produced a vision as wonderful as any of his opium phantasies. While kissing her cold lips a trance fell upon him. His own words must describe it: "A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up for ever. I, in spirit, rose as if on billows, that also ran up the shaft for ever; and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God, but *that* also ran before us and fled away continually. The flight and the pursuit seemed to go on for ever and ever. Frost gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death seemed to repel me; some mighty relation between God and death dimly struggled to evolve itself from the dreadful antagonism between them; shadowy meanings even yet continue to exercise and torment, in dreams, the deciphering oracle within me. I slept—for how long I cannot say; slowly I recovered my self-possession, and when I awoke found myself standing, as before, close to my sister's bed." That description, so grand yet so unmeaning, fairly smells of the laudanum bottle, but is entirely innocent of any such inspiration. He was unlike any schoolboy that ever lived, and his letters to his sisters are indescribably odd, mature, and whimsical. In excusing a delay in writing, he says: "The tip of my nose is covered with confusion, my young toe blusheth and my old one is ashamed, when I consider my profound impudence in disobeying your commands. My Mother (I meant to write it with a great M) has been here about a fortnight. Remember when you write to me, child (which you mustn't do be-

* "*De Quincey's Life and Writings.*" With Letters. By H. A. PAGE. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

fore the holidays), never to write the day of the month in figures, but at full length in what-dye-call-ums, for it's very disrespectful to use contractions to your superiors. My dear, believe me your ever dutiful son and affectionate sister, Tabitha Quincey."

At thirteen he translated the daily papers into extempore Greek—a feat, we presume, never before attempted and not generally imitated. Yet he must not be always thought of as a dreamer or scholar. He was a general favorite with his schoolfellows, had his boyish frolics, and challenged a neighboring school in doggerel, though probably he figured more successfully as a writer than fighter. Hear his defiant snort in rhyme:

Since Ame's skinny school has dared
To challenge Spencer's boys,
We thus to them bold answer give
To prove ourselves "no toys."

Full thirty hardy boys we are,
As brave as e'er was known.
We will not threats nor danger mind
To make you change your tone!

His troubles began with his running away from a school where he was wretchedly unhappy, and apparently with good cause; for in a letter to his mother begging for release, he states that he was in a situation which deprived him of health, society, amusement, liberty, congeniality of pursuits, and admitted of no variety. He dilated upon these grievances in separate heads, like a sermon, but his eloquence was unavailing, and in sheer desperation he borrowed money and ran away, wandering into Wales, getting an occasional meal or a night's lodging by writing a letter or other kindly service, as "poor Goldy" used to give a few tunes on his flute for supper and a bed. At last there was no more money; he would not ask for supplies, for fear of being returned to school, and then comes the sad episode of his first experiences in London—familiar to all who know aught of him. But it was not until his second year at Oxford that he tasted opium. It was suggested by a friend as a cure for neuralgia; and a "beatific chemist" became the "minister of celestial pleasures." "Happiness might now be bought for a penny and carried in the waistcoat pocket; portable ecstasies might be had corked up in a pint bottle, and peace of mind could be sent down in gallons by the mail coach."

De Quincey's admiration for the Lake Poets led him to settle in a cottage at Grasmere, and we have pleasant accounts of his kindness to Wordsworth's children, and their fondness for him. When Katie Wordsworth, his little favorite, died, he abandoned himself to intense grief, often spending the whole night on her grave. His first visit to Wordsworth's house and shy retreat, without venturing to meet his hero, and his gift of five hundred pounds to Coleridge, a tenth part of his whole patrimony, show the timidity, tenderness, and lavish generosity of the man. We are apt to think of De Quincey as eternally given to morbid broodings or gorgeous reveries. But he said that he had "a furious love for nonsense—headlong nonsense"; and although exceptionally slender and diminutive, he was a famous pedestrian, able to keep up with John Wilson, with whom he had many a long tramp and joyous excursion. Even at seventy years he could easily walk fourteen miles a day.

In his own home De Quincey was of no more use practically than a sick baby, but he was blessed with a devoted wife and daughters, who took care of him with untiring fondness, and his letters to them show a most lovely spirit and full appreciation of their labors. He was in the habit of accumulating his papers until, according to his own description, he was "snowed up," which meant when matters came to such an extremity that there was not a square inch of room on the table to set a cup upon; that there was no possibility of making his bed for the weight of papers gathered there; that there was no chair which could be used for its legitimate purpose; then the door was locked, and he turned elsewhere.

His daughter says: "Such a thing has been known as his gradually in this way 'papering' his family out of a house; but in later years we were wary, and the smallest deposit of papers was carefully handed down into the one irrevocable desert in which he worked. He was not a reassuring man for nervous people to live with, as those nights were exceptions on which he didn't set something on fire, the commonest incident being for some one to look up from book or work, and say casually, 'Papa, your hair is on fire!' of which a calm, 'Is it, my love?' and a hand rubbing out the blaze was

all the notice taken." In a hurried note to a publisher he says, "I have been next to distraction all day long, having been up and writing *all* night. I have just set fire to my hair."

In his letters to his daughters he writes as carefully and elegantly as when working for publication. In speaking of Pope's addition of "machinery" to his "Rape of the Lock," he says: "Yet, after all, there was in the original sketchy and playful bagatelle, with its fragmentary grace and its impromptu loveliness, an attraction which has perished in the brocaded massiveness and voluminous draperies of this ceremonial mythology, with its regular manœuvrings and deployments of agencies malicious or benign."

Mr. Page has given the brightest side of De Quincey's character, allowing his faults and foibles to lie in shadow, which in these days of heartless criticism is a thing to be commended. As we grow older, we are all apt, if we look at life aright, to speak with sympathy rather than severity of our fellow mortals who have stumbled and suffered; for human nature is, as Dickens expressed it, "very human." If any one, enthralled by the glowing imagery of De Quincey's dreams, is tempted to try the fateful drug, we trust they may realize his utter misery and ruin, as well as the fact so queerly put by the Ettrick Shepherd, that no one else would have such an experience. He says: "I tried the experiment myself after reading the wee, wud, wicked wark, wi' five hunner draps, and I couped ower and continued in ae snore frae Monday night till Friday morning, but I had nothing to confess." And what is the verdict of the opium eater himself? "Infinite incoherence, ropes of sand, gloomy incapacity of vital pervasion by some one plastic principle—that is the hideous incubus upon my mind always."

WILLIAM F. GILL, who has been for years a warm admirer of Edgar Poe, publishes a volume* to defend the memory of that erratic, unfortunate genius from the false statements and the harsh judgments of his enemies, especially those of that arch enemy, Dr. Rufus Griswold,

* "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe." By WILLIAM F. GILL. Illustrated. Boston: William F. Gill & Co.

whose spiteful biography of the poet Mr. Gill considers "a tissue of the most glaring falsehoods ever combined in a similar work." Griswold was, to say the least, culpably careless about dates, even incorrect as to the year of Poe's birth, and many of his charges are positively proved by Mr. Gill to be untrue. For instance, that Poe, when a young man, left the country with the quixotic intention of joining the Greeks, then struggling with the Turks, and that but little was known of his adventures in Europe for nearly a year. He never set foot in Europe, and never left America. Griswold declares that Poe was dismissed from the "Messenger" for drunkenness; this ardent defender assures us that Poe resigned owing to a flattering invitation from New York, and was parted from with reluctance. Griswold says he was expelled from West Point, and Gill, who has certainly the "art of putting things," phrases it thus: "Finding himself totally unadapted by training and temperament to the exigencies of the place, he determined to leave it." He refused to do duty, and amused himself with caricaturing the professors. A Mr. Locke, who frequently reported the pranks of the cadets, received this squib:

As for Locke, he is all in my eye.
May the devil right soon for his soul call.
He never was known to lie
In bed at a *reveille* roll-call.

John Locke was a notable name,
Joe Locke is a greater; in short,
The former is well known to fame,
But the latter's well known to report.

At the academy the boyish poet was considered half cracked by the other cadets, who still paid \$2.50 per volume for his ridiculous doggerel, as they not unjustly called it, if this is a fair specimen. One of his classmates, after a lapse of forty years, recalls the following, which is little better:

Was not that a fairy ray, Isabel?
How fantastically it fell,
With a spired twist and a swell,
And over the wet grass rippled away,
Like the tinkling of a bell.

The reason for Griswold's attack, according to Mr. Gill, is that Poe hit the doctor rather hard while reviewing his "Poets and Poetry of America," and roused a desire for revenge and reciprocity of caustic civilities. Though Mr.

Gill is a more partial critic, it does not appear that he is any more judicial in his judgments, and we need the two biographies for a complete estimate of the poet's character. The one presents Poe as reckless, conceited, dissipated, unreasonable, unreliable, quarrelling with all he came near, and destroying the happiness of those dearest to him; the other sees all that was noble and attractive in the poet's high-strung, sensitive, and morbid organization, and while acknowledging his many faults, palliates or excuses them. In examining the characteristics of the ancestors of any man who has become distinguished, we see so clearly their determining tendencies—nay, they themselves return in such fashion to display their idiosyncrasies in another body—that individual responsibility becomes involved with these mysterious influences to an extent that makes it practically impossible to determine its limits. Poe is an old Italian name; in the Gallic form Le Poer, the family passing from Italy into France and Ireland. We learn that the disastrous civil war of 1327, in which all the great barons of the country were involved, was occasioned by a personal feud between Arnold Le Poer and Maurice of Desmond, the former having offended the dignity of Desmond by calling him “a rhymer.” The Le Poers were at all times apparently distinguished by these marked combative elements, and were improvident, adventurous, and recklessly brave. Lady Blessington, through her father, Edmond Power, claimed descent from the same old Norman family. The Irish branch can boast of a real poet. One of his ballads, “Gramachree,” so fascinated Robert Burns that he included it in a collection of Scottish songs, quoting two lines as full of pathos:

How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core?

Poe's grandmother was a famous beauty. His father was conquered by dissipation, and at eighteen eloped with a young English actress, who possessed considerable talent. Their second son, Edgar Allan, inherited the gifts of beauty and poetry, and a fatal tendency to improvidence and excess.

Mr. Gill's volume has several interesting illustrations and fac-simile letters. The frontispiece is a picture of Poe—handsome, but weak and irresolute. Pictures of the house and room where “The Raven” was written are given, and a curiously ugly and woodeny old phiz, with big wig and gown, of Poe's English schoolmaster. The close of the book is devoted to pleasant expressions of regard from many of Poe's friends, with denials of cruel slander, and a full account of the inaugural ceremonies of the monument raised in his honor at Baltimore.

DR. CATON* is one of those kind-hearted men with an enthusiasm for natural history, who enlarge our acquaintance with the animal kingdom by close observation. He appears to be a wealthy man with plenty of leisure, who has devoted himself to a monograph of the deer tribe. He has established a deer park, where he has kept all the different species of American deer and antelopes, with such foreign species as he suspected to be congeners, and so has obtained a large fund of information respecting their habits during a long course of years. To those interested in the subject, and they are by no means few, the Doctor's book will prove a valuable source of information. It is well printed, and very handsomely illustrated from photographs of living animals.

* “*The Antelope and Deer of America.*” By JOHN DEAN CATON, LL.D. Riverside Press.

NEBULÆ.

— A MORE pitiful public spectacle has rarely been seen than that of the President of the United States, *ex officio* Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, sitting almost helpless in Washington while the Governors of three States called upon him for aid in suppressing a formidable and widespread insurrection against the law. The railway strike riots, which as we write are coming to their inevitable end, are the most alarming event of their kind known to our history; and they are apparently to be succeeded by a similar strike by the forty or fifty thousand laborers in the coal mines. They were made so by the power and extent of the organization which brought them about and by the peculiar nature of the interest against which they were directed. Railways have now an importance which it is safe to say that George Stephenson never imagined. They have become the chief means of intercommunication in all civilized countries. They are not only the means by which the inhabitants of those countries move from place to place, but the great avenues of internal trade. To stop the railways of a country is not only to stop travelling; it is to stop business—business large and small. If the passage of railway trains is impeded for any length of time, the inhabitants of cities starve and the products of the soil perish unused. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and all the smaller cities cannot breakfast if the milk trains are snowed up or the bridges are carried away. Railways have become an institution; and it is at least a question whether they should be taken in charge by the only agency which represents the whole country—the Government. This question, which had presented itself before upon general principles, has by the experience of the last month received very striking illustration, and has assumed serious and imminent importance. For by a strike, accompanied by violence, which broke out at one point upon the Erie Railway, and which, through the agency of the “unions” and by means of the quick and almost instantaneous means of communication

afforded by railways themselves and by the telegraph, soon diffused itself over a wide extent of country, trade and passage between the East and West was for nearly a week virtually stopped. Worse than this there is nothing but civil war. The strikes of mill operatives and of those engaged in the various branches of industry have only a local importance. They affect only the interests of certain manufacturers. What cannot be made in one place can be made in another; or if it cannot be made at all in one country, it can be imported from another. In most cases, if it can neither be made nor imported, it can, for a while at least, be done without. But a railway strike—and by a strike we mean one which not only withdraws one set of men, but aims to prevent the introduction of another—puts a stop to the movement of civilized life. The position of those who are engaged in such a strike is very different from that occupied by those who undertake to control the employment of capital and of labor in other businesses. They can lay their hands upon the throat of a nation; and now for the first time they have done so.

— UNDER these circumstances the Governors of various commonwealths who found themselves suddenly without the means of asserting the “sovereignty” of those commonwealths, appealed to the President, as the Constitution provides that they may do. There was occasion and great need for the prompt and thoroughly effective assertion of the highest authority—the Federal authority. Yet for three days the President could do almost nothing. He had not the means for the maintenance of order, for the enforcement of the execution of the law. The officers of the law were resisted and defied, intercourse between two points of the country was stopped, trains were broken up and “gutted,” vast and costly buildings were fired and burned to the ground; and the President of the United States was powerless to help. He might almost as well for that purpose have been a puppet, or a President cut out of

paper. He had no army; and what is the ruler, the Governor, executive officer, Chief Magistrate, or whatever he may be called, if he has no army at his command? A man who rules, governs, or executes must have the means of ruling, governing, or executing; and although this is the nineteenth century and we are living in an age of progress, there has yet been discovered no other means to that end but force. If people will obey the laws out of respect for the laws, well; but if all people were of that mind, there would be need for no government at all, or for so little that in this view of the subject it need not be regarded. The millennium, however, has not yet come, and there still remains a very large body of the population of every country who respect laws only because they know that if they do not do so they will speedily be made to respect them. Folly sometimes enters into the heads and the devil into the hearts of these people, and for a time they "run amok" against society, determined that if they cannot have things as they wish to have them, other people shall suffer for it; and they burn, ravage, and destroy, stopping the world's work and business and filling it with terror. If proceedings like this are confined to a small locality, they are a riot; if they are extended, they become an insurrection, and they affect the fortunes and credit of a whole nation. This was the case in the late disturbances. There was truly an insurrection, and one which became so formidable that for twenty-four hours there was a painful uncertainty whether two major generals of the United States army might not be obliged to take the field against the insurgents. A pitiful sight we were then in our own eyes as well as in the eyes of others.

— For, unless there is a revolution, which comes not about after this fashion, a mob may be put down very easily with a very small force used with a good deal of discretion and decision. It only needs not to be trifled with; indeed, it only needs to *know* that it will not be trifled with or allowed to trifle with the force that supports the law, and it is easily removed out of the way, vanishes sometimes at a word or before one levelled musket. Therefore it is economy that the chief executive officer of the law

should have always at his command enough professional soldiers to put down a mob before it develops into an insurrection; a process made very rapid in these days by railways and telegraphs. And therefore is it desirable that there should always be a sufficient force of professional soldiers at command to crush a riot at once, should their services become necessary. Not that the militia of the States are necessarily inefficient, or that the States should be running to the President at every little disturbance. But when a riot has developed such a spirit, and acquired such numbers that it cannot be controlled by the police force, its suppression requires more discipline and experience than are usually found in militia regiments—as we have just seen. In New York, in Massachusetts, in Rhode Island, and perhaps in some other States, there are regiments that no mob dare face, no demagogue venture to tamper with. They have pluck, discipline, and discretion. Doubtless other States will gradually develop such a force. But at present they have it not, and for a long time they cannot have it; for such a military force is the growth of years. But in any case there is a *prestige* about the regular army the effect of which cannot be overrated. The very name of it, the sight of the uniform, the letters U. S. A. on the accoutrements, enforces a wholesome respect. There is not a man in a mob that does not know that the men who wear that uniform, from the highest to the lowest, obey orders—that they don't know politics and don't want offices—and that they are where they are to support the supreme authority, at the hazard of the lives of every one of them, and at the cost of the lives of every one of their opponents. Their presence "means business," and it means nothing else. This, as far as the mob itself is concerned. As to the military force, it has the supreme advantage of a discipline which gives it force in action and patience in endurance. Regular troops are not flurried, at least by a mob; the company officers don't give orders to fire without authority. It is a part of their duty to stand still and be shot at, if that is deemed necessary. And when the time comes they don't fire wild; they don't waste their shot. But with regular troops the time for firing on a mob very rarely comes. The effect

of their mere presence on rioters does much toward this; but there is besides the inestimable value of the discretion of regular officers and their aversion to the offensive use of arms except in the last necessity. No man so slow to bloodshed as a professional soldier; no man will endure, and call upon those under his command to endure, so much from civilians without retaliation, as an army officer.

— AND yet the President of the United States in dire extremity had not at his command a thousand such men for immediate service. By sending to this post and that, more or less remote, and raking and scraping the barracks, leaving hardly enough men to mount guard over the regimental property, turning sailors, marines, and even the cadet engineers of the navy into soldiers, he did at last gather together enough men to show that the Government of the United States was not altogether without an armed force to support its authority, and that it meant to exercise that authority. But how lame and lagging was the performance of this act, which should have been possible at an hour's notice by the simple issuing of an order from the War Department immediately upon the President's proclamation! This would have saved millions of dollars worth of property and scores of lives. The question which this outbreak presented to us is one that demands serious and immediate consideration. We are brought face to face with the important and almost alarming fact that within the last twenty-five years the condition of our society has undergone a change that requires the constant presence of organized force to protect us from domestic violence. The powers of disorder are in a certain way organizing themselves against society. They have not personal discipline in compact bodies; but they have a widespread interdependence, and they are brought to a certain extent under superior control. This means either tyranny or mischief, destruction, and ruin, as we have seen; and if we would not be ruined and destroyed, we must be prepared at any moment to place a highly organized and disciplined force in opposition to these destructive, although undisciplined masses of law-breakers. It would be cheap

to do so. What would be the cost of maintaining a body of regular troops sufficient for the purpose compared with the value of the property destroyed in the riots of the last four weeks? And besides this purely domestic view of the subject, there is another which is not without its importance—the effect upon the world of such an exhibition as was recently made of our Government. Nations are respected according to the power of self-maintenance which they display. There is a certain dignity in strength. “To be weak is to be miserable”; and most true is this of nations. There is no fear that we shall ever suffer from external violence; but there is fear that if we cannot promptly control domestic violence, we shall lose, and not altogether unjustly, the high consideration of other peoples. A government cannot be highly regarded that is without a force to support the execution of its own laws. Moreover there is the dignity of the Government and of the President's office. The world being as it is, and men what they are, external show has its importance. It need not be glittering or costly show; but it should be a show of strength—of disciplined strength. And to accomplish all the ends that we have indicated, so small an expenditure is necessary, and the return in the sense of security is so great! It might be attained by an army of forty thousand men, which for a nation of more than thirty millions of people, covering a territory which stretches from ocean to ocean, certainly does not seem extravagant, or more likely to imperil the liberties of such a people than to impoverish their pockets.

— “GAIL HAMILTON” has lately been lecturing her sisters, and has given them some good advice and some which is not as wise as it might be. When she tells them that “delicacy is a thing that cannot be lost and found,” that “no art can restore to the grape its bloom,” and that “familiarity without love, without confidence, is degrading,” no sensible woman-lover will disagree with her, but all will agree that she has spoken rightfully, and needfully, and to the point. But when she says that “it is the first duty of every woman to be a lady,” the wisdom of her advice may at least be questioned.

If by "lady" she means merely a woman who behaves modestly and civilly, what she says is well. That any woman may be if she chooses and tries. But the very fact that all women may be so is in itself proof that something more is necessary to ladyhood. For if all modest, civil women are ladies, the word "lady" loses its distinguishing power, or else the sex is in a very deplorable state of morals and manners. A woman who does chores, and who was born and brought up in that condition of life, may be modest and civil, and very often she is so, and is worthy, therefore, of respectful treatment by every man in virtue of her womanhood. But she is not therefore a lady, unless we are at once to admit that that word has lost for us all meaning—which perhaps it has, for the dictionaries give as its general definition, "a term of courtesy applied to any respectable female." Now a woman may be perfectly respectable, and yet her manners may be vulgar, her speech likewise, her actions uncouth, and all her habits of life thoroughly "unladylike." Plainly, therefore, this use of "lady" is of no value; the word so used has no meaning. The reason why it is valued is shown by the fact that they who have the least pretension to it, in any other sense than that of mere respectability, care most about it, and are the most huffed when those who justly have, and who are able to maintain it, acquire as to themselves a certain distinction of character, and as to others a certain social position. That position is much advanced by wealth; it absolutely requires an income sufficient to secure exemption from hard labor and sordid cares; but it may be clearly and indisputably possessed without even moderate wealth; and wealth, almost omnipotent as it is in this country, cannot give it completely. Now it is one of the curses of our country that nearly all its people, and particularly its women, set themselves up as being of this condition in life. They insist upon their ladyhood, not meaning that they are respectable, modest, civil women, but that they are "as good as anybody." It is one of the consequences of democracy so absolute as ours. And one of the results of this feeling is that almost every woman whose husband is not a day laborer, or who is

not herself in that position, has one great object in life—to be, or at least to seem to be, a lady, not in the general, vague, and almost unmeaning sense of "any respectable female," but in the other sense above set forth. The result is neglect of wifely household duties, pretentiousness in manner, dress, and style of living, and outside show and sham generally. That men are guilty of the same sort of thing to a certain degree may be at once admitted; but it is not to the same degree; it could not be, for, after all deductions, men do the work of the world and support the women and children, as it is becoming that they should. But look at the men and the women of a moderate condition in life, as they may be seen in public, and observe how almost invariably the woman is the finer dressed, and finer (as she thinks) in manner; in fact makes, and with a certain degree of success, more social pretence than the man—sets herself up to be a lady. The question is a very serious one whether this feeling should be encouraged, or whether it would not be better to teach that every woman cannot be expected to be a lady. Women of culture and high social position generally do not call each other ladies, but simply women, and are themselves quite indifferent as to whether this designation is applied to them or not. But they would none the less feel wounded by the imputation of unladylike conduct. There is then something more than mere respectability, or than modesty and civility, that pertains to a lady—that is ladylike. And it is in this sense, or with at least some reflection or hint of it, and in this sense only, that the designation is so much coveted.

—WHAT, then, do we imply, what does it appear that "Gail Hamilton" implied, in the word "lady" more than respectability, modesty, and civility? We all know, although we may not have given our thought words. It is elevation; that elevation of mind, of manner, of tastes, of speech, of all the habits of life which comes from leisure, culture, and association with cultivated people. If a woman has not the surroundings and associations which belong to that position, she would do better to make no pretensions to it. On the other hand truth,

purity, good nature, modesty, and civility, which are within the reach of all women, make any woman worthy of respect and love; of which many women who are ladies are unquestionably very far from being worthy; and it is much better to be a mere woman of the former kind than a lady of the latter. This, with the unreasonableness of expecting every woman to be a lady, the Nebulous Person suggests, with his compliments, to "Gail Hamilton."

— THE last attempt to satisfy the morbid craving for sensation by sight-seers certainly does credit to the inventor. We all know the perils of the flying trapeze, and that we have hardly had time to forget one frightful accident to a performer on it before we hear of another. But the sort of Englishman who follows the lion-tamer around the world in hope to see his head bitten off at last must be gratified; and now he has offered him the delightfully exhilarating sight of a man performing on a flying trapeze enveloped in a sack. The old sport of running races in sacks was harmless enough, although coarse and rude. It procured for the spectators the exquisite pleasure of seeing other people make themselves ridiculous, and besides of enjoying their tumbles, by which they got scratched faces and bloody noses. We observe, by the way, that it was recently revived among the rural sports at Stratford-on-Avon on Shakespeare's birthday. But to put a trapeze performer into a sack is merely to minister to a morbid craving for the excitement of horror—that is, if those who willingly see such an exhibition can be horrified at anything. It should be stopped under rigid penalties. The fact that the performer does it voluntarily is nothing to the purpose. So gladiators entered the arena voluntarily, and some of the old Keltæ would allow themselves to be put to death for the previous enjoyment of a sum of money or a drench of wine. We shall have this sack-trapeze performance coming here soon. It should be stopped at once as tending to moral degradation.

— ARE not our friends the journalists, particularly the reporters and correspondents, dosing us rather too heavily with descriptions of ladies' dresses?

Two or three women cannot be gathered together upon whatever occasion, but that some one must send a description to the newspapers of the color and shape of the stuff in which they had clothed themselves to pass an hour or so under the fire of each other's eyes. It is getting to be somewhat monotonous. Here we have particular mention sent across the ocean, even by telegraph, of what this and that lady "had on" when she met General Grant. What matter is it what she had on? To whom is it a matter of any moment whether Lady Vere de Vere or Mrs. John Smith wore black silk, or white satin, or red velvet. What conceivable comfort can it be to any sensible she-creature to be enlightened upon such points? We cannot conceive of a woman indifferent as to her own appearance, careless as to the becomingness of her attire, and we should not care to meet such a woman. We can easily imagine the pleasure that one woman derives from seeing a handsome dress upon another—pleasure mingled, however, with pangs and heartburnings; but to be *told*, and told in type, that Mrs. A wore this, and Lady B that, and the Hon. Mrs. C t'other—is the desire to read such reports anything but the lowest and pettiest personal curiosity to which it is a degradation in journalism to pander? And apropos to the subject, we see that the dresses of schoolgirls who "graduate" are also described in the reports of the "commencements" of the "female colleges"; surely a bad practice, and one which tends to increase the already exaggerated and extravagant importance attached by young women to the subject of dress. Moreover, we find that the "young-lady pupils" at the Normal Schools appear at their commencements in gorgeous toilettes of silk and lace and trains looped with artificial flowers. Is there not here some slight incongruity? These young ladies receive a gratuitous education at the public expense, for the purpose of enabling them to live by teaching. It would seem decorous and in good taste for young ladies in that position to dress quietly, modestly, inexpensively, and this would not require them to wear anything that was not pretty and becoming. We venture this mild protest in behalf of good taste and common sense; but, we know, in vain.

— THE annual travelling season has again carried many families from quiet and well-ordered homes to hotel life, with its series of complicated minor problems. Among these problems is the one of feeing waiters; for there is a Scylla of lavishness and a Charybdis of niggardliness between which it is needful to steer. In some summer resorts the problem of the waiter lies at the bottom of all comfort; yet in such places, to refuse or to consent to fee him is almost equally fatal, the neglect and insolence produced by the one course being hardly worse to bear than the inevitable watchfulness and obsequiousness entailed by the other. There are watering places, too, where the fees must be heavy in order to secure decent attention—where it is ten cents to look at a waiter, a quarter to ask him a question, and a permanent charity to request him to fetch a glass of water. One remedy for this annoyance and extortion is that which sundry hotels adopt, of publicly notifying guests not to fee the waiters, who, being engaged with that understanding, expect no gratuity—and “blessed are they that expect nothing.” A relief for places where this prohibition does not prevail might be to adopt that system of feeing which is in vogue in many European inns and public restaurants. There the waiter’s privilege is to receive a very slight but well-understood percentage on the amount of the bill. That is, it would be twice as much for a dinner of four francs as for a dinner of two; and so regular is this custom that in some of the more expensive restaurants the waiters get no wages, depending on these percentages. Of course it is possible to give more than this customary fee without seriously shocking the waiter; but he is satisfied with a small and sure gratuity. In other places, where the meal is served *table d’hôte* fashion, custom also fixes on a slight but sufficient fee. In most Paris restaurants the customary fee is a two-sous or a twenty-centimes piece—say two cents or four cents. Rarely does the fee for an habitual guest go up to ten cents, unless some careless foreigner gives it. But these fees are almost universal. Nearly everybody able to buy a meal gives them; the waiter is satisfied because his perquisites, though small, are sure. It is evident how much better

this uniform and inoffensive system is than our custom of irregular and often extravagant fees, the giving of which is a serious daily addition to one’s expenses, and the withholding of which may bring lack of proper service.

— STREET-CAR travel in our leading cities is well known to be in a rude and barbarous state, with its appliances utterly behind what the residents of such communities ought to possess. It is easy to fancy some traveller from the antipodes admiring the thousand illustrations of inventive progress which America shows, but utterly astounded that the people in her chief cities should be carried to and from their homes by public conveyances so slow, so overcrowded, so unsuitable, and so utterly uncomfortable. Surely the most primitive ages of transportation never devised a more comfortless vehicle for public travel than the ordinary open street car. Such a car could be made a pleasurable, not to say luxurious carriage; instead of which the average open car, at least of New York and its suburbs, is an abomination, especially for ladies and children. With but one narrow step between the car and the ground, it is difficult for them to get in or out. The seats are hard, and the backs ingeniously contrived to give the maximum discomfort. The benches are so constructed that half the passengers must ride backward—a way of riding always disagreeable, sure to make some people qualmish, and at best bringing a draught of air, caused by the motion of the car, against the back of the head and the neck. The passengers almost touch each other’s knees, and the getting out or in of one disturbs the rest. Three benches are given up to smokers, who may puff their pipes like volcanoes in all directions. The whole car is a nuisance, aggravated by the fact that its evils are needless, being the fruit of a greedy purpose to pack the greatest possible number of passengers in the least possible space. An additional step would make it easy to get on and off the car; the benches should all face forward (as in a few open cars they do); the backs and seats could be made endurable, and decent space could be allowed to passengers, instead of packing them like match-
es in a case.

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ADMINISTRATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

RECONSTRUCTION, as it was called, the desire for the restoration, preservation, and perpetuation of the Union, was a matter of absorbing interest, which began almost with the war, and was mingled with all public measures from the commencement of hostilities. The questions affecting the character and structure of the Government were the matters of political controversy long after the armies were disbanded and hostilities had ceased. The civil war, its effect upon our political system, and what would be the condition of the country at its close, brought out the distinctive political principles of the opposing parties which, under various names and phases, had agitated the country from the foundation of the Government. In the necessary exercise of war power to suppress the rebellion those who favored a strong, central, supervisory national government were strengthened in their opinions by the extraordinary measures adopted, while the Statists, who opposed centralism and consolidation, and were for limiting the national government to national questions and the exercise of only the powers specified and granted in the Constitution, were for the moment correspondingly weakened. But a strict construction of the Constitution, and a rigid adherence to its provisions, as in time of peace, were insufficient for an energetic prosecution

of measures to overcome the powerful, organized, armed resistance to the Government. An avowed sectional combination to dismember the Union had sprung up, and was supported by the State authorities South, and no inconsiderable portion of the thorough party men, who had been trained against centralism, opposed governmental proceedings, which were the result of military necessity, and absolutely essential to sustain the national existence. Those who were enlisted in this sectional combination had not voted for Abraham Lincoln, and they, and many of their Northern political associates and sympathizers, would not as a party support his administration. On the other hand, a class of extreme centralists, unwilling to submit to the restraints of the organic law, and who had about as much reverence for the Constitution as for the resolutions of a political party convention, were not satisfied that the President and his advisers refused to exercise absolute power, or hesitated to assume, in such an exigency, authority not specifically delegated. One class of extremists claimed the President transcended his rightful authority, and did too much; another class insisted that in his war measures he was inefficient, and did too little. Neither extreme controlled the Executive. It was impossible, with good administration, to adopt or assent to

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the impulsive demands of the radicals, and it would have been dereliction and abandonment of duty on the other hand to have acquiesced in the passive, non-combative, peace doctrine of the ultra Northern Democrats in the midst of a formidable and organized rebellion.

The progress of events wrought changes of opinion, and influenced the action of the Administration. Emancipation had constituted no part of the policy of the President at the time of his inauguration, and when finally decreed he connected with it, as an essential and indispensable part of his policy, a plan of deportation of the colored population. Long before he yielded to emancipation, and in the belief that it was necessary to rid the country of the African race, he had schemes for their migration more advanced than those of the colonizationists. From a conviction that the white and black races could not abide together on terms of social and political equality, he thought they could not peaceably occupy the same territory—that one must dominate the other. Opposed to the whole system of enslavement, but believing the Africans were mentally an inferior race, he believed that any attempt to make them and the whites one people would tend to the degradation of the whites without materially elevating the blacks, but that separation would promote the happiness and welfare of each. In this view he was not singular, even among anti-slavery men. Henry Clay, the life-long leader of the party with which Mr. Lincoln had been associated in early life, was an active colonizationist, and his views contributed no doubt to the President's scheme of deportation as an indispensable accompaniment of emancipation.

In May, 1861, the President had made known his opinions on this subject of deportation and colonization, and his belief that some suitable and inviting territory within the tropics, less remote than Africa, might be ob-

tained, to which the colored people could be induced to migrate. Aware of his feelings and views, an association of gentlemen, who claimed to have acquired a title to the territory of Chiriqui in Central America, urged that the Government should purchase the grant and make it available for a colored settlement. The President was much taken with the suggestion, and it was warmly advocated by several members of the Cabinet. He referred the proposition to me, with his favorable endorsement, to investigate and report on its practicability. The examination which I made after this reference did not favorably impress me as to the purchase or the policy. There had been under the preceding administration a project to obtain this Chiriqui grant, not for African colonization, but ostensibly for the purpose of securing for naval purposes a harbor and alleged inexhaustible quantities of coal at a commanding point of the Caribbean sea and the Gulf of Mexico. A naval vessel, under Commodore Engle, had been sent thither by Secretary Toucey, with engineers, to explore the country, examine its topographical and hydrographical features, and ascertain the quality of coal reputed to be there in abundance, and of a superior quality. Their reports were highly favorable, but before the arrangements for the acquisition of the grant were completed a change of administration took place. The parties in interest brought forward the subject of this purchase, in 1861, to the new administration, coupled with a scheme of African or colored colonization. The deported negroes, it was represented, could be advantageously employed in mining coal. The whole project had to me the appearance of a speculative job, into which the preceding administration had been seduced. I reported to the President that I had no faith in the project; that the Navy Department had other duties than those of colonizing negroes and mining coal, even if coal were there; that the Chiriqui territory pre-

sented no inducements for the colored race to emigrate thither; that if the negroes were there, they would not willingly work, nor were mining labors and operations congenial to them. The whole scheme, though skilfully presented in the name of humanity, had a money-making appearance in the interest of not over scrupulous speculators; further than that, I had never been favorable to the plan of African colonization by the Government. Differing as I did from him and others on the question, it would be proper that the subject, if to be prosecuted, should be committed to some member of the Cabinet who was otherwise impressed.

The papers were then handed to Mr. Caleb Smith, Secretary of the Interior, an earnest colonizationist, who ardently advocated the Chiriqui project. He promptly recommended the purchaser the immediate settlement of a black colony there, and that the Navy Department should make an advance of \$50,000 toward its acquisition, to be repaid in coal, which the colonists would furnish for our squadrons. There ought, he reported, to be no delay in securing the grant, for both the English and French were anxious to obtain it, and would already have purchased it but for the patriotism of the proprietors, who preferred that this important station in Costa Rica should come into possession of the American Government. Smith's report was plausibly presented, and the President approved it without himself investigating the legality of the title, which he took for granted had been attended to by both Mr. Smith and the Buchanan administration, which had introduced the measure and favored the purchase. Most of the Cabinet assented. Both Mr. Bates and Mr. Blair were colonizationists, and in favor of deportation. Mr. Chase and Mr. Seward were indifferently doubtful. My objection to the Chiriqui project, and to the impolicy and illegality of Mr. Smith's programme, caused a temporary suspension of the scheme, with-

out any abandonment by the President of his policy of relieving the country of the African race.

In the mean time Congress, responding to the President's views, made appropriations, and one or two projects of colonization in Central America or the West Indies were instituted. Samuel C. Pomeroy, a Senator from Kansas, where he had figured largely in the free State cause, and against the introduction of slavery into that territory, during the Pierce and Buchanan administrations, became interested, and proposed to take upon himself personally an examination of the Central American purchase. An association in New York was also to make an experimental trial by enlisting and carrying out a colony of negroes to the West Indies. The Government was, of course, to furnish a vessel, and be at the expense of what was claimed to be so humane an undertaking. Application was made to the Navy Department for a ship, in order that the colonization fund might be husbanded and spared the expense of chartering a vessel to transport the little colony. This was respectfully declined. The Secretary of the Navy did not feel himself authorized to divert a national ship from its duties for such an object. He had not made estimates for, nor was there an appropriation placed at his disposal for colonization. Recruits went by a different course to Cow Island, a desolate and forlorn place, where a colony was literally planted. Few survived to return. The funds and most of the negroes disappeared together.

President Lincoln, though disappointed in these experiments, by no means abandoned his policy of deportation and emancipation, for the two were in his mind indispensably and indissolubly connected. Colonization in fact had precedence with him. At the beginning of his administration he had brought it forward, and in his first annual message recommended that "steps be taken for colonizing both classes (the free blacks and the

slaves that might be emancipated) at some place or places in a climate congenial to them."

In Cabinet meetings, where the subject was frequently discussed, and at the time the preliminary emancipation proclamation was issued, he wished it distinctly understood that deportation was in his mind inseparably connected with that measure; that he considered the two to be parts of one system, and that they must be carried forward together. The preliminary emancipation proclamation was finally decided and promulgated on Monday, the 22d of September, 1862. The subject was discussed and consumed most of the day. The second branch, that of deportation, was postponed to the following meeting on Tuesday, when it was taken up, examined, and debated in all its aspects, without coming to a conclusion, as was also the case on Friday, the 26th, when it was again considered. There was not a member of the Cabinet who did not coincide with the President as to the desirableness of relieving the country of a conflict or of an amalgamation of the two races, one or both of which results lay in the future were they to occupy the same territory. There was, however, great diversity of opinion as to the way and manner of effecting that relief, and also as to its practicability. Although an anti-slavery man, the President was not a convert to the doctrine of the social and political equality of the races, which was a favorite theme of both Sumner and Stevens, with each of whom he had many interviews, and from both of whom he on this point totally differed. Sumner was theoretically and Stevens practically favorable to the social and political equality of blacks and whites. The President doubted if the Africans as a race were themselves capable of organizing as a community and successfully maintaining a government without supervision, or individually susceptible of high intellectual cultivation. There might be and were exceptional cases, but they were by

nature dull, inert, dependent, and of little foresight—an ignorant and inferior race, who needed to be governed, were not as a class able or qualified to participate intelligently in self-government. If they were to exercise the high privilege of suffrage—the first and most important step in free government—it must be at some distant day in the future after several generations of education and nurture. In the mean time they would increase in numbers, have leaders of their own or of a mixed race of exceptionable ability and ambition, and also white demagogues to excite and mislead them, until, if they remained with us, a war more terrible than that in which we were now engaged might be expected. It was the duty of all who were entrusted with public affairs to take the subject into consideration, and foresee and guard against these threatened but he thought certainly impending evils. Colonization he believed to be the only remedy. His own speeches and writings disclose his sentiments, which are much misrepresented and misunderstood. He was not a political Abolitionist. To a deputation of colored persons who waited upon him he said: "You and we are different races. We have a broader difference than exists between almost any two races." "Your race suffers very greatly, many of them by living among us, while ours suffers from your presence. In a word, we suffer on each side. If this is admitted, it affords a reason at least why we should be separated. . . . Your race are suffering, in my judgment, the greatest wrong inflicted on any people. But even when you cease to be slaves, you are yet far removed from being placed on an equality with the white race." "Not a single man of your race is made the equal of a single man of ours." "It is better for us both, therefore, to be separated."

These extracts indicate the purpose, policy, and kindly nature of the President, and when, impelled by events, he decreed emancipation, he connect-

ed with it colonization as an essential part of his policy. But some locality more inviting and less remote than Liberia he deemed advisable; and encouraged by the Secretary of the Interior, he still continued to regard with favor a settlement in Costa Rica. The whole subject was seriously and earnestly canvassed in successive Cabinet meetings following the preliminary emancipation proclamation in the fall of 1862. Mr. Blair was a decided advocate of the President's policy; Mr. Bates was equally so, and going beyond others, he was for compulsory deportation—compelling the slaves when set free to leave the country. At one of the meetings he read a carefully prepared paper expressive of his views. The President was opposed to compulsory deportation, but would make emigration desirable and inviting to the blacks. Mr. Seward was indifferently favorable to the President's views, and at his request consulted with the representatives of foreign governments as to the reception of such a colony. Mr. Chase took no decisive stand in the Cabinet. I, while assenting to the deleterious effects of the presence of the colored race, asked how our prosperity would be affected by sending so much labor out of the country, even if practicable, doubted the practicability of the scheme, questioned the validity of the Thompson Chiriqui grant, which I had inquired into in the spring of 1861, suggested that the title to the grant itself was defective if not illegal, and questioned whether it was not a positive swindle. Mr. Stanton took little interest and no active part, but concurred with me on every point. Mr. Smith excepted to my remarks; said the title was good beyond question. It had been fully investigated by the Buchanan administration, which had sent out the expedition under Commodore Engle to examine the harbor and territory; he had himself looked into the subject, and knew the men concerned in it to be honorable. The President was surprised and Blair

startled by my doubts of the validity of Thompson's title. Further action and discussion of the Chiriqui grant was suspended, and Mr. Seward was directed to make inquiries of the minister from New Granada in regard to the title of Thompson, and report at a future meeting. In a day or two thereafter Mr. Seward said he had made inquiries as directed, and that the governments and rival parties in Central America denied the validity of the Thompson grant, and pronounced it a bogus transaction. This terminated all negotiation and inquiry in that direction, though it did not immediately close the interest and purpose of the President, who in his second annual message, alluding to "the future of the freed people," said, "I strongly favor colonization." But it was one of the important measures of President Lincoln which failed of success—a part of his policy on which his Cabinet was divided, and in which I for one did not fully concur, from a conviction of the impracticability of general deportation, or sending from the country millions of its inhabitants; not that I adopted the scheme of social and political equality of the races, which was a *sine qua non* with the radicals. Little comparatively has been said on this colonization and deportation policy in which the President took so deep an interest, and in commenting on it he lamented that every humane undertaking of the Government was at once seized by a swarm of swindlers and converted into a mercenary transaction.

Being a constitutionalist, and planting himself on the fundamental principles of the governmental compromise in the organic law, President Lincoln was reluctant on any occasion or for any purpose, even under the war necessities, to depart from constitutional landmarks. Always cautious, and habitually but inquiringly reticent on controverted and unsettled questions, he moved with deliberation on important subjects, and on no one with greater hesitation than that of eman-

icipating the slaves in the seceding States. It is not surprising, perhaps, that the emotional and more impetuous, but not always the most considerate of his supporters were dissatisfied, and some of them not gentle in their complaints. His own firm purpose in that trying period on the most trying question he had yet encountered will be best understood from his letters and remarks openly and boldly avowed when compelled, or he deemed it expedient to give utterance to his views. His brief reply to a long and intrusively advisory letter of Horace Greeley, written and published by Greeley as "The Prayer of Twenty Millions," discloses the views, object, and intention of Mr. Lincoln. Waiving "the impatient and dictatorial tone" of Greeley, the President said: "As to the policy I seem to be pursuing, as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I *would save the Union*. I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be the Union as it was. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object is to save the Union, and not *either* to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union."

In that extract the aim and policy of the President are seen and explicitly stated. He did not deem it necessary, however, or even expedient, to inform Mr. Greeley and the "twenty

millions" for whom Greeley assumed to be the prayerful organ, that he had at that time already prepared and in his desk awaiting events a preliminary proclamation to emancipate the slaves in the seceding States. Others, and many of them, as well as Mr. Greeley, volunteered their opinions and advice as to how the Government should be administered, and admonished the President as to what were his duties. In these cases he listened amid his many duties to what was said, heard suggestions, advice spoken sometimes with friendly regard, sometimes dictatorially uttered, but acted upon his own convictions. The good intentions and abilities of Mr. Greeley he respected, but had not implicit confidence in the judgment and stability of that eminent controversial and philanthropic writer on measures of public policy. Mr. Greeley was at the head of one of the most important and influential political journals of the period, a vigorous and generally lucid writer, with a kindly heart and generous impulses, but he possessed a hasty and irritable temper, was impatient of restraint, and vexed with what he considered the dilatory movements of the Administration in its political proceedings, as well as with the military action of the generals. Benevolently disposed, especially with friends, he was the enemy of slavery and all oppression. As credulous as benevolent, and with no great reverence for settled political principles or fixed ideas of government, he readily listened to new and visionary schemes, was often deceived by inferior intellects that addressed his vanity, was the victim of theories, and of enthusiasts, who enlisted his curiosity, as well as by the cunning and designing, who imposed upon his sympathies and his party prejudices, which were strong. Liberal and tolerant in many things, he was nevertheless imperious and exacting in other and often fanciful schemes, and was seldom satisfied with the management of public affairs, whether by friends or opponents, from

a belief that he would in their position do differently and better. His trenchant pen he wielded with power, and often with effect. As the recognized head of one of the first journals he held a commanding position; but not contented in his proper sphere and vocation, he had an insatiable thirst for office, with a conviction that he better than any one could control public opinion and direct the Government. He also flattered himself that he was something of an orator, and that he was as capable and effective a speaker as writer. But with all his talents, he was eminently unfit for administrative duties or responsible office of any kind—was too arbitrary and opinionated to be advised, too erratic, visionary, and impulsive to secure confidence and establish and maintain a consistent line of policy. As an orator, public speaker, or captivating debator in a deliberative body, or even to a miscellaneous gathering, he was unattractive, having neither the elocution, grace, magnetic power, fervor, voice, or manner to sway an audience, although he could prepare an interesting essay on almost any subject to be read in a lecture room. But while charitable by nature, and readily dismissing resentments, he never recovered from the humiliation and disappointment which he experienced when made aware that Seward and Weed, the controlling minds of the Whig party in New York, considered him not one of themselves, but only a trusted, secondary, useful, and valuable subordinate to assist and carry out their schemes and purposes. In the peculiar party management of the Whigs of New York in the latter days of the Democratic regency and during Seward's gubernatorial career, the two master spirits exhibited great address in conciliating, uniting, and concentrating others whom they found it convenient to consult, but no third person was incorporated into that dual management. They justly appreciated the abilities of Greeley and valued his services, but they also knew some

of his infirmities—his dogmatism by fits; his contempt of certain practices which were to them indispensable; his erratic, unreliable nature in emergencies when his aid was most wanted—but they did not then fully understand or appreciate his great greed for office, and they were well aware that his temperament was such that he would be likely in any responsible public station to bring trouble to his friends and associates. When the men came to fully understand each other, and Greeley learned that he was not, as he supposed, one of three, but only the trusted instrument of two whom he had supposed were his companions and equals, a separation and alienation took place. They all subsequently acted with the same party, but the familiarity and intimacy that had been broken was never restored. Greeley took a step in advance of his late friends in the Republican movement, left the Whig organization, which became demoralized, but the remnant of which continued to be upheld and was under the control of the two men with whom he had acted, and who were reluctant to give up an organization that they had controlled with effect and by which they had sometimes achieved success. In the new departure Greeley did not conceal his dislike of his two old associates, was open in his hostility to the nomination of Mr. Seward for President which Weed had profoundly at heart, and he was also opposed to Seward's receiving a place in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. The appointment of Seward to the office of Secretary of State made Greeley less cordial and earnest in the measures of administration and the support of the policy pursued. Without his being aware of the fact, he was more ready to dissent from and to complain of what was done or omitted to be done than would have been the case had Mr. Seward not been a conspicuous member of the Government.

Mr. Lincoln was always an anti-slavery man; but, as I have said, was never a political Abolitionist. Events

and war necessity compelled him to adopt the policy of emancipation, for which he has received and deserved merited honors; but those who applaud his course in that respect omit to mention that colonization and deportation of the slaves when set free was deemed by him an essential part of his emancipation policy. Whether right or wrong on that subject it is not necessary to discuss, but the truth need not be suppressed. He believed it would be best for both the whites and blacks that the latter should leave the country, or, as he expressed it in his interview with the colored representatives, "it is better for us both to be separated." Knowing his convictions and earnest solicitude on this branch of his policy, I have sometimes doubted whether he would not have hesitated longer in issuing the decree of emancipation had he been aware that colonization would not be accepted as an accompaniment. It is impossible at this day for those who were not participants to conceive the perplexities attending the disposition of the slavery question in its various and complex phases, among contending factions and in distinct localities—the differing views in regard to emancipation by men and sections, States and parties, throughout the war. After a year's conflict, and the first step had been taken, and it was evident that slavery was doomed and that freedom to man was to be the future of the country, efforts were made to postpone the day of general deliverance. In the border States the subject of immediate and prospective emancipation was agitated, as in Missouri, and the question was raised whether if one or more of the insurrectionary States, North Carolina for instance, and perhaps others, were to cease hostilities and return to their allegiance to the Constitution and the Union, they could resume their *ante bellum* position, with their laws and institutions unchanged, and as members of the Federal Government, having equal political rights with the other States. The

people as well as Congress were for a time confused and uncertain on these matters, and discontented friends as well as the opponents of the Administration availed themselves of the occasion and the doubts to declare that the policy of the Executive extinguished all hope of reconciliation, and ensured the everlasting separation of the States.

Questions as to the future of the States that were in rebellion, how they should be recognized or treated when the insurrection was suppressed, and in what way and manner a restoration of their former relation to the Federal Government should be effected, were much agitated in 1863, not only by the considerate and patriotic, but they entered into the schemes of politicians who had personal aspirations and party objects to accomplish. The circumstances of the country indeed required of the Administration, while prosecuting the war and amid other pressing and absorbing duties, a defined governmental policy for the reestablishment of the Union. It was a subject of constant thought and of many Cabinet discussions, which eventuated in the adoption of a line of policy that was embodied in the annual message of December 8, 1863, and a proclamation of pardon and amnesty of the same date to all but certain specified persons, with restoration of rights of property, except as to slaves, whenever a prescribed oath was taken of fidelity to the Constitution of the United States, and acquiescence in measures which were the results of the war.

Oppressed with the responsibilities which the insurrection and waste of war had brought upon the Government and country, and the strain already made upon the Constitution, the President felt that other and not less weighty measures, affecting the future and permanent welfare of the country, were pressing upon him, impelling him to predicate a course by which the suspended or broken relations of the family of States could again be re-

stored and nationalized. This matter of reconstruction, rehabilitating the States in insurrection after the rebellion had been suppressed, was indeed the great, overpowering, and most important work of the Administration. On it depended the enduring peace and welfare of the States, the happiness and prosperity of the people, and the stability and perpetuity of the Union itself. In the disposition of the subject bitter contentions arose, which, if partially allayed, were not fully adjusted under the administration of Mr. Lincoln, and after his death increased in intensity, changed in some respects the character of the Government, and entering into party conflicts, caused political alienations which disturbed the local and national elections that have not yet terminated, and may outlast the republic. The wild, revolutionary, and destructive schemes of some of his most prominent supporters, who were determined to centralize and consolidate the Government and reduce the States to the condition of provinces, found no favor with President Lincoln. On the other hand, the factious Democratic opposition, which interposed obstruction to almost every important and necessary measure, and which seldom in that trying period rose above the lowest level of party, excepted to the exercise of extraordinary Executive authority, though essential to the salvation of the Union. The President, neither impelled by the one nor restrained by the other of these extremes, and surrounded by a multitude of threatening difficulties, continued cool, calm, and resolutely deliberate, but courageously firm in his reconstruction policy when action became necessary. Slow and reluctant to adopt emancipation, fully aware that in peaceful times the institution of slavery was protected by constitutional restrictions and safeguards, he had been unwilling to touch it, even under war necessity, but the exigency required governmental action. In his message of December, 1863, he said:

"According to our political system, as a matter of civil administration, the Government had no lawful power to effect emancipation in any State, and for a long time it had been hoped that the rebellion could be suppressed without resorting to it as a military measure. It was all the while deemed possible that the necessity for it might come, and that if it should, the crisis for the contest would then be presented. It came, and as was anticipated, was followed by dark and doubtful days."

In this extract the feelings and ideas of the President in that first cautious but necessary step are frankly stated. It was not a voluntary movement on his part, but slavery lay at the basis of national strife, and after war commenced emancipation was indispensable to unity and the national welfare. A year later, but while the war was still in progress, and the rebels, though weakened, were still vigorous and in arms, the conviction that the Union cause would triumph was general, and the question of the future of the Government and country, and how the States were to be reconstructed, and in their federal relations brought into harmonious action, was discussed. There was no wish with certain parties for a restoration of the old Union. The radicals preferred a consolidated central government, with supervisory authority over the States, to a federal Union, with reserved local sovereignty and an equality of political rights among the several commonwealths. The President recognized and admitted the necessity of indicating the policy of the Administration, but to the disappointment and chagrin of many friends, his policy was still one of reconciliation and a federal Union, with as little disturbance as possible of the governments and traditions of the rebel States, and a sacred regard of the constitutional rights of the erring as well as of the unfortunate. He said in his message in 1863: "Looking now to the present and future, and with a reference to a resumption of

the national authority in the States wherein that authority has been suspended, I have thought fit to issue a proclamation in which 'nothing is attempted beyond what is amply justified by the Constitution.' " "The suggestion in the proclamation as to maintaining the political framework of the States on what is called reconstruction is made in the hope it may do good, without danger of harm." "This question is beset with the conflicting views that the step might be delayed too long or taken too soon."

As a basis of action for the loyally disposed citizens of any State to effect reconciliation and promote reconstruction or a restoration of the States to their former rightful position in the Federal Union, he declared that any "number of persons not less than one-tenth in number of the votes cast in such State at the Presidential election of the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty, each having taken the oath aforesaid, and not having since violated it, and *being a qualified voter by the election law of the State existing before the so-called act of secession*, AND EXCLUDING ALL OTHERS, shall reestablish a State government which shall be republican, and in no wise contravening said oath, such *shall be recognized as the true government of the State*, and the State shall receive thereunder the benefits of the constitutional provision which declares that 'the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion, and on application of the Legislature, or the Executive, when the Legislature cannot be convened, against domestic violence.' And it is suggested as not improper that in constructing a legal State government in any State, the name of the State, the boundary, the subdivisions, the Constitution, and the general code of laws as before the rebellion be maintained, etc. . . . This proclamation is intended to present the people of the States wherein the *national authority has been suspended*

and legal State governments have been subverted, a mode in and by which the national authority and legal State governments may be reestablished within said States or any portion of them."

President Lincoln's plan to reestablish a State government in any of the seceding States was plain and simple. The mode of reconstruction was fully discussed and concurred in by every member of his Cabinet. It was said there were members of Congress who would dissent from this action of the Executive, and there was some question in regard to the number of voters which on the first attempt should initiate reorganization. One-tenth was agreed upon. On no one point were the members of the Administration more united than that of designating what persons should vote and participate in the election. In the several States different and peculiar qualifications of suffrage were established, the subject having been reserved when the Constitution was framed for the local governments. It being an ungranted power, no uniform national regulation could be ordered, nor was it desirable that there should be if State individuality was to be considered. Each commonwealth had best determined that question in other and peaceful days, when they knew and had deliberately enacted for themselves who should be entrusted with the elective franchise and what was best for their own self government. But it was proper for the President to withhold pardon, and thereby exclude from voting, the primary source of government, and from participation in civil affairs, at least for a period and until order and peace were established, rebels in arms who had forfeited citizenship and life by resisting the Government and putting the laws at defiance. These had forfeited the voting privilege, and in fact all their civil rights; but the President, in the exercise of his prerogative, extended pardon and general amnesty to such as laid down their arms, returned to their allegiance, and com-

plied with the conditions prescribed for restoration and union. Besides including those who were in open rebellion, it was important that strangers—persons belonging to the armies and others not legal residents, but who were brought thither by the war—should be precluded. The idea that the Administration or Federal Government was authorized to admit any to vote who were not legally qualified and entitled by the laws of the State in which they were temporarily located to do so, was not entertained or even suggested. No one proposed or believed that negroes or colored persons, even those who had intelligence or property, but were not permitted the elective franchise by the organic law of the States, should or could be endowed with the privilege of voting by the President or Congress. The Federal Government was clothed with no power to enlarge suffrage, but the President could circumscribe it by withholding or by conditional pardons could remove forfeitures and grant amnesty to the inhabitants, which he did by his proclamation. Suffrage was withheld from actual rebels; but there was no attempt to enlarge, extend, or change the local law of suffrage of any State.

This purpose to abstain as far as possible from federal interference in the State governments was by no means satisfactory to the radicals. The leaders and many of their less intelligent followers had in view the subversion and even the annihilation of the State governments, an avowed purpose to territorialize the States which had attempted to secede, and reduce them to the condition of provinces, to subjugate the people and govern them, instead of permitting the people to govern themselves, and to no longer recognize State equality. It was in fact an innovation, if not the immediate destruction of our federal republican system—a change, revolutionary in its character, to be brought about by a fragmentary Congress, in the name of freedom,

humanity, and equal rights. Connected with this ultra scheme and ultimately a part of the radical plan was a design, openly declared, not only to disfranchise most of the intelligent whites, but of conferring on every negro the privilege of voting. Senator Sumner, the champion leader of this revolutionary project, and others claimed that suffrage was not a privilege, but an innate right to which colored persons were entitled, if not by the Constitution, by the Declaration of Independence, which recognized all men as equals, and that it was the duty of the Federal Government to secure to them its exercise, regardless of local governments and the reserved powers and sovereignty of the States. In private caucusses and conversations it was urged that the negro vote was right in itself and that it would secure permanent ascendancy to the Republican party. But the appeals and the current party opinion failed to influence President Lincoln, who considered the proposition to disregard the fundamental laws and reserved rights of the States as an outrage that would ultimately be ruinous in its consequences to our federal system. Nor was there a single member of the Cabinet who gave countenance to the project of forcing negro suffrage upon the States. On the contrary, it was the policy of the President, distinctly and unequivocally declared and always consistently maintained, that only qualified voters by the election “laws of the State existing immediately before the so-called act of secession,” should vote on the question of reestablishing a State government, or, in common parlance, reconstruction. There was diversity, it may be said contrariety of opinions in the Cabinet on incidental and minor points connected with the subject of reconstruction, such as emancipation, colonization, confiscation, amnesty, and acts of Executive authority without Congressional action to reorganize and rehabilitate the States in insurrection, but there was perfect agreement by

the President and Cabinet on the subject of non-interference by the Federal Government with the laws of the States on the question of suffrage. At a later period two members of the Cabinet, Chase and Stanton, advocated the establishment and enforcement of negro suffrage in the rebel States, the former as a political right, the latter as a measure of expediency, but neither of these gentlemen proposed or suggested it in the autumn of 1863, when the policy of reconstruction was discussed.

Mr. Chase, always an anti-slavery man, was a favorite and recognized leader of that class of persons. With great ambition and high political aspirations, he was covetous of his position as a chief in the anti-slavery cause, but sensitive on the subject of being considered a political Abolitionist, always disclaiming connection with that organization. The war and the exercise of strong measures by the Government had rendered that faction and their unconstitutional schemes less obnoxious than in former years. No member of the Administration was more surprised than the Secretary of the Treasury when the President in the autumn of 1862 announced to the Cabinet his purpose to issue a proclamation to emancipate slaves in the rebel States. Until made known by himself in full Cabinet meeting, I am not aware that any member of the Administration but Mr. Seward and myself (one a Whig, the other a Democrat, in their political antecedents) had been advised that he had the subject in contemplation. I have some reason to suppose that Owen Lovejoy, the avowed and leading Abolitionist in Congress, was confidentially consulted. Neither the Secretary of the Treasury nor the Postmaster General was present when the proclamation was first submitted to the other members of the Cabinet. When submitted to the full Cabinet the President declared the act to be his own, for which no member of his Administration was responsible. It

came upon Mr. Chase, as he stated, unexpectedly, but he cordially approved the measure. The step was, however, beset with many perplexing and embarrassing difficulties to the Administration. Universal emancipation throughout the republic was not decreed by the President, as many in these days suppose. The measure did not reach the border States, nor was it nor could it be extended over any State that had not rebelled. To have attempted it would have been an unauthorized assumption of power, warranted by no military necessity, nor could the Executive by any act of his or the Administration forbid the reestablishment of slavery or the enactment of laws respecting labor or servitude in any State after the rebellion was suppressed. As against foreign powers the rights of an American citizen were maintained by the Federal Government, but the local organizations were his protection in the United States. What, it was asked, would be the condition of any one of the seceding States should her people voluntarily abandon the Confederacy and now come forward to resume federal allegiance and fidelity to the Union? Would her position as one of the United States be like that of New York and Massachusetts? There had been a disposition manifested and some progress made in North Carolina toward reunion under the flag, and efforts were still being made to detach one or more of the seceding States from the Confederacy, and effect its complete restoration to the political family independent of its associates. Were North Carolina to cease hostilities and come forward under the proclamation to resume her place, would she also resume all her original sovereign rights as before the rebellion? Would she be in the political condition of Maryland and other border States? Would her slave owners retain their slaves under North Carolina laws? Would the State have exclusive control of the subject and the same sovereign rights as before the rebellion?

And if not, if deprived of a sovereign right never ceded to the central Government, but specially reserved by the federal Constitution, she would not be on an equal footing with the other States. If dispossessed of this or any other right which was enjoyed by her co-States, what inducement was there for her to reunite? The original constitutional compact would be destroyed; the States would be no longer equal in political rights, as had been agreed when the Constitution was framed. A primary fundamental axiom of our federal system would be arbitrarily set aside by the central Government. Indeed, it was claimed that emancipation had destroyed that equality, and that the border States had privileges of which other States south of them were deprived. Where under the Constitution had the Federal Government authority to make these discriminations or distinctions?

While the other members of the Administration felt the embarrassment of these complications, and no one more than the President, Mr. Chase, who had been startled by the unexpected action in the proclamation of freedom, pressed forward, breaking over all barriers, and entertained, or professed to entertain, no doubt in regard to the present or the future. Emancipation, though by an Executive order issued upon military necessity, had effected, he claimed, a permanent change in the federal Constitution. Liberty was, by rebellion and the decision of arms, to which appeal had by the rebels themselves been made, become a part of the organic law of the republic, and freedom was hereafter the national birth-right of every citizen. When it was denied that a change in the Constitution could be made by an Executive proclamation, Mr. Chase, a Statist and not a centralist, insisted that the change had already taken place. The fact that slavery was recognized and still existed in the border States he accounted as nothing—as hardly a temporary obstruction, a frail remnant, which would be swept away by the

mighty wave of public opinion probably before the rebellion was suppressed. In this decisive stand and these emphatic declarations of the Secretary of the Treasury, conflicting as they did with his political doctrines as a Statist, it was surmised that other ends than those of slavery and emancipation might be found; that the President having by his emancipation policy taken a step in advance of the Cabinet officer who was considered the prominent anti-slavery champion in the Administration, that gentleman was determined not to surrender his position, but thenceforward to be in the fore-front rank on all these questions. It is undoubtedly true that the President in coming to the conclusion of emancipating the slaves in the rebel States had done so without first consulting the Secretary of the Treasury, or advising with him until after the preliminary proclamation was written, and in doing so he doubtless had a purpose. It is no less true that Mr. Chase detected and comprehended that purpose; but, though unadvised of the measure at its inception, he was unflinching in its support when it was announced, and thenceforward steadfastly and persistently insisted on its rigid enforcement by the Executive, with all its embarrassments and responsibilities. This was, however, with professed deference and friendly regard toward the President, who, he had a lingering hope, but with serious doubts, was not to be a candidate for reelection, and with whom he desired to act in concert on matters concerning which he was well aware there were differences in the Cabinet and the Republican party.

Reconstruction, or the method of rehabilitating the States, reestablishing the Federal Government in its rightful authority and securing permanent union throughout the limits of the republic, were questions discussed and agitated in the autumn of 1863, and politicians connected them with the approaching Presidential election. The plan communicated in the annual message at the opening of the

session in December was an Executive measure, suggesting what was deemed a practicable policy tending to reconstruction, which had been deliberately considered in the Cabinet and unanimately approved by every member of the Administration.

Speculations in regard to the ensuing Presidential election had commenced among the politicians and party men, and although the subject was never alluded to in the Cabinet, the probable candidates of the Republican party were not inattentive to current public opinion. There was a growing impression among the Republicans that the President would not and ought not to decline a reelection; that his continuance in office was essential until the rebellion was suppressed; and that under his guidance and management the union and tranquillity of the country could be best accomplished. Mr. Seward, aware that he had lost confidence and possessed less strength than in 1860, when he failed of a nomination, came early to the conclusion that he would not be a competitor with Mr. Lincoln; but he still had a corps of efficient friends who, like himself, were determined that no other man should supersede him, and especially not his for-

mer rival and present associate in the Cabinet, Mr. Chase. But the Secretary of the Treasury, though not in his proper sphere in the Treasury, nor particularly successful as a financier, had from his official position and extreme official patronage, and his early and continued anti-slavery opinions, acquired strength and a considerable personal following. His mental and physical powers were great, and were actively employed in discharging duties for which he had little taste, but he was never forgetful that he might be useful in a higher place. Not very skilful in political tactics, or correct in his estimate of men, and often deceived by those who had a purpose to accomplish in deceiving him, he lost favor in one quarter while he gained in another. With lingering hopes, but serious doubts whether the President would or would not be a candidate for reelection, and unwilling, but nevertheless prepared, if public opinion would sustain him, to compete for the nomination, he, during the autumn of 1863 and early months of 1864, exerted himself to gain the good will and support of the Republicans, and particularly the radical portion of that party.

GIDEON WELLES.

WOOING.

CAPTIVE little hand,
Wherefore trembling so?
Like a fluttering bird,
All your pulses stirred:
Would you, if you could—
Would you go?

Drooping, down-cast eyes,
Filled with love's own light;
'Neath your snowy lid
All my world lies hid:
Why so shyly veiled
From my sight?

Lovely, quivering lips,
With your wealth of red,
Speak the longed-for word,

First in Eden heard;
In your own sweet way
Be it said.

Eager, restless heart,
Longing for your mate,
What have you to fear?
Find contentment here;
To my tender love
Trust your fate.

Dainty little maid,
Graced with charms so sweet,
One bright glance bestow;
Nay—but I will know
If—ah, yes, for me,
Life's complete!

M. L. H.

SHALL THE AMERICAN GIRL BE CHAPERONED?

THE most guileless of sheep-dogs was the gentle Briggs, or rather she was not that, but a sheep, and a sheep that was shorn by the deceptive Becky Sharp. Innocent and stupid as she was, however, she served as a barrier between her mistress and the Marquis of Steyne, and it was only when she was relegated to the place of housekeeper with one of his relatives did Becky meet with ruin.

The poor, colorless, characterless creature, Briggs, was done out of her savings and put upon in various ways, and still she continued unsuspectingly to love her despoiler, and regard her as a benefactor. It was she who was the real heart-mother to young Rawdon Crawley. The stupid affection of this poor sheep-dog for the artful Becky draws tears to the eyes, and although we feel like scolding her for being such a goose, she finds a secure place in our hearts.

Besides serving as a guardian, she was the pincushion of the household, and suffered for its sins. The wicked Marquis especially thrust pins into this inoffensive cushion, asking Becky, with impatience and an oath, how long she was going to keep her, for the designing nobleman well knew that full opportunity would be wanting as long as poor Briggs sat at her post. Yet this sentinel of virtue, apparently, never understood the importance of her functions, for to her mind the citadel was surrounded with fortifications of honor and morality, and there was no enemy in sight to attack them. Feeble-sighted and feeble-minded, she stood at her outpost, scanning the horizon for the danger which was under her nose.

She is tampered with under the guise of friendship and pumped of all she knows, by the Marquis, with an ease that must have furnished no little amusement to that cynical nobleman,

and then, with sudden repentance at the thought of her indiscretion, she bursts into tears and begs him not to say anything about it to her mistress. Thus was she turned inside out by her questioner, and there must have been a grain of pity in even *his* smile, as he heard her story. Poor Briggs! We depose an immortelle to your memory.

If there is a moral in her life, it is that a chaperon, however naïve she may be, is better than none at all to guard even a wicked woman.

The nurse of Juliet is a creation worthy of the master who made Romeo and his mistress—an untrustworthy, affectionate, selfish, garrulous, aggravating old duenna. She had a lewd tongue, and said wanton crudities that no writer of this age would dare to pen; this was the licence of the time, and even Juliet is not shocked at the impropriety of her speech. Her wordy wandering is a touch true to nature, and a cause of constant irritation to her listeners. She *will* have her say and her repetition. With an eye to the main chance, she is too an echo of Lady Capulet, from whom she receives her stipend, and one of the most interesting features in her character is to note the struggle which goes on in her heart between her material interests and her affection for Juliet. The venal part of her soul finds expression when in speaking to Romeo of Juliet, she says, "He that can lay hold of her shall have the chinks." There is no more poetry in her nature than in this sentence. She talks back with the readiness of Susan Nipper, and the verbal resources of a fishwoman: "I'll take him down," says she, speaking of Mercutio, "an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks. . . . Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt gills; I am none of his skains-mates."

This is almost the tongue of Bil-

lingsgate, and shows the progress of the refinement of speech since that day; for it is hardly necessary to say, none but the most abandoned mother of our day would think of employing such a chaperon for her daughter.

Some sense of moral responsibility appears when the nurse tells Romeo that it would be gross behavior on his part to deal double with a gentlewoman so young and inexperienced as her mistress. When he gives her the well-filled purse she seems to have no further doubts as to his honor, prates of the sweetness of her mistress, and calls his rival Paris "a toad," of whom in the first act she says, "in faith, he is a very flower."

How she takes advantage of her importance, as love's messenger, to abuse the patience of her mistress! In response to Juliet's entreaty to tell her news, the "good, sweet nurse—the honey nurse" complains of the ache in her bones. Being again earnestly enjoined, she says she is out of breath, Jesu!

Juliet.—How art thou out of breath when thou hast

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?

The nurse gets out of this corner by going off in a criticism on Romeo's person, and closing with: "Go thy ways, wench. Serve God. What, have you dined at home?" Could anything be more provoking to the eager, love-smitten Juliet in quest of news? Again, when the old woman with the backache and the headache is plied with questions, she says:

Beshrew your heart for sending me about To catch my death with jaunting up and down. Then she must be wheedled and caressed; that is what she wants; and then she gives the longed for information with characteristic volubility.

Further on, when the nurse announces to Juliet the death of Tybalt, the well-beloved kinsman, by the hand of Romeo, there is something suggestive of John Falstaff in her words:

There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty, in men; all perjured,
All frowsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man? Give me some aqua vitæ;
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.

Like Sir John too, her love of ease and her natural selfishness will not allow her to go far in the way of sacrifice and devotion, and when Juliet is at length given over by Lord and Lady Capulet, she retraces her steps to stand well with them, telling Juliet that after all, since Romeo is banished, it would be best for her to marry Paris:

Oh, he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo's a dish-clout to him. An eagle, madam, Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye, As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart, I think you are happy in this second match.

This final turning of her back upon Romeo is too much for even the indulgent reader, and he shares the feeling of Juliet when as the nurse retires she declares:

—Go, counsellor;

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

The contemplation of this character suggests the reflection that if Juliet had been confided to a true woman, instead of a weak, frivolous, corrupt one, the poet would have been unable, logically, to reach his dénouement.

The type of the unscrupulous chaperon is furnished in C  none, in Racine's play of "Ph  dre."

This tragical duenna turns her project into action, and accuses the son of a "feu criminel" for the wife of his father. Th  s  e curses and exiles his son. Ph  dre, however, suffers with remorse, and C  none endeavors to console her in these terms:

La faiblesse aux humains n'est que trop naturelle;
Mortelle, subissez le sort d'une mortelle.
Vous vous plaignez d'un joug impos   d  s longtemps;

Les dieux m  me, les dieux de l'Olympe habitants,
Qui d'un bruit si terrible   pouvantent les crimes,
Ont brul   quelquefois de feux ill  gitimes.

Such are the counsels of a classical and complaisant chaperon, which are not less dishonorable for being written in beautiful verse. The consolation thus given does little toward tranquilizing the remorseful mind of Ph  dre, and after the death of Hippolyte, dying herself, she confesses before her husband, and proclaims the innocence of the man she loved.

Although there is something in the term which is unattractive, the chaperons are sometimes as winning as the

young women confided to them. In France I knew a widow of twenty-four who had charge of a girl of eighteen. She had, without knowing it, need of the same service which she rendered, and she found the support which was necessary to her in the company of her young friend. The widow was the chaperon, but the girl, without knowing it, was an excellent body-guard. The fast young men never succeeded in finding the young woman without the girl. The experience of the first protected the second, and the innocence of the second protected the first. It was a mutual exchange of good offices. With the peculiar notions which many Frenchmen entertain toward widows, there might have been some indiscretion in the case of the widow, had she not been under the clear and tranquil regard of her young companion, which inspired and compelled respect.

These two charming persons, always together, and ready to extend mutual aid, furnished an apt illustration of the proverb that in union there is strength.

One day an important event modified the association, and conferred a new and greater authority upon the young chaperon: the widow remarried. She found a husband before her protégée, which shows that the severe duties of the chaperon do not cool the ardor of the masculine or widowed heart. It shows too that a certain degree of experience is to some more attractive than the charms of ingenuousness. In other words, the flower is lovely, but there are those who prefer the ripe fruit.

It has been said that our young men can safely be trusted not to take advantage of long *tête-à-têtes* with young women to do anything they would not do in presence of the mothers; but it is better not to have too much confidence in masculine rectitude under such circumstances. It is well for the young woman that the man is educated as her social protector, for if he were not, she would be morally in a lower

scale than she is to-day; but he is not always a social protector, and the family cannot afford to take the risk of his being a black sheep.

According to Arabic law the man is not held accountable for persuading the woman to leave the straight path, it being regarded as the duty of the woman herself and her family to take care and defend her from his pursuit, he being considered as aggressive by nature and she repressive. There is a little hint conveyed in this Oriental law which should not be lost on mothers with grown-up daughters.

To be a good sheep-dog requires special qualities, natural and acquired. She must be able to detect the wolf under the sheep's clothing by instinct, although he look like a true sheep; must know how to persuade her lamb to turn away from him, for the lamb usually sees in this covered wolf something pure and saintly; and if her little sheep obstinately puts herself in the way of the wool-covered animal, the sheep-dog must know how to circumvent him in his designs.

In the drawing-room, the ball-room, and the dining-room the good sheep-dog is held to employ a Macchiavelian sagacity to safeguard her protégée; and however well her task may be done, it is apt at best to be an ungrateful one, for if she succeeds in driving off the courtier obnoxious to the parents, she incurs the enmity of her pupil, and if she encourages him, she reaps the reproaches of the parents. Thus she not unfrequently finds herself tossed between the horns of a dilemma. To sit gracefully between these two horns should be her chief end; to sit on either of them she discovers perforce to be an untenable position. Although she for a time satisfies father and mother that she has done her duty by their daughter, the latter, if she be gone in love, will probably poison the parental minds against her. On the other hand, if she encourages the tender designs of the man favored by the daughter, and objected to by the parents, she is

driven forth by the latter as a traitor to the household.

To reconcile conflicting interests, tastes, and affections enters largely into her functions, and to do so successfully requires the diplomacy of a Gortschakoff or a Talleyrand.

She must be familiar with the ways of the wolf, quick to discover his approach toward the heart of her charge. While ordinary observers fancy that the wolf is saying the platitudes of departure with the lamb, in the hall, the Cerberus of the salon knows by instinct that he is squeezing her hands or pressing her close to his dangerous bosom. While the wolf, at dinner, is apparently reading over the bill of fare to the lamb, her guardian angel knows that he is telling her of his love. She knows that when this "masher" gives a flower to her protégée, it has a language of the most tender kind. She knows that when he hands the same passive and romantic creature into a carriage, he will squeeze her fingers, and that the face of the squeezed will remain as ingenuous as before the squeeze. If he plays with his handkerchief, she intuitively becomes aware that signals in a secret tongue are being given out, which the demure lambkin comprehends but too well.

That arch diplomat, Mephistopheles, knew that the best way to draw a veil over the eyes of Marthe in the exercise of her duties as guardian of Marguerite, was to lay prompt siege to her affections. All are familiar with the shock communicated to the *voisine un peu mûre* in the announcement of the death of her husband, as made to her by the deceiver from the brimstone region, and of her quick surrender to his artful speech and manners, of her forgetfulness of her young flaxen-haired charge, who wandered here and there in the garden, pursued by the enamored Faust.

The simple Marthe was unable to withstand the attack from such a brilliant person—that is, not the limping, awkward Mephistopheles beyond

the Rhine, but the graceful, statuesque one of Gallic soil—she succumbed, and poor Marguerite was lost. The poet thus taught that one way of subjugating the duenna is by a direct appeal to her own heart; a necessary condition being that she shall be susceptible; but happily, in the interests of romantic and sentimental young maidens, all duennas are not so.

It is the personal contact of the man which does more to conquer the woman than his speech or his good looks. A statue of Praxiteles vivified with the soul of wit and original thought, standing away from her, must make slow progress toward her heart. Proximity in talk, where the words fall close to the ear, is effective. The affinities of nature are revealed in the power of the touch. The nobler part of man looks upward, and the baser downward; the aspirations of the soul would wing their flight to the clouds, but the inclinations of the body keep them to the earth. It is for this that the young woman must be safeguarded against the weaknesses of this superior kind of animal—man.

It has often been affirmed, and with truth, that nowhere in the world may the young woman travel with greater security than in America. Along her whole route she finds men ready to put themselves to personal inconvenience to oblige her, and who do not presume on what they do to ingratiate themselves. Men step forward as her protectors as if it were according to a law of the State instead of a custom, and were any one to treat her with discourtesy defenders would spring up on all sides. With a chain of conductors she will be passed from one end of the Union to the other, with perhaps more care than if she were under charge of a relative.

In this general attention with which the pretty woman is surrounded it is seldom there is an ulterior motive, as there is for instance in a country like France, where it is not safe for her to accept the proffered service of the other sex, for the Frenchman stands

ready to make his declaration on slight provocation. In America the recognition of her right to deference in all her wishes, sometimes, and particularly of late years, has led her to claim as a right what was only extended as a courtesy. Hence her neglect to return thanks for the seat yielded up in the car; hence the growing reluctance in the man to resign his seat, in the spirit of the turning worm which will not be trodden on for ever. This reluctance, however, is confined to the large cities. In the towns and villages throughout the Union the man still gives up his seat to the woman, though he be old and feeble and she be young and strong. This is gallantry that costs something.

I have seen in a railway car women occupying extra seats with bundles that might have been placed under the seats or hung up in the rack, while a group of men stood, without being able to rest themselves, and they never complained. Such an incident could hardly occur in any other country. For three hours these victims with aching limbs stood without a murmur, looking from time to time to the coveted seats occupied with the bundles, not daring to lift up a voice to ask for one. Their faces showed plainly that they would have liked to sit down, but their exceeding respect for the sex would not permit them to approach the indifferent young women who kept guard over the places with their traps. It did not even occur to them to speak to the conductor.

Had this situation presented itself in France, a Gaul would have approached this feminine group, hat in hand, with a bow, asking a thousand pardons, then he would have quietly installed himself in the seat that he had paid for, and to which he was entitled. He would of course have invested the act with much form; he would have been distressed beyond measure to have them move their bundles, been desolated at the trouble he gave, but he would indubitably have secured his seat. On the other hand,

supposing his advances to have been met with a refusal, he would have called the conductor and asked for a seat, or his money, and the discomfited dames would have had to submit. Now, were an American to meet with such a rebuff from the other sex, he would retreat to a corner, without an idea of having recourse to the official of the train to claim his rights.

When a ripe spinster of homely make is conveyed by a beautiful widow of twenty, the dog would appear to be in more danger than the sheep. The mature girl, according to the opinion of the male sex at least, may roam in freedom wherever she lists, safe from masculine impertinence. Indeed, the ugly girl of any age may do so—according to the same opinion. The undue anxiety of parents touching this kind of person is well illustrated in "My Aunt" of Doctor Holmes, where the father takes such remarkable precautions against a possible elopement of the cherished cherub:

Alas ! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all accomplished maid.

She remained a sad, ungathered rose on the writer's ancestral tree, and the putting of powder in the pan of the prudent father's gun proved to be a waste of ammunition. His parental affection was a flattering painter, who probably turned her pug into a *retroussé*, her carotty hair to golden, her watery blue eyes to violet, and her pudgy form to a distinguished figure.

There is no civilized country in the world where so much license is permitted in the intercourse of young men and women as in the United States; and it gives to the foreigner travelling here a singular idea of American morality, and leads, for instance, to the production of such a play as "Uncle Sam," which presents a picture that may be false and exaggerated in most particulars, but which at the same time conveys a suggestion that if proper decorum were exhibited

by the young people, the idea of such a play would not have entered the mind of its author. He knew that if he had seen young men and women acting toward each other in France as he had seen young Americans doing, he would reach a conclusion unfavorable to the purity of their relations.

The author of "Uncle Sam" has never visited these shores, and probably never will; but he has read the books of several French travellers who told what they saw, accompanied with their conclusions. They saw that the young man went with the young woman, unaccompanied by any of her relatives, to the theatre, and that not unfrequently after the play he took her to a restaurant, where they sat perhaps an hour or more over a supper with champagne. They saw that the young man at eleven at night went with her alone to a ball, where he remained with her until four or five o'clock in the morning. These two cases, to go no further, were not exceptional, but were in accordance with the general rule of conduct by which young men and women were guided.

The young women are so unbridled in their lives that at the first opportunity they commit acts at which European mothers would stand aghast. A handsome actor appears on the stage, and they write him tender letters, send him flowers, and seek to make appointments with him. They even form a society of admiration in his honor, not on account of the excellence of his art, but of the graces of his person. A foreigner of distinction takes a carriage drive at Newport, and they surround the vehicle, each one on horse-back, seeking a smile, a word, or a look from him. They—to some of whom he has never been presented—send him invitations to dinner or to drive. According to one of the members of his suite, proposals are made to him of a character to make the cheeks of a pure maiden tingle with shame.

If common report may be credited, the wife of a handsome actor, during an engagement, is obliged to be with

him constantly to keep young women of society from approaching to make tender advances, and that he is in the habit of receiving a number of love-letters every morning, which, being a faithful husband, he and his wife read together and destroy, and which, if read by the fathers and mothers of the senders, would be the cause of much pain and apprehension.

Two young women in sparse bathing costumes swim out to a yacht, get aboard, and without any other clothing, sit on deck for a couple of hours, drinking champagne with a group of roystering young men, and still the social position of these two women remains unquestioned. More, they are spoken of among their fashionable acquaintances as two of the leaders of their "set."

In the flirtatious spirit which prevails, in the absence of the chaperon, love-matches are entered upon with little previous acquaintance. According to a New England journal, at a social entertainment in a mansion of one of the chief cities of the East, there was a beautiful young woman, handsomely attired, who was happy in being just engaged to a distinguished gentleman from New York. "She wore an antique bracelet, a present from her lover, which, the latter said, was an heir-loom of his family, brought over from Holland. A lady from New York recognized it as the bracelet of her aunt, which had been stolen from her in the lobby of a metropolitan theatre. She asked the bridegroom whether the bracelet enclosed a picture. 'Yes,' he said, 'that of my sister.' 'My aunt's contained a picture of Miss C.," observed the lady. The bracelet was opened, and there was the portrait of Miss C. The bridegroom vanished."

The conjecture may be safely ventured, that this young woman was not under the guardianship of a prudent woman, or she would not have so lightly affianced herself to a man she knew nothing about—in short, a thief. Under what circumstances could she have made his acquaintance? Perhaps

in a street-car, or on a steamboat. Perhaps she was presented by one whom she hardly knew, for America is the home of facile introduction, as shown in the frequent scandal over discoveries of *chevaliers d'industrie*, under the mask of distinguished foreigners.

As soon as an attractive young woman enters where there is a social assembly, there is a general desire to be "introduced," and in less than an hour a score of young men have passed through that ceremony; and the jump from "Happy to make your acquaintance" to the "My friend, Miss Arabella," is great. In half an hour she is probably flirting with one of them in an obscure corner of the stairway, or under the folds of a window curtain, knowing nothing of him except his name. He may have vices, and a reputation that would not for a moment bear examination. She is probably alone, or with companions of her own age; or she may be with one of those indulgent mothers, who will not or cannot restrain their daughters from pursuing their own idea of duty and pleasure. Miss Arabella sees the *marivais sujet* a few times; her heart speaks, and she loves. Then, as a rule, it is too late to reveal to her the shortcomings in his character, for if he be black with infamy, she will see in him nothing but an angel—this being one of the tricks of Cupid. Yet if such a revelation had been made to her the first time she saw him, by some worthy chaperon, she would have turned away from him with comparatively little effort.

A Chicago paper gives an instance of the fatal facility in making acquaintance which occurred in that city. Mary Blide became acquainted through a street flirtation, heaven knows how, with a "nice-looking young man" who bore two names, one being Walter Reynolds and the other Walter Dupey. After a few meetings he brought a companion with him, name unknown, and the twain induced Mary Blide and her cousin, Annie L. Blide, to go out on the lake, each couple occupying a separate skiff—the

girls first demurring, but finally consenting. "They did not venture out very far," to use the words of the journalist, "nor get widely separated, and about nine o'clock were a couple of hundred yards out, opposite the foot of Twelfth street. At this time Mary Blide, from whom the information is obtained, noticed movements in the boat containing her cousin and escort that indicated a struggle. Annie was also calling for help, and the man who was with her appeared to be trying to restrain her and force her to be quiet. In a few seconds the boat was capsized, and Mary thinks both her cousin and the young man were drowned, as they were not seen after the capsizing. Mary's companion rowed her hastily ashore, and jumping from the boat, ran away. Annie Blide was about seventeen years of age, rather pretty, and the daughter of a highly respected family."

Here are two young women, apparently in the upper walks of life, who make friends with two unknown men, without form of any kind of presentation, in a fashion which usually belongs to abandoned women who pursue their calling on the public street. One if not both of these men bear assumed names, indicating that they are fellows of disreputable character, and the subsequent act in the boat proves one of them to have been so. This unfortunate drama furnishes a pointed commentary on the loose, informal way in which young people are allowed to come together and go about to flirt.

Our girls are the boldest of all, part being the boldness of innocence and part the boldness of impudicity; but from whatever it comes, it does not sit well on a young woman. She is often under the impression that her fast ways, her slang, and her freedom with the man is what he admires; and this is her mistake, for even the rake feels the charm of a modest woman, and when he selects his life partner she is his choice; in a word, the man passes his time with the fast person for his amusement, but when it comes

to the serious business of life, such as marriage, *c'est une autre paire de manches*.

The "Be what you seem or seem what you be," of the foreigner, addressed to the forward miss by way of explanation for a natural mistake which he made in regard to her moral status, ought to be taken as a lesson by all young women like her.

For the mother to remain in an upper room yawning and talking with other chaperons, while her daughter, with a *laissez-aller* manner of three or four o'clock in the morning, is whirling around in the Boston with a young man heated with wine, can hardly be called serious chaperoning, for if there is any time at which the mother should be with her daughter, it is at that time—it is then that she assuredly needs her. Ordinarily the mother who chaperones, as she calls it, separates from her charge at the ball-room, and does not see her again until the twain depart from the house.

In France there are two rows of chairs around the sides of the dancing-room; the daughters sitting on the front and their respective mothers behind them on the back row. The daughter goes forth to the saltation with the maternal approval, and at its conclusion she is immediately conducted back to her place before the mother. It would perhaps be too much to expect American mothers and daughters to comply with such a rigid rule in their dancing entertainments, but they might at least remain in the same room, where the young would be under the eye of the elders.

For the young woman to go untended, save with a family coachman, and to go accompanied with a chaperon who passes her time upstairs playing backgammon or whist, or yawningly wishing she was at home in bed, while the daughter is furiously dancing below, with love and champagne à discrétion in the interludes, there is but little difference, for if the daughter is prone to mischief, she will get into it as easily in one case as the other.

Those favoring full liberty to the young woman say that she does not require personal supervision because she is educated to take care of herself. If she does possess such an education, at what cost is it accomplished? She learns what a maiden should not know, and she goes through what a maiden should not do. It is an education at the expense of her innocence and her modesty, and though she may not have the depravation of a Laïs, she has something of her speech and her manners.

Yet the mothers are more to blame, perhaps, than the young people, who are inexperienced and drawn together by an affinity which belongs to all healthy natures in the vigor of life. It can hardly be expected of them to pursue the straight path without the healthful restraints and good counsel which a mother alone can give, and it is clearly the duty of the mother to command as well as to teach, to make of her daughter her constant companion and friend, so that she may confide to her secrets which, in the absence of confession and advice, often lead to fatal results. The habit so common among our girls to seek this close companionship in girls of their own age, and to stand, in a measure, aloof from the mother, is unfortunate, for in proportion as the daughter cultivates such intimacies she withdraws herself from her mother and from home influences.

The daughter who is brought up in a home, and kept out of fashionable boarding-schools, boarding-houses, and hotels, must indeed possess a vicious nature should she turn out badly. On the other hand, she who is reared in a boarding-house and allowed to go and come at will, making her friends indiscriminately in hotel corridors and parlors without consulting her mother, going out in parties of pleasure with people of her own age and without some prudent middle-aged person to watch over her, is fortunate if she escapes the pitfalls which surround such a life.

ALBERT RHODES.

STRANGE ADVENTURE OF LIEUTENANT YERGUNOF.

FROM THE FRENCH OF IVAN TOURGUENEFF.

I.

ONE evening Lieutenant Yergunof again told us his adventure. He told it regularly once a month, and we always listened with fresh delight, though we knew the circumstances by heart. These circumstances were, so to speak, like fungi round the trunk of a tree, having gradually grown about the root of the story. The whole manner of our narrator was too well known for us to have the slightest difficulty in filling up any gaps that might occur. But since then the Lieutenant has died, and there is no one left to tell his adventure, so we have determined to make it generally known.

It took place in the youth of the Lieutenant, something like forty years ago. He used to say that he was then an elegant, handsome young man, with fair cheeks, rosy lips, curly hair, and the brightest of bright eyes. We took it on his word, though in our time nothing of all this was to be seen. To us he appeared rather more a man of very ordinary appearance: his face was common and sleepy, his body fat and awkward. But we did not forget that no beauty stands the lapse of time. And the remains of elegance were still to be found in the Lieutenant. He wore, in his old age, very tight pantaloons and martingales, laced his thick figure, curled his hair, and colored his moustache with a Persian tincture, which produced more red and green than black. Altogether, the Lieutenant was a very worthy nobleman, though in playing whist he loved to throw his little gray eyes on his neighbors' cards. But this he did less from a desire to win than from pecuniary considerations, for he did not like to lose money uselessly. But enough of the man. Let us proceed to his story.

It was spring in the then new town of Nicolayef, at the mouth of the Dnieper. Mr. Yergunof, who held the rank of naval lieutenant, had been stationed there by the government. As a careful, trustworthy man, he had been charged with the building of some large gun-boats; and he frequently received considerable sums, which, for greater security, he carried in a great leathern belt, buckled round his waist. For Lieutenant Yergunof, in spite of his youth, was distinguished for the great wisdom and regularity of his conduct: he carefully avoided all discreditable acquaintance; at that time never touched a card; and kept entirely by himself; so that among the cleverer part of his companions he had got the nick-name of "young girl"; while the wilder portion, among themselves, called him "sleepy-head."

The Lieutenant had a single weakness: his heart was too susceptible to the attractions of the fair sex; but he was able to withstand throbbings of passion, and exposed himself to no danger of what he called "self-surrender." He rose early and went to bed early; fulfilled punctually all his duties, and had no distraction but a long walk, which he took every evening in the furthest suburbs of the town. He never read books, from fear of a rush of blood to the head, and every spring was obliged to counteract this plethora by certain decoctions. Every night, after he had lain aside his uniform, having himself carefully brushed it, the Lieutenant turned his steps toward the fruit-gardens of the suburbs, and followed, with measured tread, their long wooden fences. He often stopped, gazed in wonder at the lovely landscape, plucked a flower for a memento, and felt therein a certain satisfaction. But he felt more

genuine pleasure when he met a "little Cupid"; that is, a pretty village girl hastening to her home with a so-called soul-warmer over her shoulders, a square handkerchief on her head, and carrying a light package under her bare arm. Since he, according to his own expression, was of an "excitable but modest disposition," the Lieutenant never accosted the "little Cupid," but smiled kindly and followed her with a tender glance; then would he sigh deeply, return to his room with the same proud step, sit down by his window, abandon himself to his thoughts for half an hour, and smoke with circumspection from a long meersch-chaum pipe some strong tobacco given him by his god-father, a German police-officer. So passed his days, without sorrow or joy. But one evening, when the Lieutenant was going home through an empty lane, he suddenly heard quick steps behind him and confused words, interrupted by sobs. He turned round, and beheld a young girl of some twenty years, whose very agreeable face was bathed in tears. Some great and unexpected misfortune seemed to have overtaken her. She ran, stumbled, talked to herself, and moved her arms about without ceasing her tears. Her blond hair was loose, and her neckerchief (at that time neither mantillas nor mantles were worn) had glided down from her shoulders, and was held only by a pin. The young girl was dressed like a lady, not as a mere village girl.

Yergunof made way for her. A feeling of pity conquered his ever-present fear, and when she got near he politely placed three fingers on the rim of his shako, and inquired the cause of her grief.

"Can I, as an officer, help you?" he asked, laying his hand on his sailor's dagger.

The young girl stopped, and for a moment seemed not to understand the Lieutenant's offer; then, as if delighted by an opportunity to unbosom herself, she began to talk very fast, and in rather bad Russian.

"For God's sake, Mr. Officer," she began, and at the same moment her tears began to flow anew, rolling in drops over her round fresh cheeks, "it's terrible, awful! God knows how I shall begin! We have been plundered. The cook has carried off everything, *everything*—the tea-can, the common purse, the clothes!—even the clothes, the socks and the linen—yes, and my aunt's work-bag. In a letter-box in it was a twenty-rouble note and two plated spoons—a fur coat—any, all, all. I told the policeman—and what did he answer? 'Clear out; I don't believe you; I won't hear anything more about it! You belong to the same band.' I repeated, 'Pity me—a fur coat!' and he answered anew, 'Get out of this. I won't hear any more!' and stamped his feet. What an insult, Mr. Officer—'get out!' and where did he mean for me to go?"

The young girl again broke out in sobs, and, quite bereft of her senses, laid her head on the Lieutenant's arm. The latter, somewhat disturbed on his own account, thereupon forced himself to say without moving, "Don't cry," but could not turn his eye from the convulsively moving neck of the hotly weeping girl.

"Permit me, my dear young lady, to take you home," he said at last, gently moving her shoulder with his finger. "Here on the street—you will see—it is impossible—you can there tell me your trouble, and I as an honest soldier will certainly relieve you of all care."

The young girl raised her head, and seemed now first to be aware that she, so to speak, was in a young man's arms. She blushed, turned away her face, and went on some steps, still sobbing. The Lieutenant repeated his offer. The young girl threw a glance at him, through her long blond hair, which, drenched with tears, fell over her eyes (at this part of his story, Yergunof never forgot to say that this glance pierced him like a dagger; once he even tried to represent the glance);

then she placed her hand in the arm which the gallant Lieutenant offered her, and went away with him in the direction in which she said her dwelling lay. Yergunof had had few opportunities in his life for ladies' society, and he did not at first know how to begin the conversation. But his companion soon relieved him of his embarrassment. She began to chatter at great speed, occasionally using the back of her hand to wipe away the tears which still gathered in her eyes. In a few minutes the Lieutenant had been informed that her name was Emilia Karlovna; that she was born at Riga;* that she was now in Nicolayef on a visit to an aunt, also born in Riga; that her father had been in the army, but had died of consumption, and that her aunt had engaged a Russian cook (a very good cook, and cheap, but without a recommendation); that this cook had robbed them and gone off that very day, no one knew where; that she must have gone to the police. Here the disgrace which she shared came to her mind, and she began to sob anew. The Lieutenant was again in difficulty how to comfort her; but the young girl, with whom impressions seemed to vanish as quickly as they came, suddenly stopped, and stretching out her hand, said in a calm voice,

"That is our house."

The house was a sort of low cottage, with four little windows looking on the street. Behind the panes appeared the dark green of geranium plants, and through one of the windows shone the weak flame of a candle. Darkness was rapidly approaching. The house was surrounded by a wooden fence as high as the eaves, and in this was a low door. The young girl went up to this, and when she found it closed she shook impatiently the heavy iron ring of the old knocker. Slouching steps, as of a person with

old slippers on her feet, were heard behind the fence, and the sharp voice of a woman asked a question in German, which the Lieutenant did not understand. As an honest seaman he was acquainted only with Russian. The young girl on her part also answered in German; the door was then half opened, and after the girl had been let in, violently shut in Yergunof's face, who yet had time enough to distinguish in the dusk the figure of a big old woman in a red dress, and with a lantern in her hand. The Lieutenant remained for some time motionless from astonishment; then, overcome by the thought that they had ventured to show such rudeness to him, an officer, he turned on his heel and started for his lodgings. But hardly had he walked ten feet, when the door reopened, and the young girl, who meanwhile had had time to whisper a few words in the old woman's ear, appeared on the threshold, and said with a loud voice,

"Where are you going, Mein Herr Officer. Won't you come in?"

Yergunof hesitated a moment; then walked back to the house. His new acquaintance, whom we will now call Emilia, led him through a small, dark, damp room into an apartment tolerably large, but very low. A large wardrobe and a lounge covered with grazed linen lined one side. Over the doors and between the windows appeared the displaced portraits of two archbishops with the mitre, and of a Turk with a turban. Trunks and hat-boxes filled the corner of the room, and near by, surrounded by rickety chairs, a card table stood open, upon which lay a man's cap and a half emptied tumbler. The old woman whom the Lieutenant had seen at the door, followed him closely. She was a dirty looking Jewess. She was cross-eyed, and the expression of these orbs of vision was exceedingly disagreeable. Gray hairs covered her thick upper lip. Emilia introduced her to the Lieutenant with the words, "This is my aunty, Mme. Fritsche."

* To understand many allusions in the remainder of this tale, it should be understood that Riga is the chief city of the "Russian Baltic Provinces," in which German is exclusively spoken. —A. V.

Yergunof could not repress a movement of surprise, but he considered it his duty to give his name and rank, which Mme. Fritsche received with an oblique look, and asked her niece in Russian if she would have some tea.

"Oh, yes, tea," said Emilia. "You drink tea, don't you, Herr Officer? Please bring the samovar, aunty. And why do you keep standing, mein herr, instead of sitting down? Good lord, how ceremonious you are! Allow me to take off my shawl."

While Emilia talked she kept turning her head from side to side, and giving little jerks with her shoulders; just like a bird that has settled down on the top of a tree with the sun shining dead upon her.

The Lieutenant took a chair, and with the proper air of seriousness began to talk about the robbery; but Emilia soon interrupted him.

"Don't trouble yourself any more about that," said she; "the trouble is over. My aunt has just told me that the chief things have been found" (here Mme. Fritsche whispered some words in her ear and left the room). "It was never necessary to go to the police; but I can never restrain myself. I am—you don't understand German—I am so precipitate. Just look at me. I have forgotten all about it—completely forgotten!"

The Lieutenant looked at Emilia. Her face had in truth got back again its expression of indifference. Everything in this charming face laughed: the eyes, shaded by long ashen-gray lashes, the mouth, the cheeks, the chin, even the dimple in the chin, even the end of her little squat nose. She went up to a broken mirror, and arranged her hair, meantime surging and occasionally flashing back her eyes. Yergunof followed her every movement with attention. She pleased him uncommonly.

"Will you pardon me for having brought you here?" she said, while she continued to coquet with the glass. "Has it been disagreeable?"

"What did you say?"

"I was talking to you! I am so hasty! I act first and think afterward, or often I don't think at all. But what's your name, Mein Herr Officer? Will you tell me?" So saying she placed herself decisively before him, and crossed her round arms over her breast.

"My name is Yergunof—Ceezma Vassilivitch Yergunof," answered the lieutenant.

"Yergu—oh, I can't pronounce that name; it is too hard for me. I'll call you Florestan. I knew a Mr. Florestan in Riga. He dealt in the best silk goods, and wasn't he handsome! not less than you; but what a fine height you have! A regular Russian hero! I love the Russians. I am a Russian myself—indeed I am, for my father was an officer; he was going to have an order. But I have whiter hands than you." She raised her arms over her head, rubbed her hands till they were red; then, quickly dropping them, she remarked, "Look! I always wash with rich Greek soap. Just smell of them—oh, no, not a kiss. I didn't show them to you for that. In what service are you?"

"In the fleet—the ninth station of the Black sea."

"Oh, you are a naval officer? Do you get much pay?"

"No, not very much."

"You must be very clever. I see it in your eyes. What thick eye-brows you have! It would be a good thing to rub them with candle grease every night to make 'em grow better. Why don't you wear a moustache?"

"It's against the regulations of the service."

"Nonsense! how absurd, your regulations! Is that a dagger you have there?"

"It is a hanger—the distinguishing mark of a sailor."

"Oh, a hanger! Is it sharp? Let me see it?"

So saying, she closed her eyes and bit her lips, and drawing the steel with effort from the sheath, she drew the flat of the blade across her nose.

"It is sharpish, your hanger," she said. "I could kill by it with a single cut." So saying, she threatened the Lieutenant, who, as if afraid, retreated amid loud laughter. Then she began to laugh.

"I will be gracious to you," she said, assuming a majestic position. "Take back your weapon. Apropos! how old are you?"

"Five and twenty."

"And I nineteen. O lord, how funny!"

Emilia laughed with such abandon as almost to tumble backward. The Lieutenant hardly moved in his chair, and could not turn his eyes from her fresh, rosy face, trembling with laughter. She pleased him more and more.

Suddenly Emilia ceased her laughter, and after she had looked attentively at the Lieutenant, as if she saw him for the first time, she went up to the mirror humming a tune (which seemed to be a habit of hers). "Do you sing, Mr. Florestan?" she asked.

"No, my dear young lady. I was not taught singing when I was young."

"And you don't play the guitar either? I do. I have one inlaid with mother-of-pearl, only the strings are broken. You will give me something to get new ones, won't you, Herr Officer? Then I will sing you such a lovely German ballad—so touching! And can you dance? No? Impossible! You shall learn from me the schottische and the kossack. Tra la la, tra la la." And Emilia began to jump about the room. "Just see what pretty shoes I wear. They came from Warsaw. And what are you going to call me?"

The Lieutenant blushed to the eyes. "I will call you the divine Emilia."

"You must call me 'mein Zuckerpüppchen' [sugar-doll]. Come now, say it after me."

"With the greatest pleasure, but I fear it will come rather hard to my tongue."

"No matter. Say 'mein.'"

"Mahin."

"Zucker."

"Tszouker."

"Püppchen, püppchen, püppchen."

"Pü—— No, I can't get that out."

"Oh, but you must. Do you know what it means? That's the most beautiful word in the German language to young ladies. I will explain it to you by-and-by, for my aunt is coming with the samovar." Emilia clapped her hands. "Aunty, I want cream with my tea. Is there some there?"

"Hold your tongue," said the aunt crossly in German.

The Lieutenant stayed at Mme. Fritsche's till dark. Since his arrival in Nicolayef, he had not passed so pleasant an evening. Yet it more than once occurred to him that it was hardly the proper thing for an officer, a nobleman, to associate with such people as the damsel from Riga and her aunt; but Emilia was so attentive, she chattered so amusingly, she bestowed upon him such flattering looks, that he threw aside all scruples, and determined to enjoy life as a friendly priest had advised him. Only a single thing disquieted him somewhat, and left upon him a painful impression. In the midst of his conversation with Emilia and her aunt, the door was half opened—wide enough for the entrance of a man's arm in a dark-colored sleeve, with three small silver buttons, which placed on a chair a rather large package wrapped up in a napkin. The two women seized it eagerly to see what it contained.

"Those are not the same spoons," said Emilia, but the aunt dug her elbows into her side, and hastened to carry out the packet without fastening the ends of the napkin, on one of which the Lieutenant thought he noticed a red spot, very like a blood stain.

"What was in there?" he asked. "Have you got back more of the stolen property?"

"Yes," said Emilia, with hesitation.

"They have been brought back."

"Who found them—your servant?"

Emilia raised her eyebrows. "What servant?" she asked. "We have none."

"But there is a man?"

"No man ever crosses our threshold."

"Pardon, pardon; but I recognized the sleeve of a 'wengerka,' and then the cap——"

"No—a man never crosses our threshold," repeated Emilia with emphasis. "What you may have seen—the hat belongs to me."

"What, to you?"

"Certainly, to me. Sometimes I like to go to a masked ball. It belongs to me—that's enough."

"But who brought you the pack-
et?"

Emilia made no answer, and soon after followed her aunt out of the room. A few moments later she came back alone, and the Lieutenant was about to ask her again; she looked sharply at him, and remarked that a cavalier should be ashamed to be so inquisitive. At the same time her face changed its expression and became dark. Soon she took a pack of cards from the table and asked the Lieutenant to guess the king of hearts.

Yergunof laughingly took the cards, and every suspicion left him at once. But the same evening these disagreeable thoughts returned. He had already left behind him the little door in the fence which opened on the street, and for the last time had cried, "Adieu, Zuckerpüppchen," when a small thickset man rubbed against him, with a thin gipsy face, black moustache, eagle nose, and shining eyes under thick brows—all of which were disclosed by the bright moonlight. The Lieutenant was certain he recognized, not his face, for that he had never before seen, but the sleeve of his coat with the three silver buttons. A sort of unrest awoke in the soul of this judicious young man. When he got home he did not light, according to his custom, his long meerschaum pipe. The unexpected meeting with the attractive Emilia, and the agreeable hours passed in her society, may perhaps explain the excitement of his feelings.

II.

WHATEVER may have been the misgivings of the Lieutenant, they soon vanished and left no trace. His visits to the two ladies constantly became more frequent. At first Yergunof visited them only secretly, being rather ashamed of his intimacy with them; but afterward he displayed openly his preference for the dwelling of his new acquaintances to any other house, the melancholy four walls of his own lodgings naturally not excepted. Mme. Fritsche no longer produced on him a disagreeable impression, though she continued to treat him in a manner by no means respectful—nay, almost contemptuous. Ladies of this variety prize in their admirers a profitable open-handedness, and the Lieutenant was by no means reckless on money matters. So far as presents were concerned, the best that he gave was nuts, and raisins, and gingerbread. Only once had he, according to his own expression, ruined himself; he had given Emilia a small real French silk neckerchief. That same day she singed the ends of it in the light, and when he reproached her for this she straightway tied it round the cat's tail. He became angry, and she laughed in his face. At last the Lieutenant was forced to admit not only that the ladies from Riga held him in no respect, but that he did not even enjoy their confidence, for he was never admitted without previous examination. Often he had been obliged to wait; sometimes they sent him off without ceremony, and to avoid taking him into their confidence spoke in his presence in a foreign language. Emilia gave him no account of her doings, and for every question which he addressed to her she always had an evasion ready. But what troubled him most was that several rooms in the house of Mme. Fritsche, which though nominally a cottage was very roomy, always remained closed to him. In spite of all this Yergunof was exceedingly comfortable at Emilia's. He found there, as the phrase is, loving

souls, and it flattered his vanity that his young friend, who continued to call him Florestan, did not cease to wonder at his manly beauty, and found that his eyes resembled those of a bird of paradise.

One hot summer day about noon, the Lieutenant, who had spent the whole morning in the burning sun, among his workmen at the navy-yard, slouched up, exhausted, to the well-known door. He knocked, and was not forced to wait. As soon as he entered the so-called drawing-room, he threw himself on the lounge. Emilia came up and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with her handkerchief.

"How tired you are, my poor friend, and how hot!" she said, full of sympathy. "You might at least have unbuttoned your collar. Good Lord, how your heart beats!"

"I am used up," replied Yergunof sighing. "I've been on my feet since the early morning, and the burning sunshine on my shako. At first I thought I would go home, but those rascally contractors will be waiting for me there. But here with you what quiet! I think I'll take a nap if you'll let me."

"Don't worry. No one shall disturb you."

"But I hesitate——"

"What nonsense! Go to sleep. I will rock you." She began to trill a cradle song. The Lieutenant said, "Couldn't I have a glass of water first?"

"You shall have it fresh, and clear as crystal. Wait till I put a little cushion under your head—this way—and this, against the flies."

She covered his face with her neckerchief.

"A thousand thanks, my little Cupid," said the Lieutenant, and soon he was fast asleep. Emilia sang, gently bending her body as if she were rocking him, and laughed to herself at her motion and her song.

At the end of an hour Yergunof awoke. It had seemed to him in his sleep that he felt some one bending

over him. He took off the kerchief which covered his eyes. Emilia was close to him on her knees, and her face had an expression that was strange to him. She rose suddenly and ran to a window, while she concealed something in her pocket. The Lieutenant stretched his legs and arms.

"I've had a good sleep," said he. "Just come a little nearer, my dear."

When Emilia approached, he rose suddenly from the sofa, plunged his hand in her pocket, and pulled out a small pair of scissors.

"Oh, Lord!" said Emilia involuntarily.

"Those are scissors?" stammered the Lieutenant.

"Certainly. What did you expect to find—a pistol? Oh, what a funny face he has! Cheeks creased like the pillows, hair standing up straight, and he never laughs! Oh!" Emilia writhed in laughter.

"That's enough," said the Lieutenant angrily. "If you can't find anything better to laugh at than that, I'll clear out. I'm going," said he when she continued to laugh, and took his shako.

Emilia stopped. "Pish! how cross you are!" said she—"a real Russian. All Russians are ill-natured. There he goes. Yesterday he promised me five roubles, and to-day he has given me nothing, and is going off."

"I have no money with me," muttered the Lieutenant, already on the threshold of the door. "Good-by."

Emilia followed and threatened him with her finger. "Just hear what he says; that he has no money. Oh, what deceivers all these Russians are. But wait, just wait, Mr. Swindler. Aunt, come in here; I have something to tell you."

The evening of that day the Lieutenant noticed in undressing that the upper edge of his belt, that belt which he always wore around him, had been slit the length of a finger. Being an orderly man, he straightway took needle and thread, waxed his thread, and carefully sewed up the hole, with-

out giving any further heed to this insignificant circumstance.

During the whole of the following day the Lieutenant was engrossed by his business. In the afternoon he did not even leave his dwelling, and till late in the night; he then wrote and copied in the sweat of his brow reports to his superior officer, and then pitilessly altered his accents, throwing in an occasional "but," and an exclamation point. The next morning a little Jew girl, with bare feet and ragged frock, brought him a note from Emilia, the first he had ever received.

"My dearest Florestan," it ran, "are you angry with your Zuckerpüppchen, that you did not come to see her yesterday? I beg of you be not so, and if you don't want your loving Emilia to shed many hot tears, then come without further request at 5 this afternoon. [The figure 5 was surrounded by a double wreath of flowers drawn with a pen.] Your loving Emilia."

The Lieutenant was astonished. He had not supposed Emilia to be so well educated. He gave the child a copeck, and told her to say that he would come.

Yergunof kept his word. The clock had not struck five when he knocked at Mme. Fritsche's door; but to his great surprise Emilia was not at home. The aunt received him, and after she had made a respectful bow announced that unforeseen circumstances had forced Emilia to go away, but that she would soon return, and begged him to wait for her. Mme. Fritsche had on a clean cap, smiled, spoke in a flattering tone, and evidently tried to give an agreeable expression to her repulsive countenance, the only result being the addition of a double-faced and contemptuous look.

"Sit down, sir, sit down," said she, pushing an easy chair toward him, "and with your permission I will have the pleasure of offering you a little lunch."

Mme. Fritsche again bowed, went

out, and soon came back with a cup of chocolate on a tea tray. The chocolate was not of the best sort, but the Lieutenant enjoyed it, though he tried in vain to guess whence arose this sudden favor on the part of Mme. Fritsche, and what it all signified. Emilia came not. He was beginning to lose patience, when without warning the sound of a guitar pierced his ear through the wall of the room. One strain, a second, a third—ever stronger and fuller. The Lieutenant was lost in amazement. Emilia did indeed possess a guitar, but it had only three strings, for he had not yet had time to buy new ones; besides Emilia was not at home. Strains were heard again, and this time so full as if they came from the very room in which the Lieutenant himself was. The Lieutenant turned round, and cried aloud in astonishment and terror. Before him on the threshold of a small, low door which he had not before noticed, because hidden by the large wardrobe, stood a strange, unknown form, not a child, but still less a young woman. This creature wore a white dress with colored spots, and red shoes with buckles. Her thick, heavy black hair closed above her forehead in a golden ring, descended like a mantle from her little head over her delicate, slender figure. Under this mass two great eyes shone with dark fire, and two brown sunburned arms, with gold bracelets, held, together with her hands, a guitar. The face could hardly be seen, so small and dark was it; only a sharp nose stood out in a straight line above the red lips. The Lieutenant stood as if petrified. He stared steadily at this extraordinary creature, who also fixed her eyes upon him, but said not a word. After a time he recovered his senses, and hesitatingly moved toward her. The dark face began to smile, snow-white teeth suddenly appeared, the head rose, and shaking back its thick hair, displayed itself in all its delicate and clear-cut beauty.

"Who is this imp?" muttered the

Lieutenant, and approaching still nearer he said, in a low voice, "Child, child, who are you?"

"This way," she replied in a feigned tone, and with odd pronunciation, which placed the accent on the wrong syllable—"this way"—and stepped backward. The Lieutenant followed her across the threshold, and found himself in a small, windowless room, whose walls and floor were covered with heavy rugs of mohair yarn. He smelled a strong odor of musk; two little yellow wax lights burned on a round table, which stood before a very low Turkish sofa; in one corner was a small bed, hung with curtains of Oriental muslin, adorned with strips of satin, hung in the centre to an amber ring, and with tassels of red silk at the ends.

"But allow me to ask who are you?" repeated the Lieutenant.

"The sister—Emilia's sister!"

"You her sister? You live here?"

"Yes."

The Lieutenant offered to shake hands, but she again retreated.

"How then does it happen that she never told me about you? Do you keep yourself out of sight?"

The child nodded her head assentingly.

"Really? But what reason have you to conceal yourself? This, then, is why I have never seen you! I must say that I had not the remotest suspicion of your existence. That fat old Mme. Fritsche is your aunt then?"

"Yes."

"Hur! You don't seem very familiar with Russian. What's your name?"

"Colibri."

"Colibri! That's a very unusual name. I think there are little insects in Africa called colibri, are there not?"

Colibri laughed. Her laugh was short and odd, as if marbles were clicking in her throat. She gravely shook her head, threw a quick glance round, laid down her guitar, and with a single spring was at the door, which she slammed to. Her every movement was quick and agile, and accom-

panied by a noise like the rustling of a lizard. Her hair fell behind as low as her knees.

"Why did you shut the door?" asked the Lieutenant.

Colibri put a finger to her lips. "On Emilia's account," said she.

The Lieutenant laughed somewhat foolishly.

"Would she be jealous?"

"What?" asked Colibri, assuming a childlike air, as at every question which she put. "Jealous—angry. Oh, yes!"

"You greatly honor me. Look here, how old are you?"

"Ten and seven."

"Seventeen I suppose you mean?"

"Yes."

The Lieutenant looked with a still more piercing glance than before at his strange companion.

"But you are a little wonder of beauty! What hair! What eyes! And those eyebrows! Oh!"

Colibri began to laugh, and rolled slowly her splendid eyes.

"Yes, I am a beauty," she said with peculiar dignity. "Sit down, here, close by me. See this lovely flower. It smells good."

She drew an elderberry twig from her belt, and looked at the Lieutenant through the blossoms, from which she bit off a leaf.

"I say, would you like a Constantinople sweetmeat—sherbet?" she asked.

Colibri quickly rose, went to a commode, and took thence a gilded pot wrapped up in a piece of red cloth, strewn with bits of silver gilt, a silver spoon, a cut-glass *caraffe* filled with water, and a tumbler to match. "Take a 'sherbet,' signore? Very good, and I will sing. What would you like?" She seized the guitar.

"Do you sing?" said the Lieutenant, conveying a spoonful of the admirable sherbet to his mouth.

Colibri plunged her two hands in her thick hair, threw it behind her, dropped her head one side, and struck a few notes, while she looked attentively at the tips of her fingers and the

keyhole of the guitar. Then she began to sing in a voice that was pleasant, and much stronger than one would have expected in so fragile a form; but to the Lieutenant her voice sounded queer. "How she miaus, the little cat," he said to himself. She sang a melancholy song; it was neither Russian nor German, but in a tongue to Yergunof completely unknown. As he learned afterward, she mingled numerous strange gutturals in her song, and at the end she sang softly, "Sinzimar, Sintamar," or something like it. Then she leaned her head on her hand, sighed, and laid the guitar on her knee.

"Well, do you want still more?" she asked.

"I do indeed. But why always so melancholy a face? Have some sherbet."

"No, eat it yourself. This shall be more cheerful."

Then she sang a little song, after the fashion of a dance accompaniment, but in the same incomprehensible language, and, as before, interrupted by gutturals. Her brown fingers ran like little spiders over the strings, and she ended the song with a loud "huza," frequently repeated, and pounded the table with her little fist. Her eyes beamed with a wild brilliancy.

The Lieutenant was, as the saying is, quite in a cloud. His head was a perfect eddy. Everything was so new to him: this odor of musk, the strange songs, the lights in broad daylight, the vanilla sherbet, and above all Colibri herself, who came nearer and nearer, her shining, silky hair, and her ever mournful countenance.

"She is a Russalka,"* he said to himself with a feeling of peculiar discomfort. "My little soul, tell me, what induced you to invite me here to-day?"

"You are a young, handsome fellow. I love such."

"Ah, what will Emilia say? She's coming. She wrote me so this morning."

* A sort of Undine or mischievous dryad in the Slavonic mythology.

"Say nothing to Emilia. She would kill me."

The Lieutenant burst out laughing. "Is she so very ill-tempered?"

Colibri shook her head. "Kill only bad people. Don't say anything to Mme. Fritsche either."

She touched the Lieutenant's forehead with the tip of her finger. "Understand, officer?"

The Lieutenant rubbed his eyes. "Well, well, I will keep your secret; but you must give me a kiss for reward."

"No, by-and-by when you go away."

"Right off."

He bent over her, but she slowly drew back, and coiled up like the adder one steps on in thick undergrowth.

The Lieutenant looked in the whites of her eyes. "Are you angry," said he. "Well, do as you please, and God bless you."

Colibri seemed to dream for a moment; then she made up her mind to go up again to the Lieutenant, when three muffled knocks resounded through the house. Colibri hastily rose. "Not to-day, but to-morrow. Come to-morrow," she said with a forced smile.

"At what time?"

"Seven in the evening."

"All right. But to-morrow you must tell why you have so long concealed yourself from me."

"Yes, yes, to-morrow the end, my officer."

"Then keep your word. I will bring you a pretty little present."

"Never," said she, stamping her foot. "This, that, that" (pointing to her clothes, ornaments, everything about her)—"those are mine. Presents, never."

"Don't be cross, my dear girl. I force nobody. But we must separate. Adieu, my little joujou. And the kiss?"

Colibri threw herself lightly on his breast, and throwing her arms about the young lieutenant's neck she gave him a kiss which he could liken only to the dab of a bird's bill. He wish-

ed to give a kiss in return, but she gracefully slipped from his grasp, and sought refuge behind the little sofa.

"At seven o'clock to-morrow then?" said the Lieutenant, somewhat muddled.

She answered by a nod, and seizing with the ends of her fingers one of the long plaits of her hair, she began gently to bite it with her little teeth. The Lieutenant waved his hand in farewell, and shut the door behind him. But he heard her follow him and doublelock it.

There was no one in Mme. Fritsche's parlor, and the Lieutenant, having no means of finding Emilia, was hastening away, when he met the mistress of the house in the hall. "You are going away then, Mr. Lieutenant?" said she with the same grimaces of affected and repulsive cordiality. "You won't wait for Emilia?"

The Lieutenant took his shako. "Mme. Fritsche, you should know that I am not accustomed to wait," he replied. "It is very certain that I shall not return to-morrow. Please acquaint your niece of the fact."

"Well, well," said the old woman; "but you have not been bored, Mr. Lieutenant?"

"No, madam, I have certainly not been bored."

"That is all I wanted to know. I commend myself to your favor."

"Farewell, madam."

The Lieutenant went home, lay down on his bed, and buried himself in a labyrinth of reflections. "What the devil is it?" he cried aloud several times. "Why did Emilia write me that letter, appointing a rendezvous, and not keeping it?" He took her note, turned it over in his hands, and tore it to pieces. It smelled of tobacco, and in one place the termination of a verb had been changed. "What could one argue from it? Was it possible that this old Jewess—the deuce take her!—knew nothing of it? And then SHE—who is she?"

He could not get the lovely Colibri out of his head, and awaited impatiently the next evening, although in

the bottom of his soul he was almost afraid of this "little joujou."

III.

DURING the forenoon the Lieutenant made his appearance in the bazaar, and after an obstinate trade finally bought a little gold cross on a black velvet ribbon. She may protest ever so much that she takes no presents—we know what that means. But if she really should have so unselfish a soul, Emilia at any rate will not sneer at it.

Toward six in the evening, the Lieutenant shaved with unusual care, and sent for a neighboring hairdresser to curl and oil his toupée, which the gentleman did with the greatest skill, not sparing the official stationery of the government, from which he made his curl papers. Then the Lieutenant put on his newest uniform, took a pair of fresh gloves in his hand, and left the house, after having extensively sprinkled himself with eau-de-cologne. If he to-day bestowed greater care on his toilette than when he was paying court to his "Zuckerpüppchen," it was not because he liked Colibri better—rather because there was something in her which excited our lieutenant's sluggish imagination.

When he entered the house Mme. Fritsche as usual came to meet him, and carelessly, as if they were collusively employing a mutual lie, she told him that Emilia had gone out for only a few minutes, but begged him to wait. The Lieutenant bowed assentingly, and sat down in a chair. Mme. Fritsche again smiled—that is, she showed her long yellow teeth—and departed without, this time, having offered him any chocolate.

Hardly had she gone when the Lieutenant directed his eye upon the mysterious door. It continued shut. Twice he knocked, to announce his arrival, but the door did not open. He held his breath and listened. Not the slightest sound; one might have thought that everything about was dead. The Lieutenant rose, went again on tiptoe to the door, tried, by feeling

with his hands, to find the spring of the lock, and when he failed, pushed his knee against it, but it withstood the pressure. He knelt down again, and cried twice, with a low, almost smothered voice, "Colibri, Colibri!" No answer. He rose, shoved his hands in the flaps of his uniform coat, stamped on the floor with his heel, went over to the window, and drummed angrily on the panes. His wounded honor as a soldier burst forth. "The devil! For what do they take me! I will knock with my fists; then they will have to open, and if that old hag hears, my faith, it will not be my fault." He made a right about. The door was half opened.

The Lieutenant straightway hastened on tiptoe into the mysterious chamber. Colibri lay on the sofa, clad in a dress of shining gold, which was confined at the waist by a broad red belt. Concealing the under part of her face in her handkerchief, she laughed till she cried, but without noise. She had this time done up her hair in two great long braids intertwined by red ribbon. Her red shoes of yesterday appeared on her little feet, which she kept crossed. Though her ankles were bare, it seemed as if they were covered by brown silk stockings. The sofa stood in a different position from yesterday, nearer the wall, and on the table stood a Japanese tray with a big-bellied coffee-pot, a glass sugar-bowl, and two blue porcelain cups. On the same table lay the guitar, and a soft gray smoke rose in fine spirals from the end of an Oriental incense candle.

The Lieutenant, who had at first glance noticed all this, went up to the sofa; but before he had had time to say a single word, Colibri, without ceasing to laugh in her handkerchief, stretched out her hand, and burying her hard little fingers in the Lieutenant's toupée, moved them round so as to ruin the whole elegant edifice of his coiffure.

"What are you about?" cried the Lieutenant, little prepared for so ill a return of his confidence. "What shamelessness!"

Colibri exposed her face.

"It was horrid before," said she; "now it's better."

She retreated to the end of the sofa and crossed her legs beneath her. "Sit down there," she said.

The Lieutenant sat down in the place which she pointed out. "Why do you get away from me?" he asked after a short pause. "Are you afraid of me?"

Colibri shrunk up like a cat, and looked at him sideways. "I? Oh, no!"

"You must not be so wild," continued the Lieutenant in a paternal tone. "You remember your promise of yesterday, don't you?"

Colibri embraced both knees with her arms, laid her head upon them, and again looked at him sideways.

"I remember."

"Well then," said Yergunof, and tried to get up to her.

"Not so fast, signore."

Colibri loosened the braids which she had let fall about her knees, and with the end of one of them whipped his hands.

The Lieutenant was completely confused. "What eyes she has, the imp," he murmured in spite of himself. "But why did you have me come?"

Colibri stretched out her neck like a bird, and listened.

"Do you hear anything?" inquired Yergunof.

"Nothing at all."

With a new bird-like movement she drew back her small, long-shaped head, whose thick braids were separated by a careful part, which lost itself in the curly mass of her back hair. "Nothing," she repeated, again shrinking up.

"No one," said the Lieutenant. "Then I can—" He stretched out his hand, but she again quickly drew back. A drop of blood appeared on his finger. "What foolishness!" he cried, shaking his hand. "Always your eternal needles! But what cursed needle is that?" he added, when he saw a kind of golden arrow which she had replaced in her belt. "That is a dagger; that is a thorn; and you—you are a wasp—do you hear—a wasp."

Colibri seemed not displeased by the Lieutenant's comparison. She laughed her clear, crystal laugh.

"Yes, I can sting—I can sting."

Yergunof looked at her aside. "She laughs," he thought, "but her face is always sad. Just look at this," he added aloud.

"What?" asked Colibri in a child-like tone.

"This," and the Lieutenant drew the little golden cross from his pocket, and held it up to the light, passing it to and fro between his fingers.

"That's pretty, isn't it?"

Colibri raised her eyes indifferently.

"Oh, a cross," said she. "We don't wear them."

"What, you won't wear a cross? Are you then a Jewess or a Turk?"

"We don't wear them," Colibri repeated. Then she rose suddenly, and looking back over her shoulder, asked, "Shall I sing you something? I am going to sing."

The Lieutenant hastily replaced the cross in his pocket, and turned round, for he thought he heard a sort of cracking in the wall. "What noise is that?"

"Mice, mice!" Colibri hastened to answer; then, in a manner which astonished the Lieutenant, she seized his head with her smooth, supple arms, and imprinted on his cheek a quick kiss, as if with a red-hot iron.

He embraced Colibri in return, but she slipped from his arms like a snake, which was easy enough with her slender, yielding body. "Gently, gently," she said. "Softly—here's the coffee."

"What a shame! By and by——"

"No, right off; that is, now. It will be cold if you wait."

She seized the coffee-pot by the handle, and began to pour out two cups. The coffee fell in a smoking, spiral stream, and Colibri, who had dropped her head on her shoulder, closely observed its fall. Yergunof threw a piece of sugar into his cup, and emptied it at a swallow. The coffee seemed to him very strong and very bitter. Colibri looked on smiling, and stretching her nostrils wide over

her cup, she carried it to her lips, but set it back slowly on the table.

"Why don't you drink?" asked the Lieutenant.

"I'll drink by-and-by."

"Then sit down here by me," said he, slapping the sofa with his hand.

"In a moment."

She stretched out her hand, and without taking her eyes off Yergunof, seized her guitar. "I will sing first."

"All right, but sit down."

"And I will dance, if you would like to have me?"

"Do you dance? Indeed, I would like to see you, but how is it that you have never danced before?"

"No, no; but I love you very much, I do."

"Really? Dance then, you absurd creature."

Colibri went to the other side of the table, and after she had struck some notes she began, to the great surprise of the Lieutenant, who had expected to hear a warm, lively air, a slow, monotonous regitative, accompanying each tone, which seemed to be put forth with all the strength of her lungs, by a measured movement of the body from right to left. She did not laugh. She had contracted her lofty, arched eyebrows, and between them one could plainly see a faint blue mark, like a character of an Oriental language, which had evidently been burned on with powder. Her eyes were almost closed, but their light still shone with a dusky brilliancy, between the sunken lids, and she obstinately continued to gaze at the Lieutenant. Nor could he, for his part, turn away his glance from those magnificent and threatening eyes, that brown face, which gradually became suffused with a faint color, the half opened, motionless lips, and those dark locks, which waved on either side of her graceful head.

Colibri continued her motions without changing her position; but her feet now rose only on the tips of her toes, and soon only on her heels. Once she rose up, gave a piercing cry, while she threw the guitar over her head,

and then resumed the same waving dance, the same slow and monotonous melody. Meantime, Yergunof sat very comfortably on the sofa, and continued to look at Colibri without saying a word. He had a strange, peculiar feeling. He felt free, light—almost too light. He was disembodied, and swam in infinite space. Little cold ants were sliding down his back. An indescribably agreeable languor enervated his legs, and sleepiness tickled the corners of his mouth and eyes. He had no further wish or thought. It seemed as if he were being gently rocked in a cradle, and he only murmured from time to time with the tips of his lips, "Oh, my joujouchen!" The face of his "joujouchen" seemed occasionally to disappear.

"How is that?" inquired the Lieutenant.

"Oh, it's the smoke—there is—yes—blue vapor."

And now some one approached who rocked him, and whispered pleasant words in his ear, words which begin and have no end.

Suddenly he saw the eyes of his joujouchen open to an astonishing size, like the arch of a bridge; the guitar slipped from her hands, and striking against the floor, gave a sound which seemed to come from the depths of the lower world. I don't know what intimate friend of the Lieutenant tenderly and powerfully embraced him from behind, and arranged the knot of his cravat. Then suddenly he felt close to his face the thick moustache, eagle nose, and piercing eyes of the silver-buttoned unknown; only the eyes had the place of the moustache, and the moustache that of the eyes, and the nose was upside-down; but the Lieutenant did not wonder at this. He soon discovered that it must be his, and was about to say, "Good day, brother Gregory"; but he gave up this design, preferring—preferring to go to Constantinople with Colibri, and there celebrate their marriage. For Colibri was a Turk, and the Emperor had promoted him to the rank of muselman. This was so much the easier,

as a little boat immediately appeared. He jumped on board, and though he fell, through awkwardness, so that the great pain took away his control over his limbs, yet he soon got back his equipoise, sat down on a little bench in the stern of the boat, and began to descend the great river, which, under the name of the *STREAM OF TIME*, rose in the Gymnasium of Nicolayef, and flowed direct to Constantinople. This voyage gave him extraordinary pleasure. Every moment he met enormous red creeping objects, which could not come near, and quickly disappeared beneath the water, leaving nothing but great blood-colored spots. Here at last is Constantinople. The houses are built as houses should be, in the shape of Tyrolese huts, and all the Turks have broad and solemn faces. Only one must not look at them too long, for they soon lose that form, and make faces at you, and disappear like snow in spring. There is the palace where he is to live with Colibri. With what beautiful objects it is filled! Everywhere epaulets, soldiers blowing trumpets, on, as might be expected—on all the walls the portrait of Mohammed as a Russian general. But why does Colibri always run before him, dragging her train from room to room? and why does she never turn round to him? Then she grows smaller, ever smaller. It is no longer Colibri, but a noble boy in a round jacket; and he is his chamberlain, and now he is obliged to creep after him into the inside of a telescope, which constantly grows narrower. He can no longer move, neither backward nor forward; he can no longer breathe, and a terrible burden weighs upon his back; his mouth is full of earth.

IV.

At last the Lieutenant opened his eyes. It was daylight, and everything about was silent. There was an odor of vinegar and pepper. Overhead, right and left, something white surrounded him: he looked at it, felt of it. It was the curtains of a bed. He tries to raise his head: impossible—his hand: it is

the same. What does it mean? He looks beneath: a long body stretches out before him, hidden under a coarse woollen coverlet with brown stripes at either end. He concludes, after examination, that this body is his own. He tries to cry out, but no voice issues. He tries again, collects all his strength; a sort of half-dead noise trembles beneath his nose. Heavy steps are heard; a hand pulls away the curtain. An old soldier, in a tattered uniform coat, stands before the Lieutenant. Both seem astonished, but in different ways. A great tin can is put to the Lieutenant's lips, who eagerly drinks the fresh water. His tongue is loosened. "Where am I?"

The invalid looks at him a second time, goes off, and returns with another man in uniform.

"Where am I?" repeated the Lieutenant.

"Well, he isn't going to die of it," said the man in uniform. "You are in the hospital," he added aloud; "but you must not talk. Keep still and go to sleep."

The Lieutenant did not recover from his astonishment, but he sank back in nothingness. The next morning appeared the hospital physician. Yergunof was again in possession of his senses. The doctor congratulated him on his recovery, and ordered the bandage about his head to be renewed. "What, the head! Have I anything?"

"You must not talk nor move," interrupted the doctor. "Keep quiet, and thank God. Popof, where are the bandages?"

"But the money—the money in the belt!"

"There he is now. The delirium is beginning again. Ice, Popof—more ice!"

A week went by. The Lieutenant was so far convalescent that they thought he could be told what had happened to him. He learned what follows:

On June 16, at 7 in the evening, took place his last visit to Mme. Fritsche; and on the 17th, about dinner time, and so, nearly twenty-four

hours later, a shepherd had found him in a ditch near the Cherson highway, and about two versts from Nicolayef, senseless, with a cloven head, and dark spots about his neck. His coat and vest were unbuttoned, all his pockets inside out, his shako and hanger were gone, as well as his leathern belt. Judging by the down-trodden grass, and a long trail in the sand and clay, the Lieutenant must have been hauled from the highway to the edge of the ditch, and then they had knocked in his head with a blow of some sharp instrument, possibly his own hanger. For while the whole trail showed no trace of blood, a big pool was found about his head. The murderers must first have made him senseless, and then have tried to strangle him. Then they must have dragged him out of the town to the edge of the ditch, where they inflicted the last blow. The Lieutenant had only his iron constitution to thank, that he came to his senses on the 23d of July, five weeks after the event.

Yergunof without delay made his report to the government; described both by word of mouth and in writing all the circumstances of the misfortune which had befallen him, and plainly indicated the house of Mme. Fritsche. The police went there, but the nest was empty. The owner of the house, a very aged and deaf citizen, was apprehended and brought before the court; but there was not much got out of him. He lived in another part of Nicolayef, and all that he knew was, that some four months before, he had leased the house to a Jew woman, whose name, according to her passport, was Schmul or Schmulke. And this he had, as by law required, immediately shown to the police. A young girl, also provided with a passport, had soon after joined the old woman.

And what trade did the women follow? He did not know. And as to the boy who had acted as porter, he had gone to Odessa or Petersburg, or somewhere else. The new porter had begun work at the beginning of July.

Search in the police registers and in the neighborhood disclosed the fact that the Schmulke and her companion, whose true name seemed to be Frederike Bengel, had left Nicolayef July 20, without leaving any trace of their destination. But of the mysterious man with the gipsy face and the three silver buttons, and of the strange girl with the brown face and the thick plaits of hair, no one knew, or at any rate, no one would tell, anything whatever.

As soon as the Lieutenant could leave the hospital, he went himself to the—to him—fateful house. In the small room where he had had his interviews with Colibri, and which still smelt of musk, another little door was discovered, against which on his second visit the sofa had stood, and through which, in all probability, the murderer had entered.

The Lieutenant did not fail to fill out a complaint in the proper form. The investigation began. A variety of categories, with numbers in regular succession, were issued and sent in all directions. A heap of similarly numbered answers came in in the course of time, but that was all. The suspected persons had vanished, and so remained, and with them the gold in the belt, which amounted to the then considerable sum of nineteen hundred and seventy roubles (about \$1,400).

For ten years the unhappy lieutenant was obliged to suffer deductions from his pay to replace this money; but he was at last relieved from the payment of the residue by an amnesty which came very opportunely.

In the beginning he had been firmly convinced that the cause of his misfortune, the head of the conspiracy against him, had been Emilia, his faithless "Zuckerpüppchen." He recollected having imprudently gone to sleep the day of his last interview with her, having noticed her confusion when he woke up, and having noticed the rent in his belt the same evening, which evidently was due to the pair of shears which she concealed in her pocket. "She saw it all," said he,

"and told the old Satan and the two other devils. She laid a trap for me, to which her letter was the bait, and I went innocently in. But who could have suspected such a thing from her?" Then he brought up in his mind's eye the good, pretty face of Emilia, her clear laughing eyes—"Oh, women, women," said he, gnashing his teeth—"crocodile brood!" But when he had left the hospital for good, and returned to his lodgings, he learned a circumstance which quite changed the current of his suspicions. The very day on which he, more dead than alive, had been brought back to town, a young girl who quite answered the description of Emilia had been found in his lodging dissolved in tears and with dishevelled hair, and when she learned what had happened from his bootblack, had run like mad to the hospital. There she learned that the Lieutenant would not outlive the day, upon which she left the building ringing her hands, and with all the signs of the deepest despair. It was thus plain that she had not known of the murderous attack. Or had she been herself betrayed? Had she failed to get her share of the plunder? or had her conscience been awakened? for she had left in Nicolayef that terrible old woman who certainly knew everything. The Lieutenant did not really know what to believe, and often enough he bored his boot-black by making him repeat the description of the young girl, and the words which she had spoken.

Eighteen months later the Lieutenant received from Emilia, alias Frederike Bengel, a letter in the German language, which he immediately caused to be translated, and has often shown us. It was full of blunders in orthography, and had an enormous number of exclamation points. The envelope bore the Breslau post-mark. Its contents ran as follows:

"My dear and incomparable Florestan! Mein Herr Lieutenant Yergunof! How often have I sworn to write you, and yet always have I, to my great regret, put it off, although the

idea that you might hold me guilty of that terrible crime is to me the most terrible of thoughts. Oh, my dear Herr Lieutenant, believe me, the day on which I learned that you were again sound and well was the happiest of my life! I am sorry to say that I can make no claim to complete justification, for I won't lie. I it was who remarked your habit of carrying money on your person (especially as the butchers and cattle-traders about here do the same), and I was so imprudent as to speak of it! I said only in joke, that it would not be a bad idea to relieve you of some of this money! The old witch (oh, Herr Florestan, she was not my aunt!) straightway put herself in communication with that horrid villain, Luogi, and his confederate. I swear to you by the grave of my mother (who was an honest woman, and not like me!) that I do not know to-day who those people were! All that I learned was, that one was named Luogi, that both came from Bucharest, and evidently were great criminals, for they concealed themselves from the eyes of the police, and carried gold and gems about with them. That Luogi was a terrible fellow: to kill his kind was nothing to him! He knew everything! everything! everything! He was a horrid wretch! He made the old woman believe that he would only stupefy you a little by a certain drink, would then carry you outside the town, and say afterward that he knew nothing about it, that you had looked too deep in the flowing bowl. But the rascal had made up his mind beforehand that it would be better to put you out of the world, that no cock might crow of it. He wrote that horrid letter, and the old woman sent me away with force—yes, I can even say with violence. I suspected nothing, and I was terribly afraid of that Luogi, who said to me, 'I will wring your neck like a hen'; and when he said that he twisted his moustache terribly.

"They got me into a certain company by a trick. Oh, Herr Florestan, I am ashamed of myself, and have shed

tears of remorse, for I surely was not born for such a trade. The thought that up to a certain point it was I who brought your misfortune upon you almost made me crazy, and yet I went off with those people; for what would have become of me if the police had discovered us? But I soon left them, and though now in poverty, often even without a bit of bread, yet my soul is calm. Do not ask me why I came to Nicolayef. I could not tell you. I have taken a terrible oath. I close my letter with a prayer to you, Herr Florestan. For pity's sake, if you ever think of your poor little Emilia, do not think of her as a black villain. God eternal knows my heart this moment. I have not very good morals, and am light-minded; but evil-disposed am I not. And I will love you always, my incomparable Florestan. And the best of earthly things I wish you. If my letter reaches your hands, then I pray you write me a few lines, just to let me know that you have got it. By so doing you will make very happy your ever faithful,

EMILIA.

"P. S.—I have written you in German, because I cannot give words to my feelings in any other language. But you can answer me in Russian."

"Well, did you answer her?" we asked the Lieutenant.

"I often formed the design to do so. But how could I write her? I don't know German—and Russian? From what she says, she would have had to have it translated. Then—you understand—this correspondence—the honor of the cloth—in short, I did not answer."

And every time the Lieutenant ended his story, he shook his head and sighed. "Such," he would say, "is youth." And on one occasion, when there happened to be, among his listeners, a freshman, who now heard his celebrated adventure for the first time, he took his hand, placed it on his bald skull, and had him feel the scar of his wound. It was certainly remarkably large, and stretched from ear to ear.

A. VEXNER.

TESTAMENTARY BEQUESTS AND REQUESTS.

ONE of the few certainties that practically influence human conduct is that we must go forth from life as empty-handed as when we entered it. The keen consciousness of this fact has led mankind in all ages to prolong as much as possible the posthumous control of property, and to regulate its final distribution. Hence has sprung the system of wills, known to the civil and to common law. Almost the full circle of human nature is revealed in these mortuary dispositions, they being as various in aim and method as is human kind. The literature of the law contains no more singular pages than those devoted to wills. It is to testamentary bequests that we owe some of the grandest institutions of benevolence and some of the finest works of art in the world; while mingled with these are most grotesque freaks of fancy contained in last wills and testaments. To the illustration of a few of these oddities we will devote a short space.

To begin with, the magnificent work of art which the city of Geneva has just planned in memory of the titular Duke of Brunswick is the result of an eccentric will. The half-crazy and all-perverse ex-Duke lived many centuries after the date to which his extravagant and selfish character properly belonged; for the declining years of the Roman empire, as was once well said, were those in which this prince, whose passions knew little order or bounds, would most fittingly have flourished. His will began by providing that a council of physicians should make an autopsy of his body to see whether he had not been poisoned. Then the remains were to be laid in a magnificent tomb at Geneva, above ground. This splendid sepulchre was to be surmounted by a figure of its occupant on horseback, accompanied by statues of his father and grandfather,

all wrought, regardless of cost, by the most skilful designers and workmen. One would have supposed that the de-throned Duke might be content to hide the memory of his inglorious career under a simple stone with his bones; but his vanity equalled even his spite, which last displayed its vigor by his devising all his property (save a few legacies), not to his relatives by blood or marriage, but to the city of Geneva. To this corporation, absolutely and without reserve, he gave not only his money, his plate, his pictures, his stables, his precious stones, and his libraries, but all his vast investments in mines, and quarries, and houses, and inns—nay, even his ancestral domains, his castles, and parks, and farms, and forests. The wealth thus lavished upon the Swiss city which had taken his fancy is dazzling; and lest, in a moment of generosity, or with a view to avoid litigation, the executors should be willing to compromise with the testator's brother, then reigning as Duke of Brunswick, or with his distant kinsmen, this course was expressly forbidden to them. A malicious Paris wit once said that the Genevese were rivalling each other in trying to show why the ex-Duke loved their city, forgetting the most obvious reason; namely, that he was so eccentric!

Plunging from lofty to lowly life, we may record the eccentricity of Mrs. Hunter, a London widow, who set apart in her will about a thousand dollars, as an annuity for the maintenance of her favorite parrot, who survived her. This was in addition to a further provision of a hundred dollars for a new and extensive cage. A sympathizing friend, also a widow, was nominated as guardian of the bird, and the executors were enjoined, in case of her declining the responsible trust, to select another person, males,

female servants, and persons residing out of England being excluded. To make sure of her business, the widow added that any legatee who might dispute the will, or attempt to block her parrot's annuity, should lose his own legacy. The same eccentric will declared that if any legatee attempted to "bring in any bill or charges against me," he should forfeit his legacy, because, added the document, "I owe nothing to any one. Many owe me gratitude and money, but none have paid me either." *Sed quære*, whether the parrot, by presenting his little "bill" against the deceased, would have forfeited his portion?

The will of Miss Sophia J. Snow, bequeathing \$85,000 to various charities in Boston, admitted to probate not long ago, was still more emphatic in condemning efforts to undo it. "Whoever attempts to break this will, or breaks it," said the closing clause, with terrible anathema, "may he, she, or they find no peace for mind or body in this world or in the world to come!"

In the last century a grocer of Herts, England, conditioned his devise of several farms and cottages to his brother upon the latter's erecting a floor in a certain way at the west end of the testator's "hovel," and laying the body thereon, to await the general resurrection.

A Montgomery newspaper lately recorded a still more singular condition imposed upon a legatee. From a will in suit in one of the courts in that neighborhood, the newspaper extracts the following passage: "I will to my nephew, James Madison M——, everything I may have after my just debts are paid, with condition that after I am buried he is to have a marble head and foot stone put to my grave, to be seven feet long and four inches thick. I want the following inscription cut upon both ends of each slab: 'Henry M——, Born December 16, 1805; Died ——. He was a great turkey hunter, and a tolerably good fiddler. He desired the above to be placed on this slab. Peace be to his ashes.'" Lest

the legatee should not set this seven-foot stone, with its odd inscription, exactly right, the testator added the following request: "I want the foot and head stone, or slab of marble, five feet in the ground and two out. It must be eighteen inches wide. My name is to be on the end in the ground as well as the end that is out." The question arises, what could have been in M——'s mind when he wanted five-sevenths of the stone in the earth, and his name put underground as well as above? We leave the reader to speculate on the probable motive of this testamentary direction.

When Kopp, the actor at the Variétés, in Paris, committed suicide, a few years since, there were some rather singular provisions in his will; as, for example, that a quarter of his property should be divided among the French wounded of the Franco-German war; that his fine collection of pictures should be parted by lot among his fellow actors; and that no money due him should be collected, but all who owed him should be enjoined to give the amount to the poor.

An Englishman who not long ago died in France seems to have determined, as a result of his observations, that one of the most pressing needs of the country was proper provision for its large number of lunatics at large. At any rate, according to a Paris paper, he left 100,000 francs for helping to build a lunatic asylum—a bequest which the paper pretended to regard as the greatest insult of the kind offered to France "since the time when the Tuileries were taken as the model for Bedlam." Of course, however, the eccentricity in this case was not at all in the bequest, but in the singular newspaper interpretation of its origin.

Of that oddity which displays itself in making a great number of wills and codicils Dr. Mercer of New Orleans furnished rather a noteworthy example. Eighteen of these testamentary papers were admitted to probate after his death, because the references in the later to the earlier ones required

the whole batch to be taken together in order to determine the true will of the testator. In these eighteen papers were also a great number of codicils. The legatees were more numerous even than the wills, and included residents of Europe as well as of America. The testator himself drew his will, without legal help, and it seems to have been the main anxiety of the last four years of his life. One of his valued possessions was a considerable supply of handkerchiefs, the first pick of which was offered to a Miss Young; after her selection of a dozen, two negro servants, old William and Cæsar, were to have the rest, together with the remainder of his wearing apparel. General R. E. Lee, "late a general in the Confederate army, and by whom I am not known," received \$1,000 in gold as a testimonial of respect for his purity of character. Other bequests were interesting to note, but it was the great number of changes in details that specially marked this will.

As for the wills drawn with a special purpose to disappoint legatees, they are legion, and illustrate a curious feature in human nature, which novelists have in all ages pounced upon. No one, however, ever drew more strongly the rich old man's exultation in his will-making power than George Eliot in her astonishing portraiture of old Peter Featherstone. The thrilling fidelity with which she depicts his malicious shrewdness and his consciousness of tyrannical power over his sycophants forcibly seizes the reader's mind. In the drama, too, as in narrative fiction, testamentary dispositions of property play a great part. Shakespeare understood the use of this material when he made so great a sensation of the will of Cæsar, as read by Antony—a will which, by the way, might almost find a place under our title of eccentric bequests.

A very fruitful source of oddity in wills is the anxiety of testators regarding the disposition of their own bodies. An English gentleman, about a dozen years ago, in order to guard

against the danger of being buried under a false appearance of death, requested in his will that, before interment, his body should be opened "and the heart effectually separated and returned into the body." Others, with the same object, direct the executors to bleed them at the arteries, to cut the spinal column, or chop off the head, and so on. It is quite common to find physicians and others bequeathing their bodies to the dissecting room, and sometimes making provision to have their skeletons prepared and kept in medical schools, the object being obviously to overcome, as far as possible, by personal example, the popular feeling of repugnance against this disposition of the dead body, and also to vindicate the medical profession in its customs of dissection. A doctor who deliberately orders such a use of his mortal remains can surely claim to have followed the Golden Rule in his dissecting school—to have done unto others as he would that others should do unto him. The distinguished surgeon John C. Warren, of Boston, made, we believe, such a provision by will for the dissection of his body, and the removal and preservation of his skeleton. But Bentham had done the same, or nearly the same, thing before him, as have other less celebrated men.

A much more extraordinary and sensational corporeal bequest was that which was once made in a document purporting to be the will of Solomon Sanborn, a hatter of Medford, Massachusetts. This queer testamentary gift, as published in the Boston papers, would seem not only to justify the phrase "mad as a hatter," but to make its proper intensive henceforth "mad as a Medford hatter." Solomon bequeathed his body to Professors Agassiz and Holmes of Harvard college, to be scientifically prepared for preservation in the Harvard Medical School. The skin, when removed, was to be made into two drumheads, upon one of which was to be handsomely written the "Universal Pray-

er" of the poet Pope, and upon the other the Declaration of Independence. The remainder of the body, not used by the doctors or drum makers, was to be turned into a fertilizing compost, and applied to the nourishment of an American elm, which was to be planted or set out in some public thoroughfare. As to the drumheads, they were to be given to a famous old local drummer of Boston, Solomon's "distinguished friend and patriotic fellow citizen, Warren Simpson, drummer, of Cohasset," on condition that annually at sunrise on the 17th of June, the said Simpson should beat, or cause to be beaten, upon the said drumheads, at the base of Bunker Hill monument, the national air of "Yankee Doodle."

This was dedicating one's body to the country with a vengeance. Whether these provisions, which smack more of some droll extravaganza begotten by the fertile fancy of Edward Everett Hale than of sober fact, were ever actually carried out, we cannot say. Indeed, an atmosphere of skepticism might well envelope the whole story of Solomon Sanborn's will, were it not that there are many well-authenticated instances, almost as strange in detail, of queer testamentary provisions for the uses of the moribund's corpse for medical, religious, or patriotic purposes. In fact, even Sanborn's integumentary drum had its familiar forerunner in Ziska's, when that stout warrior bequeathed his skin to be stretched across a kettle-drum and beaten at the head of his columns, that it might help to nerve his followers and terrify his enemies, as Ziska's self had nerved the one and terrified the other in his lifetime.

The Countess of Loudoun, who died a few years since, desired by her will, which was duly proved, that her funeral should be a very quiet one, and then added: "I further wish my right hand to be cut off and buried in the park at Castle Donington, at the bend of the hill to the Trent, and a small cross or stone over it, with the motto, *I bide my tyme.*"

An article published some time since in the London "Illustrated News" spoke of the will of a surgical instrument maker of that city, named Weiss, which carefully guarded against the danger of premature interment by the following provision: "And lastly it is my express desire that on my death a surgeon shall be called in by my executors, who shall place a seton needle, four inches long, through my heart, which shall remain there; and he be presented with a ring of the value of five guineas for his trouble." The same paper speaks of a new way to pay old debts discovered by Mr. Zimmerman (not the "Solitude" man), who, after directing payment in full of certain debts, says in his will: "To a certain English lace-maker, however, named Steinbach, who pretends that I still owe him £147, I bequeath my recently written novel, 'The Son without a Father with two Mothers.'" We may add by way of comment that this last sounds like a tremendous piece of occult satire on the part of the exasperated Zimmerman. At all events, we hope that his means of paying debts will not become recognized as valid in America, as it might serve to quiet the consciences of impecunious Bohemians. They would run into debt with entire looseness, could they only rely on satisfactorily paying their accounts after death in so non-negotiable a currency as their rejected contributions to literature—poems rejected by the magazines, novels rejected by the book publishers, historical sketches rejected by the newspapers, and tragedies rejected at the theatre. Indeed, the neediest of literary Bohemians could satisfy all creditors and still have wealth untold, were he able, like Friedrich Adolph Zimmerman, to reckon his manuscript novels and other productions, in the payment of debts, at his own valuation.

The practical introduction of cremation into America, and the recent putting to use of the cremating furnace at Washington, Pennsylvania, in reducing to ashes the corpse of a philosophical baron, will no doubt open a

new vein for eccentric testamentary requests. Still it would seem that there is already range enough in the ingenuity of these "last wishes." A Virginian, Mr. Gwynn, recently left this request: "I wish to be buried with my head eighteen inches higher than my feet. Let my cane be placed in my coffin, which must be carefully wrapped in a blanket." This odd request provokes one commentator to say that people will soon ask to be buried head down and feet up; to be dissolved in some strong acid and deposited in a barrel in the cellar; or to be made into soap and distributed among surviving friends. Indeed, we may safely conclude that there is nothing in this kind which satire figures to itself more bizarre than what is soberly asked for by some people, as a matter of fact. The probabilities are very great that not one in a hundred of eccentric testamentary requests finds its way into public prints. Doubtless in many cases the extravagant request is quietly passed by unfulfilled, with mutual consent of relatives, on the ground that it was the fruit of some aberration of mind, or else that it would be by no means expedient to carry it out. Sometimes the eccentricities of wills only become known by being made the ground of suits for breaking them, as the product of mental derangement. In the vast majority of cases, as we have said, the strange bequests and requests are kept secret, and are consummated or left to lapse, as the surviving persons in interest may agree.

An eccentric ante-mortem request, faithfully obeyed, is recorded in an old narrative. The wife of an English gentleman of the last century, who was taken ill in France, when she found her dissolution approaching made her husband promise to convey her corpse to England, and never have it out of his sight. Accordingly he travelled with the coffin fixed in his chaise, and even had it taken into the inns along the road, and put by his side as he ate his meals—an instance

of devoted affection which must have been vastly inconvenient to landlords and guests, however it may have been with himself.

We spoke, just above, of the new field for grotesque testamentary requests opened by the practical revival of cremation. Another like revival furnishes an additional field—we mean the modern attention paid to the art of embalming. To the real possibilities of this sort the attention of the world was directed shortly after the death of Mazzini, when his admirers resolved to turn him into a mummy. There is no question that modern science will not long suffer itself to be outdone by processes known so familiarly not only to the Egyptians, but even to the Peruvians, and in an inferior degree to nations incomparably less advanced than either, like our Alaska Indians. Among the "all sorts of people" that are required, according to the old saying, to "make up a world," we may rely that there are some who would like to have their bodies preserved after death, either petrified or embalmed in spices, above ground, rather than to have them decay in the earth. We may also be sure that there are others who would gladly facilitate this disposition of the remains of relatives and friends. It is said that in some Alpine villages of Italy the keeping of dead bodies above ground is the custom—not with the true ancient or modern arts of embalming, but simply by allowing the coffined remains to be out of the earth; and an extraordinary exhibition this becomes. But when science one day shall come in to preserve the human corpse in a way that will not be painful and repulsive to see, we shall no doubt find testators enjoining executors to give them the benefit of this treatment.

Now that Mr. Bergh's societies have been everywhere established in this country, as they previously had been in some parts of Europe, a bequest of money for the protection of animals is not so likely, perhaps, as in former

days to be interpreted as a proof of insanity in the testator. Indeed, it is easy to understand that a man or a woman very much attached to an animal or a bird should make provision for its support after his or her own death, as well as for the support or comfort of relatives in whom he may feel very much less interest. For he will argue that the latter are competent to take care of themselves, or to make their wants known, whereas it would be unreasonable to presume that anybody else would without compensation take as much interest in his pet animal as he had done. Hence he would naturally provide a sum to be paid for the food and care of the horse or dog or other favorite, and give to this provision all the solemnity of a last will and testament. We have already recorded the instance of the parrot put on an annuity, and it would not be difficult to collect many examples of like dispositions in favor of all sorts of pets, from canaries and monkeys up to family horses. It must be confessed, however, that sometimes the testamentary provisions made for animals border on madness. Perhaps it was as a satire on these weaknesses that a gentleman of Columbus, Ohio, is said to have left a testamentary provision for establishing a "Cat Infirmary," with regular nurses, by whom should be played an accom-

deon without cessation day or night, "in order that the cats may have the privilege of always hearing and enjoying the instrument which is the nearest approach to their natural voices." But it hardly needed satire to hit the eccentricity of wills in this particular, for the fact is often more strange than the fiction. It is true that we do not exactly find genuine wills like the one thus made the subject of elaborate jest, in which drawings and plans are given for a feline asylum, embracing high walls and gently sloping roofs, with rat holes for sport and open areas for convenient caterwauling in company; but we do find plenty of careful provisions for tabby-cats and King Charles spaniels, in wills that have been proved in England.

One of the oddities in our collection is the freak of a rich German who is said by the Paris papers to have died in that city, leaving a will written in music. It is amusing to fancy one's gifts and devises set to the pleasant language of sharps and flats, and the barbarous jargon of legal phraseology toned down by the intercalation of harmonious chords. It was suggested by one Paris journal that possibly, like those of the swan, to some people the last notes of that musician were his sweetest.

H. J. C.

UNRECOGNIZED.

WHAT words are these you speak to her?

Ah, tranquil words and worldly wise!

You cannot see her soul astir,

On tiptoe, in her waiting eyes.

You come and go; you touch her hair,

The ring upon her slender hand.

The smiling trouble of her air

You note, but cannot understand.

You cannot understand. Ah, so

Our foolish hearts make sport of Fate!

We sit and dream, while Love bends low

A kingly beggar, at the gate!

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"HE WRUNG BASSANIO'S HAND, AND
SO THEY PARTED."

MR. MONEY and Heron crossed the lighted and noisy enclosure in front of Westminster Hall, amid the rattling hansoms, the flashing lamps of carriages, the rushing and shouting of policemen, the cantering up of grooms with horses for the senators who were to ride home, the eager crowd going in, coming out, and hanging round generally, in the hope of seeing anything. They passed out of the enclosure and across Parliament square, and so into the road through the park. A contrast was ready for them there. The place was all silent, dark, and lonely. Over the broad arid spaces that opened out before them, along by the Horse Guards and up to where the column on Waterloo place could be seen faintly marking the dark gray sky with its darker gray, there were hardly any living figures but their own. Up to this time they had not spoken a word. Then Money began:

"That's turned out all right, Heron? You are satisfied, of course, with the way things went?"

"Oh, yes; everything turned out better even than I expected. I owe you a great deal for your part in it."

"That's nothing. They acted shabbily at first—the Government I mean; but they always do; and it's all the better for you that they had to give in so completely. Your speech was capital; a complete success; everybody says so. You are all right, whether you choose to stay in Parliament or whether you don't."

"I don't know what I shall do," Victor said despondingly. He was not thinking much now of his Parliamentary success or of his righted

grievance. He knew that it was not to talk to him about such things that Money had brought him this way, and he waited for what he felt must be coming; reluctant to hear it, longing to have it out and done with. There was a moment's silence; then Money said, "Oh, you have time enough to think about all that!"

This had reference to Victor's last answer. Victor had once more the pain of expecting that the real business was coming and of being deceived. Nothing more was said on that subject; they walked on silent again. Victor was making up his mind to abridge his agony by telling Money that he knew what he had come to speak about, and begging that they might get to it at once, when at last Mr. Money, after a cough or two, and one or two hasty hard puffs at his cigar, began to speak in a voice which made Heron quite certain that the real moment had arrived.

"About this little girl of mine. I am afraid, Heron, we have been getting into rather a false position, and I think we had better get out of it as soon as we can."

"Lucy has been speaking to you?" Heron said in the tone of one who has no defence to make.

"She has. She spoke out very sensibly, I think; I am glad my little maid has so much sense. She has made up her mind."

"Made up her mind to what?"

"She thinks that you and she would make a great mistake if you were to get married. You have both made a mistake already, and she thinks—and I think, Heron—it would be only making things infinitely worse, and incurable in fact, if you were to carry on the thing any longer."

"Why does Lucy think of this?"

"She says she is convinced that between you and her there is not—well, that there is not that sort of love which would make it safe and happy for you to marry. She thinks that there is some one you would care more for if you had the chance, and that would care more for you—and, in short, she is resolved that you and she are both to be set free."

"Lucy never said a word of this to me—she never complained to me of anything—she never spoke of such a thing. Some one must have been telling her something——"

"I don't know anything about that. She has not told me and I have asked her no questions. I believe the truth is, Heron, that she fancies Miss Grey and you would be much better suited to each other, and that you made a sort of mistake when you thought of her, and that she is now in the way between you and her friend; and she is resolved not to be so any longer."

"If this is my fault——" Heron began.

"If it is your fault, Heron, it is partly my fault as well, and more mine than yours or hers——"

"Oh, as to her," Heron broke in, "what fault is there in her?—except that she fancied for a moment she could care about such a fellow as I am, wrapped up in my own trumpery affairs and my twopenny grievances. What other fault could there be in her?"

"Well, I know there is some fault in me—and I am the cause of all this, in a manner at least. I made a dead set at you, Heron; I confess it. I thought you would make a capital husband for my girl; I own that I did my very best to throw you two together. Odd, isn't it, that a man should do such a thing? Her mother was as innocent of the whole affair as the child unborn. I was the match-maker. The plot was innocent enough, Heron; for I should have done all the same if you had not sixpence in the world, or the chance of getting it; I should have found the sixpences if Lucy liked you

and you her. I liked you, Heron, and that's a fact, and I do still; and I thought you were the sort of man to whom I could trust my daughter's happiness when I left England, as I always knew I must do sooner or later, and went to live in a country which may be at war with this any day, heaven knows when or wherefore. I have grievances enough against the governments and the systems of this place, but I am Englishman enough to wish that my girls should both be married to genuine, loyal lovers of the old country. Well, I am disappointed; but I see that I have myself to blame. I'll take Lucy to Russia with me; she will not stay here, she says, although she might stay with her sister if she would."

Victor Heron groaned.

"I wish Lucy and you had never seen me," he said. "You have been the kindest friends to me that man could have—and this is how I make you amends."

"Well," said Money, "in helping you on of course I was playing a game of my own part of the time, for I thought I was pushing along a husband for my daughter. I don't blame you, Heron, one bit; it would be out of the nature of things that a boy and girl should not fancy they were in love with one another who were thrown together, as I took care that Lucy and you should be. But, mind, I meant you to love each other really; it was no part of my plan to marry my Lucelet to any man who was not deep and downright in love with her, and she with him. I never calculated on the possibility of both of you making a mistake."

"Then Lucy finds that *she* has made a mistake?" Heron asked, a strange light of hope burning up within him. If he could but think that Lucy wished of her own accord to be free of him, he felt that he could be happy once more.

"Yes," said Money gravely, "my daughter now thinks, Heron, that she has made a mistake. She does not

think she is as much in love with you as she ought to be if you were to be married and to be happy; and I fancy she is a good deal relieved to know or to think that you are not in love with her. It will be a case of quits and good friends, I hope, Heron."

Victor was silent and thoughtful for a moment. He was stricken with amazement. It was, indeed, the profoundest relief to find that he was positively thrown over by Lucy. But who could have believed in such a sudden change? All that the worst cynics had ever said of woman could not equal this. There was something shocking in the thought that he might have been married to a girl so light of purpose. He could hardly believe it. Certainly if any one but Lucy's father had said it, he would have denied it angrily. Is it possible, he thought, that women generally can be like this?

"She has changed her mind very soon," Victor said, and there was a bitterness in his tone which he could not repress.

"Why she?" Money asked coldly. "Is she the only one? *You* made a mistake, Heron; so did she, it seems."

"Well, I am glad to know that Lucy will not suffer much by this; I am glad there is to be no breaking of hearts."

"On either side; yes, so am I. In truth, Heron, I don't mind admitting to you that I fear my little girl is not a very constant little person, and that she does not always know her own mind. Odd too; for her mother was and is the most steadfast and devoted of women. But there's a great deal of stuff talked about the influence and example of parents and so forth. No, I don't think Lucelet is a girl who always knows her own mind."

"I should not have thought she was like that," Victor said.

"No; you would rather, I suppose, that she cried her eyes out when she found that you were not exactly as fond of her as she thought you ought to be? That's the way of us men, Heron, I suppose. But I don't mind saying that

I am a little surprised too; and I don't know that I am quite pleased. I am not sure that I wouldn't rather see my girl suffer a little of the heart-ache than have so little heart to suffer in. I shouldn't have thought it of her. But I remember now that she used to be half in love with that Blanchet creature at one time. Well, she isn't like her mother in that way; all the happier, perhaps, for her in the end."

They walked on for a while in silence. Each had enough of his own thoughts to occupy him.

"Oh, one thing I ought to tell you," Money suddenly said, and he touched Victor lightly on the arm. "It may interest you by-and-by. When I first laid my plans for you, Heron—these plans that have turned out so successful—I had certain ideas of my own. I thought perhaps there was some one else who had a better claim on you than Lucelet, and I took some trouble to find out. I had it on the best authority, as the phrase goes, that there was no such person; I would not have moved a step otherwise. If I moved at all, it was because I was assured that the coast was clear."

"I don't think I quite understand——"

"No? I don't think you quite understood yourself at that time. Shall I put it plainer?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, as plainly as words can make it! We have been playing at cross purposes quite long enough."

"Very well," said Money coolly. "I talked to Miss Grey, and I asked her directly if she knew of any one who was likely to be nearer to you than Lucelet. I tell you plainly I thought you were much more likely to care for her than for Lucelet, and that she was a girl far better suited to you. She knew perfectly well what I meant; and she answered me."

Even in the darkness of the night Victor knew that the blood was crimsoning his face. He groaned again.

"Yes, she answered me. She told me she knew of no such woman. I

believed her then and I believe her now. I am sure that was what she thought then. It must be owned, Heron, my good fellow, that you don't seem exactly to shine in the art of knowing your own mind. You were very near making a nice muddle of this."

"I have made a nice muddle of everything. I am ashamed to look any one in the face."

"You will get over that, I dare say. Don't make a muddle again, that's all. You are well out of this, and so are we. I am hardly sorry that Lucelet hasn't her mother's steady, true heart when I think what she might have suffered. Well, that is all about it. We have said all we need to say, I think. For the rest, the more silence the better."

"And I am dismissed?" said Heron with a melancholy smile.

"You are dismissed. It is my daughter's wish that you and she should see no more of each other, and under the circumstances it is mine. The thing is at an end."

"Will Lucy not even see me?"

"No; she is of opinion that it would be much better she and you should not meet again, and I think so too. She will always think of you with a friendly feeling, and so shall I. Nothing that has happened need make you and me anything but friends, I hope."

By this time they had reached the foot of the flight of steps that leads up to the column on Waterloo place. They had been walking very slowly. Money came to a stand there as if they were to go no further together.

"I am so confused by all this," said Heron, "I don't know what to say. I should like to ask Lucy to forgive me; I want to ask you to forgive me. I seem to myself like a criminal, and yet I think you ought to have been all more frank with me; I don't know. I am like one in a dream."

"Better remain in the dream for the present; the rights and wrongs of all this are too puzzling for you or me.

All I know is, that the thing is over, and that I am disappointed, and that I feel somehow it serves me right. I bear you no ill feeling whatever, Heron; I hope you feel the same to me. I liked you; we were good friends. I don't like many men; I am sorry to lose you and the House of Commons, and my little Lucelet's settlement in life, which I thought was so secure, and I am glad she takes it so easily, and sorry she hasn't feelings a little deeper perhaps; and altogether I'm somewhat in the condition of the man in the old proverb who has lost a shilling and found sixpence, and so makes up his mind that things might have been worse."

"I don't see how things could very well have been worse," Heron said despondingly.

"Yes, they would have been a great deal worse if Lucelet and you had found out all this after you were married and not before, and I were away in Russia and couldn't look after my little girl any more. Not that you wouldn't be an excellent husband in any case, Heron, I'm sure, but it would not be the sort of thing we any of us wanted; and it would be too late to set things right then, and it is not now. That's how things might have been worse, Heron."

"There is something in all this I don't understand at all," Heron said vehemently; "I don't mean as regards you, Money, of course; but this sudden change of Lucy's. It isn't like her; I can't make it out——"

"My good fellow, would you have it otherwise? Do you want to persuade Lucelet to change her mind again and to marry you? I tell you openly that if there were the least chance of her doing so—which there is not—I would not allow her."

"No, I don't mean that; but I am sure she must have been told something about me. This is so unlike her——"

"What does all that matter? The affair is best left as it is. She says she will not marry you; you don't want to

marry her; I don't want now that you should marry each other. In Heaven's name, what can we all do better than to say no more about it and shake hands and part? Do you think it is a state of things that is likely to be any the better for asking the why and the wherefore of this and that? I don't. It's all over, Heron, and that's the long and the short of it. I am going to a new country, and a new country is a new career, they say. I dare say you'll hear some day of Lucelet being married to a Russian prince. Any how, think of us kindly, as we shall of you always, and if you can do anything here, and I over there, to keep the two countries on terms of friendship, let us do so, in God's name, my boy. I don't want to finish up my career by firing upon the old flag or failing to stand by the new one; and so good-by."

He held out his hand. Victor took it in silence. Indeed, he would have found it hard to say anything very coherent just then.

"Oh! by the way," Money said, "I was near forgetting. You have a cigar-case about you?"

Victor produced his cigar-case.

"Give it to me," Money said, "and take mine. It will be a friendly exchange, and will remind us of each other if we need any reminding. Here—that's the cigar-case I had when we met and talked together that first night in Paris."

Heron took the case and gave his own, saying, as well as he could, "And this is the one that I had then too."

"Ah, yes, I was in hopes it would be so. Well, that's all right. You told me then I had better have nothing to do with you—don't you remember?—because you were a man with a grievance."

"I wish to heaven you had followed my advice."

"No, no, Heron; don't say that. You are not to blame for anything, and we were good friends, and we always shall be, I hope, and we have had some pleasant times together, and

I hope to hear lots of good news of you in every way. Well, good-by, and whenever either of us pulls out his cigar-case to have a smoke he can't help thinking of the night we first talked together in Paris."

"Yes," Heron said, "and of the last night we talked together in London."

Not another word was said. They shook hands again and went their different ways. Money went up the steps to Waterloo place, and Heron walked slowly along the dark road by the railings of the park, hardly knowing indeed whither he was going. If, out of all the sudden confusion, some brighter way was likely to open upon him than that which he had of late been so darkly treading, it is only justice to him to say that he did not then think of that or of anything that directly concerned himself. For the moment he only thought of the voice which had always sounded so friendly in his ears since first he heard it on the balcony of the Paris hotel, which had never told him of anything but friendliness, and encouragement, and kindness, and which in all probability he was never to hear again. Had any other thoughts tried to force themselves into his mind he would have resolutely put them away for that hour. The woman whom he loved would surely have been the last on earth to blame him, could she have known of it, because in that moment he gave up his thoughts to the friend he had lost.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A GENERAL BREAKING UP.

WAS Lucy, then, really that fickle light-o'-love that her father had regretfully reported her to be? The answer is a little complex, as most answers are which seek to explain human character. She certainly was no light-o'-love in the sense of having actually changed in any of her personal devotion to Heron. She loved him very deeply, for the present; and her

love was as likely to prove an abiding emotion if it had the chances in its favor as any sentiment entertained by a girl whose whole nature was affectionate and tender rather than strong. But she had for some time begun to doubt whether Heron was really devoted to her, and whether, if he were not so, they could be very happy together. She had begun to see that her presence was not necessary to his happiness. Many a time she had noticed that he always put aside his favorite topics when he came to talk to her. She had tried to get up such political subjects as she knew to be interesting to him, but she could not throw her soul into them, and, in spite of all that she could do, she saw that he began to think he was boring her when he talked of such things, and he persisted in turning to something else. There were times indeed, as we have already said, when Victor, stricken with a kind of remorse because he did not love her more, became suddenly so attentive and so tender that Lucy was very happy. But even then she came by degrees to see that this too was only a coming down to her level, not a lover's rapturous delight in the society of her he loved. In truth, she had had the greatest desire of her young life gratified so far, and she found that she was not more happy but less happy than before. She began to look forward to the future with a deepening dread.

All this, however, was only a vague apprehension, such as might well trouble the soul of any girl about to enter into an entirely new way of life, and to give up her happiness into the keeping of one who was, after all, comparatively a stranger. Lucy had been so happy at home, so closely cared for, so tenderly loved by father and mother, that she might well feel a little doubt and sinking of the heart at the prospect of leaving for ever the nest in which she had been so sweetly sheltered. Her home life had almost no duties. She was only asked to be happy, and to love her father, mother,

and sister; and she could not help doing all this in any case. It would not, therefore, be possible that she could look out with mere delight to the leaving of such a home. But if things had gone on in the ordinary course, she would perhaps have begun to think less and less of the danger of not being loved enough by her future husband, and once they were married she would probably, after a few months, have ceased to think about the matter at all. For up to this time she had only feared that Victor Heron was not as much in love with her as she knew she was with him. The idea had not arisen in her mind that he might all the time be in love with some one else.

These fears and doubts came by fits and starts. There were bright days when she seemed to wake up in the morning with no fears and doubts at all. Such a day was that on which she expected and received the visit from Minola. The very evening before she had been tormented by serious alarms, and begun to think that she must lay open her doubts to some stronger intelligence than her own, and once for all take counsel. There was only one friend to whom she could trust such a confidence, and on whose heart and judgment she thought she could rely, and that was Minola Grey. She wrote to Minola, therefore, begging her to come to Victoria street and see her. This was the letter of which we have already heard, in which she insisted on seeing "dear darling Nola at once, at once," because of something "most particular," on which she wanted her advice "so much, oh, so much!" Strangely enough, when she had written the letter, and thus as she thought made up her mind to seek a confidante and counsel, her doubts and dreads seemed to disappear at once. On the morning when she expected Minola she rose as happy as a bird. She was entirely her old self; she had no doubts or alarms about anything. She felt as she used to do in the childish days

when she thought her papa was the richest, greatest, and most powerful man in all the world, who could give his daughter anything she liked to have if it would be good for her. She was satisfied about Victor, about herself, about everything. She determined that when Nola came she would say nothing about the absurd notions that had been in her head and now were completely out of it, and that she would devise some excuse for having sent for Nola, and they would have a delightful day as of old, and she would talk a great deal to Nola about her coming happiness, and the gifts and graces of Victor; and perhaps she would ask Nola whether it would be well for her, Lucy, to keep trying to get herself up in politics, or whether Victor would not rather be free of her embarrassing attempts to follow him up such steep and toilsome, not to say misty heights? She was so happy and so full of good nature that she could not refuse her sister Theresa when the latter asked Lucy to go out with her for a short time.

Perhaps the least important person in this story came to be the one whose chance movement most deeply affected all the other persons in it. If Theresa Money had not asked her sister to go out with her that day, the lives of most of the persons we know in these pages would probably have turned out something quite different. Lucy could not refuse darling Theresa just when they were so soon to separate, in a manner at least, and she went out; and when she came back Minola and Victor Heron were together.

She was so happy and in such high spirits. She loved them both so much. She wondered to see them, as she thought, not friendly enough to each other. She brought them together and made their hands clasp. Then she saw how the blood ran crimson to Minola's face, and how her eyes fell, and how Victor Heron's lips quivered and his hand trembled. She looked from one to the other in sur-

prise, and felt for the moment as if some strong electric influence had flung her forcibly out of a circle in which they two remained. Yet nothing came of it. They parted and went their way, as any mere friends might do. Lucy had not the faintest suspicion of any treachery. She was sure that she knew all that was to be known. She felt sure that if she was right in the terrible conjecture that came into her mind, it was a discovery for them as well as for her. But she could not persuade herself that she had not made a discovery. She was pierced through and through by the conviction that that one moment had made a change in their lives which nothing on earth could repair. She was *distracted*, wild, almost hysterical, during the remainder of Minola's short visit; and Minola had not left her very long when Blanchet came and told the story he had to tell.

She did not doubt the literal truth of the story, but she did not interpret it in Blanchet's way. She was sure it was a chance meeting; but she was sure also that some words must then have passed between Minola and Victor which came of the unhappy contact she had forced upon them. Her truthful, genial soul got at the reality of things at once, and she saw Victor and Minola in the park forming noble, disinterested plans of self-sacrifice and of utter silence for her sake. Then her mind was made up. She resolved to see her father at once and tell him that she would not marry Victor Heron; but she resolved, too, to take the burden of the change of mind wholly on herself. She would not make her father and mother unhappy by telling of her own unhappiness. If Minola and Victor were fond of each other, as now seemed but too sure, she would not offer to give Heron up in any way which might allow of a futile and barren rivalry in self-sacrifice. She would make it impossible for any one to interfere with the course she had determined to follow. It was only wonderful to her now how she could have

avoided seeing something of this before—how it never occurred to her that Minola would be so much a more suitable wife for Victor than she could ever be. Now it all seemed so obvious and clear. Now she understood the strange habitual chilliness which seemed to envelope, like an atmosphere, herself and Victor. Now she understood why their engagement, which she had so longed for, brought her so little happiness. Now her mind went back to that night when she first took Minola into her confidence, and told her of her love for Heron. She remembered how cold, and strange, and unlike herself Minola seemed then; and how from that very hour Minola had always seemed to avoid the company of Heron, with whom she had always before been so friendly; and how sometimes, as Lucy had seen with wonder, Minola had almost appeared to dislike him. “When I told her about myself,” Lucy now felt certain, “she was already in love with him, and from that time out she only tried to hide it and to keep away from him.”

Therefore Lucy made her sacrifice, such as it was. Let us not undervalue it, even though there had been growing up in her mind for some time a conviction that when she and Heron became engaged to each other it was the result of a sudden impulse—of an impulse rather from her than from him, and that it was a mistake. She still loved him, not indeed with the depth and strength of a more vigorous nature, but very much. She would probably have been very happy if married to him. Her resolve was not the freak or fickleness, even if her love was not the depth of passion. For the hour, at least, she did not believe it possible she could ever love another man as she had loved Heron, and she never was more deeply impressed with this belief than in the moment when she made up her mind to say that she loved him no more.

Now the thing was done. Some days had passed over, and Lucy's fam-

ily were all made aware of the change that had taken place, and of the necessity of turning public attention away from it as much as possible. They were making preparations for Theresa's marriage and for the removal to Russia. Lucy kept up her spirits remarkably well, and saw people as if nothing had happened. She even remained in the room with her mother one afternoon, when Lady Limpenny was announced, although a gentle shudder ran through her when she heard the name of the visitor. “She comes to find out all about everything,” Lucy said despairingly, as Lady Limpenny rustled, fluttered, and rattled into the room, bringing with her the idea of what Heine called “a tempest in petticoats.”

“My dearest Theresa, now do tell me, what *is* this that all the town is ringing with? I do so want to know, for it is so shocking to hear things said that one does not like to hear, and not to be able to say if they are true or false.”

“What are the things, Laura?” Mrs. Money asked, in a voice the soft, deep melancholy of which had received from recent occurrences an additional depth of melancholy.

“Oh, well, everything—all sorts of things—you can't have any idea! Is it true that Mr. Money and you are going away to live in Russia?”

“It is quite true, Laura.”

“And to be an enemy of this country, perhaps, when everybody says there is sure to be a war. I declare to you, darling Theresa, I felt when I heard it as if the end of the world were certainly coming. I do believe it is coming.”

“I am sure I wish it would come quickly,” Lucy interposed.

“Now, you dear, darling creature, why should you wish that? Of all persons in the world you to wish that! Do tell me why you wish to have the end of the world come so quickly?”

“Because,” Lucy answered coolly, “if the end of the world is to come at all, I should like it to come in my time;

I should like to see it, Lady Limpenny."

"Oh, that's it? Oh, yes, yes! But I should be dreadfully afraid; I should not have the courage; you young people have so much courage. I am quite afraid to think of it. But it will come very soon, my dear, very soon; you may depend on that. All the signs are there, I am told. Sir James laughs; he only laughs—think of that! But you are going to live in Russia, all of you, at once?"

"After Theresa is married," Mrs. Money explained. "She, of course, will not go with us."

"Of course not—of course not, dearest Theresa. And this darling girl whom I see before me now—does she go?"

"Yes, Lucy goes with us of course."

"Indeed!" Lady Limpenny opened her eyes to their uttermost capacity of expansion at this answer, and she prolonged the first syllable of her "indeed" so that it resembled some linked sweetness of music long drawn out. When she had said the word once aloud she appeared to say it over two or three times to herself, for she turned and bowed her head with exactly the same wondering, inquiring expression which she put on when she indulged in her public demonstration of amazement.

"Oh, yes! Lucy goes with us of course. She intends to pick up a Russian prince."

This little pleasantry Mrs. Money had borrowed from her husband, believing it to be rather a subtle and clever device for throwing inquiring people off the scent.

"Indeed! A Russian prince! How very nice! And to have a great many serfs, I suppose, like the lady in 'Les Danischeffs'—only I know our dear young friend would not be quite so cruel; and besides, I believe there are no serfs now. But now tell me, you dears, how does our distinguished friend in Parliament—Mr. Heron, I mean—how does he like this? Won't he be apt to quarrel with the Russian prince?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Mrs. Money.

"Why should he?"

"Why should he? Oh, indeed! Well, now, really, you do surprise me. Why should he? Well, I should have thought—but of course you know best. And so you are all going to leave us and to go to Russia. And if there should be a war? I thought Mr. Money was too much of a patriot——"

"Mr. Money *is* a patriot," his wife solemnly said. "He is too much of a patriot to be able to see his country degraded by an aristocratic system which is inconsistent either with her national progress or with the progress of humanity. England is not the English government, Laura Limpenny. The English government have always systematically denied to Mr. Money an opportunity of making his genius serviceable to his country. His genius has no place in this land under such a system. He leaves England; but he loves the land and the people; it is against the system he protests."

"And you are willing to go, Theresa dearest?" Lady Limpenny asked, feeling herself quite unable to make head against the eloquence and power of this speech.

"I have urged him to go where he will be appreciated, Laura."

"Well, I shall miss you all, I am sure," Lady Limpenny said with a profound sigh; "but these are the ways of life, I suppose. Such changes! Our dear young friend the poet—I never can think of his name—do tell me, Lucy darling, what was the name of that very charming young man that I used to meet here."

"Mr. Blanchet?" Lucy said not very graciously.

"Mr. Blanchet, of course. They tell me that he has left the country—gone to America, they say. He has gone to the far West—that is in America, is it not?"

"But is this true?" Lucy asked. Her pale face colored at the mention of the luckless poet's name. It had bitter associations for her.

"It is true, Lucy dear," her mother answered, looking at the girl with

kindly, tender eyes. "I had not time to tell you about it," she added significantly, meaning that she had not desired to bring up his name unnecessarily to poor Lucy. "He was anxious to go; he thought he could make a career for himself out there, and he was anxious to get out of this any how; and I spoke to your papa, and papa thought he had much better go as soon as possible; and he helped him all he could, with letters of introduction and all that; and he has taken his sister with him, and he is gone, my dear."

The helper of unhappy men did not mention the fact that the assistance she and her husband had given to Blanchet was not by any means confined to mere letters of introduction, although of these too he had goodly store.

Lucy withdrew to the window and looked listlessly out. The poor poet! Once she admired him greatly; and the memories of that pleasant girlish time came back when he was a hero and a sort of god in her eyes. Lately, when he had acted with such treachery and brought about such strange consequences, she had found some excuse for him because she fancied that perhaps it was disappointed love for her that had made him try to set her against Heron; and although the result had been so sad for her, yet what woman during all the centuries before and since Lady Anne was born would not look with more lenient eye upon the treacheries that were done for love of her? There was something of added loneliness in the knowledge that he too had passed beyond the horizon of her history.

"We hope he will do well in America," Mrs. Money said, "and perhaps become a great man one day, and come back to Europe and see his friends, who will be proud of his success, I am sure."

Lucy came forward again, and stood as it were in her mother's shadow. Lady Limpenny began again complacently:

"So you see, Lucy, darling, I was not wrong in all my news, and your mother knew this as well as I did. You see everybody *is* going away; and our young friend too with the odd, pretty name, the girl with all the lovely hair, you know—the hair that you tell me is really all her own. What is that pretty girl's odd name? I ought to remember it, I am sure."

Mrs. Money would much rather this pretty girl's name had not been brought up just then. But there was no escaping Lady Limpenny, and she quietly answered:

"You mean Miss Grey, Laura—Minola Grey?"

"Yes, to be sure. How could I forget that sweet, pretty, odd name? Minola Grey, of course. And she too has gone away, and never means to come back any more, I am told."

"Minola Grey gone away?" Lucy asked in genuine astonishment. "It can't be, Lady Limpenny. Why should she go away, mamma? Do you know anything of this too?"

"No, my dearest," her mother said; "I know nothing at all about it. Are you certain, Laura? It looks so unlikely, you know, that Minola Grey could go anywhere without letting us know something about it."

"Quite certain, darling Theresa. I have only just been at the young lady's lodgings, and so ridiculous I did seem, you can't think—oh! you really can't!"

Lucy looked as if she found no difficulty in thinking of Lady Limpenny making herself seem ridiculous.

"Because," Lady Limpenny explained, in answer to inquiring looks from Mrs. Money, "the very moment I got to the door I forgot the dear young lady's name. I could not remember it. I could only ask for the young lady. But of course they knew whom I meant, for there was no other young lady living there."

"Well, but about her—about Minola?" Mrs. Money asked with a little impatience.

"About her? Oh! yes, yes, to be

sure. Well, my dear, they told me she had left that place and left London; and that they did not expect her back any more; they thought she was going to live abroad somewhere—Italy, I think.”

“This is extraordinary,” Lucy said. “I can’t understand it, mamma; I’ll go at once and see if Minola has really gone.”

“You’ll find it all true, darling,” Lady Limpenny affirmed with a grave shake of the head. At first it did not seem to her a matter of great interest, for she assumed that Miss Grey had simply gone to live on the Continent with the knowledge of her friends. But now that there was evidently some mystery about it, she was disposed to make the utmost possible of the mystery, and to plume herself considerably on having been the first to find out the strange thing’s occurrence. The truth was that Lady Limpenny had gone first to see Minola in the hope that, under pretence of paying her a gracious and friendly visit, she could induce Minola to tell her more about the Moneys and their present purposes than they would be likely to tell of themselves. Lady Limpenny was really very fond of the Moneys in her own way; but she could not resist the anxiety to find out, if possible, something more about their affairs than they would wish to have known, especially since these affairs had become just now a matter of rather common speculation. In Lady Limpenny’s eyes, a friend was Mr. Money; a greater friend was Mrs. Money; but the greatest friend of all was, the truth—about their private affairs.

There was nothing more to be got now, however, about the affairs of the Moneys or of anybody else, and Lucy had announced her intention of going to find out something about Miss Grey. It was in Lady Limpenny’s mind to offer her companionship, when a card was brought to Mrs. Money, who handed it to Lucy, saying significantly, “Mr. Sheppard, my dear”; and Lady Limpenny decided at once to re-

main and see this visitor, about whom she had heard a great deal, and whom, from Mrs. Money’s look, she at once assumed to be in some way an object of especial interest at the present moment.

Mr. Sheppard looked remarkably pale and perturbed when he entered the room. He had of late become well known to Mrs. Money, who always regarded him with a peculiar interest since the day, now seeming so long ago, when she heard from Mary Blanchet that he was a lover of Minola Grey. She knew too that her husband lately had leaned to the side of Sheppard as a possible husband for Minola, while she herself had in secret preferred the cause of Herbert Blanchet. She did not doubt that Mr. Sheppard’s present visit had something to do with Minola and the strange story Lady Limpenny had been telling.

Mr. Sheppard explained that he had not had at first any intention of intruding on the ladies—no emotion or surprise could make him forego his formalism of manner—but that as he found Mr. Money was not at home, he had taken the liberty of paying them a visit. Both ladies expressed themselves as greatly delighted. Mr. Sheppard did not get much further, however, except into such matters as the weather and the debates in Parliament, and Mrs. Money made no effort to draw him into any closer converse. Lady Limpenny penetrated the meaning of this with that remarkable astuteness on which she prided herself and which she was convinced could never be deceived. “They won’t speak before me,” she said in her own mind. “It’s something very serious and shocking; Miss Grey has gone off and married some dreadful person; or something has occurred which they don’t want me to know. But I’ll find it all out.”

She had nothing better for it at the moment, however, than to take her leave, which she did with many vows that they must all see a great deal of each other before they left England.

"Lady Limpenny is a very dear old friend of mine, Mr. Sheppard," Mrs. Money explained, "but I did not wish to speak of anything concerning some of our friends in the presence even of her. You have come to tell us something about a very dear friend, Mr. Sheppard, have you not?"

"I have come rather to ask you for some information about a very dear friend," Sheppard said, with white and trembling lips, as he rose from his seat and came near Mrs. Money. "I have come to ask you if you can tell me anything about Miss Grey?"

"Nothing at all, Mr. Sheppard, I am sorry to say. I thought you had come to relieve our anxiety. Is this true, this story we have just been hearing—is it true that she has left London?"

Sheppard looked from one woman's face to the other. He was always naturally suspicious, and at first he could not believe it possible that they two were not in some plot against him.

"Don't you really know," he asked—"don't either of you ladies really know? Don't you know where she has gone, nor why, nor anything about her? Is it possible she can have gone away from London and you not know?"

"I never heard a word about it until a moment ago," Mrs. Money said. "I am all in amazement, Mr. Sheppard; I really felt sure that you knew, and were coming with some explanation from her perhaps." Mrs. Money had begun to think that perhaps for some inscrutable reason Minola might have consented to marry Mr. Sheppard, and gone down into the country or to Scotland to do it.

"From her," Sheppard said, with a sickly smile. "Oh, no! I shall never be entrusted with a message from her. I only want to know now who is the person likely to be entrusted with such a message. I want you ladies to let me know the worst at once, if you can; it isn't any kindness to keep it from me."

Mrs. Money only repeated her as-

surances and her wonder. Lucy was standing with her eyes looking on the ground, and a faint color in her cheeks. She did not know anything indeed, but she suspected that Minola's disappearance could in any case bode little good to the hopes of poor Sheppard. Mrs. Money glanced at her daughter with wondering, pitying eyes.

Sheppard turned to Lucy. "You were her friend, Miss Money—her dearest friend. It is impossible she can have left London for good without your knowing something of why she has done so. She could not be ungrateful; nobody that knew her could believe that of her. She must have told you—and you may tell me something. Don't think me rude or pressing; you can hardly understand my feelings, but still I would ask you to make allowance for them."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Sheppard!" said Lucy gently, her eyes filling with tears, "I can perhaps understand your feelings; or at least I can make allowance for them. But I can't tell you why Nola has gone away, if she has gone away. She has not told me anything; only I am sure it was with some good purpose, and because she thought she was doing right—or was in some one's way—oh, indeed, I can't explain and can hardly guess! But I do sympathize with you, Mr. Sheppard, if you will allow me to speak to you plainly and like a friend—and indeed, indeed, there is no use in your thinking of Nola. Don't be angry, mamma, and think that I am talking as a girl oughtn't to talk; I know what I am saying, and I would spare Mr. Sheppard useless pain if I could. Ah!—"

With a start and this exclamation she turned away, for a servant at that moment brought her a letter, and she saw that it was in the handwriting of Minola Grey. She left the room without saying another word.

"Your daughter knows something which she will not tell," Mr. Sheppard said gloomily.

"No," Mrs. Money answered; "she said she knew nothing; but she guesses

something, perhaps, which she does not think it right to tell. It would be of no use asking her any more questions, Mr. Sheppard; and she is a good deal disturbed at present."

"Certainly, certainly," Mr. Sheppard hastened to say; "I am quite aware of that; and I have to apologize again for intruding upon you and her at such a time. I may perhaps be allowed to congratulate her and you on the happy marriage she is about to make with one who is so certain of distinction; and indeed I had some hopes, perhaps, that her own happiness would render her only more ready to sympathize with one to whom the fates had been less kind."

"Allow me to remove a misconception, Mr. Sheppard," Mrs. Money said, turning her deep eyes on him and speaking in tones of double-distilled melancholy. "My daughter is not about to be married; she is going to Russia with us; any reports you may have heard to the contrary are entirely untrue."

"But—I beg your pardon," the aghast Sheppard asked; "is it possible—is it not true that Miss Money is to be married to Mr. Heron?"

"It is not true, Mr. Sheppard; distinctly not true. Whatever thoughts of that kind may once have existed, exist, I can assure you, no longer. Miss Money is not going to marry any one—at present at least; she is going to Russia with her father and me."

"Then I see it all! I need not ask any more explanations, and I have only to beg pardon again for having intruded upon you. I see it all now only too clearly; I see that I have thrown away half my life for nothing, and been made a fool of all the time—and this is the end!"

Mrs. Money looked at him in wonder. He was white with anger and excitement. She did not understand him in the least. She had not yet been told the full reason of the breaking off of the engagement between Lucy and Heron, and knew no more than that Lucy now thought she did

not care about him. Her mind was therefore filled with a certain pity for the discarded lover whom she pictured as suffering greatly in secret, and the meaning of Sheppard's words was lost on her. When with a formal bow he quitted the room she could only think that his disappointment in love must have somewhat disturbed his brain.

Mr. Sheppard went and walked the Victoria Embankment for hours. He was very angry, bitter, and miserable; and yet he was in his secret heart longing to know the worst. He began to be ashamed of the manner in which his life was wasting away in fruitless pursuit of a girl who he now saw could not be made to care for him. If the worst were over, he thought he would begin to shake off some of his passion and be like a man again. The worst in his eyes was what he now felt an almost perfect assurance that he was soon destined to hear—the news that Minola Grey and Victor Heron had been married. Why they should have chosen to do this in secret, and by means of a sort of flight, instead of in the open light of day, Mr. Sheppard could not guess; but he felt sure that that would be, or was already, the end of all that long chapter of his existence. How much of his passion had been pure, unselfish love, and how much the eager desire of a self-conceited and ambitious man to succeed in something he had greatly set his heart upon, Mr. Sheppard did not himself know, and had never asked of his consciousness. There were moments, as we know, but as he did not know, when perhaps if chance had set him on to say the right word, or even to present himself at the right instant, he might have found himself in possession of his dearest hope, and made some one else, and perhaps himself, unhappy for life. But the fates had been in league with himself against him; and he was at last growing weary of the long pursuit in which, like the people in a dream who fain would fly but cannot, he found some vague, insu-

perable obstruction always keeping him back. He was growing ashamed of himself. It was not in his nature voluntarily and manfully to give up so long as there seemed to him the faintest possibility that in any moment of good fortune on his side, or of weakness on Minola's, he might yet be successful. But in that bitter evening of disappointment and rage which followed his visit to Mrs. Money, he did think many a time that it would be a relief to him when the worst was known; that he would become a different man when all this tormenting hope and futile struggle was at an end; and that he might be able to take up his life again and turn it to better purpose. It will be a source of consolation to all tender natures to know, that after all Mr. Sheppard is not likely to die of a broken heart even if he should lose Minola Grey.

Meanwhile Lucy in her room had read the letter from Minola. It was a letter which it had cost much pain to write, and surely gave much pain to read. It was full of the proud humiliation of a spirit that not willingly humbles itself, but which, brought face to face with the duty, does it to the full. Only one who like Lucy knew already most of the story it had to tell could well have understood all or half it meant to say. Minola took much for granted; she was speaking only to the heart of her friend. She spoke in the briefest manner possible of her meeting with Heron in the park, and of what Blanchet had told Lucy and had told her about it. She assumed that Lucy would know there was nothing in that chance meeting of which any one had to be ashamed—except indeed the unworthy friend who had misconstrued it, and over him, too, Minola passed with the fewest words. What the letter was meant to tell was that Minola had determined to leave England, and not to return for many, many years; making no pretence at concealment of the truth that she did so because of an unhappy, a long-cherished, and a long-hidden love. Long

since she would have gone away, Minola said, but that she dreaded to have her secret discovered, and believed she could conceal it for ever. So far as the letter told, it was but the unhappy love of the writer for a man she could not marry. No word in it hinted at the possibility of the unhappy love being unhappily too well returned. Minola's only thought still was to keep Lucy and Victor Heron together.

"So now, dear, dear Lucy, goodbye. I shall only be a day or two more at Keeton, and shall merely rush through London on my way outward, so that I shan't see you any more for the present. But we shall meet again some time when I have got over all this, and am not ashamed of myself or of you any more; and we shall be friends as we are. I could say ever so much more, but to what end, dear? I leave you to do with my wretched secret as you please; to hide it or proclaim it just as you like; only I can't claim for this mood of mind even the courage of desperation or the merit of self-inflicted penance, for I know well enough all the time how very safe it is in your dear, little, kindly hands. Say whatever you think right for me in the way of good-bys and of good wishes to your father, and mother, and sister, and to any one else you think fit. You could not possibly say anything too strong in the way of affection and gratitude from me to all who are close to you and whom you love.

"Always, dear Lucy, your friend,
"NOLA."

As soon as she could do anything for her tears Lucy sat down and wrote a few lines to Victor Heron, telling him that Nola was at Keeton, and that if he went there at once, he might find her before she left England, and bidding him go to her, and wishing her and him all happiness. This letter she gave to a servant, telling him to take a hansom cab and find Mr. Heron

wherever he was, and give it to him. Then Lucy quietly came down stairs and sat by her mother's side, and whispered to her—

"Mamma, I am ready to go to Russia now any time. I think we shall be much happier there than here."

The letter found Victor Heron in a sort of despair. He had written to Minola and got no answer. He had gone to her old place and found that his letter was still lying there. Nothing was known of Minola except that she had left London, that she was not expected there any more, and that it was supposed she had gone to live "in France, or Italy, or somewhere"; and that Mary Blanchet had gone with her brother to America.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"WHERE I DID BEGIN THERE SHALL
I END."

WHEN Minola began to realize the fact that Mary Blanchet had actually left her, and that she was now for the first time alone in very deed, an utter sense of desolation came over her. It showed itself first in the shape of complete inaction. She sat down and moodily thought, and seemed to have nothing else to do. She had never before understood how completely helpless a woman may become, nor how much she is compelled by the necessities of her being, or by the social laws, or by all together, to be a dependent creature. The falling off of Mary Blanchet seemed to be the last blow. She had now not a friend left in London, not a friend indeed in the world, to whom she could turn for guidance or comfort. The mere physical sense of loneliness was something hardly to be borne.

She ought to have found consolation, perhaps sufficient, in the knowledge that she had done no wrong, and that her troubles, such as they were, had not been the result of any fault of hers. But it is to be feared that Minola did not belong to that

class of persons whose well-regulated minds can always show them when they have done no wrong, and who can therefore wrap themselves up in their comfortable mantle of self-satisfaction and go to sleep, as Byron did on the deck of the vessel when the storm was raging and he found that he could neither help nor hinder. Minola kept racking her mind to know whether she had not in some way done wrong, and been thus to blame for the troubles that had come on her and on so many of her friends. She felt as if in some way she must have done wrong to Lucy Money. Even when she found herself breaking into tears at the defection of Mary Blanchet, she went on asking herself whether there must not be something strangely defective in her own nature, seeing that she could not keep even poor Mary, for whom she had done so much, still faithful to her.

One thing was clear to her during all her depression; and it was that as soon as she could rally enough of mental strength to do anything she must efface herself from the association of the few friends she had known in London. She must absolutely take herself away from those to whom her presence henceforth could only be an embarrassment. All her scheme of lonely and proud independence had been a disastrous failure; and her only business now was to get out of it with the least harm to those she still so much loved. If she were absolutely gone out of sight and reach of Lucy and Heron, all, she thought, might yet come right. The suddenly discovered love of Heron and her, too early seen unknown and known too late, would be but an episode in his life, to be looked back upon hereafter with kindly, unembittered emotion. For herself, she should at least have always the sweet memory that she had loved and been loved when she was young.

She prepared, therefore, after one miserable night, for what she called effacing herself. She had determined

to go and live in Rome. It became more and more an idea of hers that she would be able to find peace in Rome—that refuge to which so many sick hearts are always turning, they know not why. But in the meantime there must be arrangements made for enabling her project of living at Rome to be conveniently carried out. The best thing, therefore, that she could think of was to go down to Keeton and consult the lawyer in the hands of whose firm the yet unarranged affairs of her father and herself remained. She had a pleasant recollection of a motherly, kindly woman, his wife, who showed a deep interest in her during her last visit to Duke's-Keeton—that visit which was fraught with such momentous consequences. She thought, too, she would be glad to have a look at Keeton for the last time; it should, she felt resolved, be the very last time. Wherever she might go afterward, whether she remained in Rome or wandered on to some other resting-place, she was determined that she would not return to England. She remembered one or two pleasant girls in the lawyer's house; and she thought that they would help her among them to make her arrangements, and get her some intelligent, well-brought-up Keeton lass, who would like to travel and see the world, and be her maid and companion, and who would have no brother, or sweetheart, or other male attraction of any kind whose memory must be dragged at each remove a lengthening chain. It would not take long to make these arrangements, and then she would efface herself from England for ever.

She would write, of course, to Lucy and to her mother. But not, she thought, until she was fairly out of London, and so far on her way to her project of self-exile. It would be idle to try to ignore what had happened, and to go to see the Moneys and try to make them believe, or to seem as if they believed, that she was leaving England simply because she

had taken a whim for travel. All that would be absurd now. For her own sake and the sake of all others concerned she had only to go out of England as soon as possible, and begin for the second time a new life. Her arrangements for leaving town were soon made, and one soft spring evening she found herself straining her eyes from the window of a railway carriage for a last look at the London of her dreams and hopes.

She found in Keeton all the welcome and kindness she had expected. She had no trouble in making her arrangements to go to Rome. She even went and paid a visit of friendly farewell to Mr. Saulsbury, and was civilly received, and tried to think the civility was warmth. But it was plain, even to her disturbed powers of observation, that Mr. Saulsbury regarded her resolve to visit Rome as only a preliminary to her passing over altogether to the faith of Rome, and therefore he could not bring himself to receive her on any terms of cordiality. He seemed now such an absurd old person to Minola, that she wondered how she could ever have been so foolish as to have any misunderstanding with him, or to complain of anything he said or did.

She left him, never in all probability to see him again. He felt convinced that he had impressed her rather profoundly at this their final interview, and trusted that even in Rome itself some of his severe admonitions might remain in her memory and ring in her ears.

She wrote to Lucy the letter we have already heard of; and then she began to feel as if she had taken leave of all the breathing world and were about to enter a tomb. If she had ever been of the faith which so alarmed poor Mr. Saulsbury, it is certain that she would have gone to Rome with the resolve to shelter herself within one of its sanctuaries.

A day or two passed away, and she was almost on the eve of her going. She meant to travel so as to reach

London at night, and only to drive from one station to another, and cross to the Continent at once. She got out a map of Rome many a time and tried to study it, as once she used to study the map of London, in order that when she arrived there she might not be a stranger. But she could not recall the old spirit; and for fellow traveller now she had not her friend Mary Blanchet, but a pretty and red-cheeked Keeton girl, who felt no manner of curiosity about Rome or any other place.

One farewell she had to make which could not be dispensed with. She must see the park and the mausoleum for the last time. She must be alone there. She must sit once more on the steps of that monument, and think of the past days there, and say it a good-by for ever. She had been very sad there, and the sadness endeared it to her now; she had had sweet dreams and bright hopes there, and the place where they had floated round her was sanctified, like the spot where some ones we have loved lie buried.

It was a calm, beautiful evening as she passed through the streets of Keeton and into the park. The business of the town, such as it was, was still going on, and she knew that she was likely to have the trees all to herself for more than an hour to come. She went on to the mausoleum and met no one.

The voices of the woods were sweet, musical, and melancholy in her ears. She allowed the influence of the scene and its memories to sink into her soul. As she sat on the steps of the monument, she seemed to pass through a series of experiences as long drawn out as those of the Persian king, in the story, who during his moment's plunge in the water lived whole years of trial, and toil, and love, and loss. It was strange, and sweet, to close her eyes, and in the murmurs of the trees to fancy that she heard the laugh of her brother as he and she played together in the old time that now for

the moment seemed to-day again. Then there came her girlish days back to recollection: her romantic fancies and hopes; the heroes of her imaginary harmless loves; the weary home life, when no one within the four walls that were assumed to constitute her home appeared to care for her any more. And then Mary Blanchet, so kind, and quaint, and good! Ah, but if our lonely heroine meant to enjoy the dreamy, half-sensuous delight of her hour among the trees and the associations of her childhood, she ought not to have allowed any memory of Mary Blanchet to steal in among the recollections; for with that name came all the rest: came the names of the friends she had lost; came with such intensity of regret the thought of the one man whom she had so deeply loved, and whom she must never see more. One little moment of acknowledged love, one moment with a bitterness of secrecy and shame mingled in its passionate, fleeting joy—and this was all, and all was over; and she was going away to lead a lonely life of renunciation and repression, and never to know one ray of happy love. It was hard; she was so very young. She covered her face with her hands, and gave way to a passion of tears. But her tears, even in their starting, brought a new and painful memory with them—the memory of the day when she sat on those very steps before, and was resolved to leave Keeton, and go to be independent and happy in London; and when poor Sheppard came up through these very trees and tried to make her love him. Her heart was softened to him now. He and she were in a manner companions in misfortune. She reproached herself now for having been cold, and sarcastic, and bitter to him that day. She wondered how she could have found it in her heart to be so hard and unkind to any one who loved; and she felt inclined to own that she deserved any fate that might have come on her since she had been so unsympathetic with others. She

still kept her head down and her face hidden in her hands and was ashamed, reluctant to look up and meet the soft, unpitying brightness of the sun. But she suddenly seemed to hear a sound among the trees that made her start, and she raised her face, all flushed and tear-stained as it was, and, with her eyes glittering in grief and alarm, looked eagerly to see if any one was coming, and if she must fly from her refuge. The last day when she sat in tears there she was disturbed by the coming of poor Sheppard. He at least was not near to trouble her now. Yet her face kept its shamed and startled expression. Her quick ears had surely caught some sound which did not belong to the rustlings and murmurings of the woods, every distinct voice of which she knew and could assign to the oak, or the beech, or the chestnut, or the plane that owned it. She stood up, ready to escape if any one should be coming. Yes, surely that was the decided, rapid sound of some one approaching through the wood. She stood in startled attitude, ready for flight, looking more handsome even than usual in her embarrassment and alarm. Up through that very path before her came poor Sheppard that day. See, there actually was some one coming—a man; she could see him plainly. He was far enough away yet to allow her to make the most dignified retreat possible before he could reach the steps of the mausoleum. Did she try to escape? No; she stood still; still as a statue, although not indeed so pale—her face crimsoned with wonder, dread, insane hope—all unspeakable emotion. “Am I losing my reason?” she asked. She did not know whether to advance or escape now; and she could not stand any longer, but sat or fell on the steps of the mausoleum, and waited there for what was to happen. For there was no longer any possibility of mistake or doubt; and it was Victor Heron himself who was coming with rapid steps toward her.

He was breathless when he came up to her.

“I knew I should find you here,” he said, and he flung himself on the steps of the mausoleum beside her.

“Where is Lucy? Has anything happened?” she stammered.

“Many things have happened that concern you and me. I’ll tell you all, only I must say this first—I am free to tell you how I love you, and to ask you to forgive me for not saying this long ago, when I ought to have known it; and I have so much to say—and——” and seated beside her, he threw his arm round her, and tried to draw her toward him.

“But Lucy—where is Lucy?” Minola asked, still endeavoring to retain her self-command and to withdraw from his clasp.

“It was Lucy who told me you were here, and sent me to you. No, Minola, you shall not get away from me now. No more cross purposes! I have come for you. You do love me? You will not send me away? No; I’ll never leave you again.”

“I was going away,” said Minola, trembling and still bewildered, and hardly knowing what she and he were saying. “I was going away to Rome for ever, to avoid you all, and leave you and Lucy to be happy and free”; and the tears came into her eyes again, and she could not say any more.

“Oh, you sha’n’t go to Rome, or anywhere, unless I go with you!” he said. “But I have so much to tell you. Can you listen now, and understand, do you think?”

“Oh, yes, I can; I am not so absurd!” she answered; feeling, nevertheless, very absurd—if it is absurd to be greatly agitated under the influence of a sudden hope that even yet seems a bewildering impossibility.

Then he began to explain in a very rapid and incoherent manner, and with his natural vivacity and impetuosity intensified a hundredfold by the emotions of the moment. Much of what he said only she could well have followed or even guessed at; some of

it she allowed to pass by without quite understanding it. The burden of it all was clear, however: Lucy had found out that she did not really love him, and the breaking off of the engagement had come from her and her father. Heron was absolutely free.

They talked together for a long time. It was strange; he did not, after the few hurried utterances of the first breathless moment, say one word about their becoming man and wife. That was understood and settled somehow without any further speech. Only when he had done his explanation, and made repeated protestations of his sorrow for his own blindness and stupidity, and had declared half-a-dozen times over that she was the most generous creature living to forgive him and endure him, he at last drew her to him and kissed her—and their compact was made.

There were many little intervals of silence; now that the first rush of surprise and emotion was over, the lovers were rather shy of each other in their new relations.

"I am distressed about Lucy in all this," Minola said. "I wish she could be happy as well as I."

Then she became thoughtful, and glanced inquiringly into Heron's face. She wondered if he had any glimpse of the suspicion that was strong in her mind, and that filled her eyes with new tears, and made her think of Lucy as a heroine of romance and a benefactress. No, he had clearly no such thought.

"Dear, sweet, brave little Lucy!" broke from Minola's lips.

"Yes, yes," Victor said, looking up with sparkling eyes. "Wasn't it spirited and sensible of her? She found that she really could not care about me, and she had the courage and truthfulness to say so. Why, another girl would have been afraid of being thought fickle, and would just

have let the thing go on and made us both unhappy for life."

Minola remained silent for a moment. Some day, she thought, she would speak with him of all that again, but not now.

"I have to go back to town to-night," he said. "I shall leave Keeton at seven, and be in the House in time for the division."

"I think," she said hesitatingly, "I should like to go to Rome still; I should like to be away from London and from all the people we know for a little."

Heron thought for a moment.

"It would be better perhaps," he said decisively. "I shall be free in a few days, and I will go to you there. Besides, how glorious to be married in Rome!"

She did not speak. Her heart and eyes were too full. After a moment she rose.

"We must go," she said.

They both looked around them at the scene, the trees, the paths, the mausoleum, in silence. Victor, however, gave his looks after a moment to her upturned beautiful face.

"You are happy, dearest?" he asked, not doubtingly, but for reassurance of the happiness he felt.

"Oh, yes, only too happy! I cannot realize it—yet."

"And you don't dislike men any more?"

"No," she answered with a brightening face; and added, "nor women neither," for she was still thinking of Lucy.

"No more Miss Misanthrope?" he said, and he drew her toward him again.

"No more," she replied, with a blush and a smile; and hardly knowing what she did, she kissed him.

Then he gently drew her arm within his, and as the evening was beginning to fall they went out of the park together.

THE END.

THE TARIFF QUESTION.

DISCUSSION of the tariff question should undoubtedly be predicated upon the commercial and industrial condition of our country, which we all know is that of depression, discouragement, and even dismay. During the past four years the catalogue of bankruptcy has been drawn out in long lines of disaster. The industries of the country were never, in the memory of this generation, so smitten with paralysis. Our iron and coal trades are at the last gasp, as regards profitable employment to the labor and capital invested in them. Railway defaults have multiplied beyond all precedent, and the stockholders of these corporations have been pinched as they never were before. Our lake and river and coastwise carrying trades are in no better plight. The same distress prevails in the woollen trade, the lumber trade, the building trades, and the lesser branches of manufacturing industry. There has been a gigantic revolt of laboring men in the Middle and Western States, accompanied by bloodshed, pillage, and incendiarism, and the tramp, who was known five years ago only as a phenomenon of distant lands, like the gypsy and the brigand, has become one of the most dreaded institutions of the country. Real estate in cities and towns has fallen in price to such an extent that mortgages of five years' duration most commonly take the whole property and leave the mortgagor in debt. The invariable concomitant of this state of things is an extremely low rate of interest for money. One and a half and two per cent. has frequently been the highest rate obtainable on call loans in the city of New York, while mercantile paper has ranged considerably under six, and lately the spectacle was presented to us of a Government loan being effected in our own midst of four per cent. to

the extent of \$68,000,000, after a few days' advertising in the newspapers. Such a plethora and surplus of unused capital was never before dreamed of on this virgin continent, so called. Agriculture, and the trades most closely connected with it, are perhaps receiving fair returns for the capital and skill invested in them. These, and sundry branches of the export trade, are the only features in the dark landscape of our industry upon which the eye rests with any satisfaction. All else is a weary and aching mass of unemployed or half employed capital, misdirected talent, and underpaid labor, to which commerce gives the generic name of glut. After two centuries and a half of continuous immigration from foreign lands, even that source of gain has failed us, and some hundreds of our own more enterprising artisans have migrated within a year to Australia and the British islands, in search of employment. The condition of things abroad is akin to our own. The crisis which commenced in 1873, after a long period of reckless speculation and inflated prices, visited England, Germany, and the Austro-Hungarian empire with severe distress, and has finally gnawed its way into France. The latter country, fortified by the careful, hoarding, non-speculative habits of her people, seemed for a season to have escaped entirely from a tornado which ravaged the greater part of the commercial world. But with the gradual impoverishment of her customers she has been restricted to a narrower market for her products, and compelled to accept lower prices for the diminished quantity. Hence we hear complaints from nearly all parts of that usually prosperous land. Neither England nor Germany has given any considerable signs of a revival of trade, yet I judge from some personal observation,

and from the statements of trade journals on both sides of the water, that whatever may be the nominal rate of wages there and here, there are more people out of employment in this country, who are willing to work, than in England and Germany added together. At all events, we have lost our distinction among nations as the country in which there is work and bread for all.

I.

LET us first take a brief survey of the commercial crisis in which we have been wallowing since 1873. Although much has been written on the subject of commercial crises, and their history has been carefully collated by English, French, and German publicists, there is perhaps no other department of political economy so obscure and so little understood. Why is it that for some years the whole commercial world is in a state of bounding prosperity, and then suddenly plunges into an abyss of bankruptcy, poverty, and distress, without any perceptible external cause? It is commonly supposed, and is maintained by some economists of note, that waste of capital, such as bad investments in railways, public improvements, wars, etc., are the responsible and true cause of the periodical collapse of trade and industry. These are, indeed, the usual forerunners and accompaniments of the commercial crisis, but they cannot be the cause. A country cannot invest more than its annual surplus in new railways, factories, mines, buildings, etc., nor can it spend more than its annual surplus in war. By annual surplus is meant that part of the annual production which remains after feeding, clothing, and maintaining all the inhabitants. True; something may be borrowed from abroad for such investments, but the borrowed portion is really an investment of the lending country. Commercial crises make no distinction between borrowing countries and lending countries. Indeed,

they strike the lending countries oftenest, but they strike both impartially. I think it must be admitted as mathematically true that a country cannot possibly invest in fixed capital, such as new railways, or waste in war, or in any manner whatsoever, more than it produces annually over and above its annual consumption. But if the country should deliberately sink its annual surplus in the sea, such a proceeding would have no tendency to bring on a crisis. It would merely leave the country at the end of the year where it was at the beginning. It would be neither richer nor poorer, nor would there be anything in the transaction to cause banks to suspend, and merchants to fail, and factories to close their doors. If, in addition to its own surplus, it should throw into the sea a stated amount of property borrowed from some other country, the case would be scarcely different. The lending country would lose what it had contributed, and so far as it had based its future business arrangements on a return of the property loaned, it would have planted the seeds of a commercial crisis in its own midst; but no such effect would be produced in the borrowing country, since no expectations could grow out of property deliberately destroyed, and no liabilities could be created upon it beyond the immediate and sole liability of the individual borrowers to the individual lenders. But if the absolute sinking and destruction of our surplus capital would have no tendency to bring on a crisis, *a fortiori*, the more or less bad and unprofitable investment of such capital would not, taken by itself, produce such result.

But if badly invested capital or wasted and sunken capital is treated in the imaginations of men as having been well invested, as being saved and as available to meet future engagements, so that debts are contracted upon the basis of what does not in fact exist, we have one of the principal ingredients of the modern commercial crisis. There have been crises

of great severity in countries where there had been no loss of capital in the aggregate either by bad investments or by the waste of war, but merely a temporary craze pervading society, and causing people to put exaggerated and fanciful values upon things, and to make contracts payable in dollars or pounds sterling, with none but imaginary assets. The South sea bubble, so called in England, the Mississippi bubble in France, and the tulip mania of Holland, were of this nature, consisting in a general agreement among people to consider things worth thousands of pounds, or francs, that were worth only hundreds, or nothing at all. Pounds and francs, however, are invariable quantities, and after the madness has run a certain course, and the variable quantities—the Mississippi stock, the South sea stock, and the tulip bulbs—come to be soberly compared with the pounds and francs, bankruptcy and ruin stalk through the market places. False estimates of the worth of things, as measured by money, are part and parcel of all commercial crises, so that we may safely set it down as one of the causes of our present condition, that for some years prior to 1873 we had been marking up our property of various kinds, and agreeing to pay dollars when we really had only half dollars to pay with. We had created a great many needless railways, and other permanent improvements, it is true, but the difficulty was not that we had built them, but that we considered them worth as many dollars as they cost, and had entered into obligations based upon that mistaken notion. The productive powers of the country were then and are now equal to the task of creating all those improvements, without diminishing the volume of circulating capital or draining its source of supply, and therefore without cramping trade.

What should have caused us to commence marking up prices during a long period prior to 1873 would be an interesting inquiry, but the only an-

swer I can give here is that certain races of men, and particularly the Anglo-Saxon race, are extremely sanguine in the commercial sense, and much given to speculation and to doing business on credit. We know for a fact that they oscillate between periods of high prosperity and extreme depression with a sort of mechanical regularity. They seem to accumulate wealth very rapidly for a season, and then they find themselves entangled in debts which they cannot pay. The sponge of bankruptcy is slowly and painfully applied to the mercantile and manufacturing classes, and then, after more or less suffering, they take a new start for a fresh plunge. I do not think that either the tariff or the currency, vicious as they are, brought on the present crisis, because we have had similar crises when neither the tariff nor the currency was faulty; and other countries, enjoying both free trade and metallic money, are now in substantially the same plight as ourselves. These commercial phenomena must be studied inductively by finding what particular facts are common to them in all times and places. Tariffs and currencies are not common to them everywhere. Therefore all we can say is that a bad tariff and a bad currency probably aggravate a crisis when it comes, and may hasten its coming. We know that a good tariff and a good currency will not prevent its coming. It is small satisfaction to recall that the advocates of protection trumpeted the present tariff as the infallible preventive and patent medicine of panics and financial revulsions. Nobody has the hardihood to claim that the present crisis was brought on by the want of a tariff sufficiently high for the public needs. While the framers and friends of the present tariff, in so far as they claimed for it any virtue in warding off panics and crises, are convicted before the whole people of gross quackery, I do not charge upon them the responsibility of bringing us into our present misery; I shall endeavor to

show, however, that the speediest, if not the only way out of it, is to abandon their policy, to strike off the shackles they have imposed upon commerce, to open the door, and give to the unparalleled resources and the unsurpassed skill of this country a fair chance in the markets of the world.

II.

THE next point to be considered is the reason, if we can discover it, why the present crisis holds on so long; why the depression deepens and increases instead of wearing itself out, as previous ones have done. It is now four years since pay day commenced, and since so vast a multitude were found unable to pay. The bankruptcy courts have been grinding six days in every week since September, 1873, and the grist is scarcely diminished in volume. Less than three years sufficed to clear away the wrecks of 1857, and to bring in a season of fair prosperity. The difference, I apprehend, consists in this, that in 1857 we still had a vast undeveloped country to employ our surplus capital and labor, and likewise a very considerable market for our manufactures abroad. At that time the Mississippi river was the western limit, not of settlement indeed, but of anything that could be called thorough cultivation and improvement, while east of that line there were great gaps in Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, and lesser ones in Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania to be filled up, and as the saying is, "developed," by population, by railways, and all the machinery of civilized life. Here and further westward was to be found remuneration for capital and labor, and both came in abundance as soon as the débris of 1857 was gotten out of the way. Since that time we have pushed settlement to the interior of Kansas and Nebraska. Minnesota and Iowa have become populous States. Colorado has become a thrifty community. The continent has

been opened by railways. California is, or claims to be, overcrowded with laborers. There are still many gaps to be filled, and perhaps the boundary from which agricultural products can be carried with profit to the seaboard has not been overpassed. But the conditions favorable to rapid recovery in 1857 no longer exist. Remuneration for capital and labor on our own soil no longer abounds in the full measure of former epochs, and although we cannot claim a dense population it would seem to be as dense as we can find any present employment for. Expansion is one of the necessities of healthy trade, and is peculiarly the present necessity of American trade. And since it is not to be found in any sufficient measure on our own soil, we must look to the outer world for it.

When the question is asked, Why does not business revive? it is an adequate and perfectly scientific answer to say that our commerce is confined within limits too small for its healthy action. Those departments of industry which have access to foreign markets are fairly remunerative and prosperous. All others are endeavoring to find sustenance and support within the narrow confines of our own population, and are perishing like rats in a cage, where there is full liberty to increase and multiply, but where only a fixed quantity of corn is supplied each day. This figure of speech, so effectively used by Perronet Thompson in the time of the Anti-Corn Law League, is well descriptive of the condition of American manufacturing industry today under the fostering care of the protectionists. Mr. Edward Atkinson has shown, in an admirable series of papers, how the tariff has operated to cripple our export trade in cotton goods, and Mr. David A. Wells has given repeated and forcible illustrations of its crushing effect upon other departments of manufacturing industry. The statistician of the New York custom house, Mr. J. S. Moore, has called attention to the fact that our

yearly manufacturing product had risen from \$57 25-100 per capita in 1860 to \$111 per capita in 1870. That the consuming capacity of the country has risen in no such ratio is proved by the deathlike silence of two-thirds of our iron furnaces, by the moribund state of our woollen industry, by the break-down of our coal companies, by the distress of nearly all classes of operatives, and by the activity of the sheriff and auctioneer in all our manufacturing centres. That the country was able to use manufactured goods to the amount of \$111 per capita in 1870 is true, but it was not able to pay for them, and when the dispensation of credit came to an end, and the tide of surplus rolled back upon the producers, they were smothered in their own honey.

I hold it to be too well established for argument that the manufacturing capacity of this country, especially in the iron, woollen, and cotton trades, is far in excess of our domestic needs, and that a market must be found abroad for the overplus, or else the existing paralysis and misery will continue indefinitely. Just now we are told that large crops are being harvested in the West, and that when they come forward we shall have better times. Large crops in the West, if fair prices are obtained, will be good for the West—good for the producers, the carriers, and the dealers—and will enable them to increase their purchases of manufactured goods to some extent if they choose to do so; but since the condition of the agricultural classes of the West has not been markedly distressing during the last three or four years, I do not anticipate any notable *increase* of purchases in that quarter, however favorable the harvest may be, or however steady the foreign demand for our breadstuffs. That our real and pressing need is access to the markets of the great world is recognized by an increasing number of those who are classed as protectionists. The demand for such an outlet is met with in the press almost daily, and is not in-

frequently echoed by our statesmen. Not long since the Speaker of the last House of Representatives addressed a letter to certain citizens of Galveston, Texas, directing their attention to the recondite fact that while the countries south of us on the American continent have a foreign trade amounting to \$520,000,000, only \$112,000,000 of it comes to the United States, and of this fraction only \$37,000,000 is carried in American vessels. Mr. Randall considers this fact discreditable to our enlightenment, and so far I agree with him.

The same subject has been treated in a more elaborate manner by the Secretary of State in an "interview" published in the Philadelphia "Press." The Secretary observes that of our 714 iron furnaces 478 are out of blast, representing an idle capital of \$100,000,000. The pressing need of the country, he says, is a foreign market for the surplus products of our manufactories. But he adds that "what we want is not protection or free trade, but full trade." Since any ideas put forth by so eminent a logician as Mr. Evarts will be spread far and wide, it becomes necessary to note the distinction he draws between free trade and full trade. The latter he considers wholesome, but the former pernicious. Now, in the domain of commerce protection and restriction are interchangeable terms, meaning exactly the same thing, while free trade signifies the opposite. Consequently the idea which the Secretary has clothed in such politic phraseology is that what we want is not trade without shackles, but plenty of trade with plenty of shackles. What we want in a swift runner is not freedom of limbs, but a high rate of speed with his feet in a sack. Alas, Mr. Evarts, the conditions of full trade are those of free trade—the freer the fuller, and the fuller the freer. You can have a little more foreign trade by taking off a few restrictions, and you can have much more by taking off many restrictions.

The Secretary proceeds to say that

he will instruct our diplomatic and consular officers to inquire into the wants of foreign countries, with a view to the development of a market for American products, and that he hopes to do something useful through trade conventions. Let us thankfully accept any information coming through consuls and ministers which has escaped the notice of merchants, and which may lead to the opening of new markets, but let us not depend upon it for immediate relief. Trade conventions, otherwise called reciprocity treaties, are doses of free trade taken here and there, and are supposed to be consistent with very pronounced views on the subject of protection. If I understand the views and feelings of free-traders in this country, they are not disposed to quarrel with anybody as to phrases and the names of things, nor to fight over again the battles of the past. While preferring free trade on the large scale, they are willing to take it in parcels, provided public, rather than private interests are consulted in the adjustment. I took pains a few years ago to visit Washington and spend some time in the vain effort to secure the ratification of a reciprocity treaty with Canada, which, while advantageous to the United States and therefore deserving of adoption independently of any other fact, would have been accepted by Canada in lieu of all claims for fishing privileges under the treaty of Washington. I mention this by way of notifying gentlemen of the protectionist bias, that I have no opposition to offer to trade conventions *per se*. A reciprocity treaty was concluded with the Hawaiian Islands last year, where public revenue was sacrificed to private gain in a most objectionable manner, showing how important it is that legislation on the subject of trade should receive its first consideration in the presence of the people, rather than in the private correspondence of the Executive, and the secret sessions of the Senate. But free trade has no objections to offer to commer-

cial treaties in the abstract; on the contrary, welcomes them as tentative steps to a treaty with the whole family of man.

III.

IN what way will our foreign trade be promoted by striking off or lowering protective duties? How are markets to be found abroad for the surplus of our manufactories by overhauling the tariff? Since a protecting duty is an obstacle to foreign trade, and has no other design or purpose, the repeal of it is the removal of an impediment like the dredging of a sand bar which stops up the harbor. Then if there be any commerce in the wide world desiring to come in, it can come, and if there be none, nobody is harmed. If any comes in, something will necessarily go out to pay for it, and since the foreign country will not take greenbacks, it must necessarily take the products of our industry. There is no danger of foreign countries taking more of our railroad bonds in exchange for their goods, nor with money at 4 per cent. interest at home, is there likely to be any further large export of our national securities. Consequently whatever we buy from abroad we must pay for with our products, our industry, our employment. All this is simple enough. It is equivalent to saying that where you buy you must also sell. The converse is equally true, that where you would sell there you must also buy. If you would sell largely to South America, you must buy largely from her. The buying will push on the selling, and the selling the buying. If you would sell largely to the world, you must buy largely from the world. There is no mystery here. It is all the A B C of commerce.

As to manufactures in particular, or rather that class of manufactures which are non-exportable by reason of their cost, it is to be observed that protection, which usually begins by imposing duties on a few articles just to

give them a start, always enlarges its sphere and takes in other articles, till presently the advantage intended to be given to the first recipients is neutralized, or perhaps more than neutralized, by duties on their tools and materials. Parasites fasten upon them, and smaller ones upon these, according to the well-known ditty, *ad infinitum*. The woollen manufacturer asks for his little bounty and gets it; then the wool grower asks for his; and then the maker of looms and spindles asks for his; and then the compounder of dye stuffs and chemicals asks for his; and then the lumberman, the nail maker, the coal miner, the glass blower, the soap boiler, and a whole battalion of tramps come along, begging for broken virtuals at the expense, more or less, of the woollen manufacturer. No wonder he grows haggard year by year, and finally reaches the state of imbecility where he and his tormenters come together and vow that they will never abandon each other or the system whereby they have collectively turned out so much pauper labor, and lost so much money. He sees the British manufacturer getting his wool, his machinery, his dye stuffs and chemicals, and everything else free of duty, and pouring into the United States no inconsiderable quantity of woollen goods over the top of a 70 per cent. duty. With this frightful spectacle before him, he says to his fellow members at their annual meeting: "We are almost starved to death now: what *would* become of us without the tariff?" Substantially the same is the coward ejaculation of all the protected classes, although a few, the manufacturing chemists for instance—the quinine, calomel, and castor oil convention—have expressed their willingness to cease taxing the sick if other trades will cease taxing the chemists. They will consent to a lightening of burdens all around, but not to a special exemption of invalids. I agree with them in the hope that the relief may extend to invalid industries as well as to the patients in our hospitals and sick rooms.

Now I make the broad assertion that this country is too large for protection. Whatever it may have been in times past—and while cherishing my own views in that behalf, I shall not seek to prolong or embitter the controversy by holding out any red flag to those who consider our manufacturing development due to the protective system—we have now too much capital, too much skill, too great natural resources, too much labor, and too many idle furnaces and factories, to furnish the basis for the longer continuance of this system. In the matter of coal, which is the principal factor of both manufacturing and maritime power, we stand toward Great Britain in the ratio of 37 to 1. That is to say, we have, according to the careful computations of Professor Rogers, thirty-seven times as much of this powerful and indispensable ingredient of manufacturing prosperity available to our purposes as England has. The facilities for mining and delivering coal exist here in as great perfection as in any other country, and the price of coal is lower in New York than in London, lower in Philadelphia than in Manchester, lower in Pittsburgh than in Sheffield. The ores of iron, which may be called the next great element of manufacturing and maritime strength, are found here in such boundless profusion and variety, and so admirably situated with reference to smelting, that the producer is puzzled by the very abundance of the advantages offered to him. Our food-producing powers are so much greater than those of our competitors that our grain and meat will bear twelve hundred miles of inland transportation and handling, and three thousand miles of water carriage, and still leave a profit to the grower. As regards cotton, timber, petroleum, salt, copper, zinc, naval stores, and the precious metals, what country, or what section of the earth's surface, furnishes so profuse a display? It would not be far out of the way to say that the United States of America contain greater natural resources available to

the hand of man than all Europe combined. What gorgon is it then that forbids us to compete boldly with Europe as a manufacturing power, not only in our own markets, but in the four quarters of the globe?

Perhaps I shall hear some voice piping, from long force of habit, the abused words, "pauper labor of Europe." Well, our resources in the way of pauper labor are quite equal to our other resources, I think, and no whit inferior to those of England. I have not taken the trouble to inquire into the nominal rates of wages in the two countries, because such inquiries lead to no satisfaction. The cost of living, the efficiency of the labor performed, and the nearness of markets, are all elements to be taken into account in determining what wages the manufacturer can pay or the laborer exact. But on the score of pauper labor I am sure no great manufacturing country can claim much preëminence over us at the present time, and I dismiss the argument drawn from the "pauper labor of Europe" as too pitiful to be dealt with except in the way of sarcasm, and too painful even for that.

Nor can anybody affirm that we are at any disadvantage as regards accumulated capital, with \$100,000,000 of capital lying dead in iron furnaces alone. Surely no capital can be cheaper than that, since the cost of lighting the fires is the only expenditure needed to set up the business. With money at 4 per cent. interest on Government loans, and 4 1-2 to 6 on mercantile paper, it is safe to assume that it is not want of capital that stands in our way. But the plethora of idle capital, it may be argued, so unusual, so unheard of in this country, must be a temporary circumstance. I hope so indeed, and in order that it may be so I insist that markets must be found for its employment outside the forty millions of our own people, and among the thousand millions of the habitable globe.

It cannot be said that we lack man-

ufacturing skill, and that the clumsiness of our artisans must be supplemented and offset by protecting duties. The testimony of foreign commissions, judges, and experts at the Philadelphia exposition is nearly unanimous in praise of the dexterity, ingenuity, versatility, and economy of our exhibitors. The inventive genius of our people is proverbial, and it may safely be said that no country is doing more to enslave the elements and bid the forces of nature toil for man than ours. "It would be foolish," says the report of the British commissioner, "not to recognize the fact that at Philadelphia Great Britain was in face of *her most powerful rival in manufactures.*"

The report of the Swiss commissioner is in the nature of a lament over the superiority of our artisans, our machinery, our methods, as compared with those of his own countrymen. I venture to add that no American came away from that stupendous museum of industry with the fear that any other nation surpasses us in manufacturing skill, either natural or acquired.

IV.

If, then, we have the natural resources, the capital, and the skill, together with an over supply of cheap labor, what is it that prevents us from entering into competition as manufacturers with England and western Europe in any market whatsoever? Why do we not remove the self-created impediment to foreign commerce, misnamed protection? It is only a vote in Congress that is needed to remove it. This is all that is required to dredge the legal sand bars out of all our harbors. Not a dollar of money is wanted from the national treasury, or elsewhere. On the contrary, much money might be saved by dispensing with protection. Why do we not sweep it off the statute book, or at all events commence paring it down, with a view to a tariff for revenue only? Many months ago I ventured the opin-

ion* that freedom of trade was one of the main conditions of a revival of business in the United States. I now go further, and say that it is the condition *sine quâ non*—the indispensable necessity, in comparison with which all the currency panaceas going, metallic and non-metallic, are quack medicines and nostrums. Nobody can deprecate more earnestly than myself the evils of an irredeemable currency, but for reasons already stated I do not think that the currency either brought on the crisis or keeps it on. The worst evil of an irredeemable currency is the ever-present fear that it may be arbitrarily increased in volume—that the blind Cyclops of popular ignorance may in his anguish force an equally blind Congress to multiply bits of paper upon us, under the delusion that the country will then be able to consume more coal, and iron, and cloth, and hence to pay better wages than before. I hold it to be likewise a delusion, though a harmless one, to suppose that altering our medium of exchange from paper to coin will increase the quantities of things exchanged. We are exhorted to believe that it will restore confidence, and induce capitalists to embark in new enterprises. New enterprises mean, of course, new or further production of things to be sold, used, and consumed. But it happens that capitalists are already producing more of these things than can be sold, used, or consumed, and when any new demand springs up capital makes small difficulty of supplying it on account of the currency. It is most desirable on other grounds that coin payments should be restored, but the expectation which so many indulge that specie resumption will charm away these hard times, is not well founded.

The reason why we do not abandon the doctrine of protection is probably explained by a national trait, which the latest foreign commentator on our character and institutions has pointed

out. Dr. Von Holst says that when Americans have once accepted a doctrine as true they cling to it long after its falsity has been demonstrated. Perhaps we are not the only people of whom this may be said. It was a favorite idea of Jefferson's administration to humble England by laying an embargo on our own commerce. As England sought to cripple and restrict our foreign trade by her orders in council, we thought it would be wise to extinguish it entirely by our own act. This was one of the doctrines accepted as true by our ancestors, and accordingly adhered to long after bankruptcy had ravaged our seaports, and not abandoned till hunger and despair scourged them from it. A protective tariff is a lesser embargo, and it may be that more bankruptcy, more hunger, and new riots will be needed to uproot the deep prejudices which cluster around it. In some quarters pride of opinion is to be overcome, in others the inveterate cowardice which protection engenders stands in the way. Some trades are enabled to monopolize the domestic markets by means of the tariff, and sell their surplus to foreigners at lower rates than they charge home consumers. Others, by dint of superior *finesse*, have gained advantages over their fellows in the tariff legislation, which they are not willing to exchange for anything they can see in foreign trade, however prosperous. Then there are trades not suited to the country, which have been forced into a dropsical, hydrocephalic growth by enormous duties—trades in which the producer and the smuggler wage a never-ending contest, and where the laborer is most commonly on a strike. All these may be expected to resist any change in a system ruinous to the country and eventually to themselves.

Nevertheless the forces of gaunt penury are working for free trade among us as they did in England before Robert Peel abandoned protection. I hold it historically true that Great Britain learned the lesson of

* In the "Fortnightly Review," June, 1876.

free trade, not through her head, but through her stomach. Her Adam Smiths and her Huskissons educated the few, but famine was the school-master of the million. The mighty pressure of our resources, our idle capital, our unemployed labor, is bearing down upon the wall erected against foreign trade. It will burst that barrier ere long, and it is for the protected classes to say whether the work shall be done with their consent and assistance, or in the face of their opposition.

If anybody can show how else our industrial condition is to be improved—how else than by selling our surplus in foreign countries and by consequence taking our pay in the products of foreign countries—let him expound the process. Many hazy devices are offered for our acceptance, but when subjected to the test, How will this plan cause the American people to consume more than they do now, so that the surplus of our mills, mines, and factories shall find a market? they are shown to be visionary and delusive. It may be asked, How will free trade enable foreigners to consume more of our products than they do now? I answer, by furnishing them at less cost, less by the amount of the taxes levied upon them directly and indirectly under the tariff. But if free trade should *not* enable foreigners to buy more of our products, we could not buy more of theirs; therefore no harm would be done. "But there would be an immediate inundation of foreign goods," says some protected manufacturer. Let us not for ever argue in a circle. It has already been shown that we have all the conditions requisite for competing successfully with other manufacturing countries. The only point in which we differ from them is in the multiplicity of taxes and artificial burdens that we impose upon ourselves under the name of protection. Strike off these taxes, remove these burdens, make revenue the sole object of the tariff, then, if there be any industry

still alive which cannot hold its own, there will be the best grounds for believing that it is not adapted to the country, that it is an exotic and a parasite, and so let it perish; we shall be better off without it. If the protected classes cannot assist in the work of tariff reform, if they would rather lie where they are, "till famine and the ague eat them up," the country, I am persuaded, will nevertheless take it up without their help, and without much delay.

The suggestion has been thrown out by interested parties and maintained with considerable force in the lobbies of Congress, that new markets should be opened by subsidies from the national treasury to new railway and canal companies. The construction of these railways and canals, it is alleged, would create a demand for iron, timber, and labor, and "set the wheels of industry in motion." This is one of the half-truths with which impudence commonly arms itself when it goes to Washington to get something it ought not to have. The burning of the Pittsburgh depots, cars, round houses, and machine shops will create as much demand for iron, timber, and labor, in order to replace what has been destroyed, and will set as many wheels of industry in motion as the building of two hundred miles of new railway. The burning of Chicago, a few years ago, furnished more employment than the whole of the Texas and Pacific railway could supply, even if it were subsidized to the full measure of its projectors' wishes. But as nobody would think of burning up property in order to create a demand for labor, or of engaging in unprofitable and unnecessary work for that end, the argument for subsidies from Congress, based upon the need of helping the suffering and prostrated iron workers, is fatally defective. There are many reasons for refusing to vote such subsidies, but the only one appropriate to be considered here is that the relief ends when the subsidy ends. Some

few wheels of industry will revolve as long as the artificial stimulus lasts, and then they will cease to turn, and the silence will be profounder than before. Not so with the remedy which looks to the four quarters of the globe for a market, and which builds up its own demand by offering a market in return to the endless family of man. We offer a self-sustaining remedy which costs not a dollar.

It may be asked, Why is it that Great Britain, which enjoys free trade, is, like ourselves, suffering from severe commercial depression? What reason is there to suppose, looking at her condition, that we should be any better off if we too should adopt free trade? I have already stated that commercial crises come upon countries regardless of their tariffs or their currencies. They are the products of speculation, inflated prices, miscalculation, erroneous comparison of the values of things with the value of money. When they come they upset nearly all business arrangements whatsoever, cause nearly everybody to economize, restrict the demand for commodities to the narrowest limits, and throw people out of employment. This may happen under a high tariff or a low one, or under no tariff at all. But when it does happen, which country has the better chance for recovery—the one which is restricted, as much as the law can restrict it, to a home market of forty millions, or the one which is encouraged and accustomed to trade with every human being on earth? It is needless to answer this question on a *priori* grounds. We are already informed officially that English pauperism is decreasing—that it has decreased materially during the past year. Is any one bold enough to say that ours has not increased during the same time? Yet the British islands, scarcely larger in area than the States of New York and Pennsylvania, and not more richly endowed by na-

ture, though pestered by land monopoly and many crippling old-time prejudices that we know nothing of, sustain a population of thirty-two millions of people—three-fourths that of our entire country. The timidity which protection breeds will naturally exclaim that Great Britain has already monopolized the markets of the world, and that it is of no use for us to contest their possession with her; but with the example of American cotton goods selling at Manchester—an example which protectionists are fond of parading as a vindication of their theories—the public may reasonably conclude that we can compete with her in Asia and South America, or even in Iowa and Minnesota. But the advantages we seek are not merely those of successful competition with other countries in producing the same things which they produce. Still greater benefits are to be obtained by the free exchange of commodities which we can produce at least cost, for those which other countries can produce at least cost—as for instance, the exchange of American cutlery for East Indian jute, or American wagons for South American wool, or American sewing machines for English tin, or American locomotives for Russian hemp. Upon all or most of this species of trade, the manacles of the tariff have likewise been loaded—whether ignorantly or designedly makes no difference.

In conclusion, I repeat, this country is too large for protection. Its resources, both natural and acquired, are swelling with the pains of a giant against the artificial barriers which now close them in. That they will soon burst their bonds and find their outlet and satisfaction in freedom of trade, either with the help and consent of the protected classes, or spite of their resistance, is my confident expectation.

HORACE WHITE.

NAVAL WARFARE.

GUNS AND ARMOR.

EVER since the experience of the Crimean war the struggle between guns and armor has been carried on, the capacity of rolling mills being tested to their utmost to supply the required thickness of armor plating, and the ingenuity of artillerists and the resources of foundries and workshops being taxed to a degree never before approached, in order to produce cannon able to pierce the ever increasing thickness of defence.

The perseverance in this struggle has brought about strange results; and, assuming the point now reached as the final one, it is a fair question to ask if the contest has not been carried to an extreme which is beyond practical utility. The form of ships has been totally changed, so as to enable them to carry the great weight, all other considerations being discarded. Diminished length and increased beam have made these two dimensions approach nearer and nearer to each other, until at last we have reached, in the Russian "Popoffkas," the *circular form*, which suggests the idea of the "bowl" in which the "three wise men of Gotham" went to sea. If these vessels were able to accomplish a tithe of what their inventor claims for them, the opportunity of showing it has been afforded during the present struggle on the Black sea, but no practical demonstration has yet been made of their usefulness, and we can but think that such a solution of the problem of guns versus armor is but a *reductio ad absurdum*. These vessels cannot keep the sea; they have no accommodations below for officers or crew; they carry but a small amount of fuel, and they have no speed. The idea of an efficient vessel of war which, carried to its conclusion, results in such a construction as the popoffkas, does not

commend itself as satisfactory or useful. It may be objected that the illustration cited is an extreme case. That is true. But this extreme is approached in the construction of all the armored vessels lately built in Europe. The Russian authorities have simply shown more boldness than others in jumping at once to an experiment of what they saw was the conclusion to which the partial changes, being made progressively, must eventually and logically lead. The experiment has been tried, the extreme in this direction has been reached, and we have every reason to believe that success has not crowned the effort.

It may be objected again to this assumption of failure, that the armor of the popoffkas is not the thickest afloat, and that they do not mount the 140-ton gun; but to enable them to do this it is only necessary to increase their dimensions. The displacement necessary to enable them to carry their present weight of armor and guns required the circular form; an increase in the weights will now require an increase in the dimensions of the hull; but the form has now been reached which gives the greatest floating capacity, and thus we may safely assert that the final point in this direction has been most certainly attained. The result does not satisfy the requirements of the naval service, looking to practical usefulness in war.

We have alluded to the popoffkas of Russia as embodying to their highest degree the ideas which are followed in the construction of the armored vessels lately built by European governments, and in condemning them as faulty, in fact in citing them as proof of the error of a system, we reflect upon the general effort that is being made to achieve a result which

may be looked upon as practically unattainable. The construction of a vessel invulnerable and at the same time irresistible is the result desired to be achieved on which so much labor, ingenuity, and money is expended, and it may well be asked whether the object be worthy of the effort. It may be that much of this expenditure of genius and labor has been wasted on an effort to achieve the impossible; and it may be that the interest awakened by the effort to overcome obstacles, and to emulate and excel others in the struggle, has blinded the eyes of the world to the fact that, even if the object were achieved, it would be nothing worth when gained. These are points which are important to consider, and they may very properly attract our attention, as, looking at the present condition of our navy, their consideration may enable us to arrive at a well matured conclusion as to what may be the best course for us to pursue, if it shall ever suit our legislators to provide the country with an iron-clad fleet.

In propounding such questions as these, and in suggesting that the results achieved by experiments of the greatest magnitude do not satisfy expectations or justify the outlay, we believe that we speak the mind of many a thoughtful professional man who has watched the progress of events with interest, but without conviction of the practical usefulness of the results, of men who approve of the use of armor and of the increase of calibre of guns up to a certain point, bounded and limited by practical usefulness, but who can only regard the steps beyond as experiments curious and interesting in themselves, but as of no practical value from a professional point of view.

In dealing with the subject we must not confine ourselves to the present, but must revert to the past, in which we shall find the origin, or the cause, of the present effort; and in doing so we will be able to refer to actual experiences of war, a forgetfulness of the lessons taught by which always

leads to error. We do not bring the history of the past to the fore as a drag on progress: far from it. Its lessons are not calculated to check advance: they do but save labor by guiding the energy of the present. In the consideration of what is required for an efficient sea-going man-of-war of the present day the history of the past will be our best guide, as, in looking back upon the growth of changes by which we advanced to excellence, we can recognize the causes that made those changes necessary, and can the more readily appreciate the character of the changes now required to enable us to preserve our position. By closing our eyes to the past, refusing to avail ourselves of the benefits of its experience, and by giving up ourselves, without a guide, to the impulse of the present, we may be led to follow error, which ought to be recognized as such if seen through the eye of knowledge.

We refer then, first, to the circumstance in the history of naval artillery which originated the idea of armor for ships of war. This circumstance was the adoption of horizontal shell firing from cannon.

Previous to about 1840 the armament of ships consisted of cannon from which were fired only non-explosive projectiles, round shot, chain-shot, grape, canister, etc. The firing of explosive projectiles was confined to mortars—always fired at an elevation—the shell being known under the name of *bomb*. No effort was made to adopt the shell for horizontal firing from all cannon until 1836, when Col. Paixhan, of the French artillery, demonstrated the feasibility and safety of their use. The introduction of shells and shell guns into the navies of the world was gradual; and it was not until after many years that the entire batteries of vessels of war consisted of guns for all of which shells were supplied.

The probable destructive effect of shells exploding in the sides or on the open decks of ships was recognized by

all, and experiments at targets sufficiently proved it. But circumstances on a practice ground and in action are so various and dissimilar that the experiences of a naval action were looked forward to with much interest, in order to satisfy of the effect of these projectiles in all the varying conditions of a sea fight. Some time elapsed before the baptism of war put the seal of approval on the new missile.

It is worthy of remark how little sea fighting has taken place since the introduction of shells (we refer to engagements between ships), but on every occasion of their use the effect has been most decided and complete. Three instances only can be referred to of purely sea fights; viz., the engagement between the Russian and Turkish fleets at Sinope, during the Crimean war; the engagement between the United States steamer Hatteras and the Confederate cruiser Sumter, during the war of the rebellion; and the fight between the Kearsarge and Alabama, during the same war. In the affair at Sinope the Russian ships used shells, the Turks had only solid shot; the result was the total destruction of the Turkish force. Not one ship escaped: all were burned or sunk. The fight between the Sumter and the Hatteras resulted in the sinking of the Hatteras; and the contest between the Alabama and the Kearsarge ended the career of the rebel rover. It is well to notice here, that, but for the *failure to explode* of a shell that was embedded in the stern-post of the Kearsarge, that vessel might, and probably would, have accompanied her antagonist to the bottom of the sea.

Before the introduction of shells much advance had been made in the means of penetrating the thick wooden sides of vessels of war, by an increase of calibre of the cannon—the Navy of the United States being in advance of the world in this respect—but the shell revolutionized the whole system. The cry went up, “We will stand the solid shot, but keep out the shells.” It

was evident that something must be done.

The necessity of providing a defence against shells had been recognized both by England and France during the Crimean war; and a protection of armor was supplied to some floating batteries built at that time, which were intended to operate before fortified positions. The gallant attempt of Rear Admiral Lyons, with his wooden fleet, before the forts of Sebastopol, had sufficiently proved the uselessness of subjecting unarmored vessels to the steady fire of fortified works. At the conclusion of that war the English built the Warrior and the French built La Gloire. These were the first examples of iron-clad ships of war. They were capable of successfully resisting the entrance of shells, but were not proof against solid shot at short range, when striking at right angles to the side. The armor was limited to the protection of the battery and the men employed at the guns. The forward and after parts of the vessel were unprotected. This arrangement left some vital parts exposed, a want which was supplied in subsequently built vessels, which were provided with a belt of armor about the water-line—reaching from stem to stern—which protected from horizontal fire the steering gear, etc. The only modification in form that was rendered necessary by this arrangement was the suppression of the usually projecting bow, which was dispensed with so as to avoid the overhanging weight. The thickness of the armor of the Warrior was 4 1-2 inches, but in her construction the sharp-angled transverse section was retained, which rendered an increase beyond ordinary length of hull necessary, in order to provide floating capacity for the weight of armor.

On the appearance of these ships the *war at the butts* commenced. At Shoburness in England, and at the Terminus de tir at Gâvres, there were set up Warrior targets and Gloire targets, which were duly fired at with the

artillery of the day. The calibre of the guns was increased, and thickness of targets as well. New vessels were constructed to carry the increased thickness of armor and the guns of increased calibre and weight; the spirit of emulation was aroused between the nations, each vying with the other for precedence, until finally England was left alone to continue the bloodless war of guns versus armor, her efforts resulting in the construction of monster cannon, and in the adoption of the Monitor type of hull, with batteries mounted in turrets—a form and arrangement suggested to her by the genius of Ericsson. The increase in the thickness of armor, and in the calibre and weight of cannon, is still going on, and the necessity of adopting the popoffka form of hull seems to be forcing itself on the nation which now leads the van in weight of gun and thickness of armor. For practical purposes of war, is it necessary to go to this extreme?

For purposes of defence of a harbor when, as should always be the case, a *system* is adopted, floating batteries can be introduced as a most appropriate element. These structures may be of any suitable form, well armored, and mounting the heaviest artillery; the object would be to make them invulnerable and irresistible, regardless of all other considerations, for they would have but one service to perform. They would not be expected to keep the sea, or to manœuvre; they would be floating Martello towers, occupying positions intermediate between shore batteries, where their cross fire would be the most available. A certain amount of accommodation would be necessary on board of them for the guns' crews, and it would be an advantage if they were supplied with a small motive power so that they could be moved without assistance of towing; but their special character should not be lost sight of, and no point essential to a good floating battery should be sacrificed in order to pander to the mistaken idea that

an efficient ship and a perfect battery can be united in one. Floating batteries of this nature would constitute a strong style of defence for harbors, resembling much one of the most formidable defences at the entrance of Cronstadt. At this place a small island on the south side of the channel is provided with iron revolving turrets. The outside plating is twelve and fourteen inches thick, backed by Hughes's iron girders. Each turret carries two 11-inch rifled steel guns. This battery is light compared to those now being mounted upon vessels which are expected to keep the sea, to accommodate a crew, and to perform all the duties of a sea-going vessel of war.

It does not seem reasonable to overload a sea-going vessel in this manner, to force her to stagger along in motion under a load that can only be properly borne when at rest. David could bear the weight of Saul's armor when at rest, but when he " essayed to go " he found he could not. The attempt forces a departure from the well-known useful form of a sea-going ship. The present form in use is known to be the best for speed, for accommodation, and for contending with the elements at sea, and it should not be set aside without better reasons than can be quoted up to the present time. If we accept the evidence of the *butts* alone, we see grounds for the change, but these are not sufficient to authorize a radical change unless the results on target grounds can be shown to be confirmed by the results of practice, and these are yet wanting. The only engagements of actual warfare that have occurred between iron-clad vessels, or between iron-clads and forts, took place during our civil war, and we have satisfactory evidence of the great advantage that was derived from a comparatively light armature. The armor on the sides of our monitors was of a most indifferent character, consisting of laminated plates of one inch in thickness, yet five of these plates proved sufficient to prevent the

entrance of the artillery used against them. The armor of the New Ironsides was only four inches thick, but it was in one plate (rolled), and proved a perfect defence. In one engagement especially these vessels were subjected to a crucial test, permitting the most deliberate fire to be directed against them, the distance (from 800 to 1,000 yards) being well known. On this occasion the whole iron-clad fleet was engaged for *three hours* with the batteries on Sullivan's island, at the entrance to Charleston harbor, the vessels being at anchor, thus constituting stationary targets. The New Ironsides was hit seventy-five times, but no serious injury was done to her; the leading monitor was hit fifty times, and came out of action with seven holes through her deck, but the sides of the vessel had not been pierced, though much deformed. These results of actual experience in war show how available is a moderate armature, and they should be regarded as practical teachings, modifying very much the conclusions that would be drawn from consulting the *butts* alone.

It must be remembered also that in the reports of firing on the target grounds we have, recorded, the effect which is produced under the best possible conditions for the gun. The target is set up at short range, generally not exceeding two hundred yards, and the line of fire is at right angle to the surface struck. This relative position of line of fire and of surface struck is indispensable for the perfect operation of the rifle projectile, for the least deviation from these conditions has a wonderful effect on the consequences of impact. The forward part of all rifle projectiles is so shaped that a slight angle at the point of impact interferes with penetration by deflecting the missile; this effect would preserve the hull of a vessel from injury more than would additional thickness of armor if struck perpendicularly. This is the character of impact that would most naturally obtain during

an engagement at sea, where both vessels must be supposed to be in motion, constantly changing their relative positions, and seldom presenting their side at right angle to the fire of the enemy. The "tumble in" side of the New Ironsides aided much in the protection of that vessel during the engagement above referred to off Charleston; one of the shot which struck her inclined side was deflected so much that it pursued its flight almost vertically upward, striking the *truck* at the masthead. In the action between the Alabama and Kearsarge the latter vessel was protected (in the wake of her boilers) by a chain cable flaked along the side; this improvised armor stopped the entrance of a rifle projectile at that most vital point. These examples of practical experience in war all go to show the advantage of armor, but, at the same time, they do *not* show that it is necessary to carry the thickness of armor considered necessary by European nations.

If, as has been shown, a moderate thickness of armor suffices for a partial protection—if, for example, as opposed to the increased power of the *practical* artillery of the day, six or eight inches of armor will, in all the ordinary conditions of combat, successfully "keep out shells"—why not cease a further effort, and, if the solid shot do come in now and then, agree to take them as heretofore before shells were introduced? A sailor will take the solid shot willingly if he has a *ship* to fight in, and he would prefer to take those risks which he can see and appreciate rather than to be shut up in a box, supposed to be invulnerable, where he merely acts as a part of a machine, with the consciousness that, if anything prove defective in the arrangements, and the invulnerability exist only in the assertion of it, he is condemned to go to the bottom without a chance to make one struggle for life.

The objections to cannon of inordinate dimensions are equally strong from the purely practical point of view.

There is no question about the advantage of large calibre both in giving capability for retaining velocity and in increasing the effect of the impact, but for armaments for ships this should be retained within the limits of manipulation by man power. It is as hazardous as putting all the eggs into one basket to reduce the number of guns of a vessel to one or two, and then to have to trust the operating of all the offensive power of the ship to the correct working of a machine. Take, for example, the instance of the 35-ton guns of the English navy. It is impossible to load them by hand; the ingenuity of the Ellswick works has been forced to supply means for sponging and loading these guns independently of the guns' crews, and the expense of the loading machinery is greater than that of the guns. The case of the 80-ton gun is but a repetition of the same on a larger scale; and if the 140 ton gun ever becomes a fact, then will Herod be out-Heroded. Besides, if any men are to be employed about these guns while being fired, say in the turret of some sea monstrosity, they will have to be made of peculiar organizations, iron-clad and iron-sensed, for no ordinary human senses will be able to endure a near proximity to these *volcanoes in eruption*. Already we learn that the firings at Shoeburyness, with the 80-ton gun, have demolished outhouses and shaken strong structures in the neighborhood of the firing ground, and we hear of the frames of one strong iron-clad being dislocated, her form altered, by the firing of the 35-ton gun with which she was armed. It would seem as if, even as an experiment, this sort of thing could no further go!

But even if these cannon were practicable by ordinary means, can they be considered necessary for the equipment of a vessel of war?

The three great objects desired in a cannon are accuracy, range, and effect on impact. We will apply our remarks, in brief, to these three points. First as to accuracy. The increase of

calibre, referred to above, which obtained in the smooth-bore cannon of the United States navy previous to the introduction of rifled cannon, had, for well-known reasons, a great effect in promoting accuracy. Increased calibre implied increase of weight of projectile, and the advantage of weight was very apparent in increasing the ability of the shot to overcome all obstacles and resistances tending to reduce its velocity or to deflect it from its predetermined trajectory. With smooth-bores, then, the greater the calibre the better the accuracy. But with projectiles fired from rifled cannon, this law does not obtain. The peculiar spinning motion imparted to a rifle bullet imparts to all alike, irrespective of calibre, the same rigidity of axis of rotation which constitutes the basis of the accuracy of this projectile, and the records of deliberate practice will show that little or no advantage in this respect can be claimed for the rifles of larger calibre. We conclude, then, that the mammoth cannon which we are considering derive no advantage in accuracy from their size.

As to the range, there is no question that the advantage rests with the larger calibre, but a plain question may be asked, What range is required for any purpose for which a ship's guns will be used? for if we can have a sufficient range for all practical purposes without increase of weight, would it not be well to avoid increasing it unnecessarily?

Some of the rifled cannon of the day can throw their shot nearly out of sight; if the water about the horizon be much disturbed, it is almost impossible to mark the spot where the projectile falls; this excess of range capacity cannot be utilized; no firing would ever take place at such distances at sea; it would be absurd to expect that any effect could be produced. For effective fire the distance must be reduced, in fact, until within the range of the lighter gun, the range of the smallest of which is still very

great. But considering this subject in a purely practical manner, there are reasons that go to prove that a sea fight would not be carried on even at a distance corresponding to the ordinary range of the smaller calibre, and which demonstrate that the idea must be discarded that the introduction of rifled cannon will have the effect of causing naval engagements to be decided at *long tow*.

In gun practice on shore, or from floating platforms in a quiet harbor, firing at long range may be very effective, for, distances being accurately known, the effect may always be produced by *direct fire* (the object aimed at being the first point that is struck). But at sea the conditions are altered; the distance is *not* accurately known, the aim cannot be taken with mathematical precision, hence the necessity of still more reducing the distance so as to insure or to increase the chances of operating by *direct fire*. With smooth-bore guns this difficulty did not present itself, for most of the firing was done *en ricochet* (the spherical shot striking the water, and skipping along in its *original direction* toward the object), but with rifled cannon the effect of ricochet firing cannot be depended upon, for nothing is more erratic than the course of a rifle projectile after it has touched the water. This necessitates *close quarters*, thus depriving the larger calibred gun of any advantage it may possess of superior range.

The third point refers to the effect on impact, and here it must be allowed that the advantage rests with the larger calibre; but a formidable offset to this advantage may be interposed in the comparison of the *chances of hitting*. We think that the advan-

tage in this respect lies with the gun which is the more easily and rapidly manipulated. The monster cannon must be mounted in turrets—there is no other way in which they can be worked—and their manipulation must be slow as compared to that of guns mounted in an open battery; any one gun of the lighter battery can thus be fired more rapidly than any one of the monster cannon; but we will find also that there are more of the lighter guns than of the heavier ones, thus multiplying the chances of hitting. But because we allow that the effect of impact of the monster shot is greater than that of the smaller one, it must not be supposed that the effect of the smaller shot is to be regarded as *nil*. Far from it; what we have in our mind as the gun of smaller calibre in this comparison is such a gun as the Woolwich 9-inch gun of twelve tons weight, which at six hundred yards will pierce an 11-inch plate. This gun is no toy; it is a most formidable piece of artillery, and its common shell weighs two hundred and thirty-three pounds, carrying a bursting charge of eighteen pounds of powder. The Woolwich 10-inch gun of eighteen tons weight is a gun which is also within the range of manipulation by man power; this gun will pierce a 12-inch plate, failing but slightly to pierce a 14-inch plate at two hundred yards; the common shell of this gun weighs three hundred and seventy-three pounds, and has a bursting charge of twenty-five pounds of powder.

When guns of such power as this can be worked by the manual labor of a gun's crew, can there be any necessity for pursuing the effort to introduce heavier ordnance for sea-going vessels of war? We think not.

E. SIMPSON.

POINTE D'ALENÇON.

A STORY.

MRS. RUTHERFORD was looking over her laces. There were many choice pieces of pointe purchased in Europe: Mechlin and Brussels pointe, Limerick pointe, with other Irish laces, Honiton, delicate d'Alençon, and one precious piece of antique pointe de Venise, for Mrs. Rutherford was a connoisseur in laces, and threw away her money in a recklessly extravagant way whenever a fine piece was concerned.

"Hope Rutherford, I wish you would tell me how you happened to take the lace mania," I said, as I lifted from the handsome Japanese casket an odd piece, a mixture of lace and embroidery, which I fancied she had picked up in some out-of-the-way corner of Switzerland.

"I believe I was ten years old," she replied, "when I began my study of laces. The strip which you hold in your hand was my first acquisition. It has a rather curious history. Would you like to hear it?"

And then Hope Rutherford told me the following story, which proved to be not of quaintly costumed peasants in some Swiss Valais or of some princely lady of the court of Francis I., but of her own stormy childhood and first love.

The daughter of a pioneer judge, Hope's early life had been spent on a farm in the West, five miles from the little town of Conflict. Their nearest neighbors were the Antoines. A shrinking little woman with light hair and washed-out eyes was Mrs. Antoine, but she had a furtive way of glancing from them that seemed to tell that she might have had ideas of her own before they were crushed out by the Colonel, who had never been in the army, and held his title only as a mark of respect. Of French descent, and of a fiery Gallie temperament, he united to many hereditary vices others

for whose distinctive originality he might have taken out a patent. Life with him could not have been pleasant under any circumstances.

The two dwellings stood within a few rods of each other, but a long detour was necessary to pass between them, for, dividing the wooded knoll on which Colonel Antoine had reared his strange structure from the broad acres of corn field, scarcely overtopped by Squire May's stockade of logs and mud, ran a deep ravine, the bed of a fierce little stream called the Wild Cat.

Another gulf separated them, for though their position as settlers in new Kansas offered many points of resemblance in the trials and hardships which both met so bravely, yet the heads of the families when they met, as they did on their way to and from Conflict, never recognized each other. Mrs. Antoine would have explained this in her mellow accents, "'Tain't to be helped, I s'pose, sence you uns are from the Nawth and we uns from the Saouth."

The very houses with their surroundings spoke the difference between them. Squire May's farm had been as thickly wooded as the Colonel's estate, but with his own right arm he had chopped down the trees, built his home of two rooms and a loft above them, pried up the stumps, ploughed and sown his cornfield. After three years of labor as a farmer he was beginning to reap results. The deserted law books stood upon rough shelves against the log wall of the "front room"; a good library of miscellaneous literature kept them company. Above the books hung the Squire's carbine, only used against the prairie chickens, for he was a man of peace. A rag carpet of Mrs. May's workmanship covered the floor. Everything bore marks of thrift and industry.

Colonel Antoine had preëmpted his claim the year previous to the coming of the Mays. The Wild Cat joined the Missouri river near the site which he had chosen for his residence, and the reason of his choice of this particular spot had been the presence at its mouth of a sunken steamboat, its upper cabin just emerging from the muddy water. A band of the Colonel's companions, sympathizing in the noble cause which had led him to leave his plantation in Missouri, that of helping to drive all "free State" men from Kansas, had come over to help establish him in his new home. They brought a gang of negroes with them, and had a "raising," in which a great deal of whiskey was consumed, and the cabin of the sunken steamer was raised and dragged to the top of the knoll. Its side faced the road, presenting the peculiar spectacle of a house with twenty front doors. After this it needed not a great deal of work on the Colonel's part to render it habitable, and it was not long before he removed to it his family and chattels. The former consisted of his gentle little wife and four boys, and the latter of one mule, one cow, and one "niggah," faithful Aunt Pollyanthus. The Colonel made no attempt to improve the place, but proceeded daily to Conflict, mounted on his mule, and armed in the most ferocious manner, his business being politics and gambling.

And yet, in spite of this chasm between them, human nature asserted its claim, and the "women folks" of these two homes became earnest friends. Though Mrs. May disapproved of the shiftlessness of Mrs. Antoine's housekeeping, of the dirty ruffled pillow-cases, of the painted plaster paris parrot on the clock-shelf, of the number of the Colonel's empty whiskey bottles and old boots that strewed the ground opposite the front entrance, and of the calmness with which Mrs. Antoine regarded the confusion of her kitchen and the ragged condition of her sons' clothing, while

she worked endless bands of very dirty but very fine embroidery, yet she loved the little woman with all her heart, and had done so ever since the night that she locked the drunken Colonel in one of the staterooms, and battled death with her until at dawn a fifth little Antoine lay in his mother's arms. "Don't talk to me," she would say to her husband. "One has only to look at those boys to know there *is* pluck in their mother." And if Gus Antoine, the eldest, was a sample of what the rest would be, her words had their weight. Gus was fifteen, a clerk in a book store at Conflict, and it was principally from his earnings that the family were supported. They saw him walking bravely to town early every morning, carrying his dinner in a little tin pail, his jacket, whose buttons were all old bachelors, in that no one of them had a mate, fastened tightly to the throat, where it was met by a turned paper collar and flashy magenta necktie. Squire May liked the boy. Once, when he had called on some errand, he stood for a long time puzzled and curious before a box of geological specimens which the Squire had collected. "What are them things?" he asked.

"Fossil leaves," replied Squire May. "I give myself a vacation every summer, and go off for a week or two geologizing."

The boy asked a few more questions before he left, which showed him bright and observing. A fortnight after he came again.

"I've been reading all about them things," he said. The sale of books was not brisk at Conflict, and during the intervals of trade Gus had plenty of time to read. Still, the Squire was surprised to find that the boy had gone through a volume of *Hitchcock* and one of *Hugh Miller*, making himself as intelligent a master of their contents as it was possible to be without the aid of specimens. "I recited what I read day times every night to mother," he continued, "and if fa-

ther would only lend me Sarsaparilla, that's the mule, I'd like to go jollygizing with yer."

"I'll take you with me in my buggy," said the Squire, "if you can obtain leave of absence from the store."

Through their three years of neighborhood the friendship between the two grew and strengthened, till at the time at which our story finds them the Squire remarked to his wife that he didn't believe he could think more of Gus Antoine if he were his own son, and he intended soon to commence reading law with him. There was one other who looked forward to the boy's visits with pleasure, the Squire's only child, little Hope. She had gone strawberrying and hazel-nutting with him before he had won her father's favor. All the Antoine boys had strongly marked French features, with startled black eyes and hair to match, forming a strong contrast to Hope's blond beauty. Mrs. May had been horrified on their first arrival to find her little girl seated beside a stump, on which her toy dishes were displayed, entertaining a troop of ragged boys. The entertainment consisted of a doughnut broken in minute bits, and, most astounding sight for a New England mother, the youthful Antoines had brought as their contribution to the feast a cup half filled with New Orleans molasses, some scraps of dried orange peel, and a bottle, in which there still remained a few spoonfuls of whiskey, with which ingredients and a little water Gus was compounding a drink and filling the tiny pewter cups with all the expertness of a California bartender.

While Gus was away "jollygizing" with her father, Hope went every day to recite French lessons to Mrs. Antoine, and to learn to make the marvelous embroidery, whose great eyelets were filled in with cobweb like wheels in lace stitches of *pointe d'Alençon*. So the summer passed, but with the fall came the elections. Squire May returned from his brief vacation to learn with surprise that the "free

State" party had nominated him as their candidate for the district judgeship, and that his opponent on the Democratic ticket was Colonel Antoine. The election was closely contested, but ended in the usual way, Colonel Antoine's friends coming over from Missouri, voting for him, and rendering the Democrats triumphant. Squire May was heard to protest loudly against the illegality of this proceeding, and as he drove toward home it was observed that his usual calm temper was much disturbed.

The day following election was an eventful one to Mrs. Antoine and Hope as they sat over their embroidery on a bench under the broad-leaved catalpas in front of the Antoine mansion. A grotesque shadow was thrown upon the path, and Hope grasped Mrs. Antoine's arm in alarm, wondering what strange animal would follow. It was only a peddler, and both she and Mrs. Antoine were soon deep in the contents of the pack, which consisted of several cases of cheap jewelry, a few pieces of flimsy dress goods, and some coarse Hamburg embroideries. Mrs. Antoine looked over these interestedly, but with a smile on her lips. "I can embroider better than that myself, and so can this little girl."

"Let me see what you do," said the peddler, and Hope displayed a long strip of the mingled embroidery and lace work, the pattern in each eyelet being one of Gus Antoine's design—an anchor—it meant hope, he said.

"I give you fifty cents for dat," said the stranger.

"Oh! will you?" exclaimed Hope delighted, while Mrs. Antoine rose, hastened into the house, and returned with the entire collection, which she had worked since she left the convent. The peddler was an evil-looking man, and Hope was afraid to be left alone with him, but Colonel Antoine sauntered in at the gate as his wife entered the house. For a wonder, he was sober, and Hope felt her courage revive. He regarded the peddler gruffly, and

began to scold Mrs. Antoine when she returned, though his ill humor vanished when he saw that she was selling, not buying. The stranger selected a number of bands, and paid for them from a chamois-skin purse filled with gold pieces, which he took from his bosom. The Colonel's eye glittered as it fell upon it, and his manner changed perceptibly.

"Are you going on to Conflict?" he asked as the peddler returned the emptied gourd, which Mrs. Antoine had offered him filled with water, and stooped to take up his pack. "Yes? Well, so am I, and I'll walk along with you. You look tired; just sling your pack across Sarsaparilla. I don't mind a tramp with a pleasant companion."

Mrs. Antoine looked frightened. Such condescension on the part of the Colonel was, to say the least, unusual and portentous.

The next day the little Sabbath school of which Squire May had been the originator, and which held its meetings in the log school house two miles away, met at his house for a celebration. It was a pleasant sight, the children about a table-cloth spread upon the grass, on which the food was laid in picnic fashion. As soon as the children were helped the Squire disappeared, and while he was gone a report of a pistol was heard. He returned in the course of an hour to say that a swing was ready, and Gus Antoine remained for some time longer tossing the little ones into the air.

On his way home, as his foot touched the little bridge which he had built across the Wild Cat for the convenience of the two families, Gus's eye was caught by an object in the ravine below. It was his father, lying half in and half out of the water, with his face covered with blood. Quick as thought he swung himself down to his side. There was a deep, round, terrible hole in his forehead, from which the blood had flowed that formed this hideous mask, and he was quite dead. The boy tried to lift him out

of the water, but finding that impossible, he washed away every trace of blood from the face—no one else should see his father look like that—and then he went on toward home for help. The Missourians had nearly all gone, but Big Bill, a cousin of Mrs. Antoine's, had remained after the election, and was just bidding her good-by, and remained now to render assistance.

The funeral followed soon after. As Squire May was on his way to attend it a sheriff seized him by the shoulder, and arrested him for the murder. Frightened Hope ran with the news to her mother, and even beneath this crushing blow the heroic woman did not flinch. It was her arm that supported the hysterical widow as they stood together at the brink of the terrible grave, and it was Gus Antoine who comforted sobbing Hope, saying that he *knew* her father had not killed his, and it would so be proven. When Mrs. Antoine heard of it she was no less positive as to the Squire's innocence, and her tears fell like rain over her black bombazine dress which she was making over for Hope to wear at the trial.

How stifflingly hot the court-room was, packed to its utmost with an intensely excited audience, and still they came long after Hope was certain that there was not room for another one. She had never seen so many people before, and looking around upon them from her seat in the upper part of the room, saw only a sea of heads. She was conscious of but one individual face, that of her father, pale, but calm in front of the swaying mass. By and by the lawyers commenced talking. She felt faint; it all buzzed and hummed through her head; she could not have told a word that they were saying. After what seemed to her a long while the witnesses for the prosecution were called, and Big Bill took the stand. He related the quarrel between the Colonel and Squire May at the polls, enlarging upon it and run-

ning on in a way that showed him entirely too willing a witness. Then the widow Antoine was sworn. She trembled violently, and nothing could be got from her except by questions.

"What time was it when your husband left the house?"

"Twelve o'clock," came in a frightened gasp from behind the black veil.

"How do you know it was twelve o'clock?"

"Because dinner had just been placed upon the table."

"Do you always have dinner at exactly noon?"

"No, but as he left the door I heard the whistle at Gatling's sawmill."

"Why did he leave the house just as dinner was ready?"

"He was angry because the boys were not at home, and said he would go down to the bridge and call them."

"That is sufficient," said the attorney, next calling "Master Gus Antoine." Gus came forward reluctantly, with an appealing glance toward Hope, as though he were asking her forgiveness beforehand for what he was about to say; then he looked in the same way toward Squire May, who answered his glance by an encouraging nod of the head.

"Did you attend the picnic at the house of the prisoner?"

Gus swallowed hard, pulled his jacket down strongly, and replied, "Yes, sir."

"Was the prisoner with you throughout the whole day?"

"No, sir."

"At what time did he leave you?"

"At twelve o'clock."

"How do you know it was twelve o'clock?"

"I heard the whistle at Sam Gatling's."

"Did you hear anything else remarkable soon after this and before the return of the prisoner?"

The boy face flamed scarlet and white in streaks and patches, as though he had been struck with a whip of thongs, but he answered bravely, "Yes, sir, I heard a pistol shot."

"How do you know that it was not a shot from this carbine?"

"Because I know the noise that old shooter makes. Squire May has lent it to me often to hunt partridges."

"You may sit down."

Gus paid no attention to the lawyer's order, but leaning forward, eagerly addressed the judge and the jury: "May it please your Honor, and you gentlemen of the jury," he said—Squire May smiled. "He gets that from me," he said to himself, for they had talked often of law and legal terms on their geological trip. "What a fine lawyer he will make," he thought.—"and you gentlemen of the jury," Gus went on, "I would like to make a few further remarks."

"If they have anything to do with facts bearing upon this case," said the judge, with a smile at the boy's attempt at forensic eloquence, "you may proceed."

"My mother and I, sir, do not believe that Squire May shot my father. We think that the murderer was a stranger from whom father had won a considerable sum of money the night before."

"The court has nothing to do," said the judge, "with what you or your mother may think or believe. The question is, can you prove anything?"

"No, sir," replied Gus. "I went down to the Union saloon and found that father had won the money from a peddler, that the man who lost it was desperate, but he had left the town, and no one knew where he had gone, or what was his name."

"May it please your Honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "all this seems to me utterly irrelevant and a useless consumption of precious time."

"Have you anything further to state?" asked the judge kindly.

"No, sir," said Gus, bursting into tears, "but if this trial could be put off, though I've never seen the man, I'd track him like a bloodhound, if I had to follow him to California." And the poor boy sat down, covering his face in an agony of grief.

The discovery was nearer than he thought, for a messenger pressed through the crowded room, touched Gus upon the shoulder, and whispered that he was wanted. Utterly bewildered, he rose and followed him to a low boarding-house in a disreputable part of the town. There, upon a wretched bed, a man lay dying. In a drunken condition he had fallen from a high bridge, and his skull was broken in several places. Father Murphy, the Catholic priest, had heard his confession, and was now committing it to writing. He did not look up or speak as Gus entered, but went steadily on with his work. A peddler's pack lay open upon a chair, and Gus Antoine's sharp eyes detected an object which made him start forward and seize it. It was the strip of embroidery which Hope had made. He had found the man he sought.

Father Murphy, who had signed and certified the paper, handed it at this instant to Gus. Its purport was, that having been ruined in play by Colonel Antoine, he had waited for and shot him in Wild Cat Hollow. His money, which he had taken from the murdered man, he now left to the church, and he prayed for the forgiveness of those whom he had injured. Gus turned to grant it, but the hand that had committed the crime had stiffened upon a crucifix, and with the word *Peccavi* upon his lips the soul had gone.

Then Gus turned to Father Murphy. "Come quick to the court house," he said. "We may be too late now." And with the confession in one hand and the lace-work in the other, he dashed out of the house.

Meanwhile, at the court-room, the lawyer for the prosecution had summed up his case; and now the counsel for the defendant, after making a few remarks, in which he drew attention to Gus Antoine's statement as perhaps not so foreign to the case after all, added that he thought it sufficiently strong without it. They would soon see that Squire May could not have committed the murder, for he

was about to prove an alibi, and would base it entirely upon the testimony of one witness, and so saying, he led Hope to the stand. She had known that she would be called upon to testify, but now her courage left her, and she felt as if she must fly through an open side door and escape from them all. But a glance from her father, and the thought that she might save him, restrained her. The little figure looked very piteous with its white face, black dress, and flowing flaxen hair. Already there was heard a murmur of sympathy in the room, beginning with the women. But the prosecuting attorney was equal to the occasion.

"I protest, your Honor," he said, "against the testimony of such a mere child being admitted in court. I am willing to assert that she does not know the nature of an oath, and it is a well known fact that she has visited her father in prison, and been instructed by him as to what to say."

"The Court grants you permission to ask her any questions you choose," said the judge.

Hope held the back of a chair tightly as the lawyer turned upon her.

"Do you know the nature of an oath?" he asked fiercely.

"Oh, yes, sir!" replied Hope. "It's swearing, and I've heard Colonel Antoine swear lots of times."

A subdued titter, which Hope did not hear, greeted the words, while the prosecuting attorney turned with a gesture of assumed despair. "Your Honor sees——" he began, then suddenly turning to Hope, "One question more: what did your father teach you to say here?"

There was a murmur of indignation in the house of, "Why do they let him sass her so?" and the like. But Hope replied firmly, "He told me, whatever they asked me, to tell the truth."

"Yes, I understand he told you to say that he had told you that. What else?"

"Nothing—oh, yes! he told me not to be afraid if the lawyers were very impudent and tried to put me out, but

just to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and God would help me."

"I think, your Honor," said the lawyer for the defence triumphantly, "that there is no longer any question as to the eligibility of the witness, and that she may be now permitted to give her testimony."

The judge bowed gravely, and the prosecuting attorney took his seat.

"And now, my little girl," said the other lawyer kindly, "will you state briefly, but as clearly as you can, the events of the day, from the time the twelve o'clock whistle sounded until Gus Antoine left you?"

"We were all eating when the twelve o'clock whistle sounded," said Hope timidly. "Father beckoned to me, and we left the others there and went around to the old cottonwood tree on the other side of the house. He had meant to fix a swing for the children, but he had been so busy about 'lection that he could not do it before, and he wanted me to help him. We finished it while they were eating, and then called them out and surprised them all. I heard the noise the pistol made. Father was up in the tree. He said, 'There, some of those boys are firing at a mark. I must put a stop to that. It's dangerous.'"

This was all of Hope's testimony, but the most rigid cross-examination did not impeach it. No other witness was called. The judge's address to the jury was brief. As they retired for consultation, Gus Antoine elbowed his way through the surging crowd, brandishing the confession in his hand. He made his way to the judge and handed it to him. He glanced it over, then rose and read it aloud. A cheer rang through the room, but the judge, with lifted hand, commanded silence. "This paper," said he, "comes too late to be used. The jury have retired, and we must await their verdict. If not in accordance with the present disclosure, the prisoner can petition for a new trial."

Their absence was brief, and upon their return a breathless silence reigned in the room; and the words, "Not guilty," were heard in the remotest part of the house. The cheering was now something overwhelming and not to be repressed. Nobody heard the judge's adjournment, though all acted upon it.

Squire May had been acquitted simply upon the evidence of his little daughter; but Gus Antoine's confirmation of the verdict had a tremendous effect. And while one enthusiastic youth was passing around his hat, "to buy that leetle gal a present—an Injun pony or somethin'," all the women and girls in the room formed in file, and, marching around Gus, kissed him heartily, much to his disgust. Mrs. Antoine remained only to kiss Hope under the folds of her crape veil.

A few weeks later the widow Antoine and her family left for the South. Before they went Gus found opportunity to see Hope alone.

"I shall come back again for you when I am a man," he said. "I have brought you that piece of embroidery, but I want you to give me a little piece of it: I will keep it always."

"And did you never hear of him again?" I asked of Mrs. Rutherford.

"Yes. The family went to Virginia. The State had been Mrs. Antoine's home. Gus joined the Confederate army, under Stonewall Jackson; and shortly after the close of the war I received a letter from his mother saying that he had been killed at the battle of Antietam. I had been married for several years then, but I believe I cried heartily when I read it. I wore the embroidery with the Alençon stitch at my wedding. As we turned to come down the aisle, after the ceremony, the sea of heads reminded me of the scene in the court-room long ago; and I seemed to see my first love hurrying forward triumphant, the confession that completed the vindication of my father in his hand."

LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

EDWIN FORREST.

AN ACTOR'S ESTIMATE OF A GREAT ARTIST.

WHEN it was announced that a "Life of Edwin Forrest" was in preparation by the Rev. William Alger, the public desire seemed about to be gratified, and much was expected of the work. It was known that the biographer had been selected in the lifetime of Mr. Forrest, and that he had been granted unusual facilities in the collection of materials for the work. The conspicuous position of Mr. Alger in the world of letters, as well as his rank among pulpit orators, gave assurances that the task was in able hands. It was known, moreover, that he was a very warm lover of the drama, who had on several occasions appeared as its voluntary champion when ignorance set up one of its senseless cries against the stage. All previous notices of Mr. Forrest's career were so poor and unworthy that his admirers hailed this new work with hope and joyful expectation. That such high anticipations have not been justified by the appearance of these volumes, even the heartiest admirers of Mr. Alger will scarcely deny. The most that may be claimed for this work is the endeavor of the biographer to maintain his hero upon the highest of human standards. He never degenerates into the common newspaper puffery of former biographers; but he errs in a certain inflated abstraction of style which obscures beneath a cloud of rhetoric the simple subject of his task. It would have been more satisfactory also if he had reserved that part of his work which deals with art criticism for a volume of essays. He might then have given us in one volume all which we are concerned to know of the man Edwin Forrest. We could have spared the after-dinner speeches and the newspaper articles to make room for more of those home-views of which Mr. Alger is too sparing. The actors will miss in this book

that which they looked for, and which they had a right to expect in any life of our great actor; namely, a history of the drama contemporaneous with his *début*; how he was influenced by his models; what were his methods; and in how much did he contribute to the advancement of his art? In a word, what is the lesson which the actor must learn from his life? While we thank Mr. Alger for his earnestness, for his deep affection for Mr. Forrest, and for the gallantry which has so often led him into the arena as the drama's champion, we cannot but feel that one volume of memories from the pen of Mr. James Oakes, though likely to be less worthy as literature, would have been more truly a likeness of the man and his life than can be found in the two handsome volumes before us. What will be said here may be simply regarded as the tribute of reverent affection for a great man and a lost friend.

It is certain that a well-written life of Edwin Forrest, which should cover all the events of his remarkable career, is much desired. By those who only knew him in later years, when his domestic troubles had soured his temper, when disease had weakened his once iron constitution, he was regarded as some strange being unlike his kind. He was only *well* known by those who came closest to him, and these were few, and such as had known him from early manhood. Not that he was constantly acting, as the vulgar supposed, but that his bearing and manner out of the theatre, on the street, in public places, bore an impress of pride, of haughty reserve, which stung his enemies and chilled his admirers.

To the actor his career is an instructive one, and it should be set down while there are those living who can remember him as he first appeared and as he closed his remarkable life.

While it will not be necessary to exalt him to divinity, it will be impossible to deny that he had great and good impulses, and an aptitude for his profession which no other actor of our country has developed. Beginning his labors at early boyhood, he had achieved a great fame at an age when others were in the alphabet of their art. He passed through the humble stages of his profession so rapidly that the want of that training which only gradual progress can give was evident to the last in his performances. To read the memorials which have been printed since his death it would be supposed that his advancement was gained without conspicuous opposition or rivalry. This is not the fact. Mr. Forrest came upon the stage at a time when the drama was in the full tide of success, when every theatre could boast an excellent company. To have distanced such men as Scott, Ingersoll, Adams, Webb, Eaton, and James Murdoch was due as much to Mr. Forrest's personal character and force of will as to his merit as an actor. The annals of the stage will show that many of these men enjoyed an estimation in the public mind equal and in some cases superior to that in which Mr. Forrest was held. That he came to the front at last and left them all behind, is one of the glories of which he should not be deprived.

The condition of the actor at the time of Mr. Forrest's *début* was singularly happy and singularly unfortunate. The lovers of the drama who filled the theatre when the old plays were acted could not show their regard for their idols more effectually, as they imagined, than by social meetings, where indulgence became the ruin of many of the brightest intellects of the day. Many had fallen, and with such examples about him Forrest had the wisdom and the strength to shape his course by a safer path than that which his fellows had so blindly chosen.

Unthinking admirers have pronounced his style an entirely original one; a word so often misused in theatrical criticism as to mislead the read-

er. If to be original means that the actor must strike out an entirely new style of acting, create new and untried situations for the old plays, and present them in a shape unlike that in which we have been accustomed to admire them, then there can be no such creature as an original actor. The situations—the so-called “business”—of nearly all the commonly acted plays have been handed down through generations of actors, amended and corrected, in many cases, by each, but never radically altered; new readings of certain passages substituted for old, but the “traditional” points still preserved; physical peculiarities and personal characteristics finding ample freedom within the old rulings of each play. Styles of acting too have changed as little as the business of the dramas themselves. There have been three methods since the Restoration, and only three, upon the English stage. These have been represented in our own time by Forrest, Macready, and the elder Booth. Modifications of these have taken place, but the groundwork always remains, admitting space for individual freedom, but denying complete independence of the old forms. At times one style has prevailed, at another its rival; and the claim to originality which some one generation of play-goers has set up for its favorite has arisen from the misfortune which denies to the actor the merit of his work beyond the hour of its performance, so that he cannot be properly estimated by those who can only read of him. Thus the generation which beheld the advent of Kean did not know that his style was that of David Garrick, who had been dead less than half a century; and the style of Mr. Forrest dates even further back, to Betterton, Barton Booth, and through Kemble to Cooper, with the last of whom he acted, and whose style undoubtedly was his own model. It was even charged against him in his early years that he was a servile copyist of that great man; a statement as false as that he was entirely original. At this point an ex-

amination of the theatre at the time of Forrest's appearance will reveal how much instruction he gained from his predecessors, and how much he added to the glory of the stage.

The impetus given to the drama by the arrival of the gifted men who crossed the Atlantic near the close of the last century had not become exhausted when Forrest appeared. Although New York absorbed much of the talent then in the country, Philadelphia could boast of a finer list of actors in 1820 than she has ever had since that time. Many of those who had been educated in the best of the great English circuits had become veterans at this time, and Forrest could see nightly such actors as Rowbotham, Wood, Warren, Maywood, and Jefferson in the regular stock, while such tragic lights as Cooper and Cooke occasionally brightened the theatrical firmament. The character of the plays formed the style of the actor. All the traditions of the stage were in the possession of these gifted men, and Forrest could see Lear acted in the original, with all the stage business which had been handed down through generations of performers. It was then the fashion to admire the grand works of the old dramatists, and modern sensational plays were unborn. Each piece was cast to the full strength of the company, and no actor was regarded as too good for his part, no matter how humble it might be. Each year brought the same order of plays, varied only by a revival, perhaps, of one of the old tragedies or comedies long neglected, like the "Fatal Dowry," or "Every Man in His Humor." Thus the auditor of that day became familiar not only with the manner of the old actors, but with the text of the plays. The best qualities of the drama in the mother country had been transplanted in a fresher and more fruitful soil, and the harvest was reaped in a group of comedians unsurpassed for talent in any age of the theatre. Although the accessories of the stage were still poor and mean, the audiences were recompensed by

the genius of the actors who could fill the imagination and complete the stage illusion even against the disadvantages which surrounded them. Mr. Forrest never escaped from the influences of that era. To the last he adhered to the style and manner of the older actors, and scorned all the new appliances by which modern ingenuity has embellished the old plays. He was fond of alluding to the days of Shakespeare, when a bit of unpainted canvas stretched from side to side represented the whole scene, and upon which was scrawled, "This is a house," or, "This is a wood," and would declare that it was necessary then to be an actor, as no aids came but from within to help the illusion or hide the poverty of the surroundings. In one of his travelling experiences he reached a small place where the poverty of the scenic surroundings was beneath contempt. This manager feared to tell him how meagre were the scenes which must represent Elsinore that night, but was compelled to speak. He had hung two American flags from side to side of the stage opening, and these represented drop curtain and palace as well as the platform and castle. Instead of anger or annoyance, Mr. Forrest only smiled and declared that nothing could be better. He would show the audience that Hamlet could be played even in that foreign frame with all its power, and his patriotism should stimulate his genius as his eyes rested upon the flag of his country.

Another influence in favor of Mr. Forrest lay in the approachableness of the actors of his early time. They did not always put off with the garb the cheerfulness or sociability of the character they represented. Falstaff often carried into private life the habits of his stage career, and the line of identity and assumption was not very clearly drawn. The young aspirant, who had already tasted the sweets of an amateur triumph, could learn from the lips of a Warren, a Wood, or a Jefferson enough to open now and then a vista down which his own suc-

cess might be discerned. As so much of stage knowledge is conventional and unwritten, especially the mechanical branch, such an experience must have been of great service to the youth who was shortly to appear as "Young Norval," and create an impression so profound that the after glories of the actor's life seemed poor beside that boyish success.

Mr. Forrest was admirably fitted to carry forward the traditions of the stage as they descended to him. He was their best exponent while he lived, and their splendor in a measure faded with him. He came of that great middle class which so often recruits the strength of our country. He possessed an admirable physique, a fine voice, a face of much attractiveness, and he acquired a good common school education. His habits were formed in a rough school, where prowess and vigor atoned for the lack of delicacy and culture, but his character was of the Roman type, which defied alike indulgence and sloth. No one lamented more than he the want of a common road by which men and women of talent might approach the stage, and yet he himself profited greatly by that want. At one bound he overleaped the conventionalities, and not only vaulted into a high position at once, but never fell back from it; while rivals were obliged to ascend by toilsome gradations the steps, at the top of which they beheld him who had so miraculously surmounted all. It is not claimed that Mr. Forrest's career was free from those discouragements which attend the lives of all who adopt the stage. He simply escaped the drudgery of years, which all actors endure with agony, and look back upon with gratitude. The salaries were so low, the theatres so few, and the demand for actors so light, that even after his phenomenal appearance he had much difficulty in finding a regular engagement, and his trials differed from those of his fellows in kind rather than in degree.

In that day a successful actor was regarded not only with public appro-

val behind the footlights; he was an object of admiring curiosity when abroad. He shared with other public characters that most trying of ordeals, the scrutiny of the street, the stare of the crowd. That such influences are to-day much modified is fortunate for the actor, for they undoubtedly affected the bearing of Mr. Forrest and those who were reared in his school, giving them the air of being "on parade" before as well as behind the scenes. Like all men who succeed, he met with violent opposition—the more violent, in his case, that he overleaped so rapidly the bounds by which his fellows had been forced to ascend. He had not the habit of conciliation, and his manner completed what his career had begun. Denying himself the indulgences which were the ruin of his fellows, he devoted himself to the study of his profession with all the ardor of affection, and gained by application and self-denial that precedence of other gifted men of his era, which he never forfeited. The retirement of Cooper left the stage to a company of actors formed after his style, which has never been surpassed. The theatre of half a century ago abounded in brilliant names, which have long since lost their lustre. In absolute fitness for the stage, in all requirements for the parts which each adopted, it is claimed by those who can remember the rivals of Mr. Forrest in his early manhood, that many were fully his equal, except in character and force of will. From what is known to us of Augustus Adams he must have been an actor of surpassing force. He was the idol of his audiences, and held an equal place with Mr. Forrest in the estimation of the play-goers of that day. With a physique almost Greek in proportion and grace, a voice of great sweetness and power, and a fine comprehension of character, he made a grand impression in such parts as *Virginus*, *Damon*, and *Pierre*. He died at an age when his powers should have been at their prime, a victim to that influence with which a public so often suffocates

while embracing its idol—popular applause. He was one of the greatest rivals of Forrest. Another was John Scott, an actor of so much power that it was said of him by the "Times," when he appeared in London, that no actor possessing so many merits and so many faults had ever appeared upon the English stage. Had he been true to himself he would undoubtedly have contested the palm of superiority with Mr. Forrest. To the actors of to-day, who have been educated in the so-called modern drama, the splendors of that company of actors seem unreal. The list is a long one, too long for classification, and only now alluded to as an illustration of the difficulties out of which Mr. Forrest carved his way to the undoubted leadership of his profession—Ingersoll, the "silver-tongued," whose early manhood was the spring-time of a harvest destined never to ripen, Charles Webb, Charles Eaton, and a long list of others, who fell by the wayside, and were passed by. That they did not hold out to the end is a sad reflection; they were so gifted, so generous, and they might have done so much for an art which repays so liberally any devotion. He only reached the goal who had avoided their errors, and profited by them. Here is the lesson of the early career of Forrest to the actor. He cherished to his latest hour the pride then inspired in his soul, and well he might do so. The struggle soured his temper. It left its traces upon his character, making him imperious, proud, selfish oftentimes; but he proved to those who came after him that it only needed the same catholic adherence to the highest principles which inspire the best of men in any calling to gain the highest honors of the art.

The meeting with Edmund Kean and the attention he attracted from that extraordinary man were among the directing influences of his life. To his last hour he never wearied in his praises of Kean, whose genius filled the English-speaking world with the fame of his performances. Two men more unlike in mind and body

can scarcely be imagined. The one who had come up from his early sufferings into that prosperity which had crazed him bore upon his delicate frame the marks of the struggle. The fire of genius still dwelt in that eye, which could melt with tenderness in the passion of Romeo, or flash with the mad jealousy of Othello. He had passed over the soil yet virgin to his young admirer, and he bore the marks of his travail. Transferred from the certain misery of a provincial career, whose rewards were beggarly, into the dazzling atmosphere of a London estimation, he spanned at one bound the distance which separates luxury from want, wealth from poverty. But he was more true to his earlier instincts than sensitive to his later possibilities. The spark which filled the stage with radiance burned out with its flame the frame which enshrined it, and he who swayed admiring audiences by his power became the slave of passions too late subjected to control. The early life of Edmund Kean, passed in the midst of social prejudices which outlawed his calling, was the last sad protest against the injustice and ignorance of the time which gave for the genius of the actor a place among the stars, while his life passed in social neglect, ostracised and contemned.

Till this time Mr. Forrest had seen no actor who represented in perfection the impassioned school of which Kean was the master. He had seen Cooke in the decline of that great man's power, but his own judgment was not then matured. Here was a revelation. How much must his mind have grown in the contemplation of that style which grasped the innermost shade of true passion, and flashed out its meaning through a frame slender yet magnetic with the divine spark! Forrest loved to recall those early impressions; and a lock of the great actor's hair was tenderly preserved among his most valued treasures. From this memorable meeting may be traced the first absolute hold which Mr. Forrest made upon general estimation. His

opening in New York, although made at the Bowery—then a very different school from what it has since become—was the beginning of that brilliant metropolitan career which extended over forty years. It was here he gained the friendship of those men eminent in that day as the leaders of public opinion in theatrical affairs—the journalists and critics, whose kindly but well-digested opinions aided him in fixing his conceptions and reforming his manner. They also did much toward softening the asperities of his nature, hardened by the experiences of the past and the trials he had encountered. At this time also his widowed mother, left dependent, with several children, became the object of his tender care. He owed much to the careful love and sterling worth of his mother, who must have gloried in the son whose fame she lived to enjoy; and his first use of his earnings was to shelter that beloved head with a roof entirely her own. His love attended her to the latest hour of her life, and at her death he continued the same devotion to his surviving sisters, who, for many years, shared his home and filled his heart. This is one of the many episodes in the career of Edwin Forrest wherein it is pleasant to contemplate him.

His influence upon the dramatic criticisms of the time is indicative of the man. He who was as sensitive to praise as a girl was yet of so upright a character that he scorned to make an advance which might be misconstrued as an approach toward “cultivation of the press.” His somewhat aggressive manner toward the critics as a class made him many enemies, but the general effect was to raise the standard of journalistic criticism.

It is not possible in this article to follow as closely as could be wished each detail of Edwin Forrest’s career. We have seen how favorable were the early surroundings of the actor toward the full development of his powers—how his style was formed from the best models of the robust school, which Cooper and Conway brought

over from Kemble—how that style was modified and softened by the acting of Edmund Kean—and we now find him at the summit of his fortunes, winning an enduring fame in the chief American city.

Of his success in England, upon his first appearance there, no doubt can exist. There were play-goers living who could compare the American with his best models, and he was honored as no foreign actor had been by a British public. The “*Gladiator*,” as a play, was condemned, but his Shakespearian performances were a distinguished success. His return to America, after this engagement, was the signal for ovations of every kind, professional and social. He enjoyed that public estimation which transfers to objects animate and inanimate the name of its idol; and horses, steamers, and carriages were adorned with the name of America’s greatest actor.

If biography could stop here, leaving the great man in the midst of his fame, blest with fortune, happy in the possession of active friends, then the task would be wholly grateful; but the sad results of that early visit to England must not be left unmentioned. Upon his first visit he had maintained agreeable relations with Mr. Macready, then the foremost English actor, and had met the lady whose union with him later so tragically affected his life. If we allude to this episode, it is to censure the haste with which Mr. Forrest rushed before the public with his domestic troubles. He owed it to himself and his profession to bury in silence the grief which his union brought upon him, a public exhibition of which could only reflect upon his calling, already a mark for ignorance and detraction. For once he deviated from the practice of his life, and the imperious nature which tolerated no opposition was rebuked by the law, which, giving the case against him, drove him forth a cynic and a soured man for ever. The quarrel with Macready was another unhappy incident which lost him many friends. The right to hiss a brother actor, which

Mr. Forrest claimed, when witnessing the Hamlet of Macready, is one which has been so rarely used that its exercise had come to be regarded as disgraceful, and in his case cannot be justified by any sophistry. He was too great to descend to such pitiful means of revenge. He was still more in the wrong when he countenanced the disturbances which attended Mr. Macready's performances in this country; and though the final result, in the shedding of innocent blood, cannot be laid at his door, yet he may be accused of indifference at a moment when one word from him would have arrested the wilful men who were using the vilest means of intimidation toward a great actor, in some sort a guest. These two unhappy events force themselves into consideration whenever Forrest's name is mentioned. They gave him a wide-spread notoriety, but they tarnished his fame and showed him in a light in which it is not well for the actor to appear. They caused him to abandon many old friends, and sowed the seeds of suspicion and distrust in his once generous nature. He thereafter lived in a narrower circle, in which there remained many true friends; but their diminished numbers must have often recalled the memory of what he had passed through.

Mr. Forrest lived to see the reign of melodrama and sensation usurp the sceptre of his own divinities. The giant of the grand old tragedies stood face to face with the light-armed, naked-bodied, blond-headed sensation drama, and saw his models set aside for this newer and coarser rival—a cultivated public crowding one of the most beautiful theatres in America to witness the obscenity of the "Black Crook," while his own inimitable performances were neglected.

My own acquaintance with the great man began one winter's evening twenty years ago. Coming to New York, a stranger and a youth, I saw Mr. Forrest announced as Lear at the old Broadway theatre. The impression of that performance has never been

effaced by any subsequent effort of his, and has certainly never been disturbed by that of any other actor. His greatest Shakespearian parts were Lear, Othello, and Coriolanus. The former grew mellow and rich as age came on, while it still retained much of its earlier force. His Othello suffered from the same causes, although his grand intellect was apparent to the last in all his work. Coriolanus died with him—"the last of all the Romans." He was greatest, however, in such parts as Virginius, William Tell, and Spartacus. Here the mannerisms of the man were less apparent than in his Shakespearian performances, and were overlooked in the rugged massiveness of the whole creation. Hamlet, Richard, and Macbeth were out of his temperament, and his performance of these was unworthy of his fame. He left many imitators, but no successor who could carry on the great task as he laid it down. The tragic field was usurped by a style of acting which, abandoning passion for attitude and power for languor, brought into the great creations of Shakespeare an effeminacy which is far removed from the old heroic type as given us by Mr. Forrest. The spirit of the age might be better mirrored in this "new departure," but the drama has been no gainer by it. What Mr. Forrest despised as unnecessary auxiliaries—gorgeous scenery, artificial lighting apparatus, musical introductions, and elaborate costuming—became at last the essential features of this new discovery, and the actor labored under a load of superficial surroundings whereby the wiser spirit was suffocated and lost. Hamlet dawdled and sighed, rolling lovely eyes heavenward, to the admiration of dreaming maidens, who knew little of the metaphysics of the Hamlet they adored, but who could cover his sable form with the airy web of young romance, and sigh and break their tender hearts, that "Heaven had made but one such man." The day of the photograph and the album succeeded the heroic age of tragedy, and

adoring damsels saw in Romeo only "such lovely dressing," or in Melnotte "such an enchanting form." All this Mr. Forrest lived to see, but for years he had been more and more retreating from public notice; having perhaps acted too long for his fame, instead of quitting the field before disease had weakened his powers. The inevitable hour approached. He had had several warnings, but with his iron frame it was hoped that he would live many years to enjoy the retirement which he had at last resolved upon. But it was not to be. As his life had been made solitary by misfortune, so Death found him alone, coming one early morning into his silent chamber, and summoning him to that rest which the world had denied him.

The great actor slept, leaving behind him a charity which he had hoped to perfect before he died, by which his fellows might be made happier, leaving behind him a fame such as no American may expect to rival for many generations, but taking with him a power and a manliness which he could not bequeath, a royalty of soul which despised all cowardice where the drama's interests were involved, and a scorn for professional meanness of every kind.

I can testify to the warm interest which Mr. Forrest took in all young actors who seemed earnestly to desire advancement, and were willing to labor for that end. While I was fulfilling an engagement at the Chestnut street theatre in Philadelphia many years ago, Mr. Forrest, then at home for his vacation, occupied a box nearly every evening during my performances, and between the acts he would send me in a few lines upon a card of an encouraging character, or point out some error which he had detected. I was only too happy to be thus instructed, and felt deeply the compliment paid to me in this way. In all his suggestions and corrections I found him to be in the right. I never rebelled but once, and he kindly referred me to the authorities upon

the subject, when I was taught humility, and my apology and thanks covered the shame of my rebellion. During this engagement I saw much of him socially, and rarely discovered any of those harsh features of character for which he was noted among men. He spoke invariably of his fellow actors with tenderness, and when he had been deceived, or his confidence had been abused, he silently passed the offender by. In this respect, I presume, his conduct had undergone a change from his earlier habit; success had made him egotistical certainly, and this egotism showed itself sometimes in a humorous way, sometimes in a serious one. He spoke of the great actor as comparable only to the loftiest of mankind, oftentimes carrying the comparison still higher into the region of sacrilege, and of course he was thinking as much of his own merits at such times as of those of his fellows. This egotism betrayed humor when he would refer to his own performances to point a parallel. Speaking to me once of the criticisms of journalists upon the conduct of President Lincoln, at that time in the chair, he became indignant at the freedom with which great reputations were handled by men of the newspaper class, and immediately proceeded to say that such audacity resembled that which assailed sometimes his own performances; that of course it could not affect Mr. Lincoln, as dramatic criticisms could not affect himself; he must regard the journalist who decried, for instance, his third act of "Othello" as either a subject for the lunatic asylum or to be shown down the back stairs ignominiously. This was, however, only a harmless blemish upon the character of a man who had been idolized by two generations of play-goers, and who saw at the close of his life no rival who disputed his claim to preëminence. It will surprise many to hear that Mr. Forrest was capable of performing a graceful or delicate action. I can recall many. We rode together one winter's day

from Pittsburgh many hours. He was to remain at Columbus for his engagement, I to go on to Indianapolis. The former place was to be reached at midnight, the latter on the following morning. He entertained me the whole of that afternoon with anecdotes, personal recollections, and professional advice, and at evening I left his car to seek my own, promising myself that I would rise and say farewell to him at Columbus. I did so, and met him at the door of my car, seeking me. He carried an umbrella which I had left in his seat, and returning it gracefully, he, with a smile, bade me farewell, and wished that my engagement might be profitable. His companion loitered behind him to tell me that Mr. Forrest would not part with my umbrella to his care, but resolved himself to seek me and make it an excuse for a "good night." There is little in this incident, but it will sound odd to those who only knew Mr. Forrest by hearsay, which noted only his weaknesses, and did not record the better impulses of his heart.

My last days with him were passed in New Orleans, where he was acting, and I was remaining to assist in the opening of the new theatre there. His health was poor, and he rarely left his room till evening. He would send for me in the morning for breakfast, and it was a pleasure to me to know that I could assist him in mitigating the *ennui* of a sick room. Here I learned how extensive had been his reading, and how much of his education he owed to his professional training. He often declared that to be a successful actor a man must have acquired a liberal education in the progress of his professional work. He certainly was an excellent illustration of his own theory. He loved books keenly, and knew them too. He was going through Texas on his way home, after finishing his engagement in New Orleans, and I sent him for his reading en route a copy of Lecky's "Rationalism," which he had never met. He wrote me a most flattering letter of thanks from Galveston, the last I ever had from his

hands, and particularly dwelt upon the favor I had done him in calling to his knowledge an author who paid such a tribute to our profession, a fact which alone would have made him an admirer of Lecky. The impression he left upon me I have tried to tell in this brief sketch, and I am only paying a debt to a friend when I ask that when the faults of Mr. Forrest are rehearsed, justice may be done to his virtues, which would more than trim the balance.

In summing up a life like this, where strength and weakness are in forcible contrast, it is impossible to deny that no man had appeared before his time who was destined to exercise so great an influence upon the drama as he did. He loved his art with all the fondness of a woman, and he gave his life and fortune to it. Possessing the grandest qualifications for an actor, he omitted no labor to improve himself, scorning alike the evasions of the slug-gard and the trickery of the charlatan.

To the indolent and unworthy his wrath was sudden and unsparing; to the earnest student he was as gentle as a child. All the stories of his cruelties sprang from his unsparing hatred of halfness in his profession. Studious and constant himself, he could tolerate no indifference in others. He has left a space which it is scarcely possible to fill. Many have striven to possess themselves of the cast-off robes of the dead king. But how shrunken and shrivelled do their lean anatomies appear in those ample garments! They copied only his defects and fancied they grasped his excellences. But all actors may hope to profit by his instructive career; preserving the same high aim for the drama; laboring to keep the actor's fame as spotless as his calling; striving with the same honest purpose and fidelity to attain deserved rewards; and scorning all those external means of notoriety by which an ephemeral success is gained, at the cost of sincerity, truth, and the very integrity of the drama itself.

LAWRENCE BARRETT.

OUR WITCH.

A LEGEND OF THE DELAWARE.

LONG before we had any expectation of being a city, and when there was no town plot, with imaginary streets, to be built on, our village naturally followed the river bank. The taverns seemed anxious to be conveniently near the wharves for the sailors; and the shops where ship-stores were a specialty hung out their huge signs where they could be read by hungry mariners, who, weary of hard-tack, would spend the enforced savings of months for fresh provisions, provided there was enough left for grog and tobacco.

The largest ship-store then was Major Jacquette's. It was down the shore, full a quarter of a mile from the village, while our growth had a tendency up the river then. How the Major gained his military rank, I don't know. Whether the title was one of mere courtesy, or hardly won by honorable or dishonorable service against the Indians, tradition does not say.

The house was of one story, with attics; of considerable width, and still more depth; a long piazza in front, with rough boards for benches, on which customers and gossips sat and smoked peaceful pipes while they discussed the crops or told long yarns of foreign lands, as their occupation suggested.

Above the piazza, and quite hiding the dormer windows, was the huge white sign, which told that fresh provisions, grog, and groceries were sold there—for the Major did a flourishing business, and made his money rapidly; not only his dollars, but also his pennies for Scotch snuff and tobacco. Besides, he was a very liberal man in his business transactions, and would take an honest man's word for security without bothering himself with mortgages or judgments; so of course he was popular.

The back of the house was an irregular collection of rooms, evidently added as they were needed, and when there were more in the family than the Major, his pretty daughter, and old Dinah.

Behind was the yard, with a few out-houses in it, and a huge water-willow which spread its branches over the well. On one side was the orchard, and beyond stretched the marshland, which no one knew how to reclaim, and where all the cows in the vicinity could browse unmolested, and the yellow splatter dock, and flag and sweet calamus showed their flowers in their season.

When the wind stirred the muslin curtains of the parlor, the passer-by could get a glimpse of gorgeous stuffed birds on perches, foreign shells, and vases of brilliant feather flowers—decorations which were either gifts or love offerings from susceptible sailors, or had been bought by the indulgent Major for his pretty daughter.

The Major's next neighbor was old Dilsey Dinsmore, who was half suspected of being a witch, and greatly feared for her violent temper. Her house was a mere hut of logs, chinked with mud, with an outside chimney, also made of mud and sticks. The house stood on low piles, so low that a chicken or young pig taking refuge there was safe from capture. The half of an old mile-stone served for a doorstep, and there was nothing in front of it but the sandy beach, nor behind but the unreclaimed marsh.

In spite of the poverty of her home, old Dilsey was reported rich; and Major Jacquette was said to have her money in charge. It was also said that she would never take from him but a shilling at a time—it was English currency then—and that she never kept a penny in the house. Some said it

was because she was miserly, others that she was afraid of a dare-devil nephew of hers, Dick Dinsmore, who might be troublesome if he suspected his aunt of having money in the house.

Dick was a lover of Thérèse Jacquette, and though she gave him no encouragement—indeed, was sharp and scornful to him—he contrived to keep away from her all other lovers. The truth was, the village beaux were afraid of Black Dick, partly on his aunt's account, who, they were sure, had dealings with the devil, and partly because Dick boasted of some extraordinary feats of strength, that were appalling to men of ordinary muscle. Thérèse herself had no fear of Dick, and very plainly said he was a coward, and that those who were afraid of him need not come near her.

There was a young sailor, mate on an East Indiaman, who was loitering in the village, some said, for love of pretty Thérèse. He was a broad-shouldered fellow, with frank, merry blue eyes and curly brown hair—a thorough sailor; and when dressed in his blue shirt and broad-rimmed straw hat, which just then sported a blue ribbon—Thérèse Jacquette's color—he was a handsome one.

He had risen to the rank of first mate for some act of daring during a mutiny in the Indian Ocean; and the sailors told long yarns over their cups of Murdoch's fierce gripe, and of a certain clip of his that was sure to fell an insubordinate sailor. Yet they all agreed that he was good-tempered, and not at all eager to pick a quarrel.

And so my story begins, on a bright day in June. The river was as smooth as glass, and a sloop, which had raised every sail in hopes of a puff of wind, stood motionless as if anchored. The water showed a sky of its own, only inverted; and the Jersey shore was doubled, as seen actually unreflected, a sure sign of rain every one knows.

Behind the house the cows had gathered under the trees—a blotch of color on the green marsh, and a pret-

ty picture of still life as they stood there huddled together.

Thérèse Jacquette was under the big willow by the well, churning. The sleeves of her white short gown were drawn up and pinned back so as to be out of her way, and showing her plump, rounded arms, which had a pink tinge through the skin, like that of a delicate sea-shell. Her hands were clasped on the top of the stick of the churn-dasher, and her chin rested on them. She was evidently absorbed in listening.

Old Dinah, who was in the very act of scattering a plate of cold scraps to the chickens, provokingly stopped after dropping a dainty fish-head, never heeding the cluck of the patient hens, or the saucy looks of the young cocks, who eyed her curiously, with their heads on one side, as if they suspected her of defrauding them of their rightful meal.

The door leading from the yard into the store was open, and both Thérèse and Dinah recognized Dilsey's voice, which was pitched so wrathfully, while the Major was answering her blandly and coaxingly.

"But, good Dilsey, I can't do better. I haven't a shilling in the house. I can give you a pound, or a hundred of them. Or, if that's too much, I have a sixpence, and, mayhap, a ha'penny."

"I came for a shilling, and I'll have nothing else," declared Dilsey sullenly.

"I'd gladly give it to you, if I had one; or if you'd wait, maybe some one will come in and spend a sixpence, and then I can make up the shilling. Or if to-morrow will do, I'll be sure to have the change."

"If to-morrow would have done, I would not be here to-day. I never touch a shilling until I need it, as you might have known by this time," was Dilsey's answer.

"But it wasn't three days ago since you took a shilling, and it isn't your way to be back so soon. If I had looked for you, I would have had a shilling by me," suggested the Major.

"How can I tell when they'll come down upon me like the locust in Egypt? And, as if that isn't plague enough, you refuse me one of my own shillings——"

"Not refused, Dilsey, only I haven't the change," interrupted the Major.

"It comes to the same thing. Didn't I pay the money in silver shillings? And didn't you count them, and give me a written receipt for them?" asked Dilsey wrathfully.

"You don't suppose I have kept the stocking full of shillings you brought me! Much good they would have done you tied up in that fashion. Eh, woman! I've more than doubled the money for you since the day you brought it to me," asserted the Major cheerfully.

"And won't let me have a shilling of it! That's what I call hard lines; and I a poor lone woman, with none to look to," complained Dilsey.

"I'll give you twenty shillings, if you'll only take them in a pound note. See here, Dilsey, I'll give you a pound out of my own pocket rather than see you so cut up about it. And I'll never be without a good shilling in the till again, I promise you," returned the Major.

"Who asked you to give?" exclaimed Dilsey angrily. "What I want is one of the shillings I gave you."

"If you'll only wait till to-morrow," the Major began.

But she would not listen, and came out of the house looking furious, and muttering to herself words which sounded very much like curses.

As soon as Dilsey appeared in the yard Thérèse began to churn, and Dinah, much to the relief of the poultry, turned over the plate and scattered the scraps. Both Thérèse and Dinah looked guilty under Dilsey's fierce glance.

"You'll get no butter to-day," she said, with a low, scornful laugh. "Nor for many a day to come. Your bonny arms will weary, yet there'll be only froth for your pains."

"Why, the butter commenced to

come some time ago. I'll send you over a print of it," Thérèse answered smiling.

"It will be little butter your dainty hands make. You'll not eat while I starve," replied Dilsey, and walked swiftly out of the yard, and across the narrow path through the marsh to her own hut.

Thérèse continued to churn on, but finding that the dasher was not clogged by the forming butter, she looked into the churn and found the cream had frothed. She churned on for some time, and then called Dinah to come and take her place, and sitting down on the low doorstep, she watched the old woman.

At last Dinah decided that the cream was wasted, and only fit for the pigs.

It was many a day after that before a pound of butter came for all of their efforts. There was but one way to account for it, and that was that old Dilsey had bewitched the cream, and until she willed it there was no use in trying to make butter.

It was not long after this that Dilsey thought she had a fresh grievance from the Jacquettes, and this time it was Thérèse who was in fault.

It was after their early supper, and Thérèse had left Dinah to clear the table, and had strolled down the beach by herself. Whether she wished to be alone with her thoughts, as girls do sometimes, or whether the after-glow from the sunset tempted her, or she knew some one else would be strolling out in the twilight, Thérèse did not say. She might have supposed the sun had taken a freak and set in the east, there was such a rosy reflection in that part of the sky and on the river. But the girl scarcely noticed it, for her eyes were fixed straight before her, and she was looking eagerly as if for some one. Presently a smile came into her face, and far off in the distance a man was to be seen; as yet he was much too far to be recognized. But he came on with a steady, awkward swing, seemingly in no hurry, as he would have been if he

had seen the dimpled smile that Thérèse was evidently trying to keep within bounds. Soon, however, the two came within recognizing distance, when the smile died out of Thérèse's pretty face, and for a moment she hesitated as if about to turn and retrace her steps. Yet she did not, but walked boldly on. She did not care to meet Black Dick Dinsmore, but she was not one to turn and run away.

Dick too had recognized Thérèse, and he had had time to think of half a dozen reasons why the girl should be walking alone at that time in the evening—half a dozen reasons, but they all resolved themselves into one in his jealous mind. Murdoch must be about. If so, he'd have no tryst with Thérèse if he, Dick Dinsmore, knew himself.

Thérèse passed with a little nod. She was in hopes that Dick would go on his way and leave her; but instead he stood just before her, barring her path. "Where are you going?" he asked roughly. "It's not the hour for you to be gadding about alone. Pretty girls are safer within call of home."

"Some girls are safe anywhere. Where I am going is nothing to you," answered Thérèse haughtily.

"I can make it something. I shall see for myself, if you won't tell me," said Dick decidedly.

"I've not the power to make you blind, so use your eyes by all means. I would I could manage to show you something which would repay you," replied Thérèse, in no very friendly voice. Yet she walked on quietly, Dick following a few steps behind; but Thérèse did not condescend to speak to him. After walking about a hundred yards she turned to retrace her steps, and Dick began to think that after all the perfect June evening was her only temptation for her walk.

His angry feeling quite died away. He did not often have Thérèse so completely to himself; for generally she avoided him, or gave him such short interviews that there was no chance

for him to speak. But now, with no one in sight, and a half mile of beach between them and home, Dick was sure of having abundance of time to say what he pleased, and wilful Thérèse must listen to him. Every dog has his day, and he would be a fool not to avail himself of his opportunity. "So you didn't come out to meet any one?" said Dick, walking by Thérèse's side, and supposing she wished justice to be done her even if it came tardily.

"I didn't come out to meet you, that you can be sure of," Thérèse answered coolly.

"I know that. I hate your bold jigs that are always ready to meet a man half way, or more if he's not quick enough. I'll never ask that of you, I'll promise," returned Dick.

"Don't, nor anything else if you really want to get it," said Thérèse.

"How can you know what a fellow wants if he don't ask you? Girls can't marry until some one asks them," replied Dick sulkily.

"Girl's aren't so anxious to be married. It seems to me that's all that runs in a man's head when he's talking to us. He's like a bird with one note, and he goes over and over it until one grows vexed at the sound of it."

"Well, but what else can a fellow talk to you about? What do you know about the fishing, and how the shad runs? What do you care if the sturgeons cut a man's net in two, or a plaguey sloop carries off a hundred yards? It don't sound bad to your ears, though it serves to ruin us."

Dick was really pouring his grievances into Thérèse's ear, though he pretended to scorn her sympathy.

"Maybe I understand more than you think. Hadn't you any luck this season? Father said there was an uncommon run of shad."

Dick's heart beat fast as he glanced down at Thérèse; she had never before taken the smallest interest in anything he said, and now she was speaking very gently, and evidently listening to him. Just then she turned and looked behind her; and seeing nothing,

she continued, "And did you really lose so many yards of your net?"

Dick was a suspicious fellow. The glance Thérèse gave behind her he was sure was in search of some one; and as the accident to his net was much talked of in the community, he was convinced that she was trying to keep the conversation on impersonal topics until at least they were in sight of the house.

"What were you looking for?" he asked roughly. "There's no one in sight. It would be better for somebody not to show himself."

"What a pity he doesn't know it, just for fear he might chance to come!" returned Thérèse jeeringly. "Well, one thing, no one can be hid on the beach"; and she deliberately turned and scanned the sands behind her.

"It's as I thought then. You're out skylarking. I've never let any of the lads about here come near you, and you are out of your reckoning if you think I'll let a foreign chap," said Dick threateningly.

"The lad who wins me will not stand off from fear of you. I've always heard the barking dog is not the one to fear," returned Thérèse scornfully.

"The foreign mate had better keep off, for all you say. That is, if he wants to keep a whole bone in his body. See here, Thérèse, we might as well understand each other. When a man like me sets his heart on anything he's not easily balked; and that I intend to marry you in spite of the devil, all the town knows."

"Do they?" Thérèse replied with a derisive little laugh. "You'll never have to spite the devil though, you're too friendly with him. But if I were you, I wouldn't set my heart too much on marrying, for there are so many objections to our ever being——"

"Let's hear them," interrupted Dick.

"Why, there is a score of them. But maybe a half dozen will satisfy you. First, then, father wouldn't hear of it."

"I don't want to marry your father," said Dick sulkily.

"You'd better not ask him to. But you'd not expect him to take you in if he didn't like the match, would you?"

"I never said I'd ask him to," returned Dick.

"You don't think any girl would go home to your Aunt Dilsey, do you?"

"Aunt Dilsey isn't going to live for ever."

"She'll live as long as she can, and longer than Christian folk, if all they say of her is true. I don't see why I should give six reasons when four are enough. Father won't hear of it, and he's master here, and won't have any one he doesn't like. These are two good reasons. Then I can't abide a witch."

"What's your fourth? Maybe it's more sensible than the rest?" said Dick, not liking the smile on her face.

"Of course it is. One doesn't give one's best reason first unless one wishes to have it overcome. There's father on the porch, and he's got a lot of folks with him. That's what he likes. He'll never give up business of his own accord for fear of feeling dull."

They were very near the house, and old Major Jacquette's voice was plainly to be heard as he laid down the law to a listening crowd. "Well, but what's your fourth reason?" persisted Dick.

"That I'd rather die than marry you," Thérèse said vehemently.

"Maybe you'll change your mind. Life is sweet, no matter how hard it is. Maybe some day you'll think the coffin and the worms are not pleasanter than I'll be to you."

Thérèse was standing at the side gate, ready to go in. Old Dinah was drawing water at the well, and had rested her full bucket on the side of the well-box, while she stood watching them. Dick Dinsmore knew very well that Thérèse had managed adroitly to keep back her decided refusal until she was safely at her own gate; but he did not argue ill for himself at any symptom of fear on her part. In-

deed, he did not give her credit for any such feeling, though many a girl might have had it; but he was convinced that she was keeping Murdoch's name out of the conversation, and was determined Dick's quarrel with her should be on too light grounds for any one to take up. The very care he was sure Thérèse was taking to protect the young stranger made Dick furious, so that there was a great deal of suppressed passion in his voice when he said, "Maybe you're wise enough to mind a warning. You'd better tell that young mate on board the Indiaman to clear out, for I'll tell you plainly I won't stand him."

"I'll tell him, unless you think it will be the worse for you for him to know you threatened him. Did you ever hear, though, how he won his promotion?" Thérèse asked, with a sparkle of pride brightening her eyes. "It's a bad thing for a man to try to be bigger than he really is, and so the sailor found when the mate knocked him down."

She did not wait to hear Dick's answer, but left him at the gate scowling at her as she went into the house. Dinah filled her bucket and went in too, thinking Dick Dinsmore was more uncanny than his Aunt Dilsey.

Next morning Dilsey passed by the yard when Thérèse was feeding the poultry. She stopped and watched the girl, who went on scattering the corn as if she did not see her. "Yes, yes," the old woman called out. "You're rich, and you're handsome, and you can afford to scorn old Dilsey and her belongings. But there'll come a time when you'll be glad to take from her, and think her money good, witch though she be. We'll see—we'll see."

Thérèse did not answer her. She was sure Dick had told his aunt what he chose of her refusal of him, and she did not care to be questioned about it.

A week had not passed when Murdoch, either by chance or design, went across the marsh toward the river. Some people are lucky, and Murdoch

felt he was when he found Thérèse was in her own yard. He stood talking to her, the fence between, he resting his arms on the top rail, and Thérèse leaning lightly against it. She was knitting, her fingers flying nimbly, and her eyes fast on her work, as if her needles needed watching—she who could knit a stocking in the dark. Perhaps she did not know that Murdoch was looking at her with something in his gaze stronger than mere admiration. Presently the soft pink flush deepened on her cheeks, and grew brighter and brighter as she listened to him, until suddenly she looked up at him with a vivid, burning blush on her face, and bashful yet glad eyes; and then she dropped her knitting. But how could she help it? for Murdoch had caught both of her hands in his, and was covering them with kisses. Silly fellow! but no doubt he saw the folly of putting a fence between them, and did the best he could under the circumstances.

It was a pretty picture to those who like such scenes. I confess I think, of all fancy work, love-making is the prettiest. But there was one pair of eyes that watched the pantomime without pleasure. Black Dick Dinsmore was striding across the marsh to old Dilsey's when he caught sight of Thérèse. He never saw that some one else was on the other side of the fence until he had changed his course, and he came into the yard just as Thérèse released her hands and stooped to pick up her knitting.

It was then she heard a step behind her, and turned to find Dick close beside her. He held out his hand as if he had not seen her for a long time, and Thérèse, with a foolish, childish action, put hers behind her. She might have known it would make the rough man angry, and her womanly instinct ought to have told her it was better to keep everything smooth between the men. But perhaps she had a reason for hiding her hands, and feared Dick's quick eye might see the hoop of gold she had never worn until then.

"Do you mean you'll not shake hands with me?" Dick asked scowlingly. "I'll not kiss your hands, if that's what you fear. Those who sail in strange waters learn queer ways. Lips are the fashion here." And as Dick spoke, he threw his arm around her and would have kissed her, but Thérèse, with a quick movement, freed herself from his grasp. Had Dick counted upon the fence being a safeguard? If so, he was foolish; for Murdoch had vaulted over it, and he must have tried the same means which he found successful with the mutinous sailor, for Black Dick was stretched on the ground. It served the fellow right, there was no doubt of it; and any man in Murdoch's place would have done the same, even if he had not gained the right to protect the girl.

But then Thérèse need not have laughed. It might have been hysterical, or the recollection of Dick's great threats and sudden defeat might have raised her mirth. But she never stopped to explain, and went quickly into the house, where Murdoch slowly followed her, leaving Dick to pick himself up, which he did, and walked away as if he was not very much injured.

Next day old Dilsey came over to the Major's, but not for a shilling. She stood like a pythoness of old, and cursed the house, the land, the till, the basket, the store. Never were such cursings heard since the six tribes stood on Mount Ebal, and there was no answering blessing from Mount Gerizim by way of counteracting them.

Old Dinah almost turned pale with horror, and Thérèse called out shame more than once, which only seemed to irritate the old hag. But the Major only laughed, and when Dilsey went away expressed his pity for her; for if she had not been such a virago, no doubt she might have had a husband who would have taken care of her money, and saved her from the clutches of her good-for-nothing nephew.

After awhile it was pretty well known that Black Dick had bitten the

dust, and that it was young Murdoch who had knocked him down. Why, no one knew, but every one was sure for a sufficient cause, and Dick had gotten his aunt to put the Jacquettes under ban because he would not fight as a man should. Why old Major Jacquette should suffer for Murdoch's quarrels, no one rightly knew, until it was known he was engaged to Thérèse.

Strange to say, from the day of Dilsey's curse the Major's luck deserted him. His money disappeared as if by magic. Honest men turned rogues just on his account. Vessels he provisioned slipped their cables in the night and put to sea, owing him hundreds. Every cent he touched was unfortunate, except Dilsey's money, which she never took from him, and which he kept carefully, always having a shilling ready for her when she wanted one.

The old Major lost his comeliness and corpulency, and grew peevish and miserable. No one came near him but a few old cronies, and they, like Job's friends, constantly reminded him of his better days, but could give him no comfort for the present ones. The old sign still creaked in the wind, and told its story of fresh provisions and groceries and grog, but the sailors had long since learned to know there was nothing of the kind to be found there.

Young Murdoch wanted to marry Thérèse, and take the Major home with them; but the old man would not hear of it, but kept talking of better days as if he were sure they'd come; and Thérèse would not have him vexed by urging what she knew in time he would give in to quietly enough.

One day, early in October, old Dilsey entered the porch where the Major and two of his old friends were sitting. She had not come for a shilling, but had brought him her will, which she asked the Major to keep for her, and called the two old men to witness she had given it to him. As for the shilling, she'd have no more need of one—her death hour was near at hand. She had had her call, and was ready.

At first the men were rather startled by her manner; but as they sat and smoked, and the big, full moon rose over the river and brightened the earth and water, they began to laugh at her fancy.

"Confound the woman! I know very well why she scorns a shilling," said old Davy. "I never thought of it till she stood here talking, but she's wonderfully like a fox. Maybe it's true, and she can turn herself into what she will." And then he told a long story of how he had been losing his poultry, and suspected a fox was the thief. And one night, hearing a noise in the hen house, he had gone down and found his suspicions were true. Having no gun with him, he threw a stone at the fox, when she turned as if in a rage and snarled and showed her teeth, and looked for all the world like old Dilsey Dinsmore.

The old men told many more stories of witches and of fox hunts, until Thérèse sent Dinah to tell them the time of night, and then they slunk home, as afraid to meet their wives as if they had been in mischief—such a bad reputation has the heavenly night, every one suspects her votaries.

A week after this a report that a fox was seen in the neighborhood was joyfully received by the old fox hunters as well as by the young men who were anxious to get a brush. Times were different then. The oldest and most learned lawyer in our town led the hounds, and nearly drove them mad with the blasts he gave on his silver-mounted horn. Every one who could get a horse was ready for the chase, and a pretty young bride rode boldly by her husband's side to see what the sport was that the men were so wild about. Even the village doctor had donned his top-boots and rode out, not to look after those who came to grief either in a ditch or near a hedge, but to cry tally-ho with the rest.

It was late when the chase got off, and it was night before they unearthed the fox, and all night long, through the marsh and the adjoining fields,

came the baying of the dogs and the notes of the horn. The fox seemed old and wary, and managed again and again to double on her pursuers, keeping up the chase in a certain circuit. She was fearless, and sometimes when closely followed she would turn and snarl as if in a rage.

It was near daylight, and the moon was not a half hour high, yet the fox was not taken. Some of the party, the bride among them, had given up the chase and gone home, but still there were many in hot pursuit. Suddenly they came upon Black Dick Dinsmore. He was riding away from them, but when they called him, he turned and joined them. His horse was fresh, but he had no gun; some said he had a dagger, others a knife; at any rate he rode side by side with the fox for some distance, he waiting his chance to strike her. She seemed for the first time to be frightened, but even then she would turn and snarl and show her teeth viciously, and then again she would look up into Dick's scowling face imploringly. But Dick did not mind her looks any more than her snarls, and when he got the chance he threw himself out of the saddle like a Comanche Indian and made a lunge at the fox. Every one was sure he had missed her, for she still ran on, but they noticed she lost her speed, and the dogs tracked her by her blood.

Just at day-dawn, when the whole party came in by the beach, they saw the fox run under Dilsey Dinsmore's hut. It was impossible to get her out without tearing down the house, which they would have done if they dared. The dogs went nearly mad with rage and excitement, but it did no good; the fox was safe.

The strangest part of all was that Dilsey never came out to see what all the noise was about, and Dick Dinsmore had disappeared. Perhaps he did not care to be seen by his aunt just then.

Later in the day, when the excitement had subsided, the neighbors noticed that Dilsey's cottage was not

opened, and finding no one answered their knocks, they determined to break down the door. Fortunately some one tried it first, and found it unlocked. The worst fears of the neighbors were fulfilled—old Dilsey was dead in her bed.

The frightened women made quick work in getting the corpse ready for the burial; and the men did not care to watch for more than one night in the house they had long believed the devil to be master of. And so old Dilsey's funeral was the next day.

It was not until after the poor old soul was resting quietly in her grave that a rumor was bruited about that the women who had shrouded her had seen a small wound in her throat. Then the doctor was said to have declared that he would have worn the brush in his hat if, when he had stooped to kill the fox, she had not turned on him with such a look in her face like old Dilsey. He was startled and alarmed, and could not strike her. And so it came to be believed that the old woman was prowling about in the shape of a fox, and so met her death.

But those who were not so credulous wondered why Black Dick did not appear to inquire as to what had become of his aunt's money; and they openly said it was certainly suspicious that Dick should have joined the

hunt close by his aunt's house, and that he should have had a knife in his hand. To be sure, Dick may have heard that old Dilsey had left a will leaving everything she had to Major Jacquette—perhaps because she wanted the money to do some good after her death; or she may have had a quarrel with Dick, as they were not remarkably affectionate to each other. At any rate, Dick Dinsmore was never seen in the village again.

By Thérèse's advice, the Major bought a farm with old Dilsey's money, so far away from the river one could scarcely get a peep at it. People said she didn't want her young husband to live near the water, for she was jealous—as women are apt to be—of his first love.

But every one in the village was sure Murdoch was anchored for life; for if his pretty wife did not keep him, his father-in-law would, for he was far too old and feeble to carry on the farm. Indeed, the old Major was never easy unless he had a shilling in his pocket, for fear Dilsey would come back to earth for one, and again curse him for his inability to pay her. But tradition gives no hint of any such catastrophe, but rather that the shillings grew to pounds, and the generation that came after thrived on the witch's money.

EMILY READ.

LIFE.

OUR lives are like a half-forgotten strain
 From some great symphony, that, sad and slow,
 Through memory's silent halls glides to and fro,
 Seeking its kindred harmonies in vain.
 And thus—O thought to all so fraught with pain!—
 How many times do we complete in woe
 The scanty measure of our days below,
 If, seeking eagerly, we fail to gain
 The lives that with our own make harmony!
 What though our earthly lives seem jangling chords?
 In patience let us wait our destiny:
 The loving Master's plan of sweet accords
 We know not; but our strains shall ever roll,
 A part of His sublime harmonious whole!

KATE A. SANBORN.

OUR NEAR NEIGHBOR.

THREE years ago the whole world, scientific and unscientific, was agitated by the coming of a great astronomical event. The transit of the planet Venus over the disk of the sun was remarkable in several respects. The extremely rare occurrence of these phenomena, taking place as they do in pairs at intervals of more than a hundred years, and the belief, generally accepted by astronomers, that they furnish the most accurate method of determining the distance of our earth from the sun, combined to render it one of the most exciting astronomical occurrences of the century. During the present year, however, there has occurred another astronomical event which in many respects equals in interest the transit of Venus. We refer to the recent opposition of our near neighbor, the planet Mars, and the discovery of his attendant satellites.

Our readers who were interested in the transit of Venus, will remember that to obtain the distance of the earth from the sun it is necessary to determine the solar parallax. The parallax of a heavenly body is the angle included between lines drawn from its centre to the extremities of a radius of the earth, terminating in the spectator's place. Now, it is plain that if we can determine this angle accurately, and know the length of the earth's radius, we can by a simple trigonometrical solution obtain the distance of the body from the earth. If we can determine the distance of one body which describes its orbit about the sun, we can obtain the distances of all such bodies; since, by the theory of universal gravitation, we know the relations which exist between the distances of the planets and their times of revolution, and these periods have been accurately determined. The angle of solar parallax is so small (about $8.8''$) that it can only be determined with an approach to ac-

curacy by indirect methods, such as the transits of Venus. This method has been so thoroughly popularized by Prof. Forbes, Prof. Hilgard, Mr. Proctor, and many other writers, that we need not delay to describe it. We propose, however, to explain briefly the peculiar facilities offered by the recent opposition of our neighboring planet for the solution of the same interesting and important problem. It is not by any means established that the transits of Venus furnish the best means of determining the solar parallax. Indeed, one of the most reliable values of this constant which have yet been obtained is that determined by Mr. Stone, Astronomer Royal at the Cape of Good Hope, from observations of Mars at opposition.

As we have said, if we can determine the parallax of a single planet, we can obtain not only its distance from the sun, but also the distance of every other primary in the solar system. Now, if the reader clearly bears in mind that the parallax of a heavenly body is the angle included between lines drawn from the extremities of a radius of the earth to the body's place, he will see that the nearer the body is to the earth the greater will this angle be, and of course the more accurately can it be measured. Venus approaches the earth nearer than any other planet; but when she is nearest, being between the sun and the earth, she is invisible except on the rare occasions when she transits the sun's disk. Mars, however, whose least distance from the earth comes next in order, is nearest the earth when in opposition; that is to say, when situated near a line drawn through the centres of the earth and sun, the earth being between the other two. If this happens when the planet is at or near perihelion—that is, the point of its orbit nearest the sun—the earth being at the same time near aphelion, or fur-

thet from the sun, it is evident that the distance between the two bodies will be the least possible, and Mars will at the same time be best illuminated and nearest the earth, so that it will then be most distinctly visible. This occurs at intervals of fifteen or seventeen years, and this happened in September of the present year.

It only remains for us to explain how the angle of parallax can be measured. If two astronomers, one in the southern and the other in the northern hemisphere, and situated at extremities of the earth's diameter, could simultaneously direct their telescopes upon the planet, and the angle between the axes of the telescopes could be determined, this would evidently be double the angle required. Now, let us suppose that each astronomer measures the angular distance of the planet from the fixed stars in its vicinity. This is a measurement which can be made with very great accuracy. A fixed star, however, is so far removed from the earth that it may be regarded as practically at an infinite distance. The diameter of the earth is quite inappreciable when compared with such a distance. Therefore such a star will, at any instant, appear in exactly the same direction to all observers on the surface of the earth, no matter where they may be situated. Our two observers have thus determined the apparent angular distances of the planet from a common direction, as seen from their two stations. From these data it is evident that the angle of parallax can be readily obtained. It is not necessary, however, that the observers should be situated exactly at the extremities of a diameter of the earth. If they occupy stations which are widely separated in latitude, their observations will still furnish good results. Such observations have undoubtedly been made at Greenwich and Cape Town, and probably at many other northern and southern observatories; and when these, and the observations of the coming transit of Venus in 1882, have been discussed, and the results com-

pared, we may be able to decide with more confidence which is the better method of determining the solar parallax.

But interesting as is our neighboring planet to the astronomer in connection with the solution of this magnificent problem, there are perhaps other aspects in which he is still more attractive to the general reader. Of all the members of the solar system, Mars is the one which exhibits the most striking resemblance to our earth. Owing to his nearness, and the occasional favorable conditions under which he appears, he has been probably better examined than any other object in the heavens except the moon. He is the only planet upon which we can be certain that processes are going on similar to those which are occurring upon the earth. But much as we have learned regarding this planet, compared with what we know of others, a vast amount of work still remains to be done before we can regard our knowledge as complete, even with the means of investigation which we now possess. The conditions which must be satisfied in order that good observations may be made are so onerous that, although the planet has been observed for more than two hundred years, probably not more than a few days of first-class observations have been obtained. First of all, the planet ought to be at or near opposition, so as to be brilliantly illuminated. This happens once in two years and a quarter. The most favorable position, as far as illumination is concerned, is when he is in opposition near perihelion, for he then appears much brighter, not only on account of his nearness to the sun, but also on account of his proximity to the earth. When in opposition at perihelion he is about five times as bright as when in opposition at aphelion. This condition, as we have said, is satisfied only at intervals of fifteen or seventeen years. Again, in order to make out the features of the planet's surface, which are at best confused, the atmosphere must be very clear; and this is

necessary not only for the terrestrial, but also for the Martial sky. Hence the opposition of this year has offered a rare opportunity to the students of physical astronomy, although, it is true, the planet was rather low for the most favorable observation in the latitudes of our northern observatories.

The history of Martial observations is very closely connected with that of astronomical discovery. The observations of this planet, continued through many years by the celebrated Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe, and studied through many succeeding years by the indefatigable Kepler, were the means of overthrowing the ancient Ptolemaic system of astronomy. Newton also obtained from these observations his first suggestions of the law of universal gravitation. The most ancient observations are reported by Ptolemy in the "Almagest" as occurring in the year B. C. 272. Probably more than half a century elapsed after the invention of the telescope before markings were discovered upon the planet's surface. The first astronomer to observe them seems to have been Cassini. Early in the year 1666 he detected features sufficiently well defined for an approximate determination of the rotation period of the planet. About the same time, Hooke, with a telescope some twelve yards in length, made two drawings of the markings on the planet's surface. Mr. Proctor, who has made an elaborate study of Martial cartography, and to whom we are indebted for many details of this sketch, says of these drawings that they will bear comparison with all but the best modern views. From that time to the present, the surface of Mars has been observed and drawn by many astronomers. Among the principal ones we may mention Maraldi, Sir W. Herschel, Beer and Mädler, Kunowski, De le Rue, Lockyer, the Padre Secchi, and finally that exquisite observer Dawes. The sketches of the last named astronomer, in the hands of Mr. Proctor, have furnished us with the best maps of the planet's surface which we yet possess.

But the most remarkable discovery in connection with our neighboring planet has been made even while this sketch is being written. After two hundred years of observation, astronomers had finally come to the conclusion that Mars had no satellites. Several astronomers of reputation during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries thought they had detected a moon in the system of the planet Venus, but in no case heretofore has the presence of a satellite been even suspected in connection with Mars. The discovery of two moons in the Martial system has been left to an American astronomer, observing with an American instrument at an American observatory. A satellite of Mars was first seen at the Naval Observatory in Washington on the night of August 11, by Prof. Asaph Hall, United States Navy, who has been watching the planet with the great 26-inch refractor made by Alvan Clark & Sons of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts. He did not, however, at this time recognize it as a satellite, but he recognized and observed it on the nights of August 16, 17, and 18. The second satellite was discovered by Prof. Hall on the night of August 17. Both appear to be of about the 13th or 14th magnitude. For the first or outer satellite the time of revolution has been found by Prof. Newcomb to be about thirty hours. The period of the inner satellite is so short that it cannot be fixed. It is probably less than eight hours. The planet was so bright that it was only possible to make the discovery by putting him out of the field of view. Next to the discovery of the planet Neptune, this must be regarded as the most remarkable astronomical discovery of the century.

Since the discovery of these bodies they have been observed by Prof. Rodgers, at the Cambridge observatory, and also by Mr. Clark at Cambridgeport, with one of his own 12-inch glasses. The outer one has also been observed at West Point with a 10-inch lens. This being the case, the question naturally arises, Why have

these objects not been detected before? Prof. Newcomb has answered this question in a recent letter to the New York "Tribune," which contains many interesting particulars concerning the discovery. He says:

"Mars is now nearer to the earth than it has been at any time since 1845, when the great telescopes of the present had hardly begun to be known. The next opportunity for seeing them occurred in 1862, but we may suppose they were then not especially sought for with the two or three telescopes which alone would show them. The next favorable opposition was in 1875, but Mars was then so far south of the equator that it could not well be observed in our latitudes. The present opposition is about the best possible for observation in the middle latitudes of our hemisphere, because the very small deviation from greatest possible approach to the earth arises from the opposition occurring a few days after the planet reaches its position, and this throws it further north in declination than it would be at the time of absolutely nearest approach. The next opposition will occur in October, 1879, and there is some hope that the satellites may then again be observed with the Washington telescope. During the ten years following they will probably be entirely invisible, with all the telescopes of the world, because, owing to the great eccentricity of the orbit of Mars, the planet will be too far away at the times of opposition. In 1892 a favorable opposition will again occur. During the present year it is hardly likely that the satellites will be visible after October.

"Of the two satellites now discovered, the most extraordinary feature is the proximity of the inner one to the planet, and the rapidity of its revolution. The shortest period hitherto known is that of the inner satellite of Saturn—twenty-two and a half hours. But the inner satellite of Mars goes round in seven hours and thirty-eight minutes. Its distance from the centre of the planet is about 6,000 miles, and

from the surface less than 4,000. If there are any astronomers on Mars, with telescopes and eyes like ours, they can readily find out whether this satellite is inhabited, the distance being less than one-sixtieth that of the moon from us."

"These satellites may also be put down as by far the smallest heavenly bodies yet known. It is hardly possible to make anything like a numerical estimate of their diameters, because they are seen in the telescope only as faint points of light. But one might safely agree to ride round one of them in a railway car between two successive meals, or to walk round in easy stages during a very brief vacation. In fact, supposing the surface of the outer one to have the same reflecting power with that of Mars, its diameter cannot be much more than ten miles, and may be less.

"Altogether, these objects must be regarded as among the most remarkable of the solar system. Not the least service which Prof. Hall's discovery will render to astronomy is that of an exact determination of the mass of Mars, and a consequent simplification of the theories of the four inner planets. The most profound researches on this subject hitherto made are those of Le Verrier, and we may regard his mass of Mars as the product of a century of observations, and several years of laborious calculations by a corps of computers. From Prof. Hall's measures on four nights there is obtained by ten minutes computation:

$$\text{Mass of Mars} = \frac{\text{Mass of the sun}}{3,090,000}$$

"This is more certain than that declared by Le Verrier with so great labor. The latter was about one-three-millionth that of the sun, so that the agreement of the two results is quite striking."

Some interesting results follow from this discovery. The absence of satellites from the systems of Venus and Mars has been regarded as a serious objection to the nebular hypothesis. This objection is now removed, as far

as Mars is concerned, and the probability of the existence of one or more moons in the system of Venus seems to be enhanced. Again, the absence of a moon from the Martial system was a serious objection to the hypothesis that the planet is inhabited. On its surface the solar tides are nearly inappreciable, and without some other disturbing cause, its vast oceans and seas would become stagnant, and probably fatal to the existence of the higher forms of life. The conformity of this planet to the conditions of life as they are presented to us on our earth is therefore made much closer by this discovery. It must be remarked, however, that owing to the small masses of the satellites, the lunar tides must be very slight.

Mr. Parkhurst has called attention to some very curious circumstances arising from the shortness of the periods of revolution of these bodies. While Mars is revolving once upon its axis the outer satellite goes about three-fourths of the way around him; so that if it rose with the sun this morning, it would reach the meridian to-morrow morning at sunrise. It would set the next morning, when it would remain two days below the horizon; so that it would be about four days before the satellite would rise again. But it goes through all its phases three times during one diurnal revolution. The inner satellite revolves nearly three times as fast as the planet itself, so that it rises in the west and sets in the east. It would thus pass twice around to the meridian in a little more than a day, going through all its phases three times in the interval.

Mr. Proctor's map of the planet's surface, which is a marvel of skill and patience, furnishes much interesting information concerning what we may be allowed to call the *geography* of Mars. The poles of the planet are capped by ice, which varies in extent with the changing Martial seasons. Just as in the case of our earth, we find around each cap a polar sea. In

the equatorial regions there are four extensive continents, separated by seas and inlets. North of these continents there is an extensive ocean, and beyond this a tract of land containing a large inland sea. South of the equatorial continents we also find a vast body of water, and beyond this a large tract of land. Whether this is composed of islands or not is uncertain, since the southern portions are never very clearly defined. In the ocean north of the equatorial continents there is a remarkable feature: a very bright white circular island, the appearance of which has suggested the probability of its being covered with snow.

Another curious feature of the planet requires notice: the peculiar whiteness of the disk near the limb. As far as the eye is concerned, this phenomenon is not confined to Mars. For instance, the limb of the planet Jupiter seems to be brighter than his centre; but this is an illusion, since the most careful and accurate photometric determinations show beyond a doubt that the disk of Jupiter is darkest near the edge. Theoretically this ought to be expected of a globular illuminated body. But in the case of Mars experiment has shown that the superior brilliancy of the limb is real and not an illusion; so that the brightness of his disk varies in a manner the reverse of that to be expected theoretically. In order to explain this, Mr. Proctor has advanced the hypothesis that the surface of the planet is covered with thin clouds or mist. Near the limb he supposes all the light to be derived from reflection at the clouds, while near the centre the larger proportion is reflected directly from the surface of the planet.

From what we have already said, it will be seen that there is a remarkable resemblance between the surface of our own earth and that of our neighboring planet. But it will perhaps be interesting to notice the differences which exist between the two bodies. We have seen that a difference which

has heretofore been regarded as of the first importance has finally been removed by the brilliant discoveries of Prof. Hall. First of all, we notice that the proportion of water to land on the surface of Mars is much less than on the surface of the earth. We have about three times as much water as land, but on Mars the relative areas are about equal to each other. Land and water are distributed very differently on Mars, as is evident from the brief description we have given of the planet's surface. "A traveller either by land or water," says Mr. Proctor, "could visit almost every quarter of that planet without leaving the element on which he had commenced his journeyings." If he preferred voyaging by water, he could travel some 30,000 miles, always in sight of land, and generally with land on both sides; and if he journeyed by land, his limits would be no less extensive. The prevalence of long winding inlets and bottle-necked seas has also been pointed out as a feature wholly unlike anything exhibited on the surface of the earth.

The bright white island in the southern ocean, to which we have before alluded, is certainly a strange peculiarity. If, as has been supposed, its brilliancy is due to snow and ice, it must be covered with enormous mountains. Confined to a tract relatively so small, and unlike anything exhibited by any land in a similar latitude on the planet, this certainly must be regarded as a very remarkable feature.

The diameter of Mars is about 5,000 miles, so that the surface of the earth is considerably more than twice as great. His density is about four times that of water, so that gravity at his surface is much less than at the surface of our earth. One of our pounds would weigh only a little more than six ounces on the surface of Mars. His orbit is considerably eccentric, so that the light and heat he receives from the sun vary greatly with his position. This produces an inequality in the length of the winter and sum-

mer of the northern and southern hemispheres. His year contains about six hundred and eighty-five of our days, and his day, as determined by Mr. Proctor, is about thirty-seven and one-half minutes longer than that of the earth. The inclination of his equator to the plane of his orbit differs only about four degrees from that of the earth, so that the changes of his seasons are very similar in character to our own. Exactly as in the case of the earth, summer for the northern hemisphere occurs in Mars when he is at his greatest distance from the sun. But the summer in Mars is relatively much cooler, and the winter much warmer, because the variation in the distance of the planet from the sun, during his yearly journey round his orbit, is much greater than in the case of the earth.

As we have already remarked, several conditions must be satisfied in order to obtain what astronomers term a good "seeing" of the planet. Unfortunately for the amateur observer, it is impossible to bring out the most interesting features with a telescope of very low power. Even with a powerful instrument the unskilled observer will find some difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory observation. Still, something of interest may be discerned with a low power. To the naked eye the planet now looks as large and bright as Jupiter, and has a fiery glow that readily explains why both the Jews and the Greeks called him the "Blazing One." Under the present favorable circumstances, a glass of about two inches aperture will show the ruddy color (no longer diffused over the whole planet, but collected in spots), the polar snow caps, and dim confused markings on the surface. In our northern latitudes the observation should be made when the planet is near the meridian. With a more powerful glass, dark spots may be seen, which appear of a greenish or bluish hue to many observers. These are supposed to be seas and oceans on the planet's surface, the bright spots

indicating land. This distinction is based on the unequal reflection of light by land and water. Mr. Lockyer remarks that if we admit that the dark spots indicate water, the darkest among them are those portions which are most land-locked.

After the most careful observation, however, made under the most favorable circumstances, the amateur will be led to wonder how, from such faint indications, astronomers can presume to trace the outlines of land and water on the planet's surface, or he may even doubt the assumption that these indistinct patches are the indications of land and water. The charting of Mars has been accomplished from the drawings of the most skilful and conscientious observers. These drawings had to be carefully studied, for they represent the planet in very different positions with respect to the earth. From the combined evidence of all of them, the chart was made. This work Mr. Proctor has accomplished with a skill and patience which demands the thanks of all lovers of astronomy. Still, we must not suppose that such a chart can represent the surface of Mars with anything approaching the accuracy with which a terrestrial map, however rude it may be, represents the surface of the earth. Indeed, Mr. Proctor himself has recently called attention to some important corrections which will probably have to be made in his map. Mr. Proctor's chart was constructed before the opposition of 1873. During the years 1871 and 1873, the northern hemisphere was more favorably seen than for many previous years, and it is in this hemisphere that the most of the corrections are indicated.

But what is the evidence that the red and green spots on the planet's surface are really land and water? We have no reason *à priori* to assume this, since there is strong evidence for the absence of water from the surface of the nearest body to us in the solar system, our own moon. For a long time, however, the existence of water

on the surface of Mars has been regarded, to say the least, as extremely probable. In the first place, the spots on Mars are constant in position, but they are not always seen with equal distinctness, and sometimes they are not seen at all. The variability, often very rapid, which has been frequently noted in the planet's features, cannot be due to obstruction from our own atmosphere, since sometimes one spot is seen with unusual clearness, while a neighboring one will be indistinct. Nevertheless, the presence is indicated of some shifting veil between the planet and the observer, and it is very natural to suppose that this veil is composed of clouds. "Although the complete fixity of the main features of the planet," says Mr. Lockyer, "has been placed beyond all doubt, daily, nay, hourly changes in the detail and in the tones of the different parts of the planet, both light and dark, occur. These changes are, I doubt not, caused by the transit of clouds over the different features." This hypothesis seems to receive remarkable confirmation from the fact that the obscuration is always greatest and most frequent in that Martial hemisphere in which it is winter at the time of observation.

But the question seems finally to have been set at rest by the brilliant discovery made by the celebrated spectroscopist Mr. Huggins in the year 1867. During the opposition of that year he observed the spectrum of the solar light reflected from the planet's surface. Among the lines which he detected was one which has no counterpart in the spectrum formed by the direct light of the sun. On another occasion he detected lines in the planet's spectrum which only exist in the solar spectrum when the sun is near the horizon, so that its light has to pass through the denser strata of our atmosphere. The lines in the planet's spectrum might, however, be produced either by the absorptive effect of the Martial atmosphere or by that of the earth. To test this, Mr.

Huggins turned his spectroscope on the moon, which was, at the time of observation, somewhat lower than Mars. If the lines were produced by the influence of our own atmosphere, they should have been more distinctly seen in the spectrum of the moon than in that of Mars, since in the former case the reflected light had to traverse denser strata of our atmosphere. On the contrary, however, they were entirely absent; thus proving conclusively that the lines were caused by the absorptive action of the planet's atmosphere. Now, since the lines in question have, in the case of our atmosphere, been shown to be caused by the vapor of water, the presence of aqueous vapor in the atmosphere of Mars seems to be established beyond a doubt.

Several hypotheses have been advanced to explain the reddish color which characterizes the bright parts of the planet's disk. Mr. Huggins comes to the conclusion that this peculiarity is not due to the planet's atmosphere. Indeed, Arago has called attention to the fact that upon this hypothesis the redness should be more decided at the borders of the planet than in the central portions, since the luminous rays traverse a greater thickness of atmosphere, and traverse it more obliquely, in the regions near the limb, when the contrary effect is observed. It has also been remarked that this hypothesis does not explain why the red tint is not general. Mr. Lockyer has suggested that the color may depend upon the cloudy state of the planet, and the spectroscope gives considerable support to this hypothesis. In 1862 the planet was clearer of clouds and more ruddy than in 1864. The explanation of this is that when Mars is clouded the light reflected by the clouds undergoes less absorption than that reflected by the planet itself. The spectroscope indicated this increased absorption on one occasion by showing that the reflected sunlight was without a large portion of the blue rays.

Lambert has attempted to explain

the ruddy color of the spots, and their disappearance or indistinctness during the Martial winter, by the hypothesis that the vegetation on the planet is red instead of green. Hence, in the Martial summer the surface has a ruddy appearance, which disappears in winter. As Mr. Proctor remarks, if this hypothesis were true, the rapid changes of color which have been noted by many observers, would indicate the sudden blooming forth of Martial vegetation over hundreds of square miles of the planet's surface. Finally, we have the hypothesis, first advanced, we believe, by Herschel—and still accepted as the best explanation of the phenomenon by many astronomers—that the red color is due to the character of the planet's soil.

We cannot conclude our imperfect sketch without a reference to the question which must arise in every intelligent and thoughtful mind—Is this neighboring world the abode of living creatures? This question is beyond the present power of science to answer. But would it not be strange beyond expression if a world, with land and water, and changing seasons, and apparently all the conditions required by life, so like our earth that it is even possible that man could exist upon its surface, should roll on through the ages uninhabited and unenjoyed? Our earth teems with life in its remotest corner, yet some Martial astronomer may at this moment be wondering what is the use of us, and whether our planet is the abode of intelligent beings. After the wonders that science has already achieved, he would be bold who should say that this problem can never be solved. Unfortunately, we cannot hope for much from the improvement of our telescopes and the increase of their magnifying power. The disturbances produced by our atmosphere are aggravated by every such increase. But when the problem of life in other worlds is solved—if it ever shall be—it seems safe to say that it will be by the attentive study of our near neighbor.

CHARLES W. RAYMOND.

DRIFT-WOOD.

VACATION PRATTLE

THE rather elliptical, but still perfectly clear answer to our letter of inquiry, ran (with a little disguising of names and dates) as follows:

SUGAR MAPLE FARM July the 29th

Mr Quilibet in regard Of Board We Can 77
acomodate you And as how you Can My Place let
me no What time you Will Be at Catskill And j
Will meet you and take you to My Place

ANTHONY TWILLER

The cheeriest of faces met us on the dimmest of days, when a drenching rain veiled the mountains, where ever and anon we had been hearing, behind their curtain of mist, Hendrick Hudson and his crew rolling ninepins, and making many a tremendous strike. Anthony's house was worthy of himself; his housewife worthy to preside over a much grander—a more hospitable there could not easily be. Its airy sleeping rooms were reached by a steep little staircase, rising directly out of the parlor—a species of architecture traditional from the days of bears and Indians, when a ladder led up through a trap-door from the “keeping room” below; but times have changed—the ladder has become steps, no longer needing to be pulled up on going to bed.

Does one ever tire of revisiting the Catskills? So fresh is their air, so varied their scenery, ranging through all the gamut of the picturesque from pastoral prettiness to savage splendor, that one must be *blasé* to find them monotonous. The traveller is enviable who has yet to see, from the lofty pine-crowned cliff of the Mountain House, the beautiful landscape stretched out below; for though the tourist may return to it with pleasure many seasons, yet that first glance, when the tricked eye fancies a hazy sea to be before it, so eats into the memory as to take away the element of surprise from after views. But grander, to my fancy, is the scenery of the great Clefs, or *Cloves* of the mountains—the Kaaterskill gorge, with its series of waterfalls, the Plaaterskill, wilder and less frequented, and Stony Clove, with its almost perpendicular walls rising nearly 2,000 feet. The famous view from the

Mountain House plateau, like the less elevated one from Mt. Airy, in Ulster county, is, after all, a view of land under cultivation, whose extent rather than its magnificence surprises, while the mind must reinforce the eye in order to give full effect to the scene. It is because we know those hazy ridges bordering the horizon to be a mountain range, yonder creek to be the broad Hudson, these quilt patches to be five-acre fields, these moving motes, only visible through a glass, to be men, that we appreciate the vastness of the view. If the steady-nerved observer will crawl to the edge of the table rock and measure the awful plunge beneath by the forest growths, depth after depth, on the mountain side, he will be impressed with the dizziness of this height; but as for the map-like spectacle outstretched below, it is one of curiosity rather than of majesty, being inhabited ground, whose undulations are flattened out by distance.

Not so with those sublime gorges where the mighty mountains are rent in twain. There the wayfarer, as he follows the narrow thread of road that winds along the edge of the chasm, feels the solemn grandeur of his surroundings. Now he looks down into some yawning gulf, where, a thousand feet below, a little stream slips over its stones worn smooth and round; anon he glances upward to the heights still to be scaled; prodigious lichen-covered boulders project here and there into his path; while across the Clove he descries with amazement bare cliffs, descending plumb from dizzy heights to the ravine beneath; then he soothes his aching vision with the restful, rich green of the massed foliage, springing from the black earth. The mountain roads never lack refreshing color; in early summer the laurel blooms everywhere, and later the gloom of the shaggy forests is enlivened by familiar roadside flowers—great patches of snapdragon, gay golden broom, the ruddy-tinted sumac, the ubiquitous boneset, tea flower, wild carrot, and white weed, or marguerites; beautiful clematis climbs over the fences, and bewitchingly deli-

cate ferns mingle with the coarse mullen and flap-leaved milk weed. One is struck by the lack of majestic trees like those of many Maine forests. Along the mountain roads the wood is mainly of the second growth; the axe has done its work—the lumber is too near civilization not to be needed. Wood paths lead here and there out of the main roads, and at their entrance is left, with marvellous sense of security, the stout sled that is to come into use again next winter. Anthony showed us here and there along our drives where the seventeen-year locusts, which returned this year, had “stung” the trees, causing the decay of their foliage. “I don’t know which trees they go on most,” he said. “Perhaps they favor oaks. Some say that they get on the trees and drop their eggs into the earth, where they hatch out in seventeen years. They do seem to come up out of the ground.” The excellent building stone—blue stone and other—found all through this region, and particularly in Ulster county, causes the face of nature in these parts to be scarred with many a quarry.

The ear has its variety of pleasures as well as the eye—now the whish of a little cascade tumbling among its rocks, anon the roar of a waterfall; at one time the homely clank of a cow-bell in the thicket which hides its wearer from view, at another, the sighing of the wind in the pines. If the sun at one point sorely smites the head of the wayfarer, as he toils with alpenstock up the steep, presently he comes into the grateful shade and chill of dense woods, and refreshes himself with delicious water dripping from massive roadside rocks. The principal roads are lively with sight-seers. Dandified lads and coquettish lasses have rigged themselves in gay mountain costumes, fitter, to be sure, for their purpose than the stove-pipe hat and black Sunday suit which the city apprentice fancies to be the height of gentility for vacation strolling. The pedestrians, aided by pride and their staffs, on the upward route easily outwalk the teams. These latter go in Indian file, content not to pass each other, unless some one of their number is abominably slow. Here and there a smart New York span, drawing a light carriage, varies the line of mountain teams. Not seldom some merry party has armed itself with horns,

which it “winds” through the hills, and haply with other “horns,” still more “mellow,” so that one hopes the driver at least has kept a clear head and steady hand. At the worst hills the horses puff as they tug, but, guided skilfully, pull up from hummock to hummock, resting on each.

“There is everything in favoring horses, sir,” says Anthony. “Many a pair of city horses are ruined by driving up the mountain. Horses mustn’t be too fat for this kind of work. Beach lost horses on the stages in his first years by feeding them up too early; now he only begins just before the season opens. You see, a fat horse melts right down; the fat round his heart melts and kills him.”

As Mr. Twiller finished this explanation we came upon the hidden cow whose clanking bell we had heard in the distance. “She carries her recommend,” said Anthony, pointing to Mooly with his whip—“brasses on her horns, a board before her eyes, and a poke besides.”

Coming down the mountains the teams have the advantage of the pedestrians, and make pretty constant use of the brake with which each is provided. Anthony’s wagon, instead of a brake, had an iron shoe attached to a chain, and as we drove through the toll-gate at the foot of the north mountain the toll-taker said, by way of friendly warning, “Don’t forget to take that shoe off the wheel. Man t’other day drug it on the road ’bout three rod.”

If summer be the fashionable season in the mountains, more gorgeous are they in their autumnal robes. Winter throws an impressive solemnity over their landscape. The Catskills put on their shrouds early, and wear them late. “Last winter this road was blocked up from Christmas week to April,” said our landlady. “The snow drifted in higher than the fences, and they took the fields to get about here.” When winter breaks up, the slender creeks in the Cloves swell to broad rivers, and instead of dribbling waterfalls turned on with a faucet, as in midsummer, mighty cataracts plunge over their rocky ramparts, and flood the gorges. The stones of the creek beds show that these trickling rills must at some seasons be tremendous torrents. “When you drive over here in spring,” said Mr. Twiller, as we neared Butter-

milk falls, "with the water on this road up to the horses' knees, it's a wild place, I tell you." We looked at the petty stream; it must have been swollen a thousand fold to reach the knees of Anthony's horses.

Though the narrow roads in the mountains often skirt the edges of precipices, into which they have at times fallen, as their propping or underpinning of logs frequently shows, yet there is little sense of insecurity in driving over them, and none at all in walking. Still, accidents have occurred to wagons in turning around, or in meeting and passing. "There, sir," said our driver, pointing to a gorge we had just reached, "was the scene of a turrible accident. There was a man lived up in these parts, a fearful Copperhead, who was so rejoiced at the news of Lincoln's assassination that he made merry and kept open house for two days. At the end of two days he was driving down the Clove with his housekeeper, and just where we are she felt sick and wanted to turn home. He turned his horses. They never had gone back on him before, but this time they went over the bank and threw him out. When they picked him up below he was dead. His head was stove in, and the brains had run out. Curious enough, the housekeeper was not much hurt, neither were the horses. They looked at his head, and there was a hole in it just at the p'int where Lincoln's was hit by the bullet. It looked like a judgment on him, sir. G'lang, Mattie!"

The greatest object of interest to the ordinary summer tourist is some rock, mound, or tree bearing a fancied resemblance to something which it could not by any possibility be. The grandest spectacles of nature—the majestic ocean booming upon the beach at the base of a cliff and shone upon by the full-orbed moon; the snow-capped pinnacle piercing the clouds, the cataract roaring in the lonely glen, the yawning gorge between two vast mountains—these, I say, never seem to excite as much interest in the average traveller as a stone that looks a little like a square box, or a hill that is backed a little like a turtle. This strange preference bears some analogy to the zest which many persons have for puns, of which even the most trivial and disputable sort they hold in greater esteem than the finest philosophy, hearti-

est humor, profoundest research, and loftiest poesy. These chance physical resemblances are the unintentional puns of nature; they find profound admirers in all famous resorts. The Profile in the White hills has more devotees than the tremendous gulf of the Notch; the Imp excites more pleased surprise than the Flume; the Old Maid and the Infant than Glen Ellis fall or the Silver cascade. So in the Catskills we find remarkable interest developed in the Druid rocks, one of which is said to "resemble a gigantic toad—or rabbit," and also in "Alligator rock"—a boulder that by fortunately cracking apart gave the appearance of huge open jaws. "Ten years ago," said Anthony, as we rode by it one day, "that rock was all solid. The water got in and froze, and when it thawed, bu'sted off that under piece: the alligator opened his mouth." So at High falls, in Saugerties township, a charming little cataract in a rocky amphitheatre, "with layers as reg'lar as if sot by a mason," there is a very good imitation in rocky bas-relief of a horse's hoof and fore-leg, which I have no doubt excites more curiosity and pleasure than the beautiful waterfall and its basin beneath. Of course every mountain resort must have its own profile, just as it has its own Buttermilk falls, its own Jacob's ladder, its own Moses's rock, and so on. The Profile discovered at the Catskills is in the Kaaterskill Clove—"a man's face, the head covered with a fur cap." Out West, in Nevada, where the imagination is more vivid, they have not only a man's face on one of their mountain rocks, but the perfect face of Washington! The severest exercise of fancy called for from the Catskill tourist is perhaps the one suggested in a local guide-book, as follows: "On a clear day it may be observed that the three most southern peaks, as seen from Catskill, form the figure of a man lying on his back; the eyelids closed, the knees elevated, and from the knees down the appearance of a Grecian female face in profile, resting against them."

One envies the faith of some tourists in Rip's adventure, and even the more cautious or latitudinarian belief of others, that it was "founded on fact." They point you out Sleepy Hollow, where the immortal ne'er-do-well slept, wishing the while, I suppose, that they could

come across his wicked flagon, for there is no record of his ever carrying that away. So, prithee, why may it not some day be found? They sit in an old chair, placed near a tavern door—Rip Van Winkle's own chair! And surely you can't have Rip's chair, unless there has been a Rip! The seat is well nigh pulled to pieces, by people who furtively steal its hair, to be knitted into souvenirs. "I fetched a lady by here last week," says Anthony, "and nothing would do but I must get her a hank of that hair." When that chair is gone—hair, leather, and nails, legs, back, and rungs—let us hope that another will be provided for the satisfaction of relic hunters. "You may laugh, but I declare to gracious there *is* something sleepy in this hollow," say fair visitors who reach it after a hard day's ride. So that, in short, the legend of the valley's somniferous effect is still, and ever will be, in good and regular standing, despite the fact that the true Sleepy Hollow of Irving is far down the river on the other bank, at Tarrytown. It is much to be regretted, however, that the tavern-keeper does not buy up all the old firelocks, cranes, and andirons in Catskill, so as to gratify visitors by exhibiting them as Rip's family relics. He contents himself with selling beer as soothing if not as soporific as the liquor which sent Rip to sleep, and with giving a glass of delicious water from a spring that never fails the year round.

For any noble hunting and fishing the sportsman will keep on to the Adirondacks. Gunners are indeed plentiful in the Catskills, getting, however, only an occasional rabbit or squirrel or partridge for their pains. "Trout stream at the door," say some advertisements of boarding. But so audacious a claim as "Trout stream, *with trout in it*, at the door," is seldom risked. Streams, in fact, are plenty, but mostly fished out. Still, trout are to be had in several, though mainly of the "pinfish" size. In Stony Clove three fishers whom we know of passed a day and a night, and came back with 190 little trout. Within the past two years 60,000 trout have been put into Catskill creek and its tributaries, which process of stocking, if reasonably successful, will soon make trout fishing here a charming reality. We saw, nailed up against a barn door, the skin of a porcupine killed last year. "Those

stings," said Anthony, pointing to the quills, "will work right through. I had a dog that fastened on to a porkypine, and his face was all full of 'em—come right out through his lips." In the less frequented parts of the Catskills a rare wildcat, wolf, or bear may be met, but the adventurous lads who go up from New York with high hopes of this kind of game, do not find it to order.

"There, sir," said our host, "atop of that ridge, where you see them tall spruces, is where I caught four bears—an old one and her three cubs. It was a many years ago, and I was living, at the time, up by that piece of woods. It was March, and the snow was not yit off the ground. I was out cutting logs, and had a dog with me that was a great hunter. The dog began a pawing, and soon had a big hole in the snow, in a ledge of rocks. I took my axe and went for'ard, thinking it might be a wildecat. So I cut a stout cudgel to kill the cat with; and all the time the dog kept going into the hole and coming out, like as if he was afraid. I urged him on, and finally, once when he came out of the hole flying, as if he was nearly ketched, I looked in and saw a pair of fireballs. I concluded then 'twas a bear. I hardly knew what to do. I didn't like to leave the den, for fear the bear would come out. She had been there all winter, no doubt. So finally I sung out to my wife at the house, hoping she might hear. The house was half a mile off, by the wood-path, but I was on the mountain, and she did hear. She couldn't see me though, and thought likely I was caught under some tree I had felled. So three neighbors finally come up and found me, and watched the den while I went for my gun. I got the gun, poked my head into the hole, saw th' old bear's eyes glistening again, and fired. They ketched a hold of me by the legs and pulled me back, for fear she had made a rush at me. However, I went in again and found her laying down. She wasn't quite dead, so I gave her another shot. Then I found the cubs, and we hauled 'em all out. Two of the cubs I gave to the porter of the Mountain House, and the other died. G'lang! Stop b'owsing, Mattie!"—this last to the nigh horse, that was snatching leaves from the bushes as we rode along.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

VENTILATING COAL CARGOES.—AN ADVERSE DECISION.

AFTER many attempts to ascertain the causes of the spontaneous ignition of coal on shipboard, the English have at length succeeded in obtaining a decision which is at least sound and trustworthy so far as it goes, whether it covers the whole question or not. The facts are that several inquiries have been held in times past, and the invariable result was a recommendation to *ventilate* the cargo thoroughly. But unfortunately this decision was opposed to the opinions and experience of coal miners and shippers, and when these gentlemen complied with the recommendation of the several courts of inquiry they did so merely in order to secure insurance. It may be regarded by some persons as singular that courts of inquiry should repeatedly render a decision that was opposed to the belief of the most experienced and trustworthy witnesses that came before them; but this is by no means unusual in questions where experience and theoretical knowledge are both necessary. It is quite common to find these two requirements exhibited in different persons, whose opinions cannot be harmonized. But this confusion has fortunately been terminated, after so many unsuccessful attempts, that the British Board of Trade finally decided in 1874 that it would not countenance any more inquiries, on the ground that the finding of the courts was invariably disregarded both by ship owners and insurance men. But at length one more attempt was made, and such clear-headed scientific men as Prof. Abel and Dr. Percy, familiar with the applications of science to technical industries, were placed upon it, together with experienced men of business. Among other valuable results of their work is the complete reversal of all former decisions, and if they are heeded, the practice of coal shipping will be revolutionized. All former commissions had recommended thorough ventilation. This one recommends the *exclusion* of air from the cargo! Its report says that

the confusion of testimony in former cases has arisen from a misunderstanding of terms. Those who opposed ventilation did so on the sensible ground that the moving air supplied the oxygen, without which there could be no combustion, and so tended to heat and ignite the coal. The advocates of this measure seem to confound *explosions* with true combustion. Their theory was that coal gives off gas; this gas is likely to explode, and its tendency must be kept down by instantly removing the gas by a current of air. The commission combats this view both by theoretical explanations and by the irresistible logic of facts. They show first, that the proportion of coal cargoes that take fire depends on their size and the length of the voyage. In 1874 it was with

Cargoes under 500 tons, less than 1-4 per cent.

“ from 500 to 1,000 tons, over 1 “

“ “ 1,000 to 1,500 tons, 3 1-2 “

“ “ 1,500 to 2,000 tons, over 4 1-2 “

“ over 2,000 tons, 9 “

The long voyage from San Francisco is peculiarly dangerous. Of 54 cargoes of 500 tons and over, no less than 9 burned, or 16 2-3 per cent.; and taking the five cargoes of more than 2,000 sent to this port, we find that two became ignited, or no less than 40 per cent. The commission was fortunately able to give direct proof of the evils of ventilation. It says: “Of the 70 vessels that suffered in 1874, none are reported as not having been ventilated; while 38 are distinctly stated to have been ventilated, 35 of them being vessels of over 500 tons. But the most startling illustration is furnished by the cases of four vessels, the *Euxine*, *Oliver Cromwell*, and *Calcutta*, bound for Aden, and the *Corah*, for Bombay. These ships, to which reference was made by several of the witnesses who appeared before us, were loaded under the tips at Newcastle, at the same time, with the same coal, and from the same seam, sometimes one ship being under the tip and sometimes another. They were each carrying from 1,500 to 2,000 tons of coal.” The first three

ships were thoroughly ventilated, and *every one of them burned*; the coal taking fire "spontaneously." The *Corah* was not ventilated, and took her cargo in safety to Bombay, a much longer and more hazardous voyage! Other vessels afforded precisely similar comparisons, and with the same result. The very important question of ventilating coal cargoes is therefore decided in the negative, and we may hope to see the fearful record of disasters to this class of ships diminished. The subject is very important to England, whose export of coal is fourteen million tons a year, or two-thirds as much as our great anthracite fields are yielding.

WIRE CLOTHS FOR THE PROTECTION OF MINERS.

AFTER the recent explosion of fire damp in the Wadesville mine in Pennsylvania, it was found difficult to restore the circulation of air in the chambers near the scene of the explosion, because the doors and brattices which are used to direct the air currents were burned. As a consequence the rescuing parties were obliged to labor at great disadvantage from the presence of carbonic acid gas, or "choke damp." This is a common experience in mine disasters of the kind, and it has been proposed in England, where explosions are much more frequent than here, to make these brattices of wire cloth. The cloth does not seem to be made exclusively of wire, for it is described as being water-tight, and inflammable if held in the flame of a candle. Still, it will not burn of itself, and its use is thought to be feasible and advantageous.

THE VALUE OF STRAW AS A FUEL.

ONE of the drawbacks connected with the use of steam is the necessity of fetching fuel to maintain it, often from great distances. This requirement is especially felt in agricultural work, and every effort to introduce engines that can use the ordinary products of a farm as fuel therefore deserves favorable consideration. At present there are several machines that can utilize straw, chips, peat, brushwood, and similar material, but very little is known of their actual performance. Experiments made in Russia in 1873 showed the following

weights of different substances were required to produce an equal effect: 1 pound good coal, 2 pounds dry peat, 2 1-4 pounds dry wood, 2 1-2 to 3 pounds cotton stalks, brushwood, or megass (pressed sugar-canes), or 3 1-4 to 3 3-4 pounds wheat or barley straw. Any one of these will evaporate 8 pounds of water in an ordinary tubular boiler. In using these poorer fuels it is necessary to make some alterations in the proportions of the boiler. The fire grate and box have to be enlarged, and more heating surface allowed to the horse power. A boiler that was built for coal can be heated with straw or any other of the fuels, but its power will be reduced by the change, though in what proportion cannot be stated until more is known of the working of these fuels. From the figures above given, it is possible to calculate the amount of work that can be done with the straw or other refuse produce of a field. Last year it was found that two engines burning straw, and ploughing ten inches deep, used about 672 pounds of straw per acre ploughed. As the crop yielded about 2,750 pounds of straw per acre, it is plain that four acres can be ploughed with the straw cut on one acre. This agrees with earlier trials, in which a 12-horse boiler was found to consume 20 pounds of straw per horse power each hour, and the straw from one acre would run the engine from 12 to 18 hours. Neither of these results is quite so good as that given above as obtained from experiment, since they show that it requires 4 1-6 pounds of straw to do the work of 1 pound of coal.

SINGULAR ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA.

ONE of the parties attached to Hayden's survey in the West had a remarkable experience of electrical action. Two members of a topographical party, Mr. A. D. Wilson and Mr. F. Rhoda, ascended a mountain in Colorado, standing 13,967 feet above the sea, and about 4,400 feet above the valley. During the ascent a storm gathered and raged in the valley below, and they had no sooner set up the surveying instrument on the summit than their novel experiences began. Mr. Rhoda says: "We had scarcely got started to work when we both began to feel a peculiar tickling sensation

along the roots of our hair, just at the edge of our hats, caused by the electricity in the air. At first this sensation was only perceptible, and not at all troublesome. Still its strength surprised us, since the cloud causing it was yet several miles distant to the southwest of us. In the early part of the storm the tension of the electricity increased quite slowly, as indicated by the effect on our hair. By holding up our hands above our heads a tickling sound was produced, which was still louder if we held a hammer or other instrument in our hands. The tickling sensation above mentioned increased quite regularly at first, and presently was accompanied by a peculiar sound almost exactly like that produced by the frying of bacon. This latter phenomenon when continued for any length of time becomes highly monotonous and disagreeable. . . . As the force of the electricity increased, and the rate of increase became greater and greater, the instrument on the tripod began to click like a telegraph machine when it is made to work rapidly; at the same time we noticed that the pencils in our fingers made a similar but finer sound whenever we let them lie back so as to touch the flesh of the hand between the thumb and forefinger. This sound is at first nothing but a continuous series of clicks, distinctly separable one from the other, but the intervals becoming less and less, till finally a musical sound results. The effect on our hair became more and more marked, till, ten or fifteen minutes after its first appearance, there was sudden and instantaneous relief, as if all the electricity had been suddenly drawn from us. After the lapse of a few seconds the cause became apparent, as a peal of thunder reached our ears. The lightning had struck a neighboring peak, and the electricity in the air had been discharged. Almost before the sound reached us, the tickling and frying in our hair began again, and the same series of phenomena was repeated, but in quicker succession; at the same time the sounds became louder."

During all this time the clouds were boiling about in the valley, two thousand feet below them. They now began to rise up the mountain sides. Strokes of lightning came in increased numbers, and after each one the electrical effects

were more marked. The hair stood on end when the hat was raised, and the sharp points of the stones on the mountain top "emitted a continuous sound, while the instrument outsang everything else," and could be easily heard at a distance of fifty yards. The mountain was trachytic, and the innumerable sharp points of the volcanic stones gave out such a medley of sounds, that the general effect is likened to a heavy breeze blowing over the summit. Sketches of surrounding mountains being secured, an attempt was made to take a barometric observation. But no sooner was the barometer held up than it began to hum most alarmingly, and the telescope and tripod were so much affected that the two observers retired a little way down the mountain, awaiting the result of the lightning stroke that was evidently imminent. It came, fortunately striking some distance off. The tripod was caught up in haste, but not so quickly but that the observer received a severe shock. Both hurried down, but a new stroke fell on the place they left, before they had descended thirty feet. Similar experiences were had subsequently, but not so strongly marked as these.

INFLUENCE OF VALLEYS ON HEALTH.

MR. ALFRED HAVILAND lately informed the London Social Science Association that many diseases were induced by the common tendency to place houses in valleys instead of on the hill sides. He says that valleys do not get a full share of fresh air. The wind blows over, not through them, and the atmosphere within their boundaries is comparatively stagnant. His observations are therefore opposed to the common belief that valleys are especial channels for atmospheric movements; but his opinions are sustained by Dr. B. W. Richardson, who is good authority. The latter gentleman enumerated twenty-five or thirty diseases which he thought might be attributed to the propensity for valley homes. Among them are croup, influenza, scrofula, rheumatism, fistula, calculus, and possibly some malformations. The list is formidable, and to put it mildly, it is almost incredible that diseases of this character can be caused by living in the broad and shallow valleys of England. Mr. Haviland's remarks were illustrated by maps

and models showing the geological structure of the earth.

THE HEAT OF GUNPOWDER IN EXPLOSION.

DAUBRÉE has lately made some experiments that show in a very striking manner the immense force developed in the explosion of gunpowder. He put a roll of very thin steel into a strong chamber loaded with a little powder, closed the chamber, and fired the charge by electricity. In this situation the gases could not escape, and the force which is usually expended in moving a ball was now turned into heat. The steel was completely fused, and a considerable quantity was changed into iron sulphide, which was obtained as a black powder. The resulting steel ingot was curiously twisted and swollen, bearing a strong resemblance to some meteoric irons. All this was done in a fraction of a second, literally "the twinkling of an eye." In another experiment he opened a small hole in a hollow cylindrical cock, that was screwed into the wall of the chamber. This allowed the gas to escape, but only with great slowness, and under a pressure that still maintained a very high heat. The steel was melted and blown out of the aperture in the state of fine powder, which was immediately sulphurized, a small cloud of metallic dust being thrown into the air. The cock was distorted in shape, cut in deep furrows, and even entirely perforated by the extremely violent rush of gas. Daubrée supposes that similar phenomena occur in volcanoes.

KELP BURNING IN SCOTLAND.

A SINGULAR example of the obstinate adherence to old and wasteful methods is found in the kelp burners of Scotland. Kelp is the seaweed which is collected and burned for the sake of the iodine contained in its ashes. As iodine is a very volatile substance, it is evidently necessary to do this work at as low a heat as possible, in order to escape loss. But the old burners did not understand this, and burned their ashes to a vitreous slag, a practice in which their successors follow them so obstinately that nothing can alter the custom. Even so radical a step as taking away their tools has had no effect, for they have found some

means to keep up the old way, though they lose at least one-half their iodine, spend much more fuel, and have to work at night to do so. The Duke of Argyll has persisted in the effort to improve the burning. He built furnaces, in which the seaweed is burned to charcoal in close vessels, and the iodine salt is dissolved from the coal by water. The yield has been increased. The work is carried on in the wet weather of winter, which was not the case when the kelp had to be dried on the rocks; and from these and other advantages the product from a given coast is greatly increased. The stubborn peasants have been fairly forced into a measure that has greatly lessened their burdens and increased their gains. Iodine is contained in sea water, but in such small quantity that even according to the highest estimates about twenty-two cubic miles of water would have to be treated to obtain one ton of iodine. Some species of algae have the power of concentrating this element and bromine in their tissues, and these form the kelp of the above process.

THE FORMATION OF VEINS.

MEUNIER has communicated to the French Academy of Sciences some observations on the formation of mineral veins, based on the fact that the native sulphides effect the reduction of metals from their solutions. Galena placed in a solution of chloride of gold is at once covered with gilding, and in a solution of nitrate of silver arborescent growths are formed. Other sulphides, including those which are most commonly associated in veins, iron and copper pyrite, blende, cinnabar, stibene, and even the sulphide of soda found in mineral waters, produce similar effects. Nor is the action confined to the sulphides. Some selenides, antimonides, arsenides, and tellurides also behave in the same way. Meunier therefore points out that if sea water, which always contains silver, filters into a vein of galena, all the silver will be reduced and concentrated in the vein, and this action explains the presence of the native silver so often found in galena. When this has taken place, and the liberated sulphur does not recombine with the silver, we have the super-sulphuretted galenas, sometimes so rich as to take fire in a flame. But com-

monly the silver is ultimately transformed into a sulphide.

OLD RIVERS UTILIZED.

RUNNING water seems to leave marks of an extraordinarily permanent character. In one way or another the old water courses are often preserved through ages, that are supposed to include many millions of years. In California the old river beds are now mined for gold, having been covered up and kept to the present day by caps of volcanic rock that flowed into them. In Pennsylvania and elsewhere the coal miner frequently runs across the muddy remains of carboniferous brooks, sometimes of the smallest size. In Australia the old water courses, lying sixty to eighty feet below the present surface, and covering a compact mass of soil, are now hunted for, found, and mined for tin! The tertiary streams worked just as those of the present day do, washing away the light rock and leaving a concentration of the heavy tin ore in their channels. The mine inspector of one district says: "The country (that is, the soil) at the sixty-foot level is a regular river bed, and in some parts there is fourteen feet of loose drift sand, heavily intermixed with tin ore." These old tin streams are quite extensive and permanent. The one above described has been opened for a length of two thousand feet, and explored by boring for six hundred feet more. Its width has increased from eighteen to four hundred feet, and it contains an average of three feet of "pay dirt," which will yield about one and a half per cent.—an excellent yield for tin ore. Mining operations have been retarded by the lack of water, which is necessary in "dressing" or concentrating the ore, but 612 tons have been taken out in a year and a half.

This is not the only mode of occurrence of tin ores in Australia. On another property the tin ore is found about five feet under the surface, and forms a layer a foot and a half thick, spreading over a large alluvial flat. The earth is not so rich as in the old river beds, simply because it has not been subjected to the natural concentrating process of running water. The wash dirt is described as having "the appearance of a heap of soft clay with about fifty per cent. of

flagstones mixed together, and thus allowed to set. The richest deposits occur where the stones are in greatest abundance and most cemented." The Australian tin mines are very extensive and rich, and cannot fail to have a marked effect upon the world's market. High speculative prices for land, the scarcity of water, and difficulties inseparable from new enterprises, have all combined against them, but they have yielded in the first two years of their existence 2,059 tons of ore, worth nearly \$1,000,000. Twenty-five mines are opened. In some places the tin pebbles are quite angular, indicating the proximity of the veins from which they have been washed. Small diamonds are found with the tin. They are mostly colored pale green and light straw, usually show crystallized faces, and are of low value.

METEORIC DUST IN DEEP-SEA CLAYS.

SINCE Nordenskiöld made the discovery that meteoric dust is quietly falling from the "depths of space" upon the earth the hunt for and examination of this dust has formed one of the fascinating pursuits of science. Perhaps the most extraordinary position for this cosmic dust is the bottom of the sea! But there it is, according to the reports of the Challenger explorers. Mr. John Murray has recently explained the condition in which it is found, and the proof that it is really meteoric in origin. The deep-sea clay was found to contain small, round, black magnetic particles, which were proved to be iron by touching them with a solution of the neutral sulphate of copper. This is a well-known test for metallic iron, which changes place with the copper, the latter appearing as metal and the former going into solution. In making these investigations it is absolutely necessary to avoid the use of an iron hammer from which the microscopic particles may fly off. This is the only fact that is known to throw doubt on the results, since the dredging apparatus was partly made of iron. But by breaking the lumps of clay by knocking them together, selecting portions from the centre, and crushing them in a porcelain mortar, and collecting the particles by means of a magnet covered with paper, the remote chance of error due to this circumstance was reduced to the smallest

quantity. Iron particles were found in two associations. In pumice stone they are probably of volcanic origin. But in the manganese nodules from the clay small round spherules, of which from three hundred to a thousand would be required to make an inch in length, are found, and these Mr. Murray thinks are clearly meteoric. The copper is sometimes not deposited all over the sphere, but in ramified lines, and a similar arrangement has been noticed in one case on a meteorite. It is noticeable that these spherules have been found only in deep water far from land, and this fact is accounted for on the theory that the quantity of *débris* and deposit near the land is sufficient to cover up and mask them, an action which does not take place far from land, where deposition is slow.

HUXLEY'S IDEA OF A MUSEUM.

PROF. HUXLEY, in a recent lecture at the South Kensington Museum, described what he considers to be the true plan for a biological museum, as follows: "Without doubt there are no helps to the study of biology, or rather to some branches of it, which are or may be more important than natural history museums. But in order to take this place in regard to biology, they must be museums of the future. The museums of the present do not do by any means so much for us as they might do. I do not wish to particularize, but I dare say many of you seeking knowledge, or in the laudable desire to employ a holiday usefully, have visited some great natural history museum. You have walked through a quarter of a mile of animals, more or less well stuffed, with their long names written out underneath them, and unless your experience is very different from that of most people, the upshot of it all is that you leave that splendid pile with sore feet, a bad headache, and a general idea that the animal kingdom is a 'mighty maze without a plan.' I do not think that a museum which brings about this result does all that may be reasonably expected of such an institution. What is needed in a collection of natural history is that it should be made as accessible and as useful as possible, on the one hand, to the general public, and on the other, to scientific workers. That need is not met by

constructing a sort of happy hunting-ground of miles of glass cases, and, under the pretence of exhibiting everything, putting the maximum amount of obstacle in the way of those who wish properly to see anything. What the public want is easy and unhindered access to such a collection as they can understand and appreciate; and what the men of science want is similar access to the materials of science. To this end the vast mass of objects of natural history should be divided into two parts—one open to the public, the other to men of science, every day. The former division should exemplify all the more important and interesting forms of life. Explanatory tablets should be attached to them, and catalogues containing clearly written popular expositions of the general significance of the objects exhibited should be provided. The latter should contain, packed in a comparatively small space, in rooms adapted for working purposes, the objects of purely scientific interest. For example, we will say I am an ornithologist. I go to examine a collection of birds. It is a positive nuisance to have them stuffed. It is not only a sheer waste, but I have to reckon with the ideas of the bird-stuffer, while, if I have the skin, and nobody has interfered with it, I can form my own judgment as to what the bird was like. For ornithological purposes, what is needed is not glass cases full of stuffed birds on perches, but convenient drawers, into each of which a great quantity of skins will go. They occupy no great space, and do not require any expenditure beyond their original cost. But for the purpose of the public, who want to learn indeed, but do not seek for minute and technical knowledge, the case is different. What one of the general public, walking into a collection of birds, desires to see, is not all the birds that can be got together. He does not want to compare a hundred species of the sparrow tribe side by side; but he wishes to know what a bird is, and what are the great modifications of bird structure, and to be able to get at that knowledge easily. What will best serve his purpose is a comparatively small number of birds carefully selected, and artistically as well as accurately set up; with their different ages, their nests, their young, their eggs, and their skeletons

side by side; and, in accordance with the admirable plan which is pursued in this (South Kensington) museum, a tablet, telling the spectator in legible characters what they are and what they mean. For the instruction and recreation of the public, such a typical collection would be of far greater value than any many-acred imitation of Noah's Ark."

POLYNESIAN ISLANDERS.

REV. G. BROWN, who has spent a year cruising about Polynesia in the mission brig John Wesley, returns with some very interesting notes of aboriginal life. On the islands of New Britain and New Ireland he found cannibalism practised, but not from fondness for human flesh. It resulted from moral considerations, the tribes wishing to show their complete mastery over conquered enemies. Such discoveries give additional strength to the assertions that cannibalism has been an important force in the progress of man out of barbarism. Another interesting result of the voyage was that the coast people in Blanche bay gave information of an interior tribe of men who have tails. They promised to obtain a specimen in time for the next voyage of the brig. At Spacious bay a tribe was found with lighter skins and straighter hair than their neighbors, and it is noticeable that both sexes in this tribe wear partial clothing. Another tribe had a custom which is similar to one that prevails among the Thlinket Indians of this continent. The wealthier people confine their daughters in tabooed houses for some years before puberty, the girl not being allowed to put foot on ground during the time of her seclusion. Among the Thlinkets the girl at that age is considered to be unclean, and confined for a year, during which time she is not even spoken to, nor approached except for the purpose of fetching her food.

THE RELATION OF GOLD AND SILVER.

The Director of the Mint thinks that the fall in silver which took place last year is to be partly accounted for by a rise in the value of gold. His reason for this opinion (in holding which he disagrees with most European authorities) is that between 1871 and 1876 Germany

coined \$337,000,000 of gold, Austria and the Netherlands, where the silver standard was formerly in use, both began the coinage of gold, Scandinavia has recently changed to the gold standard, and France has largely increased her coinage in this metal. This great demand for gold increased its price, and the corresponding release of silver to the open market decreased its value. These two opposite tendencies were simultaneous in their action, and as a result the difference between the values of the two metals became greater than it was ever before known to be. From 1792 to 1870 the ratio of gold to silver was about 1 to 15 1-2; in 1781 it was 1 to 13.33; in 1809, 1 to 16.25 (a fall of 21.9 per cent.); and in the first seven months of 1876 it averaged 1 to 17.85, or a fall of 34 per cent. At one time in July the ratio was 1 to 20.17, or a decline of 51.3 per cent. ! Dr. Linderman thinks this fall would have been greater still had it not been for the action of the United States Government in buying largely in order to substitute silver coin for paper fractional currency. He recognizes five causes for the severe fluctuations of the year, their importance being in the following order: 1. Change from the silver to the gold standard in Germany and Scandinavia. 2. Use of a forced paper currency in Russia, Austria, and other States. 3. Diminished demand for export to India and China. 4. The limitation placed on the coinage of silver by countries of the double standard. 5. Increased production.

THE CAUSE OF SCURVY.

SCURVY, which proved the most formidable obstacle the English Arctic expedition encountered on its way to the pole, is thought by some authorities to be caused by a deficiency of potash in salt meat. Dr. Garrod found in

One ounce of rice.....	..0.05 grains potash
lemon juice.....	0.852 "
" boiled potato.....	1.875 "
" raw beef.....	9.599 "
" salt beef.....	0.394 "

It is therefore thought that salt beef and pork can themselves be made anti-scurbutic, or at least much less objectionable than they are now, by adding chloride of potassium to the brine in which they are cured. But if scurvy could be finally

traced to this cause, it would be possible to administer potash in more concentrated and agreeable forms, as for instance the effervescing citrate of potash. Now that the arctic region, where travellers and sojourners are peculiarly liable to scurvy, is to be colonized by tolerably permanent scientific parties, it would probably be found advisable to prepare the salt food by Captain Morgan's process. This officer proposed to avoid the long steeping in brine by sending a current of strong brine into the heart, and thence through the whole system of arteries and veins of the animal. The blood is by this method completely washed out, and brine takes its place. Instead of several months, a hog can be salted in two minutes, at much less expense and without the removal of any necessary ingredient of the meat. This process was introduced in New York in 1870, and strong hopes were entertained that this healthful and cleanly method of salting would be successful. But æsthetic objections quickly presented themselves, and were never overcome. The salted meat could never be thoroughly dried. The blood vessels retained their charge of water for months, and we believe it was thought that two years' continuous drying would be necessary to prepare hams that would not give a deluge of "juice" when cut on the table. The cost of this long preparation forbade its use, and the amount of liquid in the meat was objected to by users, who acknowledged that the meat was excellent in all other respects. This æsthetic objection might be overcome by a small party of adventurers, and it would seem quite possible to salt the meat with a warm brine so strong that salt would crystallize out of it in the blood vessels, leaving the mother liquid to be expelled by an air current. If meat of this kind could be supplied to a colonization party, it might be possible to determine whether scurvy is due to too much salt or to the absence of elements dissolved out of the meat by the brine.

A FRENCH anti-tobacco society has taken the judicious step of offering a prize of \$40 to the physician who shall contribute the greatest number of interesting and unpublished observations on diseases that may be ascribed to tobacco.

EGYPTIAN petroleum has the high specific gravity of 0.953, while that of Pennsylvania and Canada ranges from 0.790 to 0.830. Good lubricating oil is made from the Egyptian article, but the burning oil it yields is of poor quality. It is safe, however, not igniting below 135 deg. C.

THE former English patent law did not extend its protection to Ireland and Scotland, but did to the colonies. The defect was amended in the new law, but unfortunately the colonies were inadvertently left out! It now costs about a thousand pounds to get a complete British patent for home and abroad.

THE city clocks of Vienna are now simultaneously moved, not by electricity, as is usually the case, but by pneumatic pressure. The air tubes are laid from a central bureau alongside the gas mains to the public clocks. By a system invented by E. A. Mayrhofer, the hands of the latter are made to move once a minute.

DR. SEYFFARTH has presented the St. Louis Academy with five photographs of a sarcophagus which he bought thirty years ago for the Leipsic museum. This burial case is made of cedar wood, which retains its characteristic odor after 3,400 years. It is most elaborately carved in half relief, nearly 3,000 figures being represented.

THE old distinction by Forbes, which other naturalists have since intensified, of marine life in successive zones of depth, has, by recent discoveries, been shown to be only partially true, if it must not be given up entirely. Ordinary shallow-water anemones are found unchanged, or triflingly altered, at such depths as 600 fathoms. Even at 2,750 fathoms the *Cerianthus* is very like its representatives of the shore, though somewhat dwarfed. Temperature seems to be no limiting cause to these forms of life. The same species may be found at the surface in the torrid zone, and at the bottom, where the water is little above the freezing point. The bright colors of the surface are also retained in the hazy depths of the sea.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

TRANSLATIONS from the novelists of France, of Germany, and even of Russia, have been rising in favor with the public—and consequently with publishers—during the last ten years. We have recently noticed two excellent novels by Alphonse Daudet, admirably translated by Mary Neal Sherwood. And now we have two other translations from the French, which are the pioneers of a collection of foreign authors, to be published by the Appletons. The first is by a French author of repute, Victor Cherbuliez.* This strange book is an admirable piece of literary work. It is characteristically French, not only in its tone, but in its clear design, in the thoroughness of its workmanship, and in its high finish. It contains not a superfluous sentence, hardly a superfluous word. As a model it may be heartily commended to the study of our loose and scrambling writers of fiction. Its interest begins with the first page and is kept up without flagging to the last. The plot, if it may so be called, of the story certainly does not lack the merit of originality. It is as strange as the title of the book, which is a puzzle to the reader until he has got about one-third through the volume. Until then it does not appear who Samuel Brohl is, or what his name has to do with the story. Then we discover that a certain Count Larinski, an exiled Pole, a man of handsome person, great accomplishments, and charming manners, who is the hero, so to speak, of the book, is no Larinski and no Pole at all. Investigations had revealed that there was a Count Larinski, and that he was exactly what this gentleman declared himself to be. He had also documents, family records, and jewels. Indeed, evidence of authenticity and of honorable life could not be stronger. Still, some people had not full faith in him; they could not say exactly why. Among these is the father of a certain Mlle. Antoinette Moriaz, a beautiful young woman—

even more charming than beautiful—of the best social position, and with a hundred thousand livres income in her own right. This young lady, although much wooed, and in particular by a certain boyish Camille Langis, obstinately resists all masculine approaches, and refuses to go the way of all women. But to Count Larinski—who does not woo her, and yet contrives to make her believe that he loves her passionately—she surrenders at once, and loves him with a love which, coming from such a woman, is enough to make him the envied of all men. She goes so far as to say to her father, who remonstrates, “Him or no one!” long before he has made any avowal of love. Larinski is subjected by the apprehensive father to the scrutiny of a Mme. de Lorey, an all accomplished woman of the highest society, whose perceptions are like intuitive knowledge, and who is also biased against any other lover of Mlle. Moriaz than Camille Langis, who is her nephew. Mme. de Lorey suspects the man at first; but having invited him to her house on a visit, she is entirely subdued by the power of his personality; she owns that he is a real Count Larinski, a hero, and the most modest of heroes and the most charming of men. At this juncture a Russian princess, of whose existence there have been previous intimations, appears upon the scene, and Count Larinski is presented to her. At the sight of her it seems to him that the earth reels beneath his feet, and for a moment he loses himself entirely. The Russian princess knew him when he was a lad, a very handsome lad, the son of a sordid old farmer named Brohl; and she, as Russian princesses and Russian empresses have done before, bought the handsome lad of his father, who was glad to be rid of him, and carried him off, educated him, and cultivated him, to make him her minion. He was a scoundrel at heart, but there was enough of manhood in him to make his position with his ugly, middle-aged mistress revolting, and he ran away. From that time to this she had not seen

* “*Samuel Brohl & Company.*” From the French of M. VICTOR CHERBULIEZ. 16mo, pp. 271. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

him; but meantime he had led the life of a moderately successful adventurer, and he had formed the acquaintance and won the warm friendship of the real Count Larinski, who, being the last of his family and having been long absent from Europe, died in an obscure village, where he was stopping for a night, in company with Samuel Brohl, with whom he was travelling, and left him all his personal effects, among which were family papers, relics, heirlooms, and also the certificate of his birth. Samuel Brohl determines to assume the name and position of Count Larinski. He, as the Count, informs the authorities of the death of Samuel Brohl, and Samuel Brohl is duly interred, and buried out of sight and memory—out of all memory except that of the Russian princess. The effect of her reappearance of course is destructive. Samuel Brohl flees to America (where European novelists send all their defeated scoundrels), and Antoinette Moriaz accepts Camille Langis.

If we were to characterize "Samuel Brohl and Company" by its most striking trait, we should call it a marvel of literary skill. Although Antoinette Moriaz is a very charming person, with peculiarities which, not at all unnatural, are very striking and very captivating, still the chief interest of the book is in the manoeuvres of the false Count Larinski. These are pushed to such an extreme, and are yet managed with so much delicacy, that the conception and elaboration of them is one of the most difficult literary tasks that could well be imagined. The work is done most daintily, and yet with a hand that never wavers. The only fault in the book is the making Antoinette accept Langis. This would be, perhaps, quite possible in real life, but in doing so she steps down from our ideal. Under any circumstances Camille Langis was too young a man for Antoinette Moriaz, and he also lacks amplitude and strength of character to be suited to such a woman. Admirable as the book is in its literary aspect, the question arises, what is the good of such a story? The sham Count Larinski would have deceived any woman; and all that the writer has done is to teach all young women that even with the utmost caution on the part of their parents and friends, and in face of the

most incontestable evidence, they may become the prey of scoundrels. What is the use of this? It has no charm of beauty in art. The circumstances of this case could hardly happen at all; anything like them is only of the rarest possibility. It is better to preserve faith than to destroy it in fear of such chances. It is even better for the world that a few young women should be deceived (however sad for them) than that woman should be taught to lose her trust in man. —Of an entirely different sort is the second book of this series.* "Gerard's Marriage" is one of those stories to which the term *idyl* may be well applied. It is provincial in its locality, and its every page is pervaded by the sweetest of rural influences. Its heroine, Helen Laheyrd, lifts her lovely head like a beautiful flower, and seems to bear about her the charm and the perfume of a rose just not fully blown. Gerard, who is the son of an old chevalier of the *petite noblesse*, is destined by his father to marry the not unattractive daughter of a similar family; but he having seen Helen, falls straightway in love with her, although the other girl has already been betrothed to him, and although Helen is of the *bourgeoisie*, and has been somewhat carelessly brought up. The result of her nature and her education, however, is one of the most charmingly fresh, and natural, and passionate, and at the same time pure and admirable women that we remember in the novels of the day. True she is but a sketch, as indeed all the other personages are and must have been in such a small book; but such sketches have more real vitality and suggestiveness than many elaborated pictures. Gerard, in the absence of his stern old father, breaks off his engagement, and thereby incurs the mortal hatred of the mother of the young lady to whom he has been betrothed. His father returns, and according to the powers of French parental authority over children who are not twenty-five years old, banishes him to an old farmhouse a few miles distant. In his wanderings he meets Helen, who is a painter. Their meetings are discovered by the mother of the other young lady, who

* "Gerard's Marriage." A Novel. From the French of ANDRÉ THEURITT. 16mo, pp. 217. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

thereupon undertakes to ruin Helen's reputation, and in so far succeeds that the poor girl seeks refuge in Paris. Mamma overreaches herself, however; for the old chevalier, believing the stories which at length reach his ears, at once decides that honor requires that Gerard should marry Helen, to find whom in Paris he sets out immediately. Her astonishment at his mistake can be easily imagined, and the effect of her noble bearing in this interview is to make him seek the marriage which before he offered as a sacrifice to honor. He returns to the village with the young girl on his arm and Gerard walking by his side. The slanderers are crushed and Gerard and Helen are happy. All the personages in this most charming story are full of character and vitality. Helen's father, an old professional man whom she loves dearly, and to whom she is the delight of his eyes and his heart; her brother Marius, a huge, good-natured, wine-drinking student, who believes himself a poet; a villanous hunchback, who loves Helen after his fashion, and who hopes to get possession of her by slander and machination; a grisette, who determines to marry the hunchback, and succeeds—all these are drawn with a pencil that seems to carry life and light in its every touch. Not less remarkable is the use of the rural scenery among which the incidents of the story take place. Descriptions of scenery are generally very tedious, and fail entirely to produce the picture which the writer designs. But in these not only does the scene come vividly before the mind's eye, but the moral and the physical incidents blend with and illustrate each other, so that the result is a charming whole. We have used the word charming more than once in this notice; we let it stand; it is only by such tautology that the effect of "Gerard's Marriage" can be expressed.

THE business of discovering and editing old manuscripts is carried nowadays to an absurd extreme. It began at the end of the last century, and the great success of "Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry" caused researches to be made far and wide throughout England and Scotland for like forgotten relics of the past. Many were discovered and were pub-

lished by enthusiasts for enthusiasts. Of these some were valuable from a literary point of view, others because they illustrated the manners and customs and daily life of our forefathers. But even at this comparatively early period of literary antiquarianism much that might well have been left to the moth and the mould was printed and edited with great show of erudition; and so eager was the demand for this kind of book among bibliomaniacs that some ingenious men of letters, not being able to find old manuscripts, invented them, imitating the marvellous boy Chatterton in his fraud, but without his poetical genius. Moreover, the broader and more accurate English scholarship of later days—our own—has found that the editing of genuine old manuscripts and scarce books in the last century and at the beginning of this was very careless and incompetent. Even the text was not given correctly, except in a few instances; the editorial notes and comments were misleading; and in some cases a genuine old ballad or prose tract was "doctored" and dressed up to make it suit the taste of the day; the result being generally a deterioration of the old author's work, and always of course the production of an edition entirely untrustworthy. The demand for such books not being large enough to tempt publishers to undertake them as the means of profit, societies were formed for their publication by subscription. Such were the Surtees, the famous Roxburghe club celebrated by Sir Walter Scott in the prefaces to some of his novels, in which Dr. Dryasdust and Captain Clutterbuck figure, and by Dibdin in his costly, fussy, and elegant, but much overworked bibliographical books, which once fetched large prices, but are now falling much in the estimation of genuine book lovers. In later days the Percy Society, the Camden, the Shakespeare, and in the present day the New Shakespeare Society, the Early English Text Society, and the Chaucer have been the means of placing much of our old and almost forgotten literature in the hands of persons to whom it would otherwise have been almost inaccessible. Individuals have undertaken the same task. Among these Edward Arber deserves honorable mention. The Arber reprints form a very valuable series.

They are well edited, carefully printed, and comparatively cheap. Readers who are interested in old English literature will never regret buying one of these excellent reprints; and a complete set is a treasure which has already become not very easily obtainable. But the real and the good always brings forth the bad imitation. Within the last fifteen or twenty years much rubbish has been thus edited and reprinted, and also some good books have been republished by such careless or incompetent editors, that the new editions are almost worthless. Among the latter are the books edited by Mr. William Carey Hazlitt. We have heretofore warned our readers against the books bearing this gentleman's name. They should be avoided by the genuine lover of old literature. Unlike Goldsmith, Mr. Hazlitt has touched nothing that he has not marred. His editorial pen has obscured almost everything that it should have illustrated. Among the former—books that, well or ill edited, are rubbish—we must place two which are now before us and which are the occasion of our remarks. They are from the manuscripts at Towneley Hall, and are edited by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart. Mr. Grosart has given himself up of late years to this business of editing old books and MSS., which he publishes by subscription, and for private circulation; that is, only for his subscribers. We shall pass over his editorial work without comment. According to our observation, he must find it profitable business. But as his subscription papers are circulated pretty freely in "the States," we think that our readers who are interested in such literature are entitled to a warning from us not to jump too eagerly at the alluring bait of his prospectuses. If the books which he offers are those of well-known authors, they may be pretty sure of a good, well printed text; but so they may in the editions published by respectable London houses; and we have never discovered that Mr. Grosart's editing, copious as his notes are, added very greatly to the value of his highly priced volumes. But if we may take the books before us as an example, he seizes eagerly upon anything that has or that will bear a title likely to attract the lover of literary antiquities. The first of these

books relates to what is still one of the most interesting periods of British history—the days of the Jacobite conspiracy for the restoration of the Stuarts to the throne which they forfeited by their imbecility and their faithlessness.* Naturally the subscriber, or the reader, expects to find something in this new book upon its interesting subject; something which either from a literary or an historical point of view will add to his store of information. He is entirely disappointed. The book is barren of anything of this sort. It is utterly valueless. It contains nothing of consequence which does not exist in a better form elsewhere. The editor himself admits in his introduction that of the substance of his volume, "much cannot be said in its praise." Why, then, was the book edited? There is indeed no reason for its existence. It is worth its weight in paper; nothing more; and yet it costs the subscriber five dollars in gold. It is a mere worthless addition to the already too long catalogue of privately printed books. It panders, for the editor's profit and to the subscriber's cost, to a pseudo-literary taste, to the mania for scarce books, original or reprinted. So with the other, which is called "The Spending of the Money of Robert Nowell."† This Robert Nowell was a Lancashire gentleman in the time of Elizabeth, and the title of the book given below holds up the alluring prospect of an insight into the household affairs, the expenses, and the family and personal economy of a gentleman of that time. This of course would be its only value, the only temptation to subscribing for it. But in fact it affords nothing of the kind. It is almost, if not altogether, a mere series of memorandums of money and of woolen and linen cloth given away in charity. For example: "Too a poore stranger, one Russell, a larned Scootische mane and verie poore the xx of December

* "*English Jacobite Ballads, Songs, and Satires from the MSS. at Towneley Hall, Lancashire.*" Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Illustrations, by the Rev. ALEXANDER B. GROSART. Printed for Private Circulation. 4to.

† "*The Spending of the Money of Robert Nowell of Reade Hall, Lancashire: Brother of Dean Alexander Nowell, 1568-1590.*" Edited from the Original MSS. at Towneley Hall, Lancashire, with Introduction, Notes, and Illustrations, by the Rev. ALEXANDER B. GROSART. 4to, pp. 446. Printed for Private Circulation.

Ano. 1571, X s," "To John Tayler minister of Allhallowes in the wall xij d and iij yardes clothe at viij s the yarde, xxv s." This is all. With stuff like this, and the "notes" upon it, a quarto volume of 446 pages is filled. It gives no information; it tells nothing of any interest about the manner of living of the period; it has no value whatever, historical or philological. It is absolutely worthless. Its value is just what the paper makers will give for it to grind it up into pulp. And yet the price of it is seven dollars and a half in gold; which sundry people have been deluded into paying by its attractive title. There is no more foolish expenditure of money than the parting with it for such literary "rarities" as this. They teach nobody anything; they contain only the poorest sort of sham literary antiquarianism. As those who prepare this sort of stuff in England look to "the States" for no inconsiderable part of their subscribers, we think that we do our readers a service in warning them against the proposals to publish such books by subscription. It is wise about books, as about other things, to see what you are to get and not to "buy a pig in a poke."

THE "Memoirs and Personal Sketches of Bryan Waller Procter,"* lately given to the public, add little to our knowledge of that gentle and genial author, who, without genius, made himself a pleasant reputation as a writer, and was for three generations the beloved friend of poets, artists, and men of letters.

His autobiographic sketch is decidedly tame, as his life was uneventful, and he was too shy and modest to dwell upon his successful career; unlike Miss Martineau, who fancies it important for the world to know the most trifling event of her infancy. He says: "Nothing particularly marked my childhood. I was found to be much as boys usually are. Nothing distinguished it from others of the same age. It seemed my destiny to float along from the cradle to the grave, on the happy stream of mediocrity." He is the one contradiction of his own assertion, that "there is no English song-writer of any rank whose songs form the distinguish-

ing feature of his poetry." For Procter is now known almost exclusively by his songs, and by them alone will he be known to the next generation. Longfellow says of them, "They are almost the only *real* songs in the language; that is, lyrics that have the pulsation of music in them." In a letter to the poet, he mentions twenty-seven papers of one date, which contained Barry Cornwall's request, "Touch us gently, Time," as a proof of its popularity. Still, he wrote much besides ballads. "The Dramatic Scenes," "Marian Colonna," the "Sicilian Story," "Mirandola, a Tragedy," and the "Flood of Thessaly," all appeared between the years 1819 and 1823. His crowning triumph was the success of his tragedy, brought out at Covent Garden theatre, when Macready played *Mirandola* and Charles Kemble *Guido*, having a "run" of sixteen nights. E. P. Whipple, always a careful critic, says of these dramatic works, "There is a predominance of stimulant over nutriment, of melody over matter, of poetic quality and force over original poetic observation and experience." Yet Byron pronounced the drama to be Procter's "forte." After his happy marriage with the accomplished and brilliant daughter of Mrs. Basil Montagu, his pen was more busy with law papers than poetry; and his business increased so rapidly that he sat up two entire nights a week, at this time, to attend to it—also taking forty or fifty pupils into his office. By such severe exertions he gained a handsome income; and his house in London was for fifty years a social centre, where celebrities of various rank, religions, and politics found a cordial welcome, the host himself the conciliating element that harmonized the whole. He paid beautiful tributes in verse to his dear wife, who did much to make their home so attractive; and no one familiar with his poetry can forget that exquisite sonnet addressed to his daughter Adelaide, just a month after her birth: "Child of my heart! my sweet beloved first-born!" His "Life of Edmund Kean" was a failure. The "Quarterly Review" pronounced it "the silliest book of the season," and added, "To say that it is like a couple of bottles of small beer would be to libel that fluid." But every word of his "Life of Lamb" came

* "Bryan Waller Procter. An Autobiographical Fragment, and Biographical Notes." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

from his heart, and the work was very favorably received. It was published at the age of seventy-seven; and Carlyle, in writing of the venerable author, says, "Every page of it recalls the old Procter whom I used to talk with forty-two years ago: unaltered except as the finest wines and such like alter by ripening to the full; a man as if transfigured by his heavy laden years, and to whom the hoary head is a crown." Procter's style was undoubtedly influenced by his careful study of poets who had preceded him; and, in his admiration of several of his contemporaries, Jeffrey called him "a good imitator of generally good models." The best portion of this volume, edited by Coventry Patmore, is that given to Procter's recollections of his many friends. Indeed, one can scarcely think or write of Barry Cornwall as separated from them, without losing much of the charm which their love and appreciation gave to his life and name. Part III. is devoted to hitherto "unpublished verses," rather commonplace efforts; and part IV. to "letters from literary friends." Poetical tributes, full of affectionate appreciation, from Landor and Swinburne, are placed at the beginning of this book, which as a whole is but mildly interesting, containing very little that is new or worthy of note.

—The one word in the numerous technicalities of dressmaking mysteries by which gentlemen seem to have been attracted is *bias*. Mr. Howells is caught by it, and uses the term, of course utterly cabalistic to him, at the very beginning of "Out of the Question."* A young lady, busy with some sewing, looks down with a thoughtful air and a care-worn little sigh, saying, "I don't think I shall cut it bias, after all, Lilly." Why that particular phrase has so impressed itself on the masculine mind, is not known.

This pleasant comedietta is evidently intended for representation. Many of the sentences read like stage directions; the girls talk as girls do, and the characters are all individual and natural. The central idea is that a man may also be a gentleman, so made by his own character and actions, even if his grandfather could lay no claim to that title. The tramp, for the first time, proves a

blessing in disguise, bringing the hero and heroine into sentimental relations. It seems rather unlikely that the same brave, handsome engineer who saved Charles Bellingham from drowning, should also rescue his sister's watch from desperate loafers, years after. But life itself is full of curious coincidences and the apparently impossible. The story is bright and amusing, a trifle to be enjoyed, not criticised. It has not enough of the harrowing or ludicrous to "take" in a theatre, and it is rather too long for private theatricals; so, for successful acting, this charming comedy is "Out of the Question."

THERE are many things done in this queer world which would have been pronounced impossible if they had not been successfully accomplished. That a young lady of Prussia should make up her mind to travel, and actually go round the world, *on cheek and charity*, collecting by the way enough valuables and curiosities to stock a museum at Frankfort, seems highly improbable. Yet Miss Margaretha Weppner, afflicted with an unsympathetic father, and with a rascally lover, who was not only a professional gambler, but paid his debts of honor in counterfeit money, sought solace from her heavy trials in the charms of travel, starting from Paris to visit America with seven and a half francs in her collapsed purse, and leaving behind her an indebtedness of two hundred francs. She has published the story of her wanderings in two sizable volumes, "The North Star and the Southern Cross."* Her knowledge of the English language is as remarkable as her career; its lights and shades are well understood, its power and flexibility.

After a few months of successful teaching in New York, where she made many friends, the longing for travel again came, and, armed with passes from the venerable Peter Cooper, to whom her work is dedicated, she started for California. She also made a flying trip to Utah, for she felt that she must see Brigham Young. She writes: "Nearly all animals are to be seen in one zoölogical garden or another; but here was one

* "Out of the Question." By W. F. HOWELLS. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

* "The North Star and the Southern Cross." By MARGARETHA WEPNER. London: Sampson, Low & Marston.

that outside his own home was nowhere to be seen. Brigham was for the time being my human hippopotamus; a moral monster, who was calmly setting the moral and social laws of the world at defiance." With a shudder at the idea of shaking hands with this monster, she put on a pair of thick winter gloves to escape contamination. These Brigham looked at, and then at her, as if he thought her crazy. This is her verdict: "He made on me the impression of a keen-witted, crafty man, who turned the foolish blindness of his followers to his own individual profit. A man who can accumulate \$7,000,000 as a servant of the Lord, and keep a harem at the same time, must unite to a marked extent the characteristics of the Turk with the smartness of the Yankee." It may be well to remark, by way of parenthesis, that the dead Brigham's estate is reported to inventory \$2,000,000.

Her comments on America are truthful and just; remarkably free from exaggeration or caricature; and she compliments Americans as chivalrous and kind wherever found, never misconstruing her solitary and peculiar wanderings, as did many of her own countrymen. She says: "American men as a rule are extremely kind to women; they are taught and trained to respect the fair sex; but I have frequently noticed that the feeling is not reciprocated. I saw many times old and young gentlemen offering their seats in the street cars to young fashionable belles, who, like wooden images, partook of the kind offer without a 'Thank you.'

"I once walked on Broadway in New York, and from Twenty-third street down to Fourteenth street I counted two hundred women, one hundred and sixty of whom dragged their long dresses through the mud." And dare we finish the quotation? for she goes on to say that "there is no want in America of idle queens of luxury and fashion, nor of unnaturally built up figures, and of diamonds and jewels; but in the fair sex there is a great absence of simplicity, of modesty, and grace." Miss Weppner also states that in Europe the management of household affairs forms an important item in the education of a young lady; a knowledge of cookery being considered as necessary as that of music or

modern languages. But in our country she sees no such preparation for domestic comfort, and thinks "America is in need of an institution where the art of cooking is taught, where young women, housewives and servants, can learn to cook potatoes and vegetables, and to prepare a meal in such a way as not to cause indigestion. It is a sad thing when housewives are as ignorant of cooking as an Irish cook, who generally knows nothing of the art." Miss Weppner is a shrewd, observant woman, whose comments are often witty and at times terribly severe, for she never scruples to tell exactly what she thinks. She says "the general education of the people of the United States surpasses in her estimation that of any nation in Europe," but with such high praise she sees our faults and weak points. "In America it requires but a very little time to elevate a wealthy rogue into prominence; but it takes years to get him into the penitentiary, to which he naturally belongs."

Although starting from home a devoted Catholic and seeking the shelter of convents all the way, her belief in the pure, unselfish, saintly lives of their secluded inmates received a mortal blow, and she denounces unsparingly the various humbugs and mean treatment she encountered. It must be painful to be told, after a weary night of travel and no breakfast, that "it is fasting time," and have no food offered, while the lady superior drinks her glass of Bordeaux, with a table loaded with delicacies at her elbow. She remarks, "Lent, as I have personally experienced, is the most unfavorable time to be the guest of a Catholic convent. The monks and nuns, I presume, do not like fasting themselves, and are anxious to find some one to do it for them." She declares that while "secular ladies," with but few exceptions, received her hospitably everywhere, she rarely met with true kindness or sympathy from nuns. "They lead an unnatural life, devoted exclusively to God, or to speak plainly, to the interests of the convent and themselves, and they become one-sided and apathetic. Should they enter heaven, what cold, uninteresting angels they must be!"

Her judgment of the Sisters of Mercy we will not quote, for no one likes to have his ideals destroyed. We will

hope she was wrong in her estimate; certainly it can only be true of a small portion of those sweet-faced, low-voiced women whose ministry seems almost angelic.

So she went on, climbing mountains, exploring volcanoes, taken everywhere to see everything, just escaping death several times, only saved from the cruelties of the Chinese massacre by lying in a cart covered with old rubbish, while the infuriated troops or armed mob rushed by, her driver, a placid old man, disarming all suspicion by his indifference. To crown all, she undertook the charge of a raving lunatic from Bombay to Munich, who tried to kill her in various ways, at one time throttling her, then setting her stateroom on fire. Two-thirds of the second volume are filled with tedious details of her horrible experience with this wretched creature, while she omits any description of Palestine, as she wished to keep the size of the volumes uniform! An eminent physician of our acquaintance says playfully that the stomach is the seat of love, and that a single sea voyage has often relieved a severe attack of unrequited or disappointed affection. We are happy to say that our Prussian lady, after several years' trial of salt water, returned to her home happy and cured, and has produced a remarkably interesting book as the result of her extraordinary undertaking.

MR. JAMES T. FIELDS'S collection of social studies and talks on men and books is a series of essays with some of which the reading public have already made acquaintance.* The style is easy, as becomes a thoroughly informal series of chats, as if the author were sitting by your side amusing you with anecdotes and reminiscences, having less concern for the dignity of the narrator than the interest of the narration. Mr. Fields's private library, so full of mementoes of the dead that it seems almost animate with their possible presence and pleasantly haunted, is the theme of the opening essay. Among the rare volumes in this library can be found Boccaccio's *Tales*, printed in London in 1684, containing "A Hundred Curious Novels by

Seven Honorable Ladies and Three Noble Gentlemen. Framed in Ten Days." And on the fly-leaf of the "leather-bound veteran" this inscription:

To Marianne Hunt.

Her Boccaccio (*alter et idem*) came back to her after many years' absence, for her good-nature in giving it away in a foreign country to a traveller whose want of books was still worse than her own.

From her affectionate husband,

LEIGH HUNT.

August 23, 1839, Chelsea, England.

Also the first edition of Milton's "*Paradise Lost*," 1688, in which Simmons the printer inserts the following notice:

COURTEOUS READER: There was no Argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, I have procured it, and withall a reason of that which stumbled many others, why the Poem Rimes not.

In his "reason" Milton speaks of "Rime" as "no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter." There is a table of *errata* prefixed to this old copy, in which the reader is told "for hundreds read hunderds. For we read wee." In a princely copy of Ben Jonson's works, once owned by Southey, are found numerous notes from Coleridge, who borrowed, as he had a habit of doing, and begemmed the work all over with his fine pencillings. "As Ben once handled the trowel, and did other honorable work as a bricklayer, Coleridge discourses with much golden gossip about the craft to which the great dramatist once belonged." Here is one manuscript anecdote: "An Irish laborer laid a wager with another hod-bearer, that the latter could not carry him up the ladder to the top of a house in his hod, without letting him fall. The bet is accepted, and up they go. There is peril at every step. At the top of the ladder there is life and the loss of the wager—death and success below! The highest point is reached in safety; the wagerer looks humbled and disappointed. 'Well,' said he, 'you have won; there is no doubt of that; worse luck to you another time; but at the third story, I HAD HOPES.'" In a volume of "Mr. Nelsted's Poems," not particularly lively or inviting to a modern reader, which was found on a stall in Fleet street, may

* "*Underbrush*." By JAMES T. FIELDS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

be seen in Sir Richard Steele's handwriting:

Elizabeth Steele
Her Book
Giv'n by Her Father

Richard Steele.

March 20, 1723.

In a poem in praise of "Apple Pye" a passage is marked, the reckless, lovable Dick evidently desiring to cultivate culinary enthusiasm in the youthful Eliza. Possibly "dear Prue" may not have been an adept in this direction:

Dear Nelly, learn with Care the Pastry Art,
And mind the easy Precepts I impart:
Draw out your Dough elaborately thin,
And cease not to fatigue your Rolling Pin.
Of Eggs and Butter see you mix enough;
For then the Paste will swell into a Puff,
Which will in crumpling Sounds your Praise report,
And eat, as Housewives speak, exceeding short.

Among Mr. Fields's autographic possessions are the signatures of Sir Philip Sidney and Alexander Pope, his "Ursine Majesty," Dr. Johnson, and the dilettante scandalmonger Horace Walpole; a note from Charles Lamb, who invites a friend to his "cell," with the inducements of "cold meat at nine—puns at—a little after"; letters from the two famous opium-eaters, as odd as the men themselves. He has made an especial study of De Quincey, "Thomas Papaverius," as the book-hunter calls him, looking up his scattered essays, which were published in English magazines, and giving the public the first edition of his complete works; and he delineates the man he so much admires in a few well-chosen words:

Fragile, unsubstantial, potent, and original—apply these epithets to the only man of this century who includes them all, and you get De Quincey, one of the great masters of English, one of the most fascinating of all modern writers.

There is a pleasant tribute to Edward Lear, who has made us all merry with his exquisite nonsense; who, we are all astonished to hear, is learned as well as funny—"One of the best Greek scholars in Europe, the author of half a dozen learned quartos of travel, and an unrivalled landscape painter." What a beautiful saying of his! "The world will never grow old so long as it has little children and flowers in it."

The essay closes with some capital anecdotes never before in print—various opinions concerning Shakespeare, which

are convulsingly ludicrous, including the comical story of venerable Mr. —, who believes unqualifiedly in *Boston* as not the hub only, but the forward wheels also, of the universe. The excellent old gentleman having confessed to L. G. that he had never found time in his busy life to read the "immortal plays," was advised to do so during the winter then approaching. In the spring G. called on the estimable citizen, and casually asked if he had read any of the plays during the season just passed. "Yes," he replied, "he had read them all." "Do you like them?" ventured G., feeling his way anxiously to an opinion. "LIKE them?" replied the old man with effusive ardor; "that is not the word, sir! They are glorious, sir. Far beyond my expectation, sir! *There are not twenty men in Boston, sir, who could have written those plays!*"

But we must turn from this "leaf of paradise" to enjoy some of the character sketches; for instance, "A Peculiar Case," the human snail, Cyrus, the boy of Oriental nomenclature, a sketch which we remember reading in one of the magazines. The "Village Dogmatist" is also a capital sketch, evidently taken from life. Captain Brine's conversation was his strong point—"a colloquial inebriate, constantly tumbling about in a kind of verbal delirium tremens." One thick, foggy day he rolled into the post office, where we were all assembled to wait for the morning mail, and on being appealed to for an explanation of the cause which brings about the heavy mists which so frequently envelope us at Underhill, he leaned thoughtfully on his walking-stick, and thus delivered himself in a swelling, majestic tone that implied long and serious study over the phenomenon: "When the atmosphere and hemisphere comes together, it causes the earth to sweat, and thereby produces a fog." The learned manner in which the Cap'n pronounced these idiotic words established conviction in the minds of nearly all the listeners present. A lady whose sense of humor is one of her prominent delightful qualities, hoards up questions all winter to stagger the Cap'n with during July and August. She says she has never yet been put off *sans* answer, no matter how absurd the interrogation. Encountering him one day in the little-of-everything

shop, she boldly marched up to the chair he was sitting in, surrounded by his admiring townsmen, and inquired, "Is there any difference, Captain, between a radical and a barnacle?" "*It's the same specie—the same specie,*" loftily rejoined the philosopher with a half negligent, half satisfied air, waving off his questioner to a more removed corner of the shop. He really amounted to a male Malaprop, making frequent allusions to a "suggestion of the brain" and "longevity of the spinal marrow," speaking disparagingly of people who kept a "revenue of servants." Such oddities can be found in almost every hamlet; they only need to be worked up by a skilful pen to become famous. An old man in "our village," for instance, was as extraordinary as "Cap'n Brine" in his use of language, and when asked the cause of the potatoe rot replied, that in his estimation "it was a predisposition to premature dissolution." Mr. Fields did not succeed in obtaining board at the old mariner's, who refused his request in this manner: "In the fust place, I'm not acquainted with ye. In the second place, you're too set in your notions for *me*. In the third place, we don't take boarders no more."

"Bothersome People," who, like the poor, we have always with us, receive a gentle rap, and are admirably classified with pertinent illustrations from their own sayings and doings. Who has not been pursued almost to desperation by one of those "human curiosity terriers," who never let you stir without following you up with a keen scent, or "the dense-witted, circumstantial soul who *will* interrupt your best story with a doubt or a denial of its verity"? He closes his list in this way: "I had written thus far when a restless neighbor of mine called to bear me away over a hot road to view a bloated boulder he had discovered miles off, in one of his peregrinations. This kind, mistaken soul constantly bothered me by insisting on 'showing me things' I do not desire to see. *His* mania is that of an indicator. Some 'prospect,' some famous kitchen garden, somebody's pig or poultry, anything big enough to 'show,' transports him into a fever of exhibition, and you never meet him but he burns to take you somewhere to see something, until you long

to bequeath him as a constant resident to the next county."

The little volume has a great variety of subjects, and will prove a pleasant friend for every mood. The absurd dénouement of the Pettibone mystery, and the trials of the man who had a watch "with invisible jewels" that wanted cleaning, will bring a smile to the sorriest countenance. "How to Rough It," and "If I were a Boy Again," are full of practical advice, while "Getting Home Again" and "Pleasant Ghosts" lead one to sentiment and reverie. Some writers are blessed with a felicitous divination by which they understand the intellectual wants of the many. Horace in his day complained that he found it impossible to please all readers:

Three guests I have, dissenting at my feast,
Requiring each to gratify his taste
With different food. What courses must I choose?

What not? What both would order, you refuse.
What you command, offensive to their sight,
Would mar their meal and spoil their appetite.

But it must be a surly, captious set of guests who fail to enjoy this unpretending yet appetizing dish; a salad where no ingredient is wanting.

FORMERLY the voyages of ships of the royal navy were shrouded in mystery, not a word appearing in the journals concerning their progress or their mission. Indeed, the "Athenæum" tells us that on scientific expeditions officers have been deprived of curiosities and articles purchased, on the plea that they were required for public service. But the Challenger, one of her Majesty's ships, fitted out at public expense, but still a vessel of the royal navy, is sent out on a cruise for deep-sea dredgings, and information botanical, geological, and scientific, and all the world can know the results. One of the lieutenants who accompanied the expedition has published a full but rather dry account of what was accomplished, and Lord George Campbell, a wide-awake young Englishman with eyeglass and hunting dog, was on board, and has given us the pleasure of reading his diary,* lively and graphic, full of vivid word-painting, in off-hand, boyish style,

* "*Log Letters from the Challenger.*" By LORD GEORGE CAMPBELL. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

of the novel sights and queer people and beautiful scenery of their four years' cruise. Always ready for an adventure, as jolly as Mark Tapley himself, the constant deep-sea soundings were the only trial that his good nature could not stand. But it was ordered that chemical examination of sea water should be carried on continuously, with a view to the more perfect knowledge of the physical and biological conditions of the great ocean basins, and in order to ascertain their depth, temperature, specific gravity, etc.; and this labor was not in vain, for Huxley affirmed that the discoveries in the Atlantic alone more than repaid all the expense of the voyage.

To the naval officers who had to attend to the practical part of the business, it became exceedingly tiresome—the "same old grind"; stopping every other day from eleven to thirteen hours, for dredging, or "*drudging*," as the blue-jackets called it, in unconscious satire. The other point of view was that of the naturalists, to whom the whole cruise was a yachting expedition, to whom some new worm coral or echinoderm is a joy for ever; who retired to a comfortable cabin to describe with enthusiasm each new stranger or specimen brought from the bottom of the sea.

The book is not rightly named, for the title of "Log Letters" gives an idea of condensed information and dry details of navigation, while this bright and breezy volume, full of fun and animation, has scarcely a dull page. The unsteretyped route and the savage countries which were visited give constant variety, and our cheery traveller is always on the lookout for excitement and novelty, with a keen eye for a pretty girl in every place. Shooting humming birds in Brazil "for the cause of science," or kangaroos and mammoth butterflies in Australia; walking or wading through the filth of a penguin rookery, where untold thousands of these awkward birds attacked him like infuriated harpies; "shaving an iceberg" in the Southern ocean; quaffing the luscious liquid of the fresh cocoanut in Fiji, travelling by "*jinricksha*" in Japan, drawn by four sturdy men, who can do their thirty miles per day; chatting merrily

with "sonsie lassies" in every port—so did our young Lord while away the time, and his dashing descriptions will be delightful reading for all who enjoy books of travel.

MR. HABBERTON'S five books in one year were just four too many. "Helen's Babies" pleased every doting parent, every lover of little ones who made their acquaintance. "The Barton Experiment" was readable, though not remarkable; "The Scripture Club of Valley Rest" was hardly readable, dull in the extreme; and now "Other Peoples' Children"* prove to be Budge and Toddie all over again, six months older, but sadly changed. They are under the care of their aunt, Mrs. Burton, the Miss Mayton of the previous volume, for a ten days' visit, and one grows very weary of Toddie's contortions of his mother tongue and the wise remarks of Budge, the impossible rapidity and variety of their movements, and their unnatural adventures. As Helen's babies they were irresistible; now they seem improbable kind of urchins, and the charm is gone. The author says frankly that the first book grew out of an attempt to keep for a single day a record of the doings of a brace of boys of whom he is half owner, and the reality of the record made it a success. The sequel is evidently "made up," and the precious little mischief-makers are now but buckram boys, tricked out with big words and strained adventures. A bright book that *must* come from an author's brain, that almost writes itself, is apt to be followed by dilutations and comparative failures—as when a child makes a remarkable speech, and is applauded, stimulated by the excitement of success, he goes on to render himself a bore. This second appearance of the precocious infants carries the moral that grown-up children often need self-restraint and correction as much as the wee folks they chastise, and that it is an unwise experiment to try to manage other peoples' children.

* "Other Peoples' Children." By the author of "Helen's Babies." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

NEBULÆ.

— Few subjects are more interesting than that of the origin of evil. And of all evil the most interesting and the most important is not the evil that we suffer, but the evil that we are. The cause of vice, of sin, of crime, and the question as to the removal of that cause, is after all the great problem of humanity. It is one in which we all are concerned, directly and indirectly. Of old it was assumed that vice was the consequence of vicious intention, of the choice of evil doing. In latter days this theory has been much modified, even by religious moralists; and by many others it has been set aside entirely. Careful investigation has discovered that vicious people are so—at least in a great measure—because of inherited tendencies and the circumstances of life. It is found, on the whole, that those who inherit sane minds in sane bodies, and who are surrounded by wholesome physical and moral influences, are not vicious; that persons so born and bred who fall into vice are the exceptions; and that, on the other hand, those who inherit tainted moral and physical natures, and who live under unhealthy moral and physical conditions, generally lead lives more or less vicious. Those of them who do not do so are again the exceptions. If evil be chosen, there is a reason generally discoverable for the choice. Much has been written of late years on this subject; but of all the books upon it that have appeared, there is hardly one of greater interest or significance than Mr. Dugdale's work on the "Jukes," which was noticed in "The Galaxy" for June last, the third edition of which is now before us. It is no tale of crime. It tells few horrors. It is not at all exciting. On the contrary, it is very dry reading; hardly more exciting than a "sum" in arithmetic or a genealogical table—and of such tables it contains several.

— SOME facts in regard to the case which is the occasion of this volume have come vaguely to public knowledge,

and have been heretofore referred to in "The Galaxy." Some of our readers must have heard of the woman known as "the mother of criminals," who was born about, perhaps a little more than, a hundred years ago, and whose posterity has supplied a notably large proportion of criminals and paupers to be supported by the community. It is upon an examination of the history of these persons that the assumptions and the conclusions of this study of the relations of crime, pauperism, disease, and heredity are founded. The author tells us that "the Jukes" is a pseudonyme, used to protect from aspersion worthy members of the family submitted to study, and also—most notable supplement—"to reduce the forty-two family names included in the lineage to one generic appellation." So, at the very outstart, we find that, although the so-called Jukes blood mingles, in a greater or less degree, in the veins of the seven hundred persons whose lives are here examined, upon data more or less reliable, the blood of forty-one other families entered into the composition of these seven hundred individuals—a fact to be most seriously considered. It is to be regretted that the author, in choosing, from the best of motives, so peculiar a pseudonyme as Jukes—or rather, it would appear, Juke, for he seems to use Jukes as a plural—fell upon the very uncommon name of a highly respectable family of the upper middle class in England. Some of its members, who are addicted to science and statistics, will be likely to meet with and read this book; and they may reasonably wonder why their rare patronymic is used at once to distinguish and to conceal a family so base in its habits of life that its name "had come to be used generally as a term of reproach." But the name of the family in England is Jukes, not Juke.

— AFTER a careful reading, or we may rather say study, of Mr. Dugdale's book, we cannot agree with him in his main conclusions; nor can we even agree with

him in the conclusion which is embodied in the phrase applied to Ada Juke—"the mother of criminals." Let us at once admit that the crime, pauperism, vagabondism, imbecility, and lack of moral stamina shown by the majority of the persons whose lives are examined in this book present a remarkable and revolting spectacle. If it could be shown that this debasement of their lives was due directly to their descent from Ada Juke, or from their connection with her family, the object of the writer would be attained. But as we read the story this does not so appear. We have indeed a considerable number of persons, seven hundred and nine, a large proportion of whom are criminals, or paupers, or vagabonds; but they bear forty-two names, and although five hundred and forty of them are more or less connected with the "Jukes" by blood, in many of them the proportion of the "Juke" blood is very small; and in not a few of those in which it is large there appear to have been strong tendencies toward a decent, honest, and sober life. The remainder have no "Juke" blood in them, but are merely connected with that family by sexual cohabitation, legitimate or illegitimate. While, however, the "Juke" blood is a variable quantity in the composition of these criminals and paupers, there is one factor of their lives which is notably constant—that is, a pauper-like, debased condition of life, with surroundings which tend to degradation. Mr. Dugdale sets forth the two main branches of inquiry into which the study of such a subject divides itself, as "the Heredity that fixes the organic characteristics of the individual, and the Environment which affects modifications in that heredity." This is a clear and logical division of the subject, which includes the whole of it; and using the author's terminology (which is the accepted one among students of such subjects), we should say that Mr. Dugdale had made out his point as to environment, but had failed as to heredity.

—LET us see what are some of the more important conditions of the heredity. Ada Juke, "the mother of criminals," was one of five sisters as to whose parentage little is known; and indeed little could be expected to be known of

the parentage of five women in the very humblest condition of life who lived in a very remote rural district more than a hundred years ago. This woman, whose first child was born before her marriage, was taken to wife by one of the sons of a descendant of the early Dutch settlers, who is described as "a hunter and fisher, a hard drinker, jolly and companionable, averse to steady toil, working hard by spurts and idling by turns." Now it is believed by the author that the study of this so-called family of so-called Jukes has revealed the fact that Ada's bastard son is the progenitor of the distinctively criminal line. For the author is strong upon illegitimacy. He is even capable of being led into the belief that first children, if illegitimate, are generally boys, but if legitimate, girls; although how the fact that a certain ceremony more or less short, and more or less religious or civil, and in any case having no possible physiological influence, could determine the sex of a child, passes human understanding. And now let us look at the character of Ada and of her illegitimate and legitimate offspring. The illegitimacy of her first child is one fact which is to be allowed its full weight in deciding this question; but without defending her lapse from continence, it is not necessary that we should assume that in a woman in her circumstances, living where she did and as she did, such a lapse is indicative of moral depravity or even of vicious propensities. There is many a woman morally depraved and thoroughly vicious who is too prudent to commit this lapse, and many another with the soul of a ministering angel who might commit it, even if she has not done so. But of course such significance as it has is against Ada Juke. In other ways she was not criminal; she was temperate and healthy, but not industrious, and she received out-door relief from the county in her old age. Not a very black record this for a woman born and bred in the lowest condition of life. Criminal propensities at least seem not to have come to her descendants from her. Her illegitimate son was a laborer, industrious, honest, temperate, and not criminal. This is, it must be admitted, a decidedly good record for a common laborer. Neither his position as an illegitimate child, nor his mother's lapse from chas-

tity, of which he was the consequence, seems to have affected his character injuriously. Her legitimate son, on the contrary, was indolent, licentious in youth, and the victim of disease contracted by his licentious habits, which he entailed upon his children. Now it is to be observed that the father of whom he was the legitimate offspring, and who was a laborer, was lazy, a thief, and received thirty lashes for sheep stealing. Truly, it seems that vice appears here on the side of legitimacy rather than on that of illegitimacy. In brief, the theory which the book has the appearance of being written to support, in regard to the heredity of vice, breaks down at the first stage of the inquiry.

— ON the other hand, as to environment—that is, circumstances of life—there is a notable consistency and keeping at all stages of the investigation. These Jukes, and the forty other families whose blood was mingled with them, and who are “lumped” under their pseudonyme, had for their “ancestral breeding spot” “the forest-covered margin of five lakes so rocky as to be in some parts inaccessible.” It is a place, we are told, which “may be called one of the crime cradles of the State of New York; for in subsequent examinations of convicts in the different State prisons, a number of them were found to be the descendants of families equivalent to the Jukes, and emerging from this nest.” Of their forefathers most were squatters upon the soil, and “they lived in log or stone houses similar to slave hovels, all ages, sexes, relations and strangers, ‘bunking’ indiscriminately.” Did we not know how a man may be carried off out of the reach of reason upon his hobby, we should be amazed at the attempt of an intelligent man to build up a theory of heredity in vice upon the events in the personal history of people. Under such conditions loose, coarse, vicious life in both sexes is inevitable. To look for honesty and chastity among people who live in that manner is to expect “sunbeams from cucumbers.” Such a community is one in which vice and crime necessarily thrive. And on the other hand, it is at least highly probable that a number of children taken out of the reach of contamination of such surroundings before

they were old enough to feel their influence, and brought up in comfort among decent, self-respecting, law-abiding people, would produce an average proportion of respectable, virtuous, industrious men and women. In brief, all that Mr. Dugdale seems to have established by his laborious investigations, conducted, we gladly admit, with the most perfect sincerity of spirit, is that people who for generations are born and brought up amid sordid and degrading surroundings, and in great poverty, will produce a more than average proportion of vicious, criminal, and pauper men and women.

— MR. DUGDALE’S inquiries do also establish another fact which is of great interest. Most persons believe that cities are nests of vice and of crime, and we hear a great deal of the wholesome moral and physical influences of rural life. This also is a mere notion. There is no more prolific nest of crime than a small community like that of which the Jukes (including members of forty families, it should be remembered) seem to have formed a part. There are many such nests scattered over the country. People of vicious and criminal propensities *come* from the rural districts to cities because in them they find a wider and more profitable field for their exertions than they could find at home. A very considerable part, if not the majority of the active and habitual criminals in cities, are of rural or at least of provincial birth and breeding. The notion of superior rustic virtue is a mere notion. We must not be understood as decrying the value of such investigations as that of which this volume, in its second part as well as in its first, is the result. They are, on the contrary, of the greatest importance. They are an effort in the right direction toward the moral elevation of the race. But they have only just begun. It will take many years, perhaps many generations, of such investigations before trustworthy conclusions can be drawn from them. The problem is the most complicated which human ingenuity has ever undertaken to solve. It involves all the complex conditions of the individual man and of society. Mr. Dugdale has made a valuable contribution to the mass of facts that must be

accumulated before this great question can be solved.

— ANY of our readers who care enough about the matter to refer to "The Galaxy" of June last will see that, without professing great admiration of the Turks, we did not "take much stock" in the war which Russia forced upon them, and that we did not believe that the Czar was going to walk over "the sick man" into Constantinople. The condition of affairs after more than three months' war seems, to say the least, fully to justify our doubts upon the latter point. Mr. Gladstone and the furious friends of humanity for whom he spoke so ably, as he always does, have probably learned by this time that it is not quite so easy a matter as they supposed to "turn the Turks out of Europe." Judging by their talk, they supposed that it was only necessary for a well appointed army of one of the great Christian powers of Europe to march against the Moslem, and the "anachronism" of a Mohammedan nation existing this side of the Bosphorus would at once cease, and that once more "Time would go upright with his carriage." Affairs have not shaped themselves quite in that fashion. Perhaps they and some other people on this side of the Atlantic may now begin to suspect that although the Turk may be poor, although he may manage his finances in such a shiftless way that he is not a very safe man to whom to lend money on his bond, and although he may have in his social and his public policy some relics of barbarism, as was the case not long since with a people who shall here be nameless, he is personally not quite so sick a man as he has been taken to be. In fact, the Turk has been a very troublesome person ever since he appeared in Europe, or even in Asia; and he is particularly troublesome whenever you undertake to fight him or he undertakes to fight you. When that happens, he does not care very much for his life. He is no coward; he uses arms well; and if he is only well led, he is a very formidable fellow to deal with. At present he seems to be very much better led than his antagonist, and being on his own soil, with advantages of position which make it not easy to get at him, he has decidedly the advantage, and has managed to make things very un-

comfortable for that friend of humanity, the Czar of all the Russias. In fact, there was never wilder, shorter-sighted talk than that in which many people in England, in Russia, and in America indulged before the Russian proclamation of war. A people both warlike and fanatical, who have inhabited their country for centuries, are not to be "turned out" so easily, be they in the right or in the wrong. And as to the Turks, with all that may justly be said against them, there is much said in their favor by those who have lived among them long enough to know them. Lord Strangford, who knew them well, always spoke of them with respect, and maintained that they were on the whole an honest, kindly disposed, and manly race. They are not, as a people, to be judged by the officials and the inhabitants of the seraglios of Constantinople. They have shown this peculiarly of late. Russia will try again of course; but the Turk will probably remain in Europe for some time longer.

— "THE Central Law Journal" comes to us with six closely printed pages of correspondence in relation to the action of Judge Dillion, United States Circuit Judge in Iowa, in the case of the Central Railroad Company of that State. These letters are somewhat remarkable. They are all in defence of a United States judge of high standing and unblemished reputation. They are written to show that this judge did not act from corrupt motives in his adjudication of the case of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company against the Central Railroad Company of Iowa; although the fact is, we believe, that no respectable and responsible person has charged Judge Dillion with corruption in this or in any other case; and certainly none of the counsel on either side of the case in question have done so. These letters are, first, from the Hon. James Grant of Davenport, Iowa, who was solicitor for the complainant in the case; second, from L. M. Fisher, the special master in chancery appointed by the court in the case to hear the various matters of reference connected with the litigation, and to sell the road; third, from the Hon. Hiram Price, the referee appointed to examine the books and accounts of the railway, and report upon its management; fourth, from H. E. J.

Boardman, counsel for the bondholders; fifth, from O. P. Shiras, also counsel for the bondholders; sixth, from the Hon. H. H. Trimble, President of the Iowa State Bar Association; and seventh, resolutions of members of the bar of Nebraska, which is within Judge Dillion's circuit. All these declare that Judge Dillion, who has performed his functions under their eyes for years, is not a corrupt judge, but one of high character and scrupulous honor; and in reference to the particular case in question, all the writers who speak of it, and who were themselves concerned in the proceedings, assert in the most positive and unqualified terms that language admits of, that Judge Dillion's action was not only just, but far above all reproach. It is shown that Judge Dillion was even somewhat over scrupulous, and refused to take upon himself responsibilities which he might have taken with propriety, and which all parties were willing that he should take, and that he declined to act without the support and concurrence of Judge Love, which he had; and that indeed one of the most important decisions in the case was that of Judge Love, with which Judge Dillion only concurred. It is shown that the referee appointed by Judge Dillion, and whose appointment and whose subsequent action seem to form the chief ground, or rather to afford the occasion, of the imputation against the Judge, was *not chosen by Judge Dillion*, but by all the counsel in the case, including both sides. We quote: "Various names were suggested by opposing counsel. Judge Dillion said to us, 'You must agree, gentlemen.' An adjournment was had until after dinner. We *unanimously, including Cate's attorney*, agreed to refer the matter to Hiram Price, a very fit man, a railroad builder and railroad manager." The Mr. Cate here mentioned is, we are told, "the author and the instigator of the charges against Judge Dillion"; but he has not, so far as we are informed, made these charges publicly under his own signature, nor has he put them in any legal or meetable shape. It is shown also by the referee, Mr. Price, who was selected by the unanimous consent of all the counsel in the case, that he received but three hundred dollars for his services, out of which he paid the expenses of a necessa-

ry journey of more than two thousand miles, and moreover that this amount was not asked by him, or fixed by the court, but by the attorneys in the case. The President of the State Bar Association of Iowa and Chancellor Hammond regard the assault on Judge Dillion as "an attack on the honor and good name of the bar of the State"; and the resolutions of the Bar Association of Nebraska, which they request may be entered upon the records of the Circuit Court, treat the imputation upon Judge Dillion in a similar manner. It would seem that a damaging imputation could not be more completely set aside, or that a judge could not have higher or more satisfactory testimonials to his integrity.

— AND what is the occasion of the certainly very unusual and remarkable proceedings on the part of a great number of highly respectable members of the bar, some of whom appear for various and opposing parties in the case, as to Judge Dillion's conduct on which they speak? It is that a weekly newspaper has cast these imputations upon Judge Dillion. There have been no affidavits, no specifications; but "The Nation" has made these charges. Now it would be safe to say that similar charges might be made in almost any other weekly paper in the country, law journals excepted, without being deemed worthy of such distinguished notice, such elaborate and authoritative refutation as these have received. And why? Not because other weekly papers are not edited with ability, and have not respectable positions; but because "The Nation," now in the twelfth year of its existence, has set itself up as guided by a higher moral code, as conforming to a higher standard of journalistic propriety, than any other paper in the country. Moreover there has been a semblance at least, if not more, of such conformity. If "The Nation" professed to be high-toned than its fellows—indeed, the high-tonedest of all American newspapers—it must be admitted, and it should be admitted without reserve, that its tone *was* high. It concerned itself little with gossip and not at all with scandal, and it seemed to be really able to see that there are two sides to a question, and to consider both candidly if not quite without human par-

tiality. For some years, although strongly Republican in its preferences, it was about as nearly independent as could be expected in a publication edited by men who were both human and honest. True, there were those who said that in matters of interest and importance, although not of the highest public concern, it allowed itself to be used by cliques or even by individuals in a way inconsistent with strict impartiality; but even this was not the gravest sort of offence in journalism, and again was a witness to the human element which after all did enter somewhat into the composition of the editorial staff of this high-seated, severely judging journal. Indeed, such little aberrations from the divine standard of perfection were rather comforting than otherwise; for inferior mortals felt that in coming before it for sentence they might possibly be not quite shut out from human sympathy.

—“THE Nation,” however, has fallen from its high estate. Hereafter it need not fear ostracism because, like Aristides, it is called “the just.” In this matter of its assault on the official reputation of a United States Circuit Judge, its course has been even like that of the weakest of mortal men. It uttered its charges at full length, and with all the attitudes and gestures of a great representative of the highest morals. It has not yet published Judge Dillion’s reply—which is generally if not universally regarded as entirely satisfactory—but has given only a brief and very incomplete summary of it. It has to this day (its last number before we go to press is that of September 6) not presented to its readers the very remarkable testimony in this matter which we have above set forth. On the contrary, however, it has found room for a second assault upon him. Now we might not be very much surprised at this course in a newspaper of carnal and unregenerate heart. Such newspapers do grind axes, or do allow other folk to grind them, in their columns, for considerations which are of

various kinds and degrees of human turpitude. But that “The Nation” should thus abandon itself to the weakness, we shall not say the iniquity, of common human nature, as manifested in journalism, is an event that casts a gloom upon society. We refrain ourselves from the supposition that “The Nation” deliberately intends to utter an unfounded slander upon one of the highest judicial officers in the country. But the supposition will enter the depraved brains of ordinary mortals that this demonstratively immaculate journal, in a moment of weakness, allowed itself to be used by some person or persons who had a private object in view, and that, having thus committed itself, it unwisely shrinks from disavowal and retraction. There is, unfortunately for journalism, a theory among its professors—for which the London “Times” is largely responsible—that a periodical which aims to be an organ or a guide of public opinion should never own itself in the wrong; that by so doing it weakens its authority and loses the confidence of its readers. This notion has been productive of inestimably oppressive wrong for a long series of years; but by most editors it is tenaciously clung to, and practised remorselessly. There was never a more mistaken theory of human action. Journals are individuals if not persons, and as such they are not exempt from the operation and the influence of ordinary moral laws. If a man has erred, and owns his error, we not only respect him for it, but we trust him the more. The London “Spectator” has obtained an honorable distinction by practising upon this code of morality in journalism. No matter how great an error it may have committed, it is not ashamed to say, “We were wrong.” And it never refuses to publish a refutation of a misstatement which may have been made in its columns. “The Nation” imitates the “Spectator” in some things: we respectfully suggest that in this respect it is not wisely original.

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FIVE DAYS IN THE TUSCAN MAREMMA.

THE first line of Goldsmith's "Traveller" almost exactly sums up the ideas which would have been excited in an Italian mind some years ago by the word Maremma: "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow"—very slow! Still slow, although a fine touch can feel more healthy life in its pulse than beat there thirty years back. "Remote" from centres of civilization it must continue to be for generations to come; and a certain amount of "melancholy" is perhaps inherent in the peculiar nature of its scenery. But it is no longer "unfriended." The late Grand Duke of Tuscany was its well wisher, and, to a great extent, its benefactor. But it possesses a yet more powerful benefactor in the railway engine, which now traverses a great part of its extent, on the way from Leghorn toward Rome.

Maremma is nothing more than a contraction of Marittima; maritime, a country on the seacoast. The Tuscan Maremma stretches along the border of the Mediterranean, running southward until it touches the Roman territory. Its northern limit may be said to be at or about the town of Pitigliano. But the Maremma is not a province, a district, or a county; it is merely the expression of certain remarkable peculiarities of climate and scenery throughout a considerable tract of land; and therefore it is im-

possible to fix its boundaries with precision. It remains to this day a wild and little explored country. Within its hidden recesses it contains extinct cities; some of them (as the old Etruscan towns) absolutely fossilized. You look at them curiously, as one examines a petrified shell. And the life of their former inhabitants may be guessed at, and speculated on, much as a naturalist reads and deciphers the traces of organic life, stereotyped, stony, and changeless, in some geological formation. Other cities there be which retain a little flesh on their bones; a fragment or two of hide and hair, like the ice-bound mammoth discovered in Siberia.

But besides these, which I have termed extinct, there are other cities still very well alive: populous, noisy, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage—cities which present some extraordinary anomalies to the eyes of an "heir of all the ages," inasmuch as they appear to have come into their final inheritance precociously, some three or four centuries ago, and to be still enjoying it, and ignoring nearly all the bequests of Time subsequent to Anno Domini 1550, or thereabouts! In a word, there are in the Tuscan Maremma places wherein the mediæval barons who ruled over them would see very little change could they be permitted a glimpse of their old haunts in this year of grace

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1877. Especially would they see very little change in the general outward aspect of the streets and houses.

I purpose to give a brief account of a five days' journey which was made through a portion of the Tuscan Maremma; thinking that what was so curious, strange, and interesting to us to witness may have some interest also for readers the vast majority of whom are little likely to view the scene of our journey for themselves.

Our party consisted of three English persons and one Italian. The latter was an old friend of ours, and we were to be his guests at Pitigliano. I shall designate him the Cavaliere M—. My husband, my sister, and myself made up the rest of the travelling company. My sister E— had seen but little of Italy, and certainly such a journey as ours was a bold plunge into the midst of unadulterated *Italianism* for one unfamiliar with the peninsula!

Leaving Florence by railway, we made a halt of some hours at Siena. That ancient and pleasant little city is too familiarly known to need a word of description here; albeit one's pen would willingly linger on the beauties of its perfect cathedral, and on the grand pictures of Sodoma (a great master almost unrepresented out of Siena) which enrich its gallery and its churches.

Our resting-place for the night was Orvieto. We arrived there long after dark, and were glad to go to bed at once. Our inn was a vast old house, with lofty stone-floored rooms, a marble staircase, and an entrance hall on the ground floor, which combined in a truly Italian manner grandeur in theory with squalor in fact. It was large; it was dark; it was dirty; it smelled of stables; it had seldom been swept; and, I should say, *never* washed. The old thick stone walls, whose rough surface was probably meant to be clothed with rich damask, or gilded leather, had received a thin coating of pink paint. Here and there were traces of a blue bordering in execrable taste; and the whole was copiously

festooned with cobwebs, and arabesqued with the smears of countless dirty fingers, and the rubbing of countless dirty coats.

We had decent food, excellent wine, and clean beds. The latter luxury is, to speak fairly, all but universal in Italy. Only once in the course of my journeyings throughout little-travelled parts of the country have I come upon an exception to this rule. Coarse but clean sheets and mattresses stuffed with the dried leaves of the *gran turco* (*Anglice*, maize) are almost always forthcoming.

Our first expedition on the following morning was to some recently discovered Etruscan tombs, distant about an hour's walk from Orvieto.

Orveito was an Etruscan city, and had already attained a hoary age when the Romans gave it the name it bears (with slight variation) to this day—as is proved by the appellation itself, *Urbs Vetus*—the ancient city. Of the original Etruscan name no trace remains. It was probably harsh, and unpronounceable by Roman lips.

According to an invariable custom of that mysterious and little known Etruscan people, their city was built upon a hill; and according to another custom, equally invariable, their necropolis, or burying place, was situated on another eminence fronting the town. The city of the living and the city of the dead beheld each other across the valley which divided them. Above the level places of the earth rose the dwellings of quick and dead humanity; each aspiring, as it were, with pathetic solemnity, toward the unfathomable vault of the sky. Every burgher of *Urbs Vetus* looked to make his final transit across the olive-grown valley to the necropolis beyond. The latter, in the case of Orvieto, stands higher than the town.

The landlord of our inn, an extremely obliging, civil person, provided a couple of donkeys to carry us women folk. The gentlemen preferred to walk. A great part of the traffic of that country side is performed by

means of horses, mules, or donkeys, carrying pack-saddles or panniers. Many of the roads are not *carrozzabile*, as the Italians say—not *carriageable*—not practicable for wheels. Almost all the native men ride, and many of the women. And the good dames and damsels either ensconce themselves on a pile of sacks, with their legs hanging down sideways, or else coolly bestride their steeds after the masculine fashion.

But our landlord was equal to the occasion. He produced from some secret store of lumber a couple of side-saddles—real side-saddles! Of fabulous antiquity it is true; but they were successfully tied and strapped on to the donkeys with a great expenditure of every conceivable kind of cord and strings. The animals were mildly surprised, but patiently tolerant of the innovation.

We did not mount at the inn door, but walked to a town gate, and there, being outside the walls, were, with some ignominious hauling and hoisting, got into our saddles. The road begins to descend rapidly immediately on leaving Orvieto. Road, do I say? It is a stony, precipitous path, with here and there the remains of ancient paving, over which our donkeys' hoofs slipped and clattered noisily. Along the bottom of the valley flows a sluggish stream, hiding its dark waters furtively beneath any pebble or earth mound it can find. In the spring, however, and after heavy autumn rains, the sluggish stream becomes a formidable torrent. It is spanned at one part by a rude arch in a wall of immemorial antiquity, which stretches nearly across the valley. The Etruscans were doubtless the original builders of the wall, which was probably the base of an aqueduct. There are the huge, irregular masses of stone, heaped together without mortar, which surely indicate Etruscan builders.

After crossing the stream the path begins to mount as abruptly as it had descended, going straight up the steep hillside with a directness of purpose

which was hard upon our donkeys, and trying even to T——'s stout British legs.

Up we go, scrambling and stumbling, and ever as we mount the October sun seems to burn more hotly, and the distant view to grow more marvellous. The road is bordered by tangled hedgerows of bramble and dog rose, now fast becoming leafless. Here and there stands a young beech tree, an ilex, or a chestnut, softly shedding its ripe fruit and its yellow, faded foliage. Sometimes there comes a bit of rough, low wall bounding a *podere* (farm). The *podere* is in many places freshly ploughed, and the red earth is beginning to dry and crumble in the sun. In some spots wheat stubble still remains, or the withered stalks of the *gran turco*. There are reddening grapevines stripped of their fruit, and silver, hoary olives whose berries are not yet fully ripe.

Let us stop as we near the summit of the ascent, and turn in our saddles to look back. Heavens, what a view! How strange, how beautiful, and how forlorn! Orvieto stands revealed upon its bare hill top. The hues of the brown rock, and of the stone, browned and baked by sunny centuries, of which the town is mainly built, are identical; so that it seems almost as though the primeval rock had shot up and culminated in spires, and towers, and irregular lines of roof and wall, as the solid stem of an oak breaks into bough, and branch, and leaf, and acorn. It is all jagged and craggy, and of rich *dry* tints, that run from fawn color to the deepest burnt sienna. One object imperiously arrests the eye by the difference of its coloring from the rest, and by the majesty of its proportions. It is the west front of the cathedral, all ablaze with rich mosaics and gilding, and with cream-white marble sculpture glistening in the sunlight. Below and around is a rolling sea of country, which looks barren, but which is capable of bearing corn, and wine, and oil, and luscious figs upon its arid bo-

som. But there are no masses of foliage. The olive, which is the most frequent tree, adds no refreshing verdure to the landscape. Yet there is a charm in the scene—a beauty quite apart from the interest of the associations which cling to every foot of the soil; and to my thinking this beauty and this charm are due to the rare exquisiteness of the medium through which we see them. The atmosphere makes beauty. The sunshine has a golden richness, the shade a depth of tone, which fascinate the eye, never weary of their infinite gradations. Owing to the rolling nature of the ground, the whole expanse of country we look down upon is dappled with shadows cast upon a yellow or red-brown soil. And these shadows are of the deepest indigo—blue as a summer thunder cloud, soft and solemn, they brood upon the parched earth, and slowly and imperceptibly shift and glide with the shifting, gliding hours. Far, far away on the horizon are ethereal mountain forms floating in a purple haze or melting into the palest lilac. It is unreal! It is an enchanted land! Some Indian wizard has laid it under a spell of sleep, that dreams sorrowful dreams of a beautiful past, and has shed over all the glory and the desolateness of his own eastern sun!

The tombs we had come to see lie deep in the hillside on a farm. They were well hidden beneath the accumulated soil of nearly three thousand years. Grass sprang, corn ripened, trees waved, many a fathom over their stone roofs. They were discovered by the gentleman who owned the farm on which they are situated, and was the proprietor of other estates in the neighborhood. Unfortunately this gentleman, although learned and zealous, was not rich. He had some excavations made at his own cost, and proceeding on his knowledge of what existed in the neighborhood of other Etruscan cities, and the consequent inference as to where the necropolis of Orvieto must have been situated, he

discovered two large and important tombs. But he was unable to prosecute his researches owing to want of funds. Doubtless there is much to reward the antiquary still buried beneath the crops of the farmer who rents the land.

The approach to the tombs is by a narrow, deep path—like a railway cutting in miniature—delled in the rich red soil. Under our feet was a thick carpet of leaves that had fallen from some chestnut trees that grew on the edge of the wall of earth high overhead. Little wild flowers peeped out on either hand. They had rooted themselves in the welcome shadow, and turned their fresh faces joyfully up to the strip of blue sky that canopied the approach to that ancient resting-place of long-forgotten mortals. The first tomb was closed by a heavy wooden door placed there to preserve the chamber within from becoming a den of wild animals, and from being ravaged by still more destructive human depredators. For these tombs invariably contain many objects when first discovered; all of them curious, and many valuable.

Within, of course, the darkness was nearly complete; the only light being admitted by the door. We stepped into a low, nearly square chamber. The air was damp, the floor of muddy earth. Thus much we perceived at once. Then some wax tapers we had brought with us were lighted, and by their feeble illumination we discovered more particulars. All around the chamber ran a rather wide shelf of earth, raised not above two or three feet from the floor. On this the stone coffer-like tombs had been ranged—those queer little stone boxes, with figures carved in relief upon them, and surmounted by a recumbent figure on the lid, which are to be seen in any museum of antiquities. These must have contained the ashes of the dead; for they are generally far too small to admit a full-grown human being. But one or two sarcophagi of larger dimensions have occasionally been

found. Beside the stone coffers stood vases, lamps, weapons, signet rings, female ornaments, and numerous other objects. These were at once removed to protect them from the action of the atmosphere, and are safely housed in public or private collections.

The walls are covered with paintings. Some of them are effaced and crumbling into dust. Others remain as distinct as the day they were painted. The subjects of them are extremely various. They range from the mysterious symbols of religious worship down to the most familiar scenes of daily life. There are priests, and winged gods, and the serpent, typical of so many mysteries; and there are also the slave pounding corn in a mortar, the domestic repast, musicians playing on instruments, and a curious representation of what looks like a butcher's shop. The carcasses of different animals are seen hanging up against the wall. Among them is one which looks like a hare. The human faces are many of them handsome. There is one female head with a wreath upon it, which displays a very high degree of beauty in its classic outline. The countenances of the slaves and domestics are markedly inferior to those of the masters—coarser in feature, and painted dark red, like the figures on an antique terra-cotta vase.

Both the tombs we visited are moreover rich in inscriptions in that Etruscan language which has hitherto baffled the researches of the learned. To uninstructed eyes this seems the more strange, when one knows that the Egyptian and Mexican hieroglyphics have been mastered, inasmuch as these Etruscan inscriptions have a clear *readable* look, and are formed of civilized letters, bearing a general resemblance, I thought, to the Greek character.

Returning to Orvieto, we made a hasty visit to the cathedral while the carriage was being got ready to take us to Pitigliano, which place we were to reach that night. If one were writing a guide-book, there would be much

to be said about the fine cathedral of Orvieto, which has never yet been set forth in print for the benefit of English readers. But time presses. We are not yet fairly in the Maremma, although near to the borders of it; and we must content ourselves with a general expression of the delight which the sight of the masterpieces contained in the Duomo gave us. T—— and I had visited it before, but we were eagerly glad to embrace the opportunity of having another glimpse of the gorgeous west front (now being excellently restored with equal knowledge and skill), and of the great frescoes by Luca Signorelli in the sacristy—specimens of mastery in drawing, and particularly in foreshortening, which, it seems to me, are absolutely unsurpassable.

As we came out of the noble old church on the piazza, we found its wide expanse, usually dreary and forlorn beyond words, covered with *bersaglieri* (riflemen). The nimble little fellows were trotting about at the quick march. Some were going through the ordinary rifle drill. Others were feigning to fire at an enemy from some ambush, and crouched kneeling on the stone pavement. The echoes of the cathedral square, and those which lurked in nooks and corners of the sacred edifice itself, responded with hollow tones to the sharp, short word of command. Tolerant echoes! Or were they ghostly voices of dead and gone bishops, priests, and deacons, answering with muffled cries from their stone resting-places to the roll-call, thinking that the clattering feet and ringing muskets overhead were the noise of resuscitated mortality, and struggling to arise and appear for judgment out of their strong vaults and marble coffins, even as the pictured human beings are doing in Luca Signorelli's fresco? They might have been anything that was weird and strange, we thought, as we turned away from the great monument of priestly power and popular piety, with the rush of *bersaglieri* footsteps in our ears, and

the sound of the band playing the triumphal march of an excommunicated king of Italy.

Of our drive to Pitigliano through the gathering mist and darkness of an October evening, there is little to be said worth recording. The road lies through a wild country looking burnt at the close of a hot and droughty summer. Flocks of scraggy sheep picked a scanty meal from the few hay-colored blades of herbage on the dusty hillocks that spread drearily on each side of the road. Occasionally we met, or overtook, droves of young horses either coming from the Maremma or going thither. Their driver was usually a shaggy, fierce-looking individual, mounted on a horse as shaggy, if not as fierce, as himself. But the ferocity was probably confined to his appearance.

It had long been dark when we drove by a good road, ascending in zig-zags, into the town of Pitigliano. We saw nothing of the place that first night, save an old town gate whose archway was faintly illuminated by blinking oil lamps. Our friend's house was near to the gate by which we entered the town, and as we drew up at the door lights glanced, and a hospitable stir was apparent.

To be guest in such a household as that of Casa M——, at Pitigliano, is an experience which rarely falls to the lot of foreigners. Hospitality as we understand the word is not an Italian characteristic. When exercised at all it is usually confined to the family circle. This is, however, often very numerous. Sons, and daughters, and son's wives, and daughter's husbands, and even married grandchildren, and nephews and nieces, and cousins to very remote degrees often inhabit the same house for weeks and months together, in a very patriarchal fashion. Especially is this the case in the country; and of course such gatherings are only possible in lands where, as in Italy, vast old houses exist in which the accommodation as regards space is practically unlimited.

But here were we three, from the distant island of Britain, received and entertained by the kind mistress of the mansion with unbounded cordiality.

The Signora M—— is a type of the simple, kindly Italian gentlewoman who has lived all her life apart from great cities. An utter absence of affectation is an honorably distinguishing characteristic of Italian women as a rule. Whatever may be their shortcomings, they are not usually varnished over with pretension of any sort or kind. And the charm of simple dignity thus gained is a new illustration of the well-worn proverb that "Honesty is the best policy," and might be taken to heart by scores of fashionable ladies who aim at being fascinating.

Casa M—— is a large old house, with a balcony looking on the piazza, and across a low parapet wall, over the singular Maremman landscape. Within, the staircase is of well-worn marble, the floors of painted stone or brick, the walls stencilled, and the ceilings adorned with gay-colored designs in a kind of rough fresco. The only modern things which strike the eye are the huge iron bedsteads. There is not, apparently, a wooden bedstead in the house. Instead of Argand lamps or the almost universal moderator, there are quaint old lamps of polished brass, standing about a couple of feet high, with two or more *spouts*, as it were, wherein burns a wick soaked in olive oil; and from the stem of the lamp hang by delicate brass chains various implements for trimming the wick. In other respects there is nothing special in the household furniture. The large space, and the slightly bare look of all the rooms, are nearly universal throughout Italy.

We are regaled with a plentiful meal, consisting of soup with *maccaroni*, chickens, cutlets dressed with aniseed strewn over them, excellent bread, and wine of the country. In honor of our national custom, there was even tea provided. The tea, we were anxiously assured, had come

from a first-rate shop in Florence. It was procured sometimes for our friend the Cavaliere, who had acquired a taste for it among his English friends; and his mother looked at him half admiringly, half apprehensively, as he partook of the outlandish beverage.

It will surprise many readers to learn that, until within the last few years, milk was an article of food entirely unknown in Pitigliano. Even now cow's milk and butter are not to be had there for any price that can be offered. But there is a flock of from twenty to thirty goats, which supply the town with milk on occasion. We drank the goat's milk in our coffee and in our tea, and found it very good; but no creature in the house partook of it save ourselves and the Cavaliere. Throughout Tuscany the peasants look on cow's milk with disgust, and the great majority of them have never tasted it in their lives.

After a sound night's rest we were ready the next morning to undertake an expedition to Sovana, a very strange, deserted, ancient little city, distant some three or four miles from Pitigliano, and in the neighborhood of which are some remarkable Etruscan antiquities.

There were but two possible methods of reaching Sovana—either to go thither on foot or to ride on horseback. We chose the former method, and set forth about nine o'clock. Our way lay at first through the principal street of Pitigliano, and a more extraordinary spectacle in its way than it presented I have never witnessed.

It was very narrow and rather winding. It was precipitately steep. It was noisy and populous. It was filthy with a lavish abundance of filth—as though some Ceres of dirt had generously shaken her cornucopia over the town—which passes description.

The definition of dirt, as matter in a wrong place, would scarcely suffice to embrace all the pollution of Pitigliano; for, in addition to much which might be included in it, our eyes lighted on abnormal looking objects,

which really seemed to have been *created dirty!* and on little festering mounds and accumulations, from which the imagination recoiled in horror. Above every scent and sight prevailed the pungent odor of new-made wine and the deep red hue of the refuse grape-skins. The vintage was just over. This circumstance, indeed, was made the text of an apology, or excuse, uttered by our friend, as to the “rather unclean” condition of the street.

Nevertheless, the place is picturesque to a very high degree. It stands, like Orvieto, on a brown rock, and is consequently approached by steep ways on every side. The road by which we first entered it is, as has been stated, engineered in skilful zig-zags. But from the other town gates descend narrower and far steeper paths, only accessible to foot or hoof, and impracticable for wheels. Up these paved streets came strings of donkeys laden with panniers and driven by barefoot boys, or young girls of very considerable personal attractions, picturesquely coifed with gay-colored handkerchiefs.

The view of the town, as one stood on the steep path looking upward, was remarkable. We had emerged from a beetle-browed archway—a remnant of fortifications once formidable, behind which the Orsini, long rulers and tyrants of Pitigliano, were safe from almost any foe—and the tall houses and crumbling turrets overhung us as though they were about to plunge headlong into the valley. We looked upon a confused labyrinth of wall and roof rising sheer up from the rock, and pierced here and there by a window, whereat crowded heads looked forth at us curiously. These windows, like most windows in Italy, opened in the centre, lattice-wise, and opened inward, so that no glass was to be seen; which gave a strange, blank, eyeless look to the houses.

The landscape through which our road lay is thoroughly Maremman. The geological formation of it is sin-

gular. I attempt no scientific description of it. But the eyes of an ordinary observer could not fail to be struck by its peculiarities. It is a high table-land, which has been eaten into deep ravines by hungry, sinuous streams. The soil is friable. It is easily worn and pulverized by passing feet. Hence a curious specialty of the district; namely, that the roads and paths have eaten their way deep down into the land, even as the rivers have done. Files of donkeys following in each other's hoof-marks, with an undeviating exactitude calculated to endear them to a paternal government (did any such exist in these revolutionary days), speedily wore a narrow track for themselves not much wider than the rut made by a wagon wheel. This necessitated the leveling down of the remainder of the path on either side; but its width never exceeds about six feet. And so by degrees high walls of rock are left, rising on either side, between which the passenger wends his dusty way. They are cut smoothly down, as one might cut into a cheese, and are termed *cave*.

At some points—as, for instance, where the road winds down hill—you plunge into a *cava* shadowed by branching trees that grow high overhead, and with cool ferns and succulent green weeds growing beneath the shelter of the walls of rock which bound the path. The refreshment of such an oasis, in the dusty, sunny walk, is indescribable. Albeit the Italians will shiver and cautiously draw up their coat-collars round their throats, as fearing the effects of the sudden lowering of temperature.

But the way does not keep exclusively to the *cave*. After a little while we emerge into an open road, and cross a steeply arched stone bridge that spans a river—now reduced to the proportions of a rivulet, after the long drought—and begin to ascend to a high table-land, from whence there is an extensive view. Everywhere there are ravines, some greater, some

less, the course of which is marked by a fringe of verdure. The green, or autumnal red and yellow, of the foliage, contrasts vividly with the general parched aspect of the landscape, which resembles in color that already described around Orvieto. In the distance are many dark, irregular patches of ilex or chestnut wood climbing the hillsides. These dark woods are graphically termed *macchie* (spots or stains), and the word conveys vividly the peculiar effect they produce in an Italian landscape. They are the favorite haunt of the wild boar; and boar hunting is considered about the best sport which these regions afford.

We climb but to descend again. A considerable portion of our way, however, keeps along the table-land we have reached; and despite the pitiless glare of the meridian sun, this part of our walk is not the least enjoyable one. The road is made over the bare surface of the rock, worn into hollows and ruts by weather rather than by the traffic which has passed over it. Wheels, of course, never come there. But there are plenty of long files of donkeys to be seen, carrying brushwood for fuel to Pitigliano. Wheresoever the stern stone does not crop up, the soil seems rich and brown enough. A few scattered peasants are cultivating it, spade in hand. They are bare-legged, and their blue shirt-sleeves are rolled up to the shoulder. Their skins are nearly as brown as the earth they delve. Olives stir their silver-gray leaves tremulously at the whisper of the light breeze. A little mountain tarn sleeps shrunken in its bed, awaiting but the autumn rains to free it from the spell of the fierce sunshine and make it rise again. Wherever a root can fix itself, wild plants spread over the surface of the rock. A kind of gorse, wild thyme spicily fragrant, low-trailing briars, and the yellow-blossoming wild camomile are frequent. Swift gray lizards flash past us and are gone; or, actuated by some motive to us inscrutable,

pause, and gaze at us with their bright, black, beedy eyes in absolute immobility, save for the faint, quick pulsings of their lithe, slippery bodies.

Another descent by a cool *cava*, the crossing of a narrow ravine, and the subsequent inevitable climb on the other side of it, brought us to the town gate of Sovana.

The town gate of Sovana! The words, as I write them, seem to convey a contradiction in terms, implying as they do some life, some stir, some ebb and flow of ingress and egress. But for Sovana! An ancient, ruined castle guards the entrance—lofty, crumbling, and yet still strong and stern in its decay. So massive are its walls that the peasants dig into them as into a quarry, and carry off cart-loads of stone. In one place an archway has fallen in, owing to this practice; and if vigorous measures be not speedily adopted to put an end to it, some great misfortune is likely to happen. Stupidity and ignorance are even more terrible foes than Time himself. A wilderness of bush and brier fills the hollow shell of the fortress; and on the loftiest battlement a tree has rooted itself, and waves lightly as a plume upon a battered helmet.

Passing onward beneath a gateway in which the groove of a portcullis is still discernible cut in the stone, we enter the city. It is full of sunshine and silence. On either side of a broad street stand hoary dwellings, gray and old, blank and deserted, seeming to have no life save—one might fancy—a dumb consciousness of the hot sunlight, like blind, ancient beggars. Where a broken arch or ruined portico casts a little shade, dank grass springs up between the stones of the pavement. In the unsheltered centre of the street the stones are dry and bleached as skeletons in the desert. A litter of hemp-stalks, burnt and sapless, is scattered over the pavement. One house is approached by a flight of steps, whose broken fragments are pieced out by a delicately worked marble frieze, plundered, perhaps, centu-

ries ago from Heaven knows what noble structure!

Hildebrand, afterward Pope Gregory VII., perhaps the supreme man of his age, was a native of Sovana. It is strange, standing on this remote spot, within the foldings of the Tuscan hills, to remember that it produced the Pontiff, whose influence, extending “*urbi et orbi*,” was almost a literal fact, and not a mere form of words, whose voice echoed thunderously, even in distant Britain, and whose imperious spirit bent powerful monarchs to crouch before him.

In the streets of Sovana the grass grows, and the lizard basks unmolested. No flood of rich music pours from its cathedral, now blankly chilly in a coat of whitewash, like a liveried pauper that has seen better days. No pompous magistrate administers the law within its crumbling court-house. Its dwellings are for the most part uninhabited and falling into decay. Its prisons are roofless and overgrown with weeds. Desolate lies Sovana beneath the daylight and the starlight. She does not sleep, for sleep has dreams. She is silent and forlorn, and exists only with the dull consciousness of a body that has outlived its soul.

And what potent spell has sufficed to produce these sadly strange results? The deadly breath of a spirit inimical to man—the subtle poison of malaria.

The whole district of the Maremma is liable to this scourge. There are, however, places on its borders comparatively exempt from the fever. Pitigliano is one of these; and consequently the reverend canons of Sovana have transported themselves to the former town, and only perform one or two services throughout the year in Sovana. Pitigliano is accordingly *con-cattedrale*—co-cathedral—with Sovana. The two chapters are now amalgamated, and whatsoever odor of sanctity is diffused by their united forces sheds itself almost exclusively on Pitigliano.

The cause of malaria (in the Tuscan Maremma at least) is believed to

be chiefly the accumulation of soil brought down from the friable hills by the rivers and streams, and deposited at their mouths, so as in time to form a complete bar. Within this bar is imprisoned a pool of stagnant water, partly fresh and partly salt. The mixture of river and sea water is known to produce a more malignant kind of putridity than either is capable of separately. Hence the baneful exhalations termed malaria; *i. e.*, evil air.

The apparent capriciousness of its manifestations is accounted for by observing the main direction in which the currents of air blow throughout the year. The whole country is cut into deep ravines, as has been described, and these serve as channels, or *funnels*, to conduct the fever-laden winds; so that it is not difficult to conceive that of two spots in close proximity to each other, one may be comparatively healthy (owing to some sheltering mountain shoulder or other accident of the ground) and the other infected by malaria's pestilent breath.

Intermittent fever and ague are the results of malaria. The native Maremmans are of course less subject to it than strangers, yet even they cannot commit any imprudence or neglect any precaution with impunity. A system has been devised, and partially carried out—we were told, with success—whereby the rivers are made to deposit the alluvial soil they hold in solution gradually at certain distances along their course. Thus the low ground is gradually raised and the marshes dried. The system is designated the system of the *colmate*. *Colmata*—from *colmare*, to heap or fill up—means a bank or mound, and the *colmate* are merely artificial dikes erected *secundum artem*. It is to be hoped that the system, carried out with energy and skill, may avail to deliver the Maremma from its invisible foe.

But while we discourse of the lost greatness of Sovana, and the present vigor of her unsanitary conditions, the rest of our little party are stand-

ing in the street staring quietly about them. There is something in the place which checks noisy talk. And, as an illustration of the great law of compensation, I am bound to observe that the depopulation of Sovana has its agreeable side for a passing stranger. There are so few human beings that there is but little dirt! All is bare and bleached. The sun and the rain and the wind have fair play; and although the latter may be more deadly at certain seasons than the spicy gales of Pitigliano, to the unsophisticated human nostril I must own it is now delightful, as it comes sweeping across the billowy purple hills.

Our intention was to visit some Etruscan tombs not far from Sovana. A cicerone was in waiting to conduct us to them. He was a tall, soft-eyed, black-haired, melancholy man, intelligent and unobtrusive. While we were lingering over a luncheon that had been prepared for us there entered two gentlemen to join our party in the excursion to the tombs. They were cordially received by our host, and presented to us in due form. They had both ridden over from Pitigliano by appointment. One was a legal gentleman of high standing—a judge, in fact, of a minor court of justice in Pitigliano—and the other a priest.

The meal finished, we set off on foot to visit the Etruscan remains. These were for the most part on the sides and summit of a hill at some little distance from Sovana. But there was one very remarkable tomb, apart from the others, hidden within a wood, and overgrown with weeds and brambles. The guide told us that we should see a sculptured Sphinx there. But the Sphinx turned out to be more like a mermaid. It was a large figure rudely carved upon the face of the rock—a female bust ending in a double fish's tail spread out on either hand. The interior of the tomb had not been explored, we were told. Such explorations are difficult and expensive, as our cicerone

observed with a sigh; adding that if he had time to spare from his day's work, he would dig on his own account, and should probably be rewarded by finding some valuable ornament, vase, or lamp; for the whole hill was honey-combed with these tombs.

Another tomb we saw in the course of the day was almost like a temple, and must, when perfect, have been a very fine and imposing structure. The façade of it was cut in the living rock, and before it stood the remains of eight massive pillars, which had apparently supported a portico. The traces of fluting were distinctly visible on one of these columns. Here again the interior of the tomb was inaccessible, by reason of a heavy mass of stone having fallen so as to bar the entrance. We the less regretted this circumstance, however, because we were told that the tomb *had* formerly been explored, and what objects of interest were found there had been carried away. There were no mural paintings, as at Orvieto.

We sat down among the grass and wild flowers in the shadow of the ancient sepulchre. Who had slept there? For what mighty man had those huge stones been hewn and placed? The past holds its secret; the present cares not for it. Little starry-white blossoms peeped up between the stones; yellow butterflies fluttered out their short existence in the sunshine; the cast skin of a snake lay on the dry herbage; a herd of dove-colored Tuscan cattle meekly stood and looked at us from a burnt-up field, in which the long drought had withered nearly every blade of grass; a little ragged barefoot boy, with a peeled willow wand in his hand, looked at us too. There was no sound of bird, no whisper of foliage.

"Ah," said the sad-eyed guide, "it is all burnt up. The poor beasts yonder are half starved. If there comes no rain, what shall we do in the winter without fodder?"

Then, after a pause, "It is true that the good God has plenty of resources

(*il boun Dio non manca di mezzi*). He can make it all right even yet, if it so please Him."

And the sun shone, the butterflies fluttered, and the shadow of the great tomb fell upon us solemnly.

Our return to Pitigliano I will not pause to describe. The following morning, despite much hospitable pressing to remain a day or two longer, we left Signora M——'s house and Pitigliano in a carriage, being bound for Orbetello, where we were to sleep that night. The carriage was to take us as far as Albegna, a station on the Roman railway, whence the train would convey us to Orbetello.

The drive was through a country entirely similar in character to that which has already been described. The day was bright; the sun hot. Once we came upon a woman lying prone on the top of a hay cart in the blazing sunshine. Her patient cattle, a donkey and an ox harnessed together, stood stock still in the middle of the road. Our driver called to her, thinking she was asleep. But she made answer, without raising her head, "*Ho la febbre*" ("I have the fever"). "Then don't lie there in the sun, woman! Get into a bit of shade somewhere or other!" replied our coachman. But she did not stir. And we drove on, leaving her stretched on the hay until the fever-fit should pass, our driver grinning and lashing his horses as he looked back at us with the air of one who had been fortunate enough to present to our notice a very delightful and interesting spectacle, and was naturally elated by his success!

At Manciano we made a halt of an hour. Manciano is situated, like Orvieto, like Pitigliano, and like Sovana, on an eminence, and commands a wide and beautiful view. It is a congeries of poor houses, much more miserable and squalid, if not more dirty, than Pitigliano. It is in the midst of the malaria-infected district, although, from its elevated position, it forms a place of refuge in the summer heat for

the inhabitants of the plain. While the horses were being fed, we took refuge from the pitiless staring of the Mancianese in a wretched room in a wretched public house. Manciano would scarcely be worth mentioning in this necessarily brief record, but for a curious scene of which we were spectators there.

A physician, whom I will call Dr. B—, and whose acquaintance we had made at Pitigliano, happened to be at Manciano visiting a patient. This gentleman knew that we should be passing through Manciano at about that hour, and politely called to see us in our hostelry, accompanied by a brother physician, "the Doctor of Manciano," as he announced himself. Him I shall style Dr. C—.

These two worthies, after a few preliminary remarks, commenced a professional discussion on the state of the patient they had both been attending, greatly to my dismay. But amusement got the better of amazement, for so far from appearing to think they were doing anything *inconvenable*, both gentlemen glanced frequently at me as audience, to bespeak my admiration for their learning and fluency.

It was a scene worthy of Molière's pen, Dr. B—, short, broad, gruff-voiced, solemn-visaged, with a thick Bolognese accent, and air of professional profundity; Dr. C—, tall, slender, hook-nosed, in the last depths of swaggering shabbiness, holding a smart, cheap cane in his hand, and talking really choice and elegant Italian (he was of Siena), and both entering into the most revolting details of a mortal disease, all delivered at me as unmistakably as a melodramatic actor throws his effective speeches at the gallery. It was like a page out of Gil Blas, translated into Tuscan, and transported into the nineteenth century. And the filthy inn room, the cloudy drinking-glasses, and pot-bellied flask of red wine which stood on the table were entirely in keeping with that notion.

I shall never forget the suavity of

Dr. C—, nor the gravity of Dr. B—, as they stood saluting us when the carriage drove away. My only consolation for the unpleasant half hour we had spent at Manciano was the conviction that both learned leeches had found some pleasure in exhibiting their talents before persons of a higher education than the native Mancianese.

It was dusk before we reached Orbetello, and dark ere we got in to our inn. We therefore saw but little of the town that night.

I will not inflict on the reader a full description of the principal hotel of Orbetello. Suffice it to say that it presented the one exception I have elsewhere alluded to, to the general rule of clean beds in Italy. Sleep was impossible. Every description of insect which preys on humanity, from mosquitoes downward, appeared to have established populous colonies in our bedroom. And what the ablutionary habits of the place may be can be faintly guessed at from the fact that when in the morning T— asked that a little warm water might be taken to the ladies, the waiter stared in amazement and said, "Water? Hot water alone? *Shan't I put a little coffee in it?*"

After breakfasting at a café, we gladly turned our back on noisy, dirty, restless Orbetello, and were driven to a little seaport and fishing town at a few miles distance, called Porto Santo Stefano. On our way thither, we passed through a fortified gateway of Orbetello. The town is walled, and was once a very strong place. It belonged to the Spaniards from the year 1557 down to 1707. From that date it fell to the kingdom of Naples, and finally, in 1808, was incorporated with the Grand Duchy of Tuscany under the House of Lorraine.

Orbetello has been called "a little Venice." But there is, to my thinking, small resemblance between it and the Queen of the Adriatic. The situation of Orbetello is singular: on the extremity of a tongue of land which stretches out into a huge salt water pond, or lake, by which it is entirely

surrounded save on the side of the mainland. This lake is called the Stagno—literally, the *stagnant*—and in hot weather the exhalations from it are highly deleterious. Orbetello communicates with Porto Santo Stefano by means of a long, narrow isthmus which bounds the Stagno on one side, and divides it from the open Mediterranean.

Very picturesque is Porto Santo Stefano; looking to the south, sheltered from the bleak winter winds by the Monte Argentario, which towers behind it; standing with the bright blue sea at its feet, and above its head the bright blue sky; populated by brown fishermen and Mediterranean sailors, black-haired, white-toothed, and gold-earringed; with little winged barks flitting to and fro, a lazy, sleepy, quarantine building, with a paved courtyard and a massive iron gate that would be a formidable obstacle if it were fastened—which it isn't!

Very enchanting is the view across that loveliest of seas, looking to where the little island of the Giglio lies like a flower on the water, and the shores of Elba quiver faint in the haze of the horizon! But we must say farewell to it. Picturesque as it is, it contains nothing to interest the stranger save the natural beauty of its position; but to a lover of nature, and one who

would not fear a climb over the hills, there is much that would repay exploration all about it.

We drive back, past groups of staring men and women clad in the gayest colors (for it is Sunday, and Porto Santo Stefano is making holiday); past fat little urchins with bare, chocolate-colored legs, and scarlet woollen caps on their curly polls; past tall, many-windowed houses whose plaster is peeling off in the briny sea breeze; past heaps of refuse fish, stalls with bright red tomatoes, and little portable stoves full of glowing charcoal, where chestnuts are being roasted; past a ruined fort that looks forlornly across the sea; along the dusty isthmus, with a smell of seaweed in our nostrils; through Orbetello, swarming with blue-coated, lounging soldiers; past our inn (at which point we all exchange a sympathetic shudder); and so to the railway station, whence the train is to carry us home to Florence.

Farewell Maremma! Strange, storied, wild Maremma, where the contrasts are so marvellous between God's beauty and man's squalor, between the stately past and the poor present, between what is and what might be! Stay! I amend the phrase; and remembering the history of Italy during the last ten years, will write—"what *may* be."

LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I ASKED the Sun,
 "Canst tell me what love is?"
 He answered only by a smile
 Of golden light.

I prayed the flowers,
 "Oh, tell me, what is love?"
 Only a fragrant sigh was wafted
 Thro' the night.

"Is love the soul's true life,
 Or is it but the sport
 Of idle summer hours?" I asked
 Of Heaven above.

In answer, God sent thee,
 Sweet-Heart, to me!
 And I no longer question,
 "What is love?"

ARMY ORGANIZATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE general principles of army organization are simple and easily understood. The difficulty is not in understanding them, but in applying them to the organization of an army for a particular country. To adopt a system of organization simply because it has proved successful in another country, as we have heretofore done, is a mistake for which we must pay dearly in the future, as we have in the past. No student of our wars can fail to see that they have been unnecessarily prolonged, and that the immense losses of men and supplies in which they have involved us, and the large public debt with which they have in each case left us, could have been and should have been to a very considerable extent avoided by previous preparation. The opinion has prevailed in the intervals between all our wars, that no military organization of our resources was necessary, that we should probably never again require the services of an army, and that if we did at any time require one, we could improvise an efficient one by hurriedly calling into service from civil life men, some of whom perhaps may never have had a gun in their hands, and providing them lavishly with everything needed. It cannot be doubted that at least one-third if not one-half of the debt caused by the war of the rebellion was wholly unnecessary, and that it would not have been incurred had we been at all prepared by proper organization for commencing the war. In no other country could such a debt exist with any reasonable hope of its repayment; and although this may be to us a source of gratification, yet posterity will doubtless feel that in leaving to them a portion of its payment we impose upon them a burden caused by our own culpable mistakes. It may well be asked if, with such abundant material at their

disposal, our people are willing in future to undergo such sacrifices, or whether they will, in view of the experience for which they have paid so dearly, demand of their selected agents that they take the proper measures to avoid these sacrifices, and so arrange that in our wars hereafter the greatest success may be obtained with the least loss, and in the shortest possible time.

An army is composed of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, known as the "line," and of different bodies of officers and enlisted men, called the staff. In the line, which is the fighting force, the infantry, being the most important arm in battle, is usually much in excess of the cavalry and artillery. Infantry and cavalry are divided into companies, regiments, brigades, divisions, corps; and artillery into batteries and regiments. In our army the organization of companies, regiments, and batteries is fixed by law; while that of brigades, divisions, and corps depends upon the nature of the duty each is at times required to perform, and it is therefore variable. As the duty of the "line" is to fight, the important questions of its organization are to determine the number of men of which each arm shall consist, so that the cavalry and artillery shall be in proper proportion to the infantry; to fix the number of men for the company, the number of men and guns for the battery, the number of companies or batteries for the regiment, and to determine the number of officers which companies, regiments, and batteries will each require to best perform its duties on the field of battle and meet the losses which occur.

The duties of the staff are, under the orders of the general commanding, and his subordinate commanders, to direct the line, to supply it with artillery, small arms, and ammunition, to

feed and clothe it, to supply it with medicines and medical attendance, to furnish and control its transportation, whether by sea, rail, or wagon, and to superintend and direct it, under the orders of the proper authority, in its attacks upon the fortifications of an enemy or in the construction of its own fortifications, bridges, and roads. The number of officers of which a staff should be composed, and the character of its organization, must necessarily depend upon the organization of the line of the army. It should also depend upon the nature of the country in which the army may serve, the ease or difficulty with which the necessary supplies can be purchased, or manufactured, and transported, and especially upon the proficiency in his duties and the general knowledge of his profession each member of the staff may possess.

The army system of the United States comprises both regular and volunteer troops. To meet the requirements of military service the country is filled with suitable material. No other country affords a population whose laborious, energetic, and self-reliant lives so peculiarly fit them for the various branches of the military profession. Education is also more general in our country than in any other, and in developing the individual intelligence which characterizes our people, it enables our officers and soldiers to learn their duties in a comparatively short time, and teaches them in actual war to avail themselves quickly of every circumstance which can be turned to their advantage. Our volunteer troops have never shown themselves wanting in anything but proper instruction, and it has been no fault of theirs that they did not possess this.

It has been only in actual war that any serious effort for military instruction has been made by either the State or general governments. In times of peace little attention has been paid to the subject, and the course of the authorities has generally been either

tacitly to ignore its necessity, or openly to assert that no such instruction was necessary in our country. A few spasmodic efforts have been made to remedy the evil, as for example in the law authorizing the detail of officers of the regular army as professors of military science at various colleges, but, though wise, this law is unfortunately not sufficiently extensive in its application to meet the case. It would be a wise provision to require that the elements of a military education be taught in every school and college throughout the country, and thus form part of every citizen's education. Regimental and company organizations would then become popular, and these should be encouraged and fostered by the authorities. Above all things, these organizations should be required to meet at a designated place, on a certain number of days each year, for instruction and manœuvre. A detail of troops, with the proper complement of staff officers, from the regular army, should be required to attend these camps, not only to aid in the instruction of the volunteers, but also for their own benefit. Such concentration of regular and volunteer troops would contribute greatly to their mutual instruction, and would bring about an understanding between the two, the absence of which has heretofore at the beginning of our wars caused serious trouble.

It is believed that no officer of either volunteer or regular troops who witnessed the organization of any one of our armies in 1861, can fail to remember how seriously this want of proper understanding between the two was felt, as well as how it impaired the efficiency of our troops in the first battles fought at that time. The cost of these encampments would be small for either the general or State governments. Indeed, the small yearly outlay required to carry this scheme into effect would be more than reimbursed by the diminished expenditure which it would cause in each war. The value

of the material lost and abandoned by our army in the first battle of Bull Run was probably sufficient to have defrayed the expense of a larger part of the first Peninsular campaign.

It was no doubt formerly true that the experience of actual war was necessary to make good soldiers. In battles when short-range firearms were used, and in which the sabre and bayonet played an important part, each man naturally shrank from the personal conflicts which the use of such arms rendered necessary. Experience in the use of their arms and familiarity with such conflicts were a necessity, before men could with any certainty be brought to face them. But the invention of breech-loading and long-range arms, and general education, have brought about a change. Personal conflicts on the battlefield are now of rare occurrence, and each soldier feels confident that, understanding the use of the modern weapon with which he is armed, he is the equal of any opponent he may be required to meet. Again, the intelligence of each man, enlarged as it is by education and by the great variety and rivalry of modern business pursuits, teaches him to make use of everything at hand which may be advantageous to himself or disadvantageous to an enemy. This also enables him to comprehend quickly the orders he may receive, and gives him in a short time that reliance upon himself and upon others which formerly required time, and which is absolutely necessary to make a good soldier. The consciousness of power which this individual self-reliance causes in an army needs no explanation. Recent Prussian history affords an admirable example, that it is wise in time of peace to prepare for war, and that the best soldiers can be made of citizens who have never perhaps heard a hostile shot. It teaches us also, that by a wise system of legislation this preparation can be had without the slightest interference with the business interests of the country, and that the citizen is made a better citizen by

being taught the military duties he owes to his country. If this can be successfully accomplished in Prussia, with how much greater ease and rapidity can it be carried out in our own country! A belief formerly existed that a military organization was dangerous to our liberties; but that such a belief has any reality now can scarcely be credited. The army of the United States is in reality its volunteer force, composed of its own citizens, and to believe that such an army can become dangerous to its country is simply to believe that the citizens composing it are no longer worthy of the right of suffrage, and incapable of exercising the right with either patriotism or fidelity. If the institutions of the United States are ever changed so that our liberty is diminished or destroyed, such change will be brought about by the corrupt suffrages of our people, and this corruption will not be due to any military organization which may have been adopted, or previous military instruction they may have received.

The duties of the regular army are somewhat varied, and require on its part the highest excellence and most thorough military instruction. In wars of any magnitude it is required to serve as a nucleus for the volunteer force, and to teach it its military duties. In war the duties of the regular army are purely military, and are therefore of easy performance; but in time of peace it is called on to keep the peace between citizens of the country and prevent bloodshed, to interpose between for their protection, and prevent the citizens and Indians along the immense line of our Indian frontier from mutually depredating upon each other. These duties necessitate on its part a knowledge of law, with the power of nicely discriminating as to both fact and principle, which is dependent on study and experience, as well as honest character and great rectitude of purpose. To perform its duties satisfactorily, and in doing so to avoid the

hostile criticisms of political parties and religious denominations, to undergo at all seasons of the year the hardships, deprivations, and dangers of all kinds which the performance of these duties necessitates, demands from the army a high degree of mental capacity as well as great determination and physical endurance. It is true that in numerous instances our officers and men on the frontier have undergone greater hardships, and have suffered more deprivation, than did the French army in its retreat from Moscow, yet but little is known of this fact, even among our own people.

It is a misfortune to the country as well as to the military service, that the army and navy are practically denied the right of suffrage and of political representation. Rights which are freely accorded to the most ignorant emigrant, even though he may have fled his native country to escape punishment for crime, are denied to a large body of citizens especially qualified for their exercise by character and intelligence. If the suspicious ban under which our army now labors be removed by giving it practically the rights of suffrage and representation, rights which are possessed by almost every other army in the civilized world, and if a general system of examination for promotion to each subordinate grade is established so that no one shall be promoted until by such examination he shows himself competent for the responsibilities of the higher grade, it may be confidently predicted that the officers and men of the army will prove themselves not only proficient and well skilled in all military duties required of them, but worthy of exercising the civil rights entrusted to them.

Besides this, the army labors under many other disadvantages, which impair its efficiency, and which remove it, until required for actual war, from all public sympathy and interest. In peace it exists only by sufferance, and has neither rights nor friends, nor even well wishers in the

Government unless circumstances occur by which its assistance or its use may be of political utility to one or the other of the different political parties; and this temporary interest in its welfare by one party necessarily brings upon it the political hatred of the others.

It is indeed a marvellous fact that the Government, recognizing as it does the necessity for an army, and that it is one of the most important branches of the public service, should exhibit such utter indifference to everything pertaining to its efficiency and welfare. Such action has of course its natural effect, and creates throughout the country the feeling that the army is a useless extravagance, and that the duties which it performs are wholly unnecessary and can be easily dispensed with. If at any time this idea should prevail, and the army be disbanded and discharged, it is certain that the necessities of the Government along its Indian frontier alone would force the organization of another without delay, and the experiment would prove a costly one.

Again, the manner in which recruits are assigned to companies and regiments tends greatly to increase the feeling of indifference toward it in the time of peace which actuates almost every citizen. Recruiting stations are established in the most important towns and cities, and the recruits sent thence to New York harbor, Columbus, Ohio, or St. Louis, depending upon the arm of the service for which or the locality in which they may have been enlisted. From these places they are sent as required, and when they have been accumulated in sufficient numbers, to the different regiments. In this manner a recruit, for example, enlisted in Massachusetts is forced to serve alongside of those enlisted in other States or territories, or perhaps with foreigners from every nation in Europe, enlisted soon after their arrival at some seaport. Such mixture is unquestionably not beneficial to the service, and it may easily

be understood that the recruit, once merged in so promiscuous a mass, loses his home identity, becomes virtually the soldier of fortune, and is eventually forgotten by his friends. No good reason is known why this should not be changed. On the contrary, it is confidently claimed, that if the recruits enlisted in each State were habitually assigned to the same regiment, and as far as practicable those from each neighborhood or locality to the same company, we should obtain a far better class of recruits, to the great advantage of the army, and in doing away with the feeling of indifference or antagonism toward it now existing among citizens, awaken one of personal and domestic interest in its welfare, which would soon become general. Of course this plan would be met by objections, which, however, are so easily understood that it is unnecessary to repeat them here. In reply to these it seems only necessary to say that the American citizen serving as a soldier will prove as true to his country and to his government as the citizen of any other country in the same capacity; and in spite of the objections which may be urged to the contrary, that he has to-day no superiors and few equals in loyalty and patriotism. Especially is this the case with that class of citizens which, under the plan proposed, would be liable to fill the rank and file of our army.

The system pursued by the Government toward the regular army in the war of the rebellion was another cause well calculated to promote and prolong the feeling on the part of our citizens, that the army was of little importance when large bodies of volunteers were called into service. Officers could with difficulty obtain permission from the authorities of the War Department to be absent from their commands, to serve with volunteer organizations. In numerous instances obstacles of every kind were thrown into the way of such permission, which could be only overcome by the strongest political influence.

The object of the authorities seemed to be to keep the regular army together at all hazards; but notwithstanding the efforts made to recruit its ranks, the greater advantages which the volunteer organizations offered to recruits soon resulted in reducing it, for want of men, to but little more than a name. The skeleton organizations composing it fought gallantly beyond a doubt, and nobly upheld the reputation it has always maintained; but the effect it, as an organized body of troops, produced upon the result of the war was extremely small. Practically speaking, the war was fought and its successful result obtained by the volunteer force, supplied, instructed, and led to a great extent by officers belonging then to the regular army, or who had previously belonged to it. It would have been far more in accordance with sound policy, at the beginning of the war, to have furloughed the regimental organizations, and to have placed the officers and men in such positions in the volunteer force as they were fitted for. No difficulty would have existed in thus distributing them all; and while both regulars and volunteers would have been benefited by the arrangement, the efficiency of the armies operating in the field would have been immensely increased. The duties required of the staff are such that it is doubted if any large number of its officers should be permitted to absent themselves for volunteer service. Capable staff officers cannot be improvised, and much time, experience, and study are required to enable an officer appropriately to perform staff service with a large body of troops. Besides, the number of staff officers now employed, and which are necessary for the performance of staff duties with the regular army, in its scattered condition over so large an extent of country, is none too large for the performance of similar duties with an army of volunteers, practically ignorant as it must be of such duties. If the plan here proposed were carried into effect, the idea of retaining the

regular army as a nucleus for the volunteers would necessarily be abandoned; but it can be said that by this plan the volunteer force would be soonest instructed, and that when properly instructed in their duties no troops have proved themselves less in need of a nucleus than our volunteers. Even if such were necessary, our regular army will always be too small to serve as a nucleus for any large volunteer force; and each attempt to use it as such has proved beyond a doubt that the Government in making the effort has sacrificed the greater object for one of much less importance.

As a regular army, of greater or less size, has been a necessity to the country in the past, so it will be in future. The duties required of it in peace will exist as long as there is an Indian on the plains, and in both peace and war can only be performed satisfactorily by well trained and skilful soldiers. No others than these should be permitted in it. The nature of its duties on the Indian frontier makes it necessarily a costly establishment, and for this reason, besides those already given, none other than the best and most capable men should be employed. Every effort should be made by the Government to increase its excellence to the highest standard; otherwise the large appropriations annually made for its support and maintenance will be largely in excess of what is actually necessary. The efficiency of the army has always been and is now good. It has not only worthily earned the reputation for good conduct it has borne under all circumstances, but the hostile criticisms heaped upon it at various times have not been deserved. But this efficiency, which exists notwithstanding variable, uncertain, and sometimes adverse legislation, and in spite of the fact that unworthy members who have been expelled from its ranks by legal tribunals for misdemeanors of all kinds, are in many instances restored to their positions, on the same footing with its best men, is due largely to the army itself.

The uncertainty attending the numerical strength of the army, which is liable to be changed each year by the legislation of Congress, exercises an injurious effect upon the officers and men composing it. Each is made fearful that by such legislation he may soon be deprived of his position, and all incentive to study and improvement, all laudable ambition to excel in the military profession, is done away with. Few are inclined to study closely a profession their connection with which is liable to terminate at any moment, and there are very few officers in it who, having acquired experience of its life and duties, and possessing talent and enterprise, would not be delighted at an opportunity of leaving it for some remunerative civil pursuit. Those who have this wish well understand, however, that the long years of military service they have spent on the frontier have removed them from all opportunity to acquire business knowledge, and unfitted them for business struggles, and that they have not the capacity for such pursuits. To fix the army at the numerical standard properly required by the interests of the country is by no means a difficult question. It is easy to ascertain the number of troops required, in peace, to take care of our seacoast fortifications, and to fit themselves as skilled artillerists, to instruct our volunteer artillery organizations in time of war. In view of the length of our Indian frontier, and of the number of military posts required for its protection, as well as of the numbers and habits of our different Indian tribes, it is not less easy to determine the number of infantry and cavalry required for frontier service, and for supplying, in time of war, the volunteer infantry and cavalry organizations with suitable instructors. Having fixed the numerical standard for troops of the line, the number of staff officers required for the performance of staff duties with them, in peace and war, as well as with the volunteer force liable in future to be called out, can

with ease be determined. These factors are, for the present at least, subject to no change, and by them the strength of our army should be determined. Besides, it is by no means an economical measure to reduce the army by discharging skilled soldiers, and within a year, perhaps, increase it again to meet a sudden emergency, by enlisting new men ignorant of their duties, and many of whom desert on the first opportunity. It would be a far wiser course, and one much more in accordance with the interests of the country, to fix permanently, or at least for a series of years, the numerical strength of the army, and to allow no change in this except in time of war, when an increase might be necessary.

The strength of the troops of the line being determined, the number of regiments into which this strength should be divided is of easy solution. The present regimental organization used in our army is a good one, and, though it has been subjected to many severe tests, it has worked well. Indeed, in consideration of the small detachments which the duties of our army render necessary, and of the service required of our officers and men, or which would be required of them when the volunteer force is called out, no better regimental organization has been proposed. The defects of the system are not caused by its organization—which, as before stated, is a good one—but in the manner in which the regiments are treated by the military authorities. The whole country is divided into several military departments, each comprising several States or Territories, and each commanded by a brigadier or major general. These departments are grouped into two or more military divisions, and each of these is commanded by the lieutenant general or by a senior major general. The troops serving in a department are scattered at the forts within its limits; and these forts—the garrisons of which are usually from one to six companies, and frequently composed

of companies from several regiments—are commanded by a regimental field officer, or by the senior company officer present. Each post is independent of the others, and its commanding officer communicates directly with the headquarters of the department, so that the regimental commander can exercise neither authority nor control over any portion of his regiment except that which for the time happens to be at the post he commands. Certain papers, it is true, are required, by the regulations of the army, to be sent him from the different companies of the regiment, but if these are made correctly, in accordance with prescribed forms, he can exercise no authority regarding them. As the companies of a regiment are usually much scattered, regimental commanders are sometimes unacquainted with many of the officers belonging to their regiments, or perhaps have never seen some of the companies, although they may have been nominally in command for years. Indeed, cases have occurred in our army, in which colonels, although exercising such nominal command from the time of their promotion until their death or retirement, have never seen all their companies. Without authority over their regiments, which were established by law as the proper command for their grade, stationed at small and unimportant posts—which are not deemed, in many instances, by the authorities, too large or too important to be commanded by junior officers—it is a matter of surprise that so many regimental commanders should, notwithstanding the years of hardship spent by them in acquiring military experience, feel so great an interest in their regiments; or that they should exhibit so great a degree of soldierly spirit in the performance of their duties. Practically, the government of our army is by companies and posts, and not by regiments; and in consequence of this the regimental *esprit du corps* in our service is probably less than in any other. If the establishment of so

many small posts is deemed a military necessity—and certainly the system requires a large increase of expenditure, besides being of doubtful utility—why not garrison neighboring posts with companies of the same regiment, and place these posts, as a district, under the control of its regimental commander, located at some one convenient for the purpose; so that while giving him the command to which his rank entitles him, and placing upon him the responsibility which legally belongs to his rank, his regiment may receive the benefit of his greater experience and more mature judgment? It is contended that this system can be easily and practically carried out; that once established, it would prove far more advantageous to the service than the present; and that by it we should have better companies and much more efficient regiments than we now have.

Our present staff organization has many opponents. Many schemes have been proposed for its greater perfection, but as yet those which have been brought before Congress have failed, and Congress has been wise in refusing to adopt them. That it can be improved is true beyond a doubt, and careful efforts, based upon practical experience, should be made for the purpose. The principles which govern the performance of staff duty in our army are the result of many years' trial, and their practical application requires much experience. Every effort, therefore, to change our present system should be received with caution, and adopted only after it has been subjected to patient investigation by officers who, by a thorough knowledge of staff duty and of the military service, are competent to judge of its merits. To illustrate the necessity for this caution, the recent plan for the amalgamation of the Quartermaster's and Commissary departments may be mentioned. By the consolidation of these two into one department, it was proposed to diminish the number of officers employed, and while increasing the effi-

ciency of those remaining, to supply the army by it with everything necessary, except its arms, ammunition, and medical stores. At present the Quartermaster's department furnishes the army with clothing, transportation, quarters, fuel, forage, etc., and the Commissary department supplies it with subsistence. The nature of his duties requires the Quartermaster to understand the manufacture of clothing, the purchase and quality of its material, and the prescribed method of issuing it. He must understand thoroughly the manufacture of wagons, the prices of rail, river, and ocean transportation; the purchase of mules and horses; the purchase of material and the building of houses, etc.—in fact, he must be familiar with so many different branches of business, a good knowledge of each of which, in civil life, requires years to acquire, that it is surprising if he is able to learn them all, even approximately, in a lifetime. To add to this burden, as was proposed in the scheme referred to, by making him a commissary also, and in doing this to increase his efficiency, seems an absurdity; and yet this proposition has been gravely entertained, and has found strong advocates. The greatest defects of the staff are by no means in its organization. They are principally due to the fact that each of its branches being independent of the other, its chief strives to make his own the most important, and in thus striving to elevate his branch, he forgets, or is perhaps ignorant of, the value of the service to be rendered by the others. In addition to this he may know nothing of service with troops, he may never have seen an enemy or heard a hostile shot, or he may be practically ignorant of the country in which the army is serving, and of the difficulties to be overcome in supplying it. Such instances have not unfrequently occurred in the various branches of our staff; and the astonishing mistakes which these officers have sometimes made should not be a matter of surprise.

A few branches of the staff have been fortunate in the officers selected as their chiefs, and the duties pertaining to these have been performed with rare judgment and efficiency; but such has not been the case with the others. To make them all equally good, competent men only should be selected for the senior positions; and above all things it is necessary to select an officer who, by his capacity and fitness for the duty, shall harmonize the working of all the branches, and control their efforts, so that the best result for the fighting force may be obtained. The selection of officers as chiefs of the several branches is of course difficult, for the duties of each require that he possess a good knowledge of military service, and a thorough business qualification for the special duties entrusted to him. In the choice of an officer to regulate the working of the whole staff much greater difficulty exists. He should be thoroughly conversant with everything pertaining to and necessary for the fighting force in all the different positions in which it may be placed, and he should be equally familiar with the duties pertaining to any portion of the staff. Indeed, few persons are qualified for the position either by nature or education. And yet that the duties required of an army, or of any portion of it, be performed satisfactorily and efficiently, such an officer is an absolute necessity. As a proof of this necessity the history of every army which has attained success may be cited as an example. There is another serious defect in our staff, but it is one which can be more easily remedied. Some of the subordinate officers are ignorant of the special duties pertaining to their positions, while others know nothing, except in the most general way, of service with troops. For obvious reasons, a famil-

ilarity with such service and its requirements is an absolute necessity, and no officer who does not possess this knowledge can be a capable staff officer. This defect can be with ease and should be corrected by a regulation requiring the performance of such service by every staff officer, and by the institution of examinations for promotion previously mentioned.

It is singular that the great capacity of our people does not prompt them to treat the army with more practical common sense, and that Congress in legislating for it does not apply more frequently the ordinary business principles used in every-day life. A practical application of these would show the necessity for an army, would properly determine its numerical strength, and would lead to the adoption of some measures, to the rejection of others, by which its efficiency would be raised to the highest degree. Legislation which requires increased business capacity on the part of its staff officers will unquestionably result in showing that the annual appropriations for its support can be largely reduced. It may be confidently asserted that unless we profit by our past experience, and in time of peace teach our volunteer force the duties of the soldier, unless we adopt some system by which zeal and proficiency in the discharge of duty will be appreciated as it deserves, and which will enable the officers and men of the regular army to feel that their positions are reasonably permanent and not subject to the caprice of political parties, we shall enter upon our next war with an army thoroughly unskilled, as we did in the war of the rebellion, and, as we did then, shall at first meet with signal disaster, with much unnecessary loss of life, to be followed by an immense increase of public debt, largely due to our own folly.

R. WILLIAMS.

HER OATH.

THE 11th of October, 1810, was a wild night, a night of cloud-wrack and pale, intermittent moon-light. The high westerly wind seemed like a demon let loose over sea and land. In cities houses were unroofed and chimney-pots fell with the sound of thunder. On seas, full of hurry and confusion, ships staggered blindly, with far more chance of going down than of making port. Through forests the wind roared and raved in its fierce on-rushing. One could hear great tree boughs snapped short from the trees and hurled about in blind fury.

At seven o'clock in the evening a post-carriage, with smoking post-horses and shouting postboys, drew up before the principal inn at Deal. The carriage was occupied by two persons, a man and a woman, who, having heard that they could obtain a good night's shelter, dismounted.

Seen by the bright light of the inn parlor, the two travellers showed a strange contrast. The woman, or girl rather—for she could not have been more than twenty—presented a striking type of village beauty. She was tall and straight, with a firm, shapely figure. She had brown hair, thick and curling. There was a wistful look in the dark, deep eyes, whose abundant lashes fell on rounded, warmly tinted cheeks. The lips, ripe and red, might have excused any man for longing to kiss them.

Her companion, who was at least ten years' older, was evidently in a very different position of life. He must have had good blood in his veins; at least you could have guessed it from the long slender fingers terminating in the exquisite filbert-shaped nails. He was tall and slightly fashioned. The face would have been called a handsome one, but it was too pale and too delicate in outline to

suggest the idea of complete manly beauty.

"Well, Mary, my darling," he said, holding the girl in his arms, "how do you think you shall like being Mrs. Oldworth, and a painter's wife? Would you rather have stayed only a farmer's daughter?"

"I suppose I could have remained so had I wished; or I could have been a farmer's wife. There were plenty of lads who wanted me. There was Bob Turner, son of one of the richest farmers in Kent, and Tom Miller, who fought Joe Martin because I walked home from church one Sunday evening with Joe, when I had promised to walk with Tom."

"And you prefer me to Bob, Joe, Tom?" returned the man.

"Yes, or why should I have married you?"

He drew her head down upon his shoulder, smoothing lovingly her soft brown hair. They had the room to themselves; and so wrapped up were they in each other that they failed to notice a face from outside, which, pressed close against the blindless window, was watching them with bright, strained, sinister eyes. But when the girl, changing her position, did catch sight of the face, the blood suddenly forsook her cheeks and lips, and uttering a short, sharp cry, she hid her face again on her husband's shoulder.

"Oh, my God, it cannot be!" she exclaimed. "We are watched, Arthur. Don't you see?"

But the face had vanished; and so Oldworth replied quietly:

"My darling, I see nothing. It was only a nervous fancy"; adding, as she was shivering in his arms, "The long, windy drive has been too much for you; you have taken a chill."

"Yes, I think I have. Let us go."

Oldworth was about to ring the

bell, when a door opened and closed, and a man came up to where they were standing—a man about the middle height, but powerfully built. His face, beaten by wind and tanned by sun, was one which, having seen, you would not easily forget. The eyes, which looked straight out at you, from under the heavy, overhanging brows, had in them a strange and indescribable fascination. He was a man, you could tell, who meant to have his own way—a sort of mastiff, dangerous when roused.

"I have come to offer my congratulations," he said, addressing himself to Oldworth's wife, and holding out his hand, which she did not appear to see. "I have heard all about it from the postboys—all about the grand wedding down at farmer Grant's this morning. It is lucky my meeting you here. I was on my way to give you important news, which I have brought from over sea with me. It's not a night when a man travels further than he needs. But I can't say you seem glad to see an old acquaintance."

"My friend," put in Oldworth, "this lady is my wife. She has had a long and fatiguing drive, and is to-night quite unfit for conversation; but to-morrow, before resuming our journey, she will, I am sure, be happy to exchange the warmest wishes with you."

Oldworth had spoken in a tone of sweet patronage, but the other man never looked in his direction, only saying to Mary, "That's your choice, is it? Why, he looks as if a breath of wind would blow him away. But you must hear my news alone. Get rid of him, will you—or must I?"

"One word," exclaimed Oldworth, the color rising in his face, though he strove to control his voice. "You come from a journey, the night is stormy, and this is your excuse for having drank too freely; but if you cannot behave yourself, it will be my duty to have you removed."

"Look here," returned the other, fixing now for the first time his eyes

upon Oldworth's face. "My name's Mark Shaw. I am first mate of the ship *Annie*, brought to Dover harbor last night. I am no more drunk than you are, and when you say I am you know that you are telling a lie. You call yourself a fine gentleman: well, in the matter of words, you beat me; but you wouldn't like to have a go-in with me. No! she wouldn't like it. You wouldn't care to go sprawling at her feet; the floors here are dusty. Keep a civil tongue in your head, and I have no wish to interfere with you." His large, strong hands were clenched, but they hung down heavily. "The sooner you go, you know," he went on, "the better it will be for all three."

"Yes, do go, dear," exclaimed Mary, with an assumption of gayety in her voice. "Whatever you do, don't quarrel. Mark is rough and violent, I know; but he may have news which I ought to hear. Of course I shall tell you everything."

"I will leave you, then, for ten minutes," said Oldworth, addressing himself to Mark. "Not, you understand, on account of your threats, but because a gentleman will allow no brawl to take place before a lady, and I see nothing less than this would satisfy you. At the end of ten minutes I shall return."

Oldworth glanced at his watch, and left the room. The door closed after him, and the two were together. Mark folded his arms, and fixed his eyes on the girl's face. Under that keen and pitiless scrutiny she writhed and winced as in some great physical pain. The wind shrieked round the inn; the wood fire on the hearth crackled and sputtered, the red flames leaping up fitfully; a cart lumbered near on the dark road, and drew up ponderously at the inn door.

At length Mary broke the silence:

"For God's sake, speak," she said. "Do you wish to kill me by just looking at me?"

"I wish I could," he rejoined. "I should like to see you dying inch by

inch under my eyes, without touching you. You're the right sort of girl, aren't you? for a man to have loved, before, indeed, he was a man—nothing but a small boy, who went miles after the least thing you wished for, and only left you when he was a man to get money enough to build a home for you. You're the right sort of girl to have trusted and believed in—to have prayed for night and day. Why, in some of our great storms I have done what I never did till then. I have prayed, 'God save me, for if I go down and don't come back any more, how will that girl I know of far off in Kent bear it? If she knew that Mark would never come again to take her in his arms and kiss her any more, why, it would just break her heart or send her mad.' And all the time you were making love to this fine gentleman—this creature that looks more like a sick girl than a man! Why, if I were to slap the thing friendly like on the shoulder, it would go down under my hand like a nine-pin, and howl for pain! Did you hear any rumor of the ship being lost?"

"No," said she.

"You hadn't that excuse then! Do you love him?"

"I fancied I did."

"Have you any excuse?"

"No, only mother and father were failing, and he said he would do everything for them, and make me a lady, and take me to places I wanted to see so much. And every one said it would be such a fine thing for me; and they made me proud; and that was how it happened."

"Are you ashamed of yourself?" he questioned.

"Yes."

"Do you despise yourself?"

"Yes."

"Do you hate yourself as you deserve to be hated?"

"Yes, God knows I do."

"Well," he replied, "the strange thing is that I, who ought to hate you, ought to scorn and spurn you, love you just as madly as ever. Polly!

Polly! I can't bear it! For God's sake, come to me, my darling!"

For a moment she stood irresolute; then, with a low cry, she flung her arms round his neck, and dropped against his heart. He strained her close to him, kissing her with long, passionate kisses, calling her by a hundred endearing names, seeming to forget everything save the fact that she was in his arms again after their cruel separation. At length, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, he thrust her from him almost roughly, saying, in a voice jarred with suppressed passion, "Have you forgotten your oath—the oath you swore to me that last night, under the moonlight, when we stood together in your father's garden?"

She cowered against the wall, shrinking from his eyes, as a child from the hand which has stricken it. "I forget nothing," she moaned.

"Say that oath over then," he exclaimed, holding her hands in his, as in a vice.

"Spare me this," she cried.

"What have you done that I should spare you?" he retorted almost brutally. "Come, I have a fancy to hear that oath, and hear it I will. I can prompt you with it." And then, as one speaking in a trance, she spoke:

"If ever during your absence I let any man touch my lips, or willingly listen to any words of love, or become, in the least word, thought, or deed, unfaithful, may I be slain, soul and body, so help me God!"

"That's the oath you made and broke then!" he exclaimed, still holding her hands, still looking at her face with his keen, pitiless eyes.

"Oh, Mark!" she cried, "I love you, and only you. It is not too late yet. To-morrow let us fly together."

"No, we can't get out of it like that," he rejoined. "I don't know that I've much conscience; or it may be that I have a good deal in my own way. Where two folks love each other they make their own laws, is what I think. What's right to them

is right, and what's wrong is wrong; but this man, your husband, I'd toss him over, as in rough weather we've tossed overboard far more precious cargo to save the ship. I am not what men call pious either. I don't live different on Sundays to what I do other days, and I'm not particular about going to church when I'm ashore; but I am a bit superstitious. I believe in a God, and if your oath meant anything, it meant everything. If you'd made a blunder, married this man, loving me all the time, and just said, simple and childlike, 'Mark, I am sorry. Forgive me,' I'd have taken you back to my heart, and thought nothing hard of you. But we can't get away from this oath. What sort of God would He be who would let His name be taken and sworn by just to make a fine sound? No, we can't escape it. Don't you know we can't? Wasn't it for this, just to meet you here, that the ship came back three months before the time she was due? Do just as I tell you"; and he would have taken her in his arms again, but at that moment the door opened and Oldworth came in.

"I told you I should be ten minutes," he said, "and I have been twelve. Come, Mary; your room is ready. Wish your friend good night."

"It strikes me," observed Mark, "she's not as anxious for that as you would have her. You've come back too soon; we haven't done our talk yet; we've a fancy to finish it on the shore."

"A fancy which you must most certainly resign," replied Oldworth, forcing a smile, though he was white as death, and his hands and lips were quivering.

"Mary, my dear, are you coming?"

"No, she isn't," put in Mark. "Do you think she'd rest without knowing my news? I tell you again, you came back too soon. Five minutes' walk and talk on the shore, and then it will all be over."

"Yes. Then it will all be over, dear," said Mary, going to her husband.

"You don't want to grieve me, do you?" he answered. "Come, Mary."

"No. I must go to the shore first," she replied. "Indeed, I should like it. It is such strange news Mark has for me, that it makes my head throb and burn, and the night air might cool it."

"You will tell me everything?" said Oldworth.

"Yes, everything," she answered.

"Well, of course I shall come with you."

"As you like," ejaculated Mark, who during this brief dialogue had been waiting with a look of sullen impatience on his face.

So those three went out into the night. The white, panic-stricken moon seemed to be flying through the sky, followed by great masses of cloud. As these three came to the shore you could hardly tell which was louder, the wind's voice, or the sea's. The spirits of the ocean and the storm seemed to be holding some wild revel. The huge, black, foam-crested waves came with the sound of thunder against the land, and the hissing spray, blown up like smoke, dashed in the faces of the two men and the woman. When they were fairly on the beach Mark turned to Oldworth, and said in a voice which was quite audible through the sound of wind and waves:

"Look here, now; I'll be frank and above board with you. I loved this girl a long time ago; we were play-mates together; and it's rough on me that she should love you better. Come now, don't be greedy; let us have five minutes to ourselves to say good-by in, and then I will never again cross your path or hers. This I swear."

Oldworth turned to his wife.

"Do you wish it?" he asked.

She murmured faintly, "Yes, it will be better, I suppose."

So he held her with his arm for a minute while he kissed her lips lovingly; then he let her go, and walked aside, turning his back to the sea.

The moon was hurrying through the heavens, and all around Oldworth the night shook and clamored. At times

he seemed to hear footsteps coming and going near him, and at times he seemed to hear a sound of singing through the storm, but these were only sick fancies. He waited five minutes; he waited ten; then he turned and went nearer to the sea, but his eyes could not discover that for which they were looking.

"Mary!" he called at the top of his voice. "Mary, my darling, where are you?"

But there came no answer to his call. Wind and sea laughed him to derision, and overhead the moon fled faster than ever between the great spaces of black cloud. Oldworth searched the beach in all directions; then he went to its extremity, where two sailors were lounging together.

"Have you seen a man and a woman pass up this way?" he inquired.

"We saw you and another man go down with a girl some minutes back," replied one of the sailors. "They certainly have not come up this way. Now I think of it, they can't have got round any other way, because the tide is high up over the rocks."

"Why, you must be drunk, Bill, to talk like that," cried the second sailor. "Don't you know the gentleman was married to her to-day?" Then he turned to Oldworth: "Never mind him, sir. They've only gone higher up. I'll be bound we'll find them fast enough. What might the man's name be?"

"How, in Heaven's name, should that help you?" returned Oldworth desperately. "The man's name was Mark Shaw, and he was a sailor."

"Mark, Mark! Why, that's our mate!" cried both men together. "Well, we'll do all we can." And they went down to the sea, and while Oldworth stood, feeling that the horror which he suspected could not really be, and wondering what he should do next, the men returned bearing something with them.

"It's a woman's hat, sir," said the second sailor, the one who had reproved his companion for what he

deemed his inconsiderate speech. "But don't you take on, sir; more hats than one get blown away this weather."

"Thank you. I know the hat," returned Oldworth, with awful quiet in his voice. Then he turned from them.

"Take my arm, won't you, sir?" said the sailor who had last spoken, observing that Oldworth seemed hardly able to control his steps. This sailor was known on the Annie as "Jim the pigeon-hearted."

"Thank you," rejoined Oldworth, taking the man's hand. "I know you mean well, and I shall not forget you. You're a sailor. Is there any boat, do you think, that could follow and find them? Can they be all the way down yet? Down at the very bottom of the sea? Why, I thought just now I heard her laugh. Don't you think she might have run past us? I shall find her again some day. Not to-night, perhaps, but some day."

He pressed his hand to his forehead as if trying to collect his thoughts; then a cry which those who heard will never forget, broke from his lips and rang through the storm. High up it went, far away over the wind. The dead must have heard it. Then he fell senseless to the ground. The sailors, good-hearted men both, bore Oldworth back on their shoulders to the inn. Medical aid was procured, but all that night he raved deliriously. Very early the next morning, in the first low light, the bodies of a man and woman, clasped in one another's arms, were washed ashore. Two sailors identified the man's body as that of their first mate, Mark Shaw, of the schooner Annie. William Grant, a farmer in Kent, swore to the woman's body as being that of his daughter, who had been married only the day before. The two had decent burial, side by side. Oldworth lived, but reason never returned to him. "He is a troublesome patient, and a dangerous one," say his keepers, "when ever the wind is high and westerly."

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

ADMINISTRATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

RADICAL PLOTTINGS AGAINST MR. LINCOLN.

THE patriotic men of all parties in the free States responded with alacrity to the calls of the Executive for assistance and support during the civil war. There was an element—a remnant of the broken Democratic organization—which throughout the entire struggle persistently opposed every measure of the Government to sustain the Union and the flag. Scarcely less annoying and embarrassing to the Administration, though not as fully and generally understood, were the factious and discontented intrigues which existed in the Republican party. That party was composed of individuals who had not been homogeneous in their political principles or party action prior to the interposition of the federal Government in the affairs of Kansas, but who, irrespective of old party organizations, united to vindicate the right of the people to frame their own government. After the election of Mr. Lincoln, on which they agreed, and to elect whom they put forth their combined strength, the discordant materials of the newly created party began to manifest differences, and although all united in prosecuting the war, there was disagreement as to the method of conducting it, and soon as to the results to be obtained. The members of Congress were not all statesmen, or even intelligent politicians, but nearly all were violent partisans. The policy of the President was generally acceptable to the considerate and rightly disposed of his supporters, but did not give satisfaction to either extreme in Congress. Failing to dictate to or control him, exception was taken to his measures, especially to his amnesty proclamation, and, assuming that the legislative branch of the Government was supreme and absolute, his course was opposed, and a

counteracting policy was projected by the radicals.

A scheme or plan for what was called reconstruction had been contrived and adroitly prepared, during the first session of the Thirty-eighth Congress, by certain radicals in Congress, under the leadership of Henry Winter Davis, a talented representative of Maryland, acute, but not always politic, and of centralizing tendencies, the main object of which was to counteract the mild and tolerant policy of the Administration; to deny to the States in insurrection representation; to prevent reunion without the express assent of Congress; and to compel the construction of new constitutions by or for the States in rebellion, which should embrace certain doctrinal points indicated in a proposed law, which Congress had no rightful authority to enact. This revolutionary and mischievously designed enactment, initiated by Davis in December, 1863, was reported by a select committee, of which Davis was chairman, pending the election and assembling of delegates to the Republican national convention, which convened at Baltimore on the 7th of June, 1864. It was held for some time in abeyance, to influence party action, but passed the House of Representatives on the 4th of May by a vote of 74 in the affirmative, all of whom were Republicans, and 66 in the negative, all but six of whom were Democrats. A vicious partisan preamble, prepared by Davis himself, and reported by the committee, was stricken out in the House by a majority of eighteen; more than twenty Republicans voting against it, most of them dissenting from the radical opposition to the Executive.

In the Senate, Mr. Wade of Ohio,

chairman of the Committee on Territories, who acted in concert with Davis, reported the bill, with two slight amendments, on the 27th of May, ten days before the meeting of the national nominating convention of the Republicans. It finally passed, six Republicans and every Democrat voting against it, and was submitted to President Lincoln just as Congress was about to adjourn, when there was no time to prepare a veto; nor could the radical test movement to cramp the Executive by encroaching upon his prerogative, and limiting his constitutional rights, have been suppressed without endangering the unity of the Republican organization, and perhaps entirely breaking down the Administration majority in Congress.

President Lincoln beheld with regret these intrigues, but, earnestly and sincerely desirous for the speedy restoration of peace and national unity, he could not, with his conviction of duty, have given his approval to the project of Davis and his radical associates, which was destructive of our federal system. Under the many difficulties and embarrassments which beset the Administration, growing out of the civil war, extraordinary powers had, as already stated, been necessarily exercised by the Government. The President, oppressed with responsibility, had lamented this necessity; but its exercise by the Executive engendered in the irresponsible majority of Congress—for responsibility there was divided among two hundred—a wild and latitudinous spirit, until the radicals assumed for the legislative branch of the Government omnipotent and unlimited powers above and beyond the other departments of the Government and of the Constitution itself. Not content with the discharge of their legislative functions, they assumed under the war powers executive and judicial authority, and when the rebellion drew to a close arrogated the right of reducing States to a territorial, dependent condition, and of altering and dictating

to them their form and framework of government, and of making for them in fact new constitutions. This was the policy of Stevens, Davis, Wade, and the radicals generally, as well as of Sumner, who did not always fellowship with the others; but it was not the policy of Mr. Lincoln. Always disinclined to controversy, he was extremely reluctant at this peculiar period to have, in addition to his other labors and difficulties, a conflict with the radical extremists, who claimed that they were better Republicans than himself; that the legislative branch was the Government; that the other departments were subordinate; that the Executive must devise no policy, must do no act nor take any step toward restoration, reorganization, reconstruction of the Union, or recognition of the States, without first receiving the permission and assent of Congress.

The radicals assumed that the Union was broken, and, dissatisfied with the tolerant and conservative intentions of the President, were determined to make issue with him as to the manner of conducting the war, and of reestablishing the general Government. The immense armies, indifferently commanded, the meagre results, and the waste and expense of the brief summer campaigns of 1864, were exhausting the enthusiasm and patience of the people.

The radical scheme of reconstruction was artfully contrived to turn the national discontent consequent on the failure of the generals against the President, and many ardent and impulsive minds, in the excitement of party and the uneasiness of the times, were deluded and deceived. Under the pretext of the clause in the Constitution which declares "the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government," it was claimed that Congress could dictate to the States which had been in rebellion their fundamental law, and compel them to abandon their old constitutions

and governmental traditions, and the usages which they and their fathers had prescribed, and frame new constitutions, embracing principles and doctrines that were unacceptable, and which had not been in issue in the war. No authority for this exercise of Congressional power was specified, but that of the word "guarantee," to which H. Winter Davis and his associates ascribed a new definition. It was insisted that to guarantee was not to secure to them their own respective governments, adopted by themselves, and under which they had lived prior to 1861, but it was to make, to create, to direct, to control, and impose upon them new constitutions, embracing certain fundamental principles of government in regard to suffrage and local self-government, which the States had reserved and never delegated. Thousands and tens of thousands, wishing to subjugate and wreak vengeance on the secessionists, subscribed to this new definition or interpretation of the word "guarantee." The essence and intent of this radical question was to confer the privilege of voting on ignorant negroes, and to make its exercise by intelligent whites the exception. But Mr. Lincoln was neither deceived by this extraordinary definition or perversion of the word "guarantee," nor diverted from the path of duty by the specious pretence and appeals of the radicals; nor was he deterred from an honest discharge of his obligations to the Constitution, and a faithful support of the federal and State governments, by the insinuation that his Republicanism was questionable, nor by assertions that he was feeble or too lenient toward the rebels, and not sufficiently energetic in the conduct of the war. He did not subscribe to the doctrine that the States where slavery existed, or where negroes were excluded from suffrage, were not republican, nor admit that the "guarantee" prescribed in the Constitution intended the abolition of slavery and the destruction of existing State governments.

Almost every State, at the time the Union was formed, and when the Constitution was adopted, authorized slavery. Yet all were recognized as having a "republican form of government." Such were the principles and views of the fathers. No one in 1861, at the commencement of the war, had denied that the governments of Virginia and Missouri, or even those of South Carolina and Louisiana, were republican. Nor were they less republican after the slaves were emancipated. They had in all other respects the same institutions, customs, traditions, and usages in 1864 that they had prior to 1861. The federal Constitution was, moreover, formed and adopted by the States, acting not only in the aggregate, but separately, each for itself—all were represented—none were excluded in the national convention of 1787, when mutual concessions and compromises were made; but it was proposed in 1864, and subsequently, by the representatives of a part of the States, to exclude others, and to make and impose new conditions for the States not permitted to be represented, to dictate new terms to them, and to establish by legislation a new constitution of government, which, if insisted on in 1789, would have defeated any federal government or union of the States. This was now to be effected by excluding all the States which had been engaged in rebellion—constituting one-third of the whole—from representation, or voice, or participation in the change proposed to be made. The excuse and justification for this assumption was the novel interpretation of the words "guarantee" and "republican form of government," which it was claimed conferred grants of power that had not been exercised during seventy years of our national existence. President Lincoln would not permit himself to be beguiled, deluded, or led astray by any such pretence, though demanded by a majority of his nominal supporters in Congress, embracing some of the most talented and active members

of the Republican party. These uneasy spirits, that could pull down but not build up, received encouragement from political aspirants, who pandered to their emotional demands.

To suppress the insurrection and the rebellion, reestablish the union of all the States, and at the same time observe and preserve the rights of each and of the federal Government, were matters of deep and general interest to the people, and important duties of the Administration. They occupied unceasing attention. Different views were entertained by the political friends of the President on each of these questions, and there was the persistent party opposition of that portion of the Democracy—most of them “peace Democrats”—that combined against the Government, and deprecated the prosecution of the war. These peace Democrats, and all who adhered to that organization, were unreasonable if not unpatriotic, and so intensely partisan that little support or encouragement was expected of them. It was the friends who opposed his measures and obstructed his policy who embarrassed the President and sometimes crippled his action. His Republican opponents were either fanatics or factious. Many of them had no desire for a restored or continued federal Union, claiming that war had dissolved political relations and unsettled the Government. They were for altering or modifying the Constitution, and in favor of a change from the federal system of State equality to one of a more central and consolidated character.

Great disappointment was felt by the radical leaders when they became convinced that the President would not yield and identify himself with their revolutionary schemes, and participate in or be a party to their designs. But from the day he was inaugurated the polar star which course was guided his the Constitution, and as essential to its stability was the preservation of the federal Union. The Constitution

and the Union were with him, and must ever be with an honest and patriotic President, above and beyond any and all mere party or personal considerations. Compelled to exercise authority which a state of peace would not have justified or permitted, he was bitterly denounced by the peace Democrats at almost every step and for every extraordinary but necessary act. They would not admit that the President was clothed with any authority not expressly conferred, even for the preservation of the national existence against State and sectional organizations for its destruction. On the other hand, his radical friends from the beginning accused him of inefficiency, imbecility, and want of proper energy, because he hesitated to resort to extreme measures and the exercise of any and all authority, however arbitrary, which they deemed expedient. It is easier to criticise actions and measures after events have transpired than it was to strike out the true course to be pursued when chaos prevailed, and Government and people encountered an overwhelming and blinding storm which threatened them with wreck and ruin.

The emergency did not permit of delay, nor yet were rash and inconsiderate measures to be resorted to. National union was to be preserved; State insurrection, though under legal forms, was to be suppressed. The President and those associated with him felt the responsibility in all its delicacy and importance, and every step was taken with cautious deliberation, but with intelligent decision and firmness. The times required a calm, considerate, but firm policy. The condition of the country was without precedent or parallel. No provision of the Constitution met or provided for the crisis. Such an insurrection—organized rebellion by State governments, and resistance by States and people to the federal authority and laws, carrying with it the destruction of the general Government,

the Union, and the whole federal system—had never been anticipated by the fathers of the Constitution. The war had been commenced by the secession leaders with a determination to separate from and break up the Union. They were met, and the war for more than two years had been continued under the direction of the President to maintain the national integrity without infringing on the reserved rights of the States, accompanied with constant efforts on his part to harmonize the conflicting elements, restore peace, and preserve unimpaired both federal and State rights. With these great ends in view he, on the 8th of December, 1863, issued the proclamation of amnesty under his constitutional "power to grant reprieve and pardon for offences against the United States," and also by authority of an act of Congress which declares that the President is authorized "by proclamation to extend to persons who may have participated in the existing rebellion pardon and amnesty, at such times and on such conditions as he may deem expedient for the public welfare"; granting to "all persons who have, directly or by implication, participated in the existing rebellion," with certain specified exceptions, a full pardon to "each of them, with restoration of all rights of property except as to slaves, on condition they would take and subscribe an oath, and thenceforward keep and maintain" it. The oath required them to "faithfully support, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States and the union of the States thereunder." The amnesty proclamation, with its generous and liberal terms to the rebels, and its restrictive prohibition that none but qualified voters by the election law of the State should vote in re-establishing the suspended State government, met with instant and violent opposition. On the colored population, who were to be trained by intruding adventurers, the radical managers were relying for permanent party ascendancy through the South. But

these anticipated recruits were prohibited from voting in the reestablishment of State governments by the President's policy, which expressly excluded them.

The amnesty proclamation brought out distinctly the difference between President Lincoln and the positive or radical element of the Republican party in the winter of 1864. That difference a few years later eventuated in malevolent hostility to the Administration, and the impeachment of President Johnson. The great objects of President Lincoln and his Cabinet were peace, the maintenance of the federal system, and a restoration of the Union with as little disturbance of the Constitution and the structure of the Government as possible. Were the rebels to disband and quietly resume their position, acquiescing in the changes which the war, brought on by themselves, had effected in regard to slavery, the proceeding would have been conformable to his views, and satisfactory as an adjustment. Slavery, the cause of the war or the original pretext for it, had been disposed of by the war itself. Prior to the rebellion, the institution, as slavery was called, was secured to the States, and its existence or extinction depended on or was at the discretion of the States respectively. It was strictly a reserved municipal State right, specially protected and guaranteed to the States where it existed by the fundamental federal law. But not content with this constitutional local security, the slaveholders claimed that slavery was national; that it should be extended and carried into the Territories, and have new national guarantees. This not being conceded or admitted, they strove to break up the Union, and appealed to arms in the cause of slavery. The issue thus made by themselves became national, and the permanency of slavery itself entered into the secession contest by the acts of the slave States.

So long as he could, the President avoided the issue presented. When,

however, in the progress of the war, he became convinced that the slaves were employed against the Government, that they must be against or for us, that the fate of slavery was doomed, that the alternative of its abolition or the downfall of the Government was involved and could not be evaded, he did not hesitate to act. No course was left him but that of a declaration of emancipation, which he made after proper warning. This warning was disregarded, and thenceforward the result was inevitable. Every one had become convinced, even before emancipation was pronounced, that in the suppression of the rebellion slavery, the alleged cause of national strife, would cease to exist throughout the republic. It was never doubted by the Administration that the federal Government would be successful in the conflict, and the integrity of the Union maintained.

The year which elapsed after emancipation was first announced demoralized and exhausted the rebels, but another and more advanced step became necessary. The Executive felt it a duty to facilitate, by such means and power as he possessed, the resumption of federal and State authority where it had been suspended, even if but a small minority in each seceding State responded. The idea of embracing the opportunity of a civil war to revolutionize the one or break down the other—a favorite scheme of the radicals—never entered his thoughts, was repugnant to his convictions, and opposed to all his views, principles, and intentions. Reconstruction, restoration, and peace were, however, to be effected in a legal and constitutional way, not, as was urged by the peace Democrats, by negotiations with rebels in arms, not by commissioners between the contending parties as with a foreign power, for that would be a recognition and admission that the rebel organization was legal and national, while the people of the States in insurrection were citizens of the

United States in revolt, resisting federal laws and defying federal authority. When the rebels should lay down their arms and resume their duties as citizens of the United States, their States would be relieved of the usurped, secession, illegal governments, and each commonwealth would resume its legal, constitutional, and rightful position as a State and a member of the federal Union. But how was this work of reconciliation and restoration to begin? The rebels demanded it should be by commissioners appointed by the respective parties, as between belligerents of different powers or nationalities, thereby securing recognition and making the Confederacy legitimate. The peace Democrats took the same position so far as to blame the Administration for not accepting the proposition and appointing commissioners. This matter of negotiation as between two governments had been a point with the rebel leaders from the beginning, before they made an assault on the garrison in Fort Sumter. The object was well understood, but never for a moment was the idea that the insurrection was legal entertained by the President or any member of the Administration. The insurrection was illegal, and to be suppressed by federal law and authority. The time had arrived when it became a duty to act—a time which the President aptly said was not to “be delayed too long or taken too soon.” He therefore, with the unanimous approval of the Cabinet, issued his amnesty proclamation extending pardon to all citizens who would return to their duty, and inviting States to resume their true, legal, and legitimate position in the Union. It was intended as an initiative measure in the interests of peace and union, deliberately, considerably, and wisely taken, but it gave great offence to the radical friends of the Administration, who arrayed themselves at once in opposition and contributed to defeat the policy of reestablishing the Government on the original constitutional basis without still further

change than the emancipation policy, and it was insisted that emancipation should not be decreed by the Executive until "after obtaining the assent of Congress."

The opportunity of the Presidential election was seized upon as a means of accomplishing their purpose of discarding Mr. Lincoln and his policy, and also getting rid of his Cabinet. There were, however, differences among the malcontents and aspirants in the Republican party, not only in theory, but as to the candidate upon whom they would concentrate. The prevailing sentiment among them at the beginning favored the nomination of Salmon P. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury. This gentleman had an ambition to be President, but was extremely cautious and circumspect in committing himself to any movement antagonistic to his chief. Differences had existed between him and the Secretary of State, commencing with and even preceding the formation of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, which were never wholly overcome. These differences called into activity the vigilance of Mr. Seward and his friends, who, as well as all his associates in the Cabinet, Mr. Chase became aware, watched every movement, and, he was soon convinced, aided to detect and defeat every scheme to substitute Chase for Lincoln. Although he numbered among his partisans some of the leading and most influential Republicans in Congress, and the Treasury officials were largely in his interest, there were no indications of an extensive feeling for him on the part of the people. In the confident belief that he had a strong hold on the popular mind in New Hampshire, the State of his nativity, and in Ohio, of which he was a citizen, an earnest effort was made in the winter and spring of 1864 to procure from the Republicans in these two States an expression of preference in his favor; but it resulted in a total failure in each State, for in their party conventions the sentiment was overwhelmingly, almost unanimously, for

the renomination and reelection of Mr. Lincoln. As great unanimity was manifested in other States, sufficient to convince men less sanguine than the Secretary of the Treasury that the Republicans as a party desired the continuance of the administration of Mr. Lincoln for another term. He therefore, on the 8th of March, stated in a published letter that he had some time previously said, "Should our friends in Ohio manifest a preference for another, I should accept their decision with the ready acquiescence due," etc.; and the recent action of the Union members indicated such a preference; therefore it became him to withdraw as a candidate. In withdrawing he dwelt on the importance of energy, and the union of efforts to suppress the rebellion, themes urged by his friends, but it was noticed gave no intimation or wish in behalf of the President with whom he was associated, and for whom his constituents had declared their preference with great unanimity.

The malcontents in the Republican party were not inattentive and inactive during the winter, but instituted a secret organization, of which Samuel C. Pomeroy, a Senator from Kansas of unfortunate notoriety, was chairman. Pomeroy was an adventurer from Massachusetts, sent into Kansas in the early days of that Territory as the agent of an association in Boston, to aid in resisting the encroachment of slavery and assist in establishing free government. He was reputed to have so managed his agency as to advance his own personal interest quite as much as that of the association in whose behalf he acted, and shortly after Kansas was made a State, succeeded in procuring the election of himself to the United States Senate, where, in the disturbed condition of affairs growing out of the civil war, and the agitation of the slave question, he was recognized for his zeal in the radical cause. Having always his personal and pecuniary interest in view, Pomeroy soon ingratiated him-

self with the Treasury, and readily consented to take the place of chairman of a committee, self-constituted or privately appointed in this new scheme, which he and his associates were induced to believe would supersede the Republican organization. It was a flank movement against President Lincoln, who was assailed by the Democrats for prosecuting what they denounced as a relentless and ruinous war at the same time that the radicals accused him of lack of energy and of too great forbearance toward the rebels. There was not, however, perfect accord between the radicals and their ambitious but conservative allies or fellow laborers in the Republican party. The former, over confident from their success in controlling Congressional action, were resolute and unyielding against the reelection of Mr. Lincoln, regardless of consequences, while the latter were not prepared to engage in the contest unless well satisfied they could be successful. Mr. Chase was the representative man of such conservatives as were opposed to Mr. Lincoln, and their avowed candidate. The radicals accepted him not from choice, but because he was considered the most available and prominent man for the position, and was avowedly for a more energetic prosecution of the war. Pomeroy was the willing agent of both factions, and agreed with both. Though by no means inclined to go into a minority for any principle, he, after his successful experience in Kansas, persuaded himself that with Treasury patronage the head of that department could be nominated and elected. With these feelings and these backers, a circular was prepared in Washington and issued, to which Pomeroy's name was appended, and which he and his associates extensively circulated for the purpose of initiating, combining, and stimulating the movement for Mr. Chase. This circular so distinctly presents the views and purposes of those engaged in the opposition to Mr. Lincoln, by the radical and discontented Republicans, that

it should be read and understood, in order to rightly comprehend the intrigue of that date:

[CONFIDENTIAL.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., February, 1864.

SIR: The movements recently made throughout the country to secure the nomination of President Lincoln render necessary some counteraction on the part of those unconditional friends of the Union who differ from the policy of his administration.

So long as no efforts were made to forestall the political action of the people, it was both wise and patriotic for all true friends of the Government to devote their influence to the suppression of the rebellion. But when it becomes evident that party machinery and official influence are being used to secure the perpetuation of the present administration, those who conscientiously believe that the interests of the country and of freedom demand a change in favor of rigor and purity and nationality have no choice but to appeal at once to the people, before it shall be too late to secure a fair discussion of principles.

Those in behalf of whom this communication is made have thoughtfully surveyed the political field, and have arrived at the following conclusions:

1. That even were the reelection of Mr. Lincoln desirable, it is practically impossible against the union of influences which will oppose him.

2. That should he be reelected his manifest tendency toward compromises and temporary expedients of policy will become stronger during a second term than it had been in the first, and the cause of human liberty and the dignity and honor of the nation suffer proportionately; while the war may continue to languish during his whole administration, till the public debt shall become a burden too great to be borne.

3. That the patronage of the Government, through the necessities of the war, has been so rapidly increased, and to such an enormous extent, and so loosely placed, as to render the application of the "one-term principle" absolutely essential to the certain safety of our republican institutions.

4. That we find united in Hon. Salmon P. Chase more of the qualities needed in a President during the next four years than are combined in any other available candidate. His record is clear and unimpeachable, showing him to be a statesman of rare ability and an administrator of the very highest order; while his private character furnishes the surest obtainable guaranty of economy and purity in the management of public affairs.

5. That the discussion of the Presidential question, already commenced by the friends of Mr. Lincoln, has developed a popularity and strength in Mr. Chase unexpected even to his warmest admirers; and, while we are aware that this strength is at present unorganized and in no condition to manifest its real magnitude, we are satisfied that it only needs systematic and faithful effort to develop it to an extent sufficient to overcome all opposing obstacles.

For these reasons the friends of Mr. Chase have determined upon measures which shall present his claims fairly and at once to the country. A central organization has been effected, which al-

ready has its connections in all the States, and the object of which is to enable his friends everywhere most effectually to promote his elevation to the Presidency. We wish the hearty coöperation of all those in favor of a speedy restoration of the Union upon the basis of universal freedom, and who desire an administration of the Government, during the first period of its new life, which shall to the fullest extent develop the capacity of free institutions, enlarge the resources of the country, diminish the burdens of taxation, elevate the standard of public and private morality, vindicate the honor of the republic before the world, and in all things make our American nationality the fairest example for imitation which human progress has ever achieved.

If these objects meet your approval, you can render efficient aid by exerting yourself at once to organize your section of the country, and by corresponding with the Chairman of the National Executive Committee, for the purpose either of receiving or imparting information.

Very respectfully,

S. C. POMEROY,
Chairman National Executive Committee.

The Pomeroy intrigue, by whom-ever instituted, proved a failure, and after the pronounced opinion of the Republicans of Ohio and New Hampshire, Mr. Chase, as already stated, became convinced that any effort in his behalf at that time would be to his injury. He therefore gave up the question, and made known that in doing so he "considered it more a privilege than a duty, and that no further consideration be given to his name." A few days later, Pomeroy—in open Senate—in a prepared speech defending and explaining the circular, denied that it was secret, delivered a high eulogium on the Secretary of the Treasury, and notwithstanding Mr. Chase proposed to withdraw his name, declared, "We still believe him to be the man whom the people will delight to honor," because, among other reasons, his election would insure "the *confiscation* of the property of leading rebels, and the organization, in the disloyal States, of a *republican form of government*," and "such *subordination of States* to the general Government as shall secure a *true nationality*." These were the motives which impelled the radical movement against the reelection of Mr. Lincoln, the key to the radical demonstration, and the groundwork of their opposition to him. Other topics,

such as "the immediate crushing out of the rebellion by every power in the Government, *without amnesty proclamations*," "Constitutional amendments abolishing and for ever prohibiting slavery," the "Monroe doctrine," "rigid economy," "a sound system of national currency," the "one-term policy," the "protective system," and "aid toward the construction of a Pacific railroad," were incidental questions, on most of which all sections of the Republican party were agreed.

President Lincoln was pronounced too lenient—not sufficiently severe—was not proscriptive toward the rebels; sought to induce them to return to duty by kindness and amnesty, which the extreme Republicans disapproved and the radicals denounced; he had issued emancipation and amnesty proclamations, but the radicals, who denied that the three great departments of the Government were independent, and claimed that the Executive was subordinate to the Legislature, wanted more than an Executive order—a measure of war necessity—insisted that the President could not act until he obtained the assent of Congress, and required an amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery. Moreover, behind all this were latent purposes, which the radicals did not avow and make a test, because the place-politicians, with whom they affiliated, were not then prepared to go full length with them. These were the enfranchisement of the negroes, conferring upon them, by federal authority, the privilege of voting in the elections, and a proscription and subjugation of the intelligent whites, with the subversion of the State governments, involving the absorption of the States and conversion of our federal system into a more consolidated government, with supreme central power. These were important objects of Thad. Stevens, H. Winter Davis, and the master spirits of the radicals. Pomeroy, whose name is appended to the circular, acted, as he declared in

open Senate, in behalf of "the National Committee"—a self-constituted committee, "composed of members of Congress and other citizens," of whom he was one, and was a co-laborer and willing instrument. This committee issued the "letter—called by some a circular—which he said was not private or secret, for it was sent by mail" to "distinguished persons."

The President was apprised of secret meetings of some of his professed friends in Congress, and their radical associates, who had in view a change of administration and of the policy of the Government, by substituting a new candidate for the office of Chief Magistrate in the approaching election. While he could not otherwise than feel unpleasant at these intrigues, which were more hostile to the policy that he believed best for the country than to himself personally, he took no direct steps to counteract them, but remained a passive though not inattentive observer of the artifices and schemes of these quondam friends.

That he was aware of the movements against him I did not doubt, though for a time he studiously avoided alluding to party electioneering which concerned himself. But in a conversation of a general character with myself and two or three others—about the time that the call of the Republican National Committee in February was issued—when the intrigues that were active against him were mentioned, he said he had been informed of them, and that circulars—which were to be privately circulated—had been prepared, but were not yet signed; one had been put into his hands. He had not read it, and said he probably never should. There was doubtless more or less personality, which he always avoided. He understood, however, that issue was taken to the policy which he was pursuing in regard to the rebel States and their restoration to the Union, to which the men engaged in getting up this circular were opposed. This was, he believed, the chief objection to the Ad-

ministration; and if they sincerely believed a different policy was best for the country, and would bring about union and peace, it was probably a duty on their part to try to effect a change. It was impossible for him to engage in any persecuting scheme against the erring people who had undertaken to secede from the Union. He had no desire to kill them, to exile them, to subjugate them, to confiscate their property, or deprive them of their legal and constitutional rights for mistaken views or even for their criminal conduct. "A great wrong, originating in political differences, has been committed, by which we and they are sufferers. The question is, Are we ever again to be united and fellow countrymen? If so, there is, by my theory, much to forgive. Those who are in this new movement seem to think there is nothing to forget. I am for conciliation: they seem to be governed by resentments. They believe we can be made one people by force and vengeance: I think we are not likely to bring about unity by hatred and persecution. If there is really this difference, our paths are different, and there is no necessity for secrecy or concealment."

No mention was made of candidates, nor was there direct allusion to any individual, by the President or either of the gentlemen present, though doubtless each of them had the same persons in view. When the circular was published Mr. Chase was announced as embodying all the requisite qualifications for an efficient Chief Magistrate; and the reelection of Mr. Lincoln, who had them not, was denounced as a practical impossibility.

On the 22d of February the National Committee, which had been appointed in Chicago in 1860, issued a call for a Republican national convention to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. The committee designated Baltimore as the place, and the 7th of June as the time, for the meeting of this convention. Extraordinary efforts were made, particu-

larly by the friends of Mr. Chase, to induce the committee to postpone the convention to a later period; but having the welfare of the country and the success of the Republican party in view, they acted upon their own convictions, irrespective of factious or personal aspirants, or the well meaning but mistaken advice of individuals. This call, with the unquestioned preference of the Republicans in the several States for Mr. Lincoln, satisfied many, if not all the radicals, that the renomination of the President could not be at that time easily prevented. Some very worthy gentlemen, who had become interested for Mr. Chase—as well as some men not so worthy—were nevertheless unwilling to relinquish their preference for that gentleman, and still less willing to accept Mr. Lincoln for a second term. They therefore, in the latter part of March—after Mr. Chase's letter and Pomeroy's circular had been published, and after the speech in the Senate explaining and defending the circular—addressed a formal and earnest communication to the Republican National Executive Committee, urging a postponement of the nominating convention until September. W. C. Bryant—the veteran politician and poet, a friend of Mr. Chase—was persuaded to head this letter. The reasons, as set forth by these gentlemen, for postponement, were, the importance of union in support of a single candidate, and acquiescence in the nomination when made—with an assertion that unanimity could not be obtained so early as June; a declaration that the continuance of the existing administration or a change of leaders depended on the measures pursued during the spring and summer; and an opinion or intimation that postponement would allay the acrimony of Presidential strife. The committee thus addressed were not only not convinced, but, with one exception, took an entirely different view from that presented by the distinguished gentlemen, as regarded the expediency of

postponement, and dissented entirely from the correctness of the reasons urged for delay. They were aware—though some of the gentlemen who addressed them probably were not—that there had been intrigues and secret meetings of the radicals, the discontented, and the aspiring for many months, with a view of displacing or supplanting Mr. Lincoln; that while he and his friends were occupied in carrying on the Government and prosecuting the war successfully, the malcontents of the Republican party, of every shade, were making common cause against the President, and exerting themselves to create a prejudice, in the Republican party, against the Administration. The very object of some of the gentlemen who urged delay was to make diversion and gain time to promote dissension and discord, which might tend to the advantage of their favorites. The President was a mark against whom the shafts of all the disaffected Republicans, as well as the peace Democrats, were directed. This the Committee, better than their advisers, well understood, and therefore wisely declined to listen to the suggestions and recommendations of the respectable gentlemen who appealed to them for delay.

When it was conclusively ascertained that the Executive Committee would not postpone the meeting of the convention, and that it would assemble in June, a scheme to forestall and embarrass it was adopted. Early in May a call for a convention, to meet at Cleveland on the 31st of that month, appeared, signed by a large number, who styled themselves "The People's Provisional Committee," at the head of which was B. Gratz Brown, the youthful Senator from Missouri. Some forty or fifty prominent men, of active and extreme political views, constituted this People's Provisional Committee. By whom they were appointed and for whom they were authorized to act, was not stated. They appeared to be self-appointed. The primary cause assign-

ed for this proceeding was the danger to be apprehended from the patronage of the Government, and the devotion of the People's Provisional Committee to the principle of one term; opposition to a national convention at Baltimore, by reason of its proximity to the centre of all the interested influences of the Administration; the distance of that place from the centre of the country; and a conviction that there should be a central position indicated, to which every one might go and express his individual opinions and preferences. This call was of a central and consolidating character—an appeal in behalf of personal, not State rights; putting aside the federal features of the Government, and making it entirely central. Almost simultaneously with this appeal another call was published, signed by about an equal number of persons, from different parts of the country. At the head of them was Lucius Robinson, a prominent politician of New York, since elected Governor of that State. These gentlemen invited the citizens of the United States, who meant to uphold the Union and suppress the rebellion, without infringing the rights of individuals or of States, and who were for amending the Federal Constitution so as to exclude slavery, to meet in mass convention at Cleveland on the 31st of May. Still another call was issued, by the Central Fremont Club and others, for those who were for the “immediate extinction of slavery by *Congressional* action, and for the absolute equality of all men before the law, without regard to race or color, and such a plan of reconstruction as shall conform to the policy of freedom for all, placing the political power alone in the hands of the loyal, and executing with vigor the law for *confiscating* the property of all rebels,” to also assemble at Cleveland on the 31st of May.

This last call declared the Cleveland convention was convoked in consequence of “the imbecile and vacillating policy of the present Adminis-

tration in the conduct of the war, being just weak enough to waste its men and means, to provoke the enemy, but not strong enough to conquer the rebellion; and its treachery to justice, freedom, and genuine democratic principles in its plan of reconstruction, whereby the honor and dignity of the nation have been sacrificed to conciliate the still existing and arrogant slave power, and to further the ends of an unscrupulous partisan ambition, call in thunder tones upon the lovers of justice and their country to come to the rescue of the imperilled nationality and the cause of impartial justice and universal freedom, threatened with betrayal and overthrow. The way to victory and salvation is plain. Justice must be throned in the seat of national legislation and guide the national will.”

After the assassination of Lincoln language like this was applied by the radicals, who had then obtained control of “national legislation,” to President Johnson, who adhered to and maintained the Lincoln “plan of reconstruction,” and suffered impeachment from a radical House of Representatives for his honesty and fidelity to the Constitution.

These several calls, differing in phraseology, and specifying in some respects different purposes, were well known to be but parts of one great intrigue. It was a concerted scheme by a few individuals some of whom had a personal preference for another candidate than Mr. Lincoln—whose efforts for peace and union, they thought, were too mild toward the rebels—but the moving spirits, whose designs were most dangerous and are more apparent in the last of the above calls, intended not only a change of administration, but of the structure of the Government. Many, doubtless a majority of those who gave their names to these several calls for a meeting of factions, on the 31st of May, at Cleveland, were unaware of the radical efforts to effect, by a political party election, a revolution—the

subversion of our federal system and the establishment of a central consolidated power that should be supreme and absolute over the States and also regulate the local affairs of the country and people. The names of the principal scheming managers and prompters in this revolutionary purpose do not appear in either of these calls—they were studiously withheld. Although the movement was vigorous and active, and the machinery put in operation was extensive, the Cleveland convention or conventions were each and all abortions. There was quite a gathering of wayward, impracticable, and theoretical minds, with crude, fanatical, and strange ideas of government and of the fundamental law—men with wild notions of liberty and equality, and of State and personal rights. Some were possessed of an absurd and ridiculous conception of the power and authority of the federal executive, and seemed ignorant of the constitutional limitations of the federal Government, and with them all was a substratum of hate and vengeance under the cloak of philanthropy and patriotism. Before these conventions assembled the intelligent friends of Mr. Chase and that gentleman himself became aware of the motley, incongruous, and heterogeneous materials of which that gathering was composed, and he persisted in declining to have his name presented or used. Some of the malcontents from the start were opposed to him, and wanted a more avowed radical candidate—one who had not been connected with the Lincoln administration. The result was the nomination of John C. Fremont, with a series of resolutions less offensive in the main than might have been expected from such a gathering; but a reconstruction of the Union—virtually a change of the governments, State and federal—and a confiscation of the property of the rebels, were insisted upon as fundamental. These were the purposes and tendencies of many in that stormy era, and really the great ends sought by the radical leaders.

General Fremont promptly accepted the nomination, and as a manifestation of his sincerity and confidence in the success of the movement forthwith resigned his commission of Major General in the army to put himself, without embarrassment, at the head. In his letter of acceptance he admitted that he should subject himself to the reproach of creating a schism in the party, but his justification was the alleged infidelity of Mr. Lincoln to the principles he was elected to defend, which infidelity, Fremont said, had first created the schism. The Administration he denounced as marked by a disregard of constitutional rights and violations of personal liberty and the liberty of the press, with other monstrous wrongs. Against the disastrous condition of affairs brought on, he said, by Mr. Lincoln, Fremont declared the Cleveland convention which nominated him was a protest. He took occasion, however, to express his non-concurrence in some of the fantastical and violent measures of the convention. He especially objected to a confiscation of all rebel property. He also dissented from the spirit of vengeance manifested, because it would not be likely to secure permanent peace, nor was it consistent with the happiness and general tranquillity of the whole country, which were sought by all. If the Baltimore convention in June would nominate any man whose past life would justify a well-grounded confidence in his fidelity to Republican principles, there was, Fremont said, no reason why there should be division. But if Mr. Lincoln was nominated, it would be fatal to the country.

A portion of the radicals had from the first preferred Fremont to Chase, and the more earnest thought him a preferable candidate until they read his letter of acceptance, which disgusted extremists like Wade, Thad. Stevens, and H. Winter Davis, whose policy was unqualifiedly for confiscation, subjugation, and vengeance. Others, from different causes, began to doubt, lose interest, became

lax and indifferent, and the Cleveland ticket, which had not much strength to begin with, grew more feeble from the day it was made public. If Fremont would not confiscate—if he would not overturn the governments of the Southern States, convert them into territories, and persecute and subjugate the Southern whites, he was, in the estimation of the radicals, little better than Lincoln. The Treasury agents, a mercenary legion, lost interest when Chase was withdrawn; and most of the instigators wilted in zeal, and the vast machinery which had been employed in getting up the several Cleveland conventions became useless. The seeds of disaffection, which had been extensively sown, were not, however, utterly destroyed, but still retained vitality.

Although Mr. Chase had publicly declined being a candidate, his friends or supporters did not wholly discontinue their efforts in his behalf, nor was he displeased with their persistency. They were opposed to Mr. Lincoln, and had persuaded themselves that if the nominating convention could be postponed until autumn, they could, by labor and other appliances, effect his defeat, and probably secure the selection of the Secretary of the Treasury as his successor. Their efforts for delay were consequently extensive and immense. Governor Morgan of New York, chairman of the Republican National Committee, to whom these appeals for postponement were chiefly addressed, was so much annoyed by them, and so much disturbed by the calls from numerous and respectable sources, from every part of the country, as to become alarmed, and felt that the responsibility was too great for him to refuse without support. He wrote me on the 10th of May to name the month to which I would postpone the convention if I desired a postponement. The request was a surprise, for we had both, in repeated interviews, previously concurred on this subject, and the machinery which prompted these apparently spontaneous demonstrations

among Republicans was so transparent, that my answer was immediate and decisive against any delay, for by it the malcontents had everything to gain and nothing to lose. It would give the intriguers and opponents of the President weeks to assail and misrepresent him, and compel his friends to defend him against the assaults, when they could be otherwise better and more usefully employed. Two days after my answer Governor Morgan informed me that he knew my opinion, but had, in self-defence, before addressing me, sent a similar inquiry to every member of the committee, and that every man, except Mr. Spooner of Ohio, had returned an answer similar to mine, but Spooner was for a postponement. This was indicative of the source of the movement and of the influence of Mr. Chase.

The delegates to the Republican national convention assembled at Baltimore on the 7th of June, pursuant to the original call. It was composed mainly of judicious and discreet men, who possessed, and generally deserved, the confidence of the patriotic and loyal citizens whom they represented and for whom they acted. Two sets of delegates appeared from Missouri, and the convention awarded seats to those styling themselves the radical Union delegation, though aware of the discontent of these persons, and their hostility to President Lincoln, the Administration, and the policy of the Government. But if factious and extremists, they probably represented a majority of the Republicans of Missouri, of that date, where the fratricidal warfare had been ferocious and vindictive beyond any other State. The people there had felt the evils of the terrible conflict, and the radicals, fired with resentment, were unforgiving and unrelenting toward not only the rebels, but those Republicans who were not as intolerant and vindictive as themselves. While the convention was not in sympathy with this unsparing and persecuting element, it recognized and accepted the majority principle, and so decided.

On the ballot for President Mr. Lincoln received the unanimous vote of every State but Missouri. That delegation was so opposed to him and his policy as to refuse at first to favor his renomination. Nor were they satisfied with General Fremont, who opposed the radical policy of confiscation and vengeance. They therefore cast the vote of that State for General U. S. Grant.

On the question of Vice-President there was diversity of opinion. Mr. Hamlin, who was elected with Mr. Lincoln in 1860, had not displayed that breadth of view and enlightened statesmanship which was expected, and consequently lost confidence with the country during his term, yet there was no concentration or unity on any one to fill his place. His friends and supporters, while conscious that he brought no strength to the ticket, claimed, but with no great zeal or earnestness, that as Mr. Lincoln was renominated, it would be invidious not to renominate Hamlin also.

The question of substituting another for Vice-President had been discussed in political circles prior to the meeting of the convention, without any marked personal preference, but with a manifest desire that there should be a change. Mr. Lincoln felt the delicacy of his position, and was therefore careful to avoid the expression of any opinion; but it was known to those who enjoyed his confidence that he appreciated the honesty, integrity, and self-sacrificing patriotism of Andrew Johnson of Tennessee. There were, moreover, circumstances, political and local, that commended Johnson. He was a Democrat in his antecedents, was a citizen of a slave State, who alone, of all the Senators of the South, had fearlessly resisted secession. Beyond almost any public man he had been a sufferer for his fidelity to the Constitution and the Union, was proscribed, and with his family had been exiled from his home. He had been found ever true and reliable—self-sacrificing and faithful in the cause of his

country. A large portion of the members, but not a majority of the convention, were impressed with these facts from the commencement, and as they were considered and discussed the sentiment in his favor became almost universal. When the ballot took place he received two hundred votes, a majority of fifty over Hamlin. An immediate change took place with those who had not at first supported him, and the final result was that of the 520 votes cast, Johnson received 494—and his nomination was made unanimous.

Questions arose in the convention as to the reception of the delegates who presented themselves as the representatives of the Union people of Tennessee, Arkansas, and Louisiana, and claimed equal rights and privileges with the delegates of the other States. This subject involved the principle of restoration, reconstruction, and reunion, which had been agitated for two years in Congress, and was a dividing line between the radicals and the conservative Republicans. The convention, by a vote of about two to one, decided to admit them. This decision was received as an affirmation and endorsement of the Lincoln policy of conciliation and reconstruction, which the radicals in Congress, under the lead of Wade, Sumner, and Stevens, at a later day defeated. Those States, with others, after the rebellion was suppressed, and after the death of Lincoln, were under the administration of Johnson denied representation by the radical majority in Congress, and excluded from their undoubted constitutional rights in the republic.

The radical leaders, finding themselves unable to stem the overwhelming popular current in favor of Mr. Lincoln, sought to defeat his conciliatory policy. Not content with putting down the insurrection, and maintaining the integrity of the Union, they insisted on the subjugation and vindictive punishment of the rebels by overthrowing their State govern-

ments, confiscating their property, depriving them of their homes, giving their lands to the conquering soldiers, and thus colonizing the South with a new population from the North and West. Outside influences were brought to bear on the convention and the President, to induce a change of measures by prominent radicals who gathered at Baltimore, aided by the "National Union League of America," a secret party organization composed chiefly of men of ultra views. This league met in Baltimore, by their Grand Council, simultaneously with the Republican convention, and sought to make themselves felt by a series of resolutions, which were presented to the President by the league on the same day that he was informed of his renomination by the convention. The country, it was expected, would receive these resolutions as a part of the proceedings at Baltimore, and have effect by being published with them. The most marked of them, intended as a rebuke and stimulant, resolved, "That the confiscation acts of Congress should be promptly and vigorously enforced, and that homesteads on the lands confiscated under it should be granted to our soldiers, who have been made indigent by the acts of traitors and rebels."

This atrocious scheme of plunder and robbery, by which the Southern people were to be deprived of their homes and driven into exile, had for some time been pressed upon the President, who was not a convert to its justice or a believer that union, peace, and good will could be by such a policy restored. Though adopted by the Union League, and formally presented with an address, the monstrous proposition was to him no novelty. Thurlow Weed, the party manager of a not very scrupulous organization in New York, but who possessed a certain influence in that State, had in personal interviews urged this scheme, and in a private letter to the President, on the 8th of November, 1863, elaborated a plan, advising the President to "issue

a proclamation announcing that in the future prosecution of the war, the maintenance of the Government, and the preservation of the Union, all territory, whether it be farms, plantations, villages, or cities, shall be partitioned equitably between and among the officers and soldiers by whom it shall have been conquered."

This vandal proposition, from such a quarter, earnestly pressed, disturbed but did not influence the President in 1863, nor did its renewal by so formidable a combination as the "National Union League of America," in 1864, accompanying his nomination and pending the Presidential election, convince him or extort his acquiescence. Confiscation, especially general confiscation, had at no time been a favorite project with the President, and when coupled with a scheme to expel the inhabitants from their homes, was of such a demoralizing and barbarous character as to receive not his approval, but his abhorrence. The author of this vicious scheme, in submitting it to the President in 1863, gravely stated it would secure an abundance of military recruits—"enterprising yeomen"—who would "have an intelligent reason for entering the army, and who would know that the realization of their hopes depends upon their zeal, fidelity, and courage. And by thus providing homes and occupations when the war is over for our disbanded soldiers, you have scattered over rebel territory an element that may be relied upon for reconstruction of civil government in the seceded States."

The proposed appeal to the cupidity and malignity of the people did not favorably impress the President. Our armies were not made up of mere mercenary soldiers, fighting for Southern farms and homes, but of patriotic men who battled for their country and their rights. It was not a war for disunion, nor yet for exclusion.

When the war terminated there were dispersed through the South a needy set of adventurers, not inaptly termed "carpet-baggers," who, if they

were not endowed with the confiscated farms and homes of the Southern people, according to the radical programme, contrived to seize the offices, lay heavy taxes, and for years appropriated to themselves a large portion of the revenues of those States. This they were enabled to do, and to misgovern the people, in the subdued and enfeebled condition of those commonwealths, by an extraordinary exercise of federal power, by a radical majority in Congress, enforced by federal arms.

It was not by means and methods like these that President Lincoln and the Administration expected to effect conciliation and a restoration of the Union. The Republican convention in renominating him adopted his policy. The National Union League of America asserted the radical policy to which he could not subscribe. To the delegations from each body which tendered him congratulations and support he expressed his gratification that he was thought not unworthy to be entrusted with the place which he

had occupied for the last three years. While he expressed his assent to and approval of the resolutions of the Republican convention, he passed by the resolutions of the league, which had been skilfully prepared and were presented to him on the same day, and concluded his brief remarks to that delegation by saying: "I do not allow myself to suppose that either the convention or the league has concluded to decide that I am either the greatest or best man in America, but rather they have concluded that it is not best to swap horses while crossing the river, and have further concluded that I am not so poor a horse, that they might not make a botch of it in trying to swap."

I am not aware that the President ever made other comment on the Cleveland attempt to swap horses, or allusion to the assaults of Fremont, than the above anecdotal remark in reply to the radical delegates of the Loyal League.

GIDEON WELLES.

MATURITY.

WHEN spring is young, and violets bloom,
And rills go laughing on their way,
When hearts keep more of sun than gloom,
And life is just an April day,
Then girl and boy, in tender troth—
Daisies beneath them, stars above—
Believe to them alone, to both,
Is given the perfect flower of love.

What time the summer lifts its rose,
That flushes with the pulse of June,
And down the vale the message goes
Of wedding bells in blissful tune,
The pair, grown happier with the days,
Look back and see 'twas only seed,
That spring-tide love which won their praise,
Since now they clasp love's flower indeed!

Yet neither season knows the life
Of autumn, in the yellow grain,
Or grape, with amber juices ripe—
Knows not its power for joy or pain;
Nor maid nor wife the passion feels
That stirs the mother's burdened breast,
Whose wounded child through her reveals
Love's value at its ripest, best.

MARY B. DODGE.

HIDDEN INFLUENCES IN PUBLIC ASSEMBLIES.

A SPEAKER before an unknown assembly is like a sailor on an unknown sea. Hidden currents bear him here and there, sometimes to unexpected success, sometimes to destruction. Sometimes he finds himself borne on so smoothly that he fancies the very god of eloquence has come to his help. If he knew the truth, he would find that he had struck a great warm gulf stream in the popular heart, and was borne along on that without much regard to the setting of his sails or the turning of his helm. At another time he may wonder why he beats along so helplessly, and finds his best thoughts falling dead on the hearts before him; or worse still, finds them awakening a response utterly at variance with their natural drift, and entirely contrary to his own expectations. Here he has struck some hidden rock, or some unseen current bearing in another direction. Sometimes a speaker notices a tender emotion in parts of his audience when there is no particular pathos in his speech. Sometimes he notices an unaccountable smile when his words may have had the very opposite intent. It will annoy him. All manner of suspicions and fears will pass through his mind. Has he made a blunder, or said unwittingly some foolish thing? Is his collar coming off, or has he inked his face, or done some other absurd thing? In truth, he has only touched some comical chord, which he did not see; he only hears the vibrations, and wonders whence they come. The power of oratory consists largely in the quick perception of these unknown conditions of mind, and in turning them to account in the progress of conviction.

A minister was once leading a college prayer meeting. He was a stranger, and knew nothing of matters in the college. The meeting was large, and progressed well. A large portion

of the students and faculty were present. Fitting some sentiment uttered by one of the speakers, the leader gave out the hymn,

Still there's more to follow.

He noticed a thrill of some kind go through the meeting, but it passed away, and he gave it no more thought. He was afterward asked if he knew how nearly he came to upsetting the whole meeting by that hymn. It seemed that a student had just been sent home to "rusticate." Other students were implicated in the same offence, and it was thought the faculty were only waiting further evidence to point them out in the same way. A night or two before there had been erected by some "unseen hands" a monument on the college grounds to the "dear departed." On it was inscribed, in large letters, just below the name,

Not lost, but gone before.

Lower down was this suggestive line,

Still there's more to follow.

It is not difficult to see how the announcement of that hymn would stir emotions in the breast of the "average student" not intended by the original composer, and not exactly in line with the purpose of the meeting or the thought of the leader.

The most complete wrecking of a public speech of which I ever heard happened in a political campaign. In this case it was not hidden rocks, nor unseen currents, nor unexpected breezes, but torpedoes, placed on purpose to blow the vessel off the water. The two parties were to hold meetings in the same place on two successive nights—the Republicans the first night, the Democrats the second. The Democratic speaker was a man of large form and fine presence, with a rich voice, and considerable claim to oratory. He was, however, somewhat pompous, and with very marked pecu-

harities of manner, which his fine form and voice made even more conspicuous. The Republican speaker was a most pitiless wit, a great mimic, and possessed of a remarkable memory. Coming the first night, he made a short speech on the issues of the campaign, and then said, "This is my speech. Colonel —— will be here to-morrow night, and I'll tell what he will say." Throwing himself into the attitude of his antagonist, and assuming his voice and manner, he gave them the speech he had heard him make a few nights before, and which he felt sure he would repeat there. The next night the house was crowded to its utmost. Our Democratic friend felt very much flattered at the large attendance. But the moment he stepped on to the platform a suppressed smile spread itself over the audience. At his first sentence it broadened and deepened almost into a laugh. As he proceeded, posture, tone, speech, and gesture all "followed copy" so exactly that the whole audience broke out into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. His friends tried to restore order, but it was impossible to keep their own faces straight. The audience themselves felt ashamed of their behavior, and felt a sympathy for the speaker, and after an outburst they would all hush down, and determine to listen. But every time the speaker resumed, the response broke out again and defied all restraint. The speech ran a short and troubled course, and the speaker closed, by no means happy. They at once explained to him the source of the difficulty. When he learned the trick his antagonist had played on him, it is said "he went for that heathen Chinese" in a phraseology not suggested by the third commandment.

Sometimes these hidden influences are only local in an audience, confined to one person possibly, or to a group, or to persons or groups here and there. Sometimes a speaker will notice a smile on certain faces, while the rest are as solemn as need be, and when he has given no occasion for a smile so

far as he can see. Some sentiment he has uttered, or some word or image, has combined with something already in the mind of these smiling ones. Alone, what he said was serious; combined with this other element, it becomes provocative of mirth.

The saddest case is where a speaker mistakes this compound result for the simple effect of his own wit or eloquence, and proceeds on that supposition. Utterly mistaking the ground before him, he goes floundering into the water, while he fancies he is still on dry land. The figure he cuts before those who know the situation is extremely ludicrous. An unsophisticated old gentleman in one of the western States was always called for at public conventions while the committee was out. By a common understanding, the crowd began to cheer as soon as he began to speak, and at every point they cheered again, and cheered most lustily. Mistaking this for genuine interest, he would lash himself into a perfect fury of eloquence that was laughable to see, and which furnished as much sport for the convention as a performance of Japanese jugglers. Of course not many men would be deceived by so bald a device as this, but it is no uncommon thing for a speaker to mistake for interest in his speech what has really resulted from some grotesque suggestion awakened in the hearer's own mind. The element he threw in did not produce the result itself, as he supposes. It met another element, unknown to him, and formed a compound.

Before the course of any speaker there are these unseen influences, modifying the results of his speech. He may know the drift of his own thought and its fitness to persuade to certain conclusions. But there may lie in the minds of his hearers certain influences that will neutralize all he says, or even give it an opposite effect from that he was looking for.

The power of the orator does not consist altogether in the clearness of his thought, the vividness of his illustrations, or even in his personal mag-

netism. It consists very largely in his quick perception of the state of mind before him. It is as important that he should understand his audience as that he should understand his theme. To do this perfectly he must have that quick insight that can read the faces of men as he looks at them. There are two ways in which great orators overcome hidden and unexpected obstructions. Some rush forward with such force and impetuosity that they bear down everything before them, just as the ocean steamer pushes forward toward her own haven in spite of tides, or currents, or winds. Other orators are quick to perceive the influences at work before them, and have a ready skill to turn them to their own advantages. In other words, they are wise enough to tack in such a way as to turn all these breezes into their own sails; or if they cannot make all the breezes help, they will see to it that they shall not hinder.

Shortly after the close of the war Henry Ward Beecher was engaged to speak in Faneuil Hall, before a meeting called to discuss the subject of giving suffrage to the freedmen. In the early part of the meeting Mr. Beecher was earnestly engaged elsewhere. During this time a distinguished citizen of Boston had read a paper favoring qualified suffrage—a suffrage based on intelligence. It was a paper of very marked ability, and commanded profound attention, and carried the convictions of the audience to a remarkable degree. Mr. Beecher arrived at the hall just as the time came for him to speak. He knew nothing of what had been said, nor of the mental condition of his audience. He at once announced himself in favor of universal suffrage. There was a distinct murmur of dissent all over the room, and cries of “No! no!” The dissent was so pronounced that most men would have quailed. Mr. Beecher hesitated a moment, looked over the sea of faces before him, and instantly took in the situation. Straightening himself up, throwing back his

shoulders, and bracing himself as for battle, he poured out such a stream of fervid eloquence in defence of his position, that all opposition was overborne and silenced, and in a few minutes the whole vast audience were applauding him most vigorously.

Of the other method of overcoming unexpected resistance, perhaps Wendell Phillips furnishes the best example. He was once addressing an audience in one of his severe strains, and a leading part of his purpose was to criticise a certain public man, and it is well known that with him criticising is not very far removed from denouncing. It so happened that the man he had selected for punishment that evening was a great favorite with the audience. At his very first severe sentence, therefore, there was such a decided expression of dissent that Wendell Phillips gracefully turned aside, and began on a strain of thought as far as possible removed from that which had given offence. He began to talk most charmingly, mingling eloquence and history, poetry and wit, in a manner that perfectly entranced his auditors. He soon had them in the best possible humor, and on the best possible terms with himself and with each other. Then, by a series of logical steps, committing them to each point as he progressed, he led them right back to the very criticism from which they had driven him but a few minutes before. He then poured out his polished invectives to his heart's content, and not a murmur was expressed. He saw how the wind was blowing, and that it would be impossible to proceed against it. So he tacked about, and made that very wind help to bear him on to his own predetermined destination. This was a real triumph of eloquence, and the skill that gained it was akin to that which wins battles.

The victories of oratory would make a valuable history; and if that history should ever be written, it will show that skill in overcoming hidden obstructions is no small element in securing such victories.

R. CORDERY.

THE AGE OF BRONZE.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. EMILE BURNOURF.

I.

NOTHING is known of the beginning of mankind. No basis exists upon which to found a chronology of the primitive race. History is only of yesterday, and the origin it gives of all races is merely fabulous. There is no more truth even in the account of early events by Livy than in the genealogies of Grecian heroes. Egyptian chronology reaches a point nearly six thousand years anterior to our era; but that also is preceded by a long mythological period. So also that of India and of China.

Mankind has not always known of metals. There was an immense succession of years during which they possessed none, unless perchance a few grains of gold—the spontaneous offerings of nature—which they picked up here and there in the sand of rivers or the bed of torrents. This was the period which is called the *stone age*; and in fact all the tools these miserable beings left behind them, in evidence of their industry and poverty, are of hard stone, flint, diorite, obsidian, or trachyte. The long duration of this infancy of the human race is evident from the layers of earth in which these objects are found. Not only are they gathered from beneath thicknesses of earth which only numerous ages could have formed, but even before the beginning of the present geological period man existed, living among mammoths, the bears of the caverns, and other animals now extinct.

In the beginning, man having chosen some stone to sharpen struck it with another stone to separate its scales. These were the first hammer and the first axe; and as all the instruments were thus manufactured, this period of rudimentary industry has been called that of rough stone.

By degrees it was observed that certain stones could wear away others, even stronger than themselves, by continuous friction; and friction by percussion was instituted in the making of tools. In this manner axes and chisels were made, of perfect sharpness; round stones of extreme tenacity and hardness were bored, and handles inserted; smaller stones of finer substance or a more pleasing color were pierced and shaped, and became necklaces. Arms were made in the same manner. This second period of mankind has received the name of the neolithic, or the *polished stone* period.

In the beginning, or very early at least, man began to work clay into vessels of various kinds. This process was by hand during the whole of the stone age. The clay was hardened by the fingers, the impressions of which are still to be seen on the oldest pottery of the most ancient times. It required long observation on the part of the potter, and new modes of labor, ere he conceived the idea of using motive power, and learned how to construct a turning machine. And indeed this instrument seems to have been unknown during the whole of the period alluded to. But the baking of earthen vessels was practised at a very early day; for as soon as man knew how to light a fire he could see the clay break into pieces and harden in the heat. The black, red, and yellow clay, which nature supplied in many places, enabled him to color or paint these rudely formed vessels. To the still soft surface he gave polish by means of stone polishers, and engraved upon it various designs.

Then came the first metal—that is, the first common metal. This was bronze. Gold was certainly known before copper, as it is found in its native state in many countries. So also

was silver, the extraction of which is not difficult; perhaps also lead, for whenever a globule of metal was found in the ashes of the hearth, the man who found it must have sought to know from what mineral it came, and, having once made the discovery, have searched for its like in the mountains. Such substances as were produced spontaneously, in the fireplaces, by the simple heating of minerals, must have been the first discovered. Such are lead and glass. Artificial glass, generally blue, is to be found among the ornaments of the earliest times. On the other hand, it cannot be supposed that a metal the extraction of which required a very high temperature or a chemical treatment could have been discovered until much later than the others, and after long and fruitless attempts. Copper is found in its pure state, but in very small quantities. Copper pyrites resembles gold, but the metal is only extracted by complicated methods. This is true also of tin; and, finally, to make bronze of these two materials, a last fusion is necessary, which is by no means simple. The idea of alloying two metals does not at once occur to the mind, and when it does present itself the proportions to be used in the production of a new metal, more useful than either of its component parts, must be discovered.

Bronze appeared in western Europe when the manufacture of polished stone had reached its highest perfection. We have in our museums instruments of hard stone anterior to the arrival of bronze, which the workmen of to-day could not improve upon or make differently, only they would make them much more rapidly, because they have methods of labor and processes which were unknown to the earlier man. Manufactured at first in very small quantity, bronze only came into common use after a long time. Those who manufactured it, in whatever country they lived, could only part with it in exchange for objects of equal value, but of different use.

These objects of exchange must often have been lacking. As new objects were discovered a primitive commerce was created, and in fact new objects for exchange were produced, since we find by our discoveries that the quantity of bronze continued to increase; that many instruments which before had been made of stone were now made of this metal; that new instruments were invented, and that a time came when the substitution of bronze for stone was essentially complete.

The *age of bronze* coincides in its beginning with the period of polished stone. There was a transition period, in which these two substances were in competition, which belongs alike to the stone age and the age of bronze. It must not be supposed, however, that the hard stone was entirely supplanted. It was still employed for certain uses; and there are several countries where it is still in use, holding its own against bronze, and even iron. To this day, in the Hellenic peninsula, in Asia Minor, and Palestine, and doubtless elsewhere, the small, long, double-edged blades of obsidian or flint are used to cut grain and chop straw. They are the same in form as those of the age of bronze, and they are made by the same process.

In the same manner as bronze took the place of stone, a new metal later entered into competition with bronze, and gradually replaced it in all cases where it was found more serviceable. Only by the discoveries of the last twenty years, repeated in all parts of Europe, has the period of transition from bronze to iron been made known. It differs from that which is called the first age of iron, known long previously. In this latter period iron was already preferred, and only needed to be made perfect. The transition period is marked by a slow and progressive substitution of the new method for the old, and by the reciprocal influence of one upon the other. When iron first appeared in Europe it

met the same fate as bronze several centuries before. It was a rare and costly substance. It only lost its value by its increased abundance, and after it had supplied the tools, utensils, and arms, which had hitherto been made of bronze alone. The most ancient objects of iron which have been found are jewels and ornaments; for in the oldest time there were rich and poor, and those only could become possessed of objects of iron who had other objects of value to give in exchange. For a long time hatchets were made of stone, but when bronze could be procured this manufacture ceased. Bronze hatchets held sway for ages, but disappeared when iron became cheap enough to enter into competition with them.

The period of transition from bronze to iron is perfectly marked at a great number of points. There can be no doubt of this transition phase. Indeed, its mode begins to be understood, and even the routes known, over which the metals passed step by step, until they reached the most distant regions of northern Europe.

II.

It is not necessary to recite the discoveries relating to the stone age, and to the men of this truly primitive period. The savants of the early part of the century denied the existence of what was then termed the *fossil man*. Science and religion united to reject its existence. The announcement by Boucher de Perthes of the discovery of the fossil remains of a man in the ancient alluvium of the north of France was received by the one class with mockery, by the other with fanatic outcry. Soon, however, another generation of savants acknowledged its authenticity, and new discoveries of fossil man and the remains of his industry were made in all directions. The caverns of Périgord and Langue-doc were explored by Lartet, the prehistoric remains of Denmark by

Thomsen and Nilsson, the lacustrine dwellings of Zurich by Keller. Boucher de Perthes is now regarded as the founder of a new science—the connecting link between geology and archæology. This recent science is already possessed of a vast number of facts, the result of observation. Its method is established, its lines of examination are traced, and its general results are beginning to show themselves. For a long time written texts were supposed to be the only means of investigation. But the most ancient writings are in reality quite recent, when compared with the long period traversed by humanity in its infancy. The most ancient of the Greek authors—the real or supposed authors of the Iliad and the Odyssey—lived in the iron age. They recite events anterior to their period, which, if true, happened in all probability in the age of bronze.

Egypt had not yet supplied the documents we are beginning to receive. It was not known that the first four dynasties, at least, preceded the use of iron in that country. As for Genesis, even if its authenticity be admitted, its author certainly had no knowledge of the age of bronze, and consequently of the stone age; for it is said of Tubal Cain, the first worker in metals of whom there is mention, that he was “an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.” Some traditions may have been perpetuated; but the passage in the “Prometheus” of Æschylus, which speaks of the first men, their life in caverns, and the discovery of metals, is too vague a basis for scientific induction. Indeed, the ancients were not as favorably situated as ourselves for such investigation, since they possessed no written document which revealed the past, and had neither the methods which we employ nor the innumerable facts which we are receiving from all quarters of the globe, nor yet the advantages of united labor which the telegraph and railroads afford to modern science.

The Greeks made no excavations. The Romans visited a great number of

tombs, but only in avaricious search for the precious metals, which they remelted, or which disappeared with themselves. The Romish church never favored the positive sciences. The middle ages were deeply interested in the study of metallurgy, but only in pursuit of the philosopher's stone, which was to transmute all metals into gold. The spirit of modern times is truly scientific. The methods of Bacon and Descartes once applied, the march of discovery became regular and sure.

The existence of bronze tools and instruments was known to peasants and workmen, by whom they were picked up and sold, long before scientific men began to collect and form museums of them. The first collection was that of Copenhagen. Thomsen in 1836 classified the objects found in the dolmens and turf-peats of Denmark, and founded the "Museum of Northern Antiquities," the first prehistoric collection of Europe.

A Swede, Sven Nilsson, combining the labors of Thomsen with his own knowledge of the barbarous inhabitants of Oceania and other uncivilized countries between the years 1838 and 1843, created what may be termed comparative ethnology.

Thomsen and Nilsson were the first to draw a distinction between the stone age and the age of bronze; they established that in the northern countries there was an entire class of tombs in which, among skeletons and rough pottery, objects of stone were found alone, without trace of any metal. In others were found bronze objects, clearly intended for the same uses as those of stone, of which they had taken the place. In others again iron appeared, reproducing, in forms scarcely modified, the bronzes of the other burial places. It seems certain that if the men of the first series had had bronze, they would have used it in preference to stone; and that if those of the second had had iron, the use of bronze would have been abandoned. Thus was established the distinction between the three prehistoric ages.

The second step was made in Switzerland. In 1853 were discovered in the lake of Zurich, and soon after in other lakes of that country, those ancient dwellings upon piles, to which the name of *palafittes* has been given. This discovery, of immense scientific importance, was made by Dr. Keller. It confirmed the truth of the principles announced in Denmark and Sweden ten years before. These dwellings presented, not at distances from each other, but superposed, the one upon the other, evidences of the three prehistoric ages. In the upper layers of the remains iron was found mixed with bronze; in the middle layers below, bronze only, with some stone objects; finally, in the lowest layer, resting on the bottom itself, only stone objects were found, without any trace of metal. Moreover, a progressive march of civilization was shown in the improvement in form both in pottery and metallic objects. Thus the lacustrine dwellings of Switzerland proved that the three periods of ancient civilization did not belong alone to the northern, but extended also over more southerly regions.

This year, 1853, was fruitful of prehistoric discoveries. While Keller was sounding the Swiss lakes a discovery was made at Villa Nova, near Bologna, of a burial ground (necropolis) which was announced to be, perhaps a little hastily, proto-Etruscan. It was carefully examined and described by Count Gozzadini. The objects found in this cemetery proved that it was subsequent to the last bronze period, but anterior to the Etruscans. These discoveries established the existence of the first *age of iron*.

In this manner the past and present of mankind are chained together by successive links. Reaching back from age to age, its history touches that of unpolished stone, and beyond extends a long series of years, ending in man of the quaternary, perhaps even tertiary period; in a word, to a geological period anterior to that in which we are living. Here begin the scientific theories, like those of Darwin, upon the

origin of the human race and the animal form which preceded and gave birth to it.

III.

THE places where the products of our early industry in bronze have been found may now be named. The depositories in France and Savoy are numerous. We divide them into two groups: the visible and the hidden depositories. The first are grottos, dolmens, and palafittes or lake dwellings; the second, treasure-keeps, foundries, isolated stations, and places of burial in the open field.

It is known that the first habitations of man were caverns, and that he dwelt in them not only during the whole of the stone age, but also during that of bronze. These grottos of habitation are found through Europe. The most interesting are those of middle France, and those on the banks of the Meuse. These latter offer the advantage of three separate levels, corresponding to the three successive heights of the stream upon which they opened. The highest grottos present superposed the one over the other, layers of human débris of three consecutive epochs: those of metal, of polished stone, and of rough stone. This last is not met with in the other layers, which were then submerged, for the Meuse at Dinant was not less than three leagues in width. It presents, mingled with human remains, bones of the mammoth, the hyena, the bear, and reindeer, all animals then common in France and Belgium. The dwellers in these caverns made earthen vessels, but, although they were acquainted with the use of fire, they did not bake them. It has been estimated that during the mammoth period the width of the Meuse at Dinant fell from twelve kilometres (eight miles) to four hundred yards, which is the distance to the middle caverns. It is to-day not over thirty yards. The middle layers, which lie below those of the mammoth, corre-

spond with the reindeer epoch. Polished stones appear, but no trace of metal; the pottery is of hand manufacture, and unbaked.

The third layer, corresponding to the lower caverns on the present bank of the Meuse, is that of the period of polished stone. This is of the epoch of the dolmens and of some of the lacustrine villages of Switzerland, Savoy, and Italy. The stone hatchets are polished, and pierced for handles. The pottery is baked. At this time bronze made its appearance, and while rare in Belgium, its remains are found in abundance in the southern regions.

The caverns of the bronze age in France and Savoy are of two kinds: those used for dwelling places and natural or artificial sepulchres. The inhabited grottos of the south are met with along the rivers, and belong generally to the period of transition from polished stone to metal. They are few in number. Among the most important are those of Saint Saturnin, a great neolithic station above Chambéry, Savigny near Albens, La Salette and La Louvresse in the Isère.

The people of the neolithic period, which saw the arrival of bronze, seem to have inhabited the plains on the river borders.

When the water was calm, and the level subject to few variations, as near the lakes, man went further; he left the land and built dwellings in the water upon piles. These are not to be met with on the rocky borders of the lakes, because the water is too deep, but they are found on the sand or earth beaches, where the water is shallow, which somewhat resemble the fords of streams. What motives drove man to this isolation in the middle of lakes? This question cannot yet be answered, but it is hoped that recent observations will admit of a solution of the problem. Be this as it may, we know that this custom existed for a long period, because the palafittes of the Alps not only include remains of the bronze age proper, but of those

which preceded it, and of that which shows the arrival of iron. There are palafittes of the stone age in the Lake of Zurich, of the age of bronze in Lake Lemán, of the age of iron in Lake Neufchâtel; and each of these periods is perfectly identified. Some of these lacustrine habitations belong to the two epochs of transition, which mark the beginning and the end of the age of bronze, and clearly show that the habit of dwelling upon the water was uninterruptedly continued during a long period of time.

In the stone age natural grottos were already used as sepulchres, while other caverns served for dwelling places. This custom continued until the arrival of bronze. This is proved by the "Grotto of the Dead," near Sauve (in the Gard). Its existence was known in 1795, but it was only explored in 1869.

The artificial sepulchral grottos have received the name of *covered alleys*. They are especially to be met with in Provence, hollowed in the masses of limestone, which are found in such numbers in the fertile plains near Arles. One of them, the grotto of Cordes, was considered in turn to be a Gallo-Roman cavern, a Saracen prison, a Druid monument, and finally a sepulchral grotto of Asiatic or Phœnician origin.

The dolmens were for a long time, and without reason, considered to be Druid altars. Since they have been found not only in western Europe, but throughout Europe, and even in Africa and Asia, new theories have sprung up. These monuments, to which the name of megalithic has been given, belong almost wholly to the period of polished stone. Many even are of the period of the beginning of bronze. As a rule, the northern are the oldest, and it seems from the quantity of bronze found in them that their age diminishes as they are found further south. This, however, indicates rather that bronze brought from the Mediterranean countries reached the north only by slow degrees. The number of

dolmens in the south of France in which bronze has been found is one hundred and forty-seven, nearly all situated near the Mediterranean. Those of Brittany generally belong to the neolithic period. From this it appears that there was either in the Mediterranean, or the region beyond, a country whence bronze was brought, the use of which gradually spread toward northwestern Europe.

We may now examine the various deposits which have been hidden under ground, and which have been discovered by chance. They are of two kinds, *foundries* and *treasure-keeps*, to which may be added certain stations or centres of habitation not yet well determined, and a great number of burial places that are in no manner indicated on the surface. A foundry is generally nothing more than a simple cavity dug in the soil, which contains merely the materials, in greater or less completeness, of a worker in bronze—ingots of metal, crucible buttons, blocks, slag, fragments of objects which have been used, or objects themselves injured and unserviceable, and finally crucibles, moulds, pincers, and sometimes new objects, fresh from the mould and unfinished. Such foundries have been discovered at many points in Europe, but particularly in France, Savoy, and Germany.

The foundry at Larnaud is an excellent example. From it there were taken fourteen hundred and eighty-five pieces, evidently of the close of the age of bronze. The most striking point of all these foundries is their general uniformity. They are usually found near the banks of rivers, and were probably not far from centres of population. They seem to mark the passage or sojourn, during a period more or less extended, of workmen belonging to a single caste, who had no fixed habitation in the country, as native workmen would have had. In fact these foundries are all in isolated situations, and no trace of any dwellings is to be found in their neighborhood. It cannot be denied that dwell-

ings may disappear, wooden houses be reduced to dust, and even the stones used in them be dispersed, and elsewhere used; but there are products of human industry which never disappear, and which give evidence of man in even the most remote ages. Such is earthenware, and beyond all broken pottery. Their persistence is such that a close examination of the soil which contains these fragments is often enough to establish the site and extent of cities which have been lost for numerous centuries.

The foundries of the neolithic period are never surrounded by their débris. Until now there is no exception to this rule, save in the lacustrine cities, where metals were worked on the spot; but even in these the natives of the country had been taught by travelling workmen.

This instruction seems the more probable from the existence of certain inhabited centres, to which the name of *stations* has been given. Those known are of narrow limits, and are generally found on the line of rivers, as we find on the banks of the Saône, between Châlons and Tournus, but there are some in isolated situations. The most important of these are Saint Pierre-en-Chastre in the forest of Compiègne. When examined in 1860 it supplied five hundred objects in bronze. These were then supposed to belong to the armies of the Gauls; but since, under the new distinction established by science, it is settled that they were all anterior to Cæsar; that there were few or no arms, and that all the bronze objects corresponded with other deposits of this age throughout Europe. A careful study results in the conclusion that the station of Saint Pierre had existed for ages, and probably saw, if not the arrival of bronze in France, at least the best days of this metal, and the beginning of the age of iron.

The interest of these stations pales, however, before that of the treasure-keeps, which appear to demonstrate the reality of the wandering forgers or workers in metal, the idea of which

the forges themselves seem to suggest. The most important of these have been found in the Alps, in the mountain passes, others near Moulins and Gannat, two in the Meurthe, one near Sarrelouis in Alsace; in all twenty-nine in France, comprising thirteen hundred and fifty pieces.

These treasure-keeps are composed of entirely new objects which have never been used, sometimes several attached together, and taken a number at once from the same mould. They are found in little cavities, hollowed out expressly to receive them, in which their owners seem to have concealed them for short periods of time. Generally these treasure-keeps, those of the Alps at least, are found in high places, not far from the passes frequented by travellers passing from one country to another. Nothing in the neighborhood indicates either a foundry or even a station of any kind; the places are totally uninhabited. Can these deposits be held to be anything more than collections made for trade? Were they not concealed in these hiding places by the very men who in the valleys melted and recast the deteriorated products of their own industry? Everything points to this as the true origin of these treasure-keeps, and it only remains to determine the route which these workmen took to know whether they passed from France into Italy or from Italy into France.

IV.

THE industries of the bronze age, the existence, nature, processes, and relative epochs of which are revealed to us by a comparison of their deposit remains, must now be examined. Among them there were certainly some that were indigenous. No doubt man in these ancient times constructed his own dwellings, which were made of wood after the period when he left the caverns. Those which were on land disappeared, leaving no trace behind; the lake houses also have been utterly destroyed, but the piles at least upon

which they were raised remain. Those of the epochs anterior to the use of metal were nearer the bank, and projected less from the water bottom. The others were built beyond the first, and in Savoy have a much more marked projection by which they are readily distinguished. The pieces of wood which rested on the piles and formed the flooring were fastened to them by bolts and mortises. With stone hatchets and chisels, quite large pieces of wood could be cut and fashioned; planks were made by hewing the trunks of trees. The stone saws are only a few inches in length, and those of bronze not over ten inches; neither was fit for any but the smallest work. Some specimens of this work have been taken from the lakes of Savoy. They consist of spoons, tool handles, spindle shafts, wooden shoes, a porringer with a handle, a piece of a bucket. A great number of these instruments in earthenware, to which the Italian name *fusailles* has been given, indicate that spinning and weaving were extensively practised. The use of the small cones which are found pierced with a hole through their axis was long a matter of dispute; but since the discovery of a perfect spindle at the lake of Bourget, no further doubt is possible. We have personally examined the obvious remains of wood worn away in the holes of several spindles found at Troy by Mr. Schliemann. With these spindles of wood and earthenware, thread of fine quality was produced, as is proved by the small size of the eye in many of the bronze needles. The flax then employed was the narrow leaf variety, different from that we now cultivate. Of the weaving art, there are examples of baskets of rush, cane, and wicker, fish-nets, and large screens used on the inner walls to support the coating.

The local industry which has left most traces in the deposits of bronze, except in treasure-keeps and foundries, is that of clay modelling. The pottery of the first epoch of stone was not baked, but only dried in the sun. Baking was introduced during the age

of polished stone, and was constantly improved during the whole of that of bronze. The oldest vessels of this period were badly baked; often burned on one side and hardly touched by the fire on the other. It was only at the close of the bronze period, when iron had already begun to take its place, that the use of the potter's wheel began. Nevertheless the earlier vessels were in considerable variety. There were water vessels, drinking cups, lamps made on the same principle as those of the Greeks and Romans, and even cheese moulds pierced with little holes like those of our day, which prove that even in ancient ages men were acquainted with the manufacture of this wonderful nutriment.

The ornamentation of pottery deserves special mention, its transformation aiding in determining chronological points. The coarse pottery of the stone age bore no other ornament than straight lines engraved by a pointed instrument in zigzags, more or less irregular in design. Later, these designs became more regular, and took geometrical forms, the lines being traced in parallels by instruments having several points. Concentric circles was a form in use throughout Europe during the epoch of bronze. Crosses, simple and multiple, or enclosed in a circle forming a wheel with spokes, stars, and triangles vary as years rolled along. Sometimes these figures are not engraved, but imprinted by a stamp either of metal, earthenware, or stone. The *swastika*, a cross with bent elbows, and the *meander*, which is a succession of the swastikas, are met with at the transition period between bronze and iron. During the first iron age, and later in the times of known history, this figure became of great importance to the Aryan race. Its appearance in the age of bronze is therefore an interesting fact. At this time also the potters began to paint their wares with red or yellow ochre, or with that black color which, improved, became a feature in the ceramic art of the Greeks. In addition to these, the lacustrine people were skilful in an

art which later fell into disuse. On the black background of certain vessels in fine clay, they applied thin leaves of tin, cut in narrow strips, which they fixed with rosin in various and brilliant designs. The origin of this metallic ornamentation will probably be found in the East.

The material used in the foundries has been alluded to. Until the present day only a small bit of copper mineral has been found, and nowhere in Europe is there any trace of a furnace or apparatus for the extraction of metal. It is just to suppose, therefore, that metal to have been imported either in a rough state or already shaped. Ingots of bronze are met with wherever the founders have made their stations. They are in the form of small square bars, or hammers, with a hole by which to hang them, near the middle. No pure copper and very little tin is to be found, while all over Europe bronze had the same component parts. This uniformity of alloy, established by analysis, proves an identical origin, and that it was all imported.

Besides ingots and crucibles, large numbers of moulds have been found of various substances and forms, none of them capable of holding but a small quantity of metal. Their forms and dimensions are the same throughout Europe.

The objects manufactured by these rudimentary methods may be divided into three classes: tools and utensils, arms, and ornaments. Hatchets, chisels, knives and gouges used in carpentry, sickles, saws with handles, drills, and jewellers' pincers are the articles most commonly found. To these must be added razors, first made of hard stone, then of bronze, and finally of iron. Their form was different from those now in use; they were semicircular, with the blade on the inside of the curve.

Was the horse domesticated when bronze made its appearance? If not, it would be difficult to explain the vast number of bones which we find in certain stations of the first period of stone. At Solutré, near the Saône above Mâcon, there were found

one hundred thousand skeletons of horses which had evidently served for food. The bits found show the progress of domestication; they are found in the piles of the lake of Bienne, and throughout France. The oldest bits are in two pieces, movable one upon the other in the middle of the animal's mouth. Later two outer pieces are pierced by a cross-piece. This, as is well known, is not so severe in its action as the broken bit. It appears, therefore, that in the age of stone the horse, half tamed, was raised for food; that, thoroughly subjugated in the second period, he was mounted and perhaps harnessed; and that finally in Italy, at the close of the age of bronze, he was docile enough to be guided by a simple rein.

Arms form an interesting part of our bronze collections. They are found everywhere in Europe and Asia. The same order of transition from stone to bronze and bronze to iron is again observable. France has already supplied six hundred and fifty swords and poignards of bronze, Switzerland eighty-six, Sweden four hundred and eighty. They are found in every part of Europe. In the dolmens and sepulchral grottos of Languedoc and the palafittes of Neufchâtel and Varèse arrow-heads of bronze have been found. In the second period of the age of bronze, metal armor—helmets, shields, and perhaps even cuirasses—were manufactured. Before, they had been made of leather and wooden plates. The art of forging the metal was added to that of expanding and shaping it under the hammer. To this period the name of "the period of the smith" has been given. This art was also applied to the improvement of weapons and tools, and to ornamentation of various kinds. Pins have been found by hundreds. The foundry of Larnaud has given two hundred and fourteen bracelets, the lake of Bourget more than six hundred, the dolmens of the south of France great numbers. The oldest are oval, the latest round. The great neck-ring, called *torques* by the Romans, only appears in the iron

age. Finger rings are rare in Europe, but rings, small chains, and earrings are found everywhere in great numbers; eardrops are a curious branch of these ornaments, and so also armlets, to which the name of *rouelles*, or fillets, has been given. These objects, as well as a number of pin-heads, are clearly symbolical in their character; and here it may be said that these symbolical figures are the only indications of the existence of any religion in the bronze age. We may add that they are not indigenous, but had their origin in Asia. So also of the *sistres* (timbrels), tubes, or hollow metal stems, from which hung nine or twelve rings, and fastened on the end of a wooden stick in the fashion of a lance-head. Many have been preserved, of which two were found in France, three at the lake of Bourget, the others at Christiania, Vladimir, and Yaroslav. These timbrels do not resemble those of Egypt, but those of the priests of Buddha, who themselves derive theirs from an ancient Aryan tradition.

V.

THE general conditions of the problem, the origin of metallurgy in Europe, have been submitted. By the facts enumerated and described one by one in the great work of M. Chantre, and the specimens in our museums, the problem may be henceforth considered to be thoroughly stated, the method to be followed perfectly defined, and the search for primitive bronzes and a careful study of the depositories whence they are taken to be the principal if not the only means of progress toward solution. The immense labor, the summary of which has been given in a few pages, began forty years ago, and has only been actively and generally pursued for about twenty years.

Europe has still something to say, but there is a general feeling to-day that the origin of metallurgy must be sought for beyond its frontiers. It already appears that it is in Asia, and

probably in southeastern Asia, that metals were first produced; but to discover this with certainty it is necessary, by investigations analogous to those made in Europe for the last twenty years, to trace the routes which the industry and traffic in metals have followed.

These routes, at least so far as bronze is concerned, will doubtless converge toward a single point. Assuredly if southern India and Tartary simultaneously supplied this metal, we should see in the different collections of Europe two different types, and probably two different alloys. The contrary is the fact. With small local differences, the products are the same in all the western countries, from Sicily to the extremities of Sweden and Russia. The composition of the bronze, known by a number of recent analyses in which the approximation has often been made to the ten-thousandth, is the same everywhere; the industrial processes are identical. Everywhere also the three successive epochs of the age of bronze are found. Such uniformity at a period when the races which peopled Europe were as yet wholly distinct from each other, and the fact that there was no tin in Europe except in Cornwall, where there is no trace of any working of it at this early period, and likewise no working of copper, are surely reasons enough to establish the foreign origin of metallurgy.

To establish the point of departure, the process of elimination may be now adopted. It will be shown that neither Caucasia, nor Tartary, nor Egypt could have supplied old Europe with bronze. Narrowing the circle, we shall be led to look upon Asia Minor as the way by which the traffic in bronze passed, and India as its place of origin. But India is extensive. From Cape Comorin to the Himalayas the distance is as great as that from Marseilles to St. Petersburg. India, however, does not produce its own bronze, but imports it from without. The peninsula of Malacca and Banca are to-day the great centres of production

of this metal. To this point the process of elimination leads. It cannot be said to be an error, but after all it is but a probable hypothesis. Some learned men have endeavored to solve this problem by means of written texts; unfortunately the most ancient texts are modern in comparison with these remote periods. There are no other methods to pursue but the observation and comparison of facts. Europe may be divided into three groups, the Uralian, Danubian, and Mediterranean, and each one of these groups into provinces.

The relative condition of the industry of bronze in the provinces of each group may be determined by the relation of the layers in which it is found. The nature of the objects themselves shows the successive phases of the industry.

Now, as the first bronzes bartered for amber, furs, and other local products of the stone polishers, were jewels and amulets, by comparisons the march of this traffic in jewels may be traced from country to country in each province. Next arms made their appearance, the propagation of which may be traced in like manner. At last the era of the smithy arrives, when bronze was hammered after fusion. These three series of observations upon the thousands of specimens preserved in public and private collections, will show that the Uralian group connects itself directly with Asia; that the Danubian provinces received bronze from the middle or lower regions of the Danube, while those of Savoy, France, and a part of Switzerland came from Italy by the Alpine passes. To the Danubian industry belong the bronzes of Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, and in a great measure those of England and Ireland. The Italian industry first filled the basin of the Rhone, entered on one side into Savoy, on the other passed around the Cévennes, then penetrated the north of France, and reached even to Great Britain. This the facts demonstrate. In what manner was metallurgy propagated? The foundries and treasure-

keeps answer the question, although incompletely. The foundries show us foreign workmen installing their little shops in the open field, not in inhabited centres, but in their neighborhood. Without any permanent residence, they passed no doubt from one place to another. There they remelted old objects and cast them anew. The waste was made up from the bronze which they carried with them in ingots or bars. The treasure-keeps singularly resemble the stock in trade of travelling peddlers. How otherwise account for those which are found in mountain passes at uninhabited elevations? But then these keeps also indicate that their unfortunate owners did not return to them, but fell victims elsewhere to violence or misery. And why is it that the foundries contain their moulds, crucibles, ingots, and broken objects for recasting? Why did the workmen leave these things behind on their retreat? Was it not because they were victims of hatred and avarice? It must not be forgotten that on the testimony of Herodotus there existed in his day a kind of corporation or caste, composed of wandering founders, who came from Asia. During the entire middle ages these strangers, of another type than the men of the West, frequented our towns and villages. Their nomad life, their unknown language, their strange customs, and their religion, which seemed to be paganism, rendered them the objects of distrust and hatred, although their services were in need. They were killed without pity. Modern industry has almost banished them from the most civilized countries, but they still wander over eastern, southern, and northern Europe, and all Asia. They come as the bronze founders, and install themselves for a few days in the fields near inhabited centres. In each country they bear a different name: Tsiganes in Hungary, Zingari in Italy, Bohemians in France, Gyphtes or Egyptians in Greece, Gypsies in England, Gitanos in Spain. They do not compete with each other; they form a corporation governed by

a single head. From this chief, who resides at Pesth, they receive their metal, and this chief himself receives it from another, who resides at Temeswar. But where does he receive it from?

It is probable that a comparison of the facts of the bronze age and the habits of these modern tinkers will help to discover the roads followed by ancient metallurgy. The ways of commerce in places which the great inventions of our time have not yet penetrated are not much modified. Processes are perpetuated in the East; the same castes always furnish men to the same trades. Now it is known that the Tsiganes are of Indian origin; we also know that castes were not established in the time of the Veda, but there were already classes of workmen among whom the founders held an important place; but were these founders of the Aryan race? Were they of that great conquering nation which in its march to the southwest had not yet reached the valley of the Ganges nor passed the Saraswati? The problems extend and multiply, and the importance is now seen of pursuing beyond Pesth, where the last meeting of the Anthropological Congress was held, the researches which have been made for a quarter of a century in the West.

The point of departure of the Italian current is no better known. Excavations have thoroughly demonstrated that the industry of the Rhone came from Italy, and that Italy made much more rapid progress than countries more to the northward; but the industry of bronze no more originated in Italy than in France or Savoy. By which road did the founders penetrate the peninsula? Did they come by way of Greece or the islands? And when it has been demonstrated that they came by Greece, and that Greece preceded Italy in civilization in the age of bronze, we must know whence Greece received bronze. Was it from Asia Minor, or Cyprus, or Egypt, or some other country? The Adriatic

once passed, the problem presents itself entire, since no excavations have yet been made beyond this sea. The discoveries made at Santorin, and beyond all the great excavations made by Mr. Schliemann at Troy and Mycenæ, throw bright rays of light upon the subject, but are not yet sufficient. The question can only be solved by new excavations at a vast number of points in the Hellenic peninsula, in the islands and over the immense surface of Asia. In these countries in fact should be found the commercial equivalent bartered by the men of the West in exchange for the bronze brought to them by the Orientals. These objects must consist in great measure of yellow amber, a precious substance which retains its natural conditions without alteration both in earth and in the tombs.

A comparative study of religions will supply a useful contingent. We already know that the symbolic figures on certain bronzes found in the West belong to the Aryan race, and come from Central Asia or India. Such are the swastika, the cross, wheel, crescent, disk, star, and numbers. Wherever these are found they will serve as landmarks on the world's map, to show the course of the metallurgic roads.

Linguistics may supply some assistance; not much perhaps, as the names given by the Aryans of the West to metals have not always the same signification as in the East. However this may be, it is to-day admitted that the metallurgic roads of Europe, those of the Danube, of Italy, and the Rhone, leave the European continent and converge toward an Asiatic centre not yet determined; but it is also admitted that the epoch when bronze was introduced into Europe among the people of the neolithic period still remains a geologic epoch that cannot be described in any known chronology. Can its date ever be established or approximated to? There is no certainty, but there is hope.

JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS.

FITZ JAMES AND THE WIDOW.

CHAPTER I.

"SO we do not love each other any more, Alice, do we?" said the soldier gravely.

"No, Cuthbert. I am afraid not," said the widow.

"We are not too old, Alice?"

"No, but we are seared. We took our heart-break young."

"I love my early ideal, and I fear I always shall," said Cuthbert sighing.

"Yes," said Alice, "but that is not me. I dream of my slender cadet sometimes, but that is not you."

"Have you ever loved since, Alice?"

"No. Have you?"

"Yes. I have loved temporarily; I have had flirtations and fancies. No man can keep woman out of his life entirely; but I have not loved as I loved you."

He felt himself that it was queer that he could talk so coolly to this beautiful woman, once so dearly loved. He felt as if she were somebody else—the sister, perhaps, of a dead love. She was, however, only the same woman, a few years further on, in the prime of her beauty; more attractive in every respect than she had been—one of the delicate brunettes who grow more beautiful as they grow older.

Alice had contradictory elements in her beauty, as she had in her character. She had exquisitely feminine eyes and mouth, but a brow and chin which were somewhat masculine. Her eyes seemed to reveal something which her mouth was keeping in check. Her mouth, too, mobile and almost sensuous, occasionally counteracted the large, contemplative brown eyes; and the mental and moral tone of this mixed nature, too intellectual to be easily contented with ease, luxury, and fashion, too sensuous again to be contented with mere thought and brain work, was as puzzling as the external appearance.

She had loved Cuthbert when both were young. They went through all the delirium and joy of loving and all the subsequent grief of separation. Nor had it killed them, any more than it has done many another pair of lovers.

But it had seared them. It had injured them both, perhaps more than either knew. Alice's mother, good worldly woman, married her daughter, whom she had rescued from the impetuous cadet, to rich, respectable Mr. Ludlow; and she had calmly preached down her daughter's heart by such arguments as this: "Poverty, my dear, and a frontier post; Cuthbert brought home shot by a poisoned arrow; nothing left but his old uniform—no, indeed, I will not countenance such folly! Alice, you will marry Mr. Ludlow." And so Alice, after a year of weeping, and a sort of fatigued feeling that she did not care what became of her, did marry Mr. Ludlow. She made him a gentle and faithful wife. He wanted her to be quiescent, luxurious, handsome—she was all of these. There was a sweet, lovable, pure unselfishness about her which fitted her for the rôle, and Mr. Ludlow adored her. He would have had no use for any sentimental love-making, and so they got on together, as the phrase is, very comfortably.

When he died in the prime of a vigorous manhood Alice was shocked, and perhaps wept more to think that she had not loved him better than at any other feeling.

Rich, free, young, and beautiful! Women courted her, men made love to her. It was the life to which a French novelist says a woman should be born. She enjoyed it for a year or two, and then, although she was no moralist, she found that it began decidedly to pall. She began to ask herself if she really had a heart.

It was with no little excitement then,

that she heard that Cuthbert, her old first love (now a general, a great man), had come back from western wilds, and that she should meet him at dinner at Mrs. Carmichael's.

She put on her most becoming dress, and wore a white rose in her hair. The glass gave back an image that was not discouraging. Alice was more beautiful at thirty than she had been at nineteen. She went to the dinner. Near the fireplace stood a tall, bronzed man—a different man from the slender cadet she had loved; yet the same, improved in every way—her taste acknowledged that—but her heart? It did not throb. No; she probed it, and there came back no pain, no joy; it was no longer capable of feeling, except the dull thud of disappointment at its own insensibility.

And Cuthbert's tone to her, full of interest, full of admiration, full of kindness as it was, told her that he too was quite content to do without her. His love was dead.

But they talked as old friends, and finally of their dead romance.

"I have saved your letters, Alice," said Cuthbert kindly, "and they are so beautiful that I want to give them back to you. I think you have the literary gift, and should put pen to paper. When shall I come and see you, and bring them?"

And so, in a cool and indifferent way, these people, once so much to each other, had looked over the old letters. They were indeed good specimens of their kind, for they astonished the writer of them, and agreeably. Our old letters do not often do that. We wonder that we could have been such fools. Alice wondered that she had been—a genius.

"There is something in your character, Alice," said Cuthbert slowly, in an indifferent way, "that I think you have never fathomed yet. I discover it a little in these old letters; it is a quality I do not quite like. Of course I did not see it when I loved you; no man sees anything then but the goddess, the creature to be worshipped.

But I see it now, and I believe you would do well to try and see it, and to correct it."

"What is it?" said Alice absently, turning the old letters over in her hand.

"It is a sort of desire for the unreal; a sort of poor ideal; a craving for an unhealthy excitement. I am afraid that it is the cause of the discontent you feel. I am afraid it may bring you to trouble yet."

Alice looked up at him a little astonished.

"I think I have had my trouble already," said she simply, looking at the old letters.

For a moment Cuthbert felt touched, and he leaned over and took her hand. It was a lovely hand—long, straight fingers, with filbert nails and dimpled joints, and it was as cool as a fresh fruit.

"Yes, Alice, we took our heart-break young; but we are happier now than if we had married. The life of hardship to which I should have dragged you would have broken you down. I should not have seen this beautiful and well preserved woman."

"Oh, do not say 'well preserved'; it is such a *mummy* word," said Alice.

"You are no mummy, Alice, either in looks or feelings; indeed, we are both more apt to love well and *really* now than ever. But you will never write such letters to any other man as you have written to me. There can be no second spring for last year's appleblossoms such as these were. Therefore, as we have a sacred memory between us, let us be good friends. Alice, I mean to marry now. I am ready for it. I can place my wife in a position of the best. You shall help me find her. Good principles, good education, a quiet and amiable temper—these are the qualifications which I demand in the future Mrs. Cuthbert. I would rather she were *not* handsome. I do not want an attractive wife, one so beautiful that other men will adore her. No, I want a quiet bird of soft, gray plumage and a sweet note."

Here the speaker paused, for a full, rich, clear voice in the next room sang,

"The birds were singing in every bush,
At five o'clock in the morning."

The voice was as fresh as the verses.

"Who is that?" said Cuthbert.

"Oh, my niece Adelaide. She is singing to Fitz James."

"And who is Fitz James?"

"An Englishman who has been presented to me this winter—superbly handsome, and himself a charming singer. Stop a moment, and I will bring them to you."

As she rose and walked out of the room, she dropped one of the letters. Cuthbert took it and put it in his pocket, looking as he did so at the tall, swaying figure, the beautiful little head, the graceful movement of the woman he had once loved.

The songs ended, and Mrs. Ludlow reëntered with a pretty blond girl, her niece Adelaide Gracie, and with them Mr. Fitz James.

"Truly a handsome fellow," said Cuthbert to himself.

"You sing well, Miss Gracie," said Cuthbert sincerely.

The girl blushed and cast up at him a pair of gray eyes with longest lashes. They were Adelaide's whole stock in trade. She was not beautiful like her aunt, yet her eyes were something to be thankful for: magnetic, appealing eyes, eyes that asked for mercy. Cuthbert felt the glance, and smiled to himself as he thought how much she was like the woman he had just described.

Fitz James and the widow! Yes, that was probable. He sat by her, pouring glances into her face, listening rather than talking, and Cuthbert furtively watched them. Alice was another woman, not the one he had known and loved many years ago. She was vivid, animated, gay; she gesticulated like a Frenchwoman. This man, whose smile was like sunlight, seemed to be her inspiration. Alice was in love, so Cuthbert thought—perhaps.

When he rose to go away Alice looked out of the window at his re-

treating figure. "How fine, how erect, how military that figure is," she said to herself. "How well he walks; yet how uncomplimentary he has grown; how masterful; it is not strange that I do not love him now. My instinct was correct. I feared, when I met him, that the old pain would come back. No, it has gone; it has died. What sort of a woman does he want for a wife? That was not me whom he described. And my great fault which he referred to—what was it?" So she mused.

Fitz James rejoined the widow at the window.

"You pay General Cuthbert a great compliment," said he. "You watch him further than you can see him."

"An old friend, Mr. Fitz James—a very old friend."

"And likely to be reinstated, I should say," said Fitz James.

"No, never," said Mrs. Ludlow, shivering a little. "I was thinking as he walked away how much he has improved since last I saw him, and how much less I liked him."

Fitz James gave the widow a searching glance. "You strike me as a woman who has never loved anybody," said he.

It was a commonplace remark—one which men are fond of making to women—but it struck the widow. She remembered those passionate weeping days when her mother tore her from Cuthbert. But was not that a child's grief for a broken toy? What was she then, compared with what she was now? Could her heart respond to that memory? No. But were there not unsearched depths in it of which she was unaware? It was uneasy and troubled, she knew, but she must answer Fitz James.

"Never loved anybody?" said she. "I loved that man better than I did my life; but I find—we both find—that we love no longer."

"And you regret it?"

"Perhaps I do. I regret something, I know not what; but here comes Adelaide, dressed for driving.

I must go. Good morning, Mr. Fitz James."

When he reached home Cuthbert read over the letter which he had recaptured. It read thus: "I sometimes wish that life were not so easy," wrote the casuist of nineteen. "I wish I were not Alice Hascall. I wish I were the wife of a proscribed man, a felon; not an ignoble one, but a man to be pitied. I wish you were not John Cuthbert, born of good parents, sure to be a great and good man, and I your respectable, rather stupid wife" (he sighed as he thought how this forbidden dream had been dispelled). "I want to love under great disadvantages, to have my love brought out by suffering, sorrow, trial, disgrace, if you please. I long for an opportunity of embroidering my life with a tremendous self-sacrifice. You will never ask any. You will come home every night, from your duties, the most loving and comfortable of husbands, and be only too anxious to cheer me if I have had a dull day. What a namby-pamby thing that will be! I often look at married people, and see what a fatigued air they have when they are together. That is because there has been no mutual self-sacrifice to brighten up their love. Imagine me stealing through the twilight to wipe the perspiration from your brow, as you, a proscribed Italian patriot, come at the risk of your life to meet me! That stolen hour we should spend together would be sweeter—oh, how much sweeter!—than twenty years of yawning, dull, domestic breakfasts and dinners. 'Good night, my brave love,' you would say to me—'good night, and God speed you home. I must leave you to the care of the stars.' And then, as you held me to your heart, you would talk some nonsense about our looking at the same star at some acknowledged hour, and I should hold your cheek in my hand. Then we should part, but to meet again!—oh, to meet again, with such wild welcome! Yes, I hear you say, a romantic and a silly girl; but that is

my way of loving. I fear I should go mad, condemned to a cold, respectable, every-day existence, and to the questions, 'My dear, where is my overcoat, and have you seen my over-shoes?'"

Cuthbert pressed the little, old, yellow sheet of paper to his lips. "My dear old love!" said he. "She was condemned to the respectability she feared. I am afraid Ludlow asked her for his overcoat and gum shoes. She would have had her Italian patriot in me in the Indian wars, and in our frontier home. I should have often pressed her to a heart which feared to lose her more than it feared a poisoned arrow. Fate separated us, and now she does not love me! No, worldliness has captured one side of her, and this old romance, never conquered, has weakened the other side of her. We should not make each other happy now, yet—yet—how much of the old charm remains! Fitz James is wooing her, and I see that he has a thousand times my magnetism. I do not trust him. He shall not have her if he is not worthy. I am here to help her, and I shall do it whether she wishes me to do so or not." So Cuthbert mused over the old letter.

The next day the four dined together at Mrs. Ludlow's, and after dinner Adelaide sang to General Cuthbert. It was a beautiful voice, and he had a musical organization. Long expatriation on the western frontier had left his senses untried, and unspoiled he listened to this singing, as he had listened to the thrushes. Unknown to himself, there came into his heart a new feeling, an unexpected pleasure. This girl's voice found out a great undiscovered country in the General's heart—a land where flowers grew, and fountains sprang into the air, where fair women flitted about through green glades, sometimes in Watteau dresses, and through scenes of studied elegance—again through virgin forests, like Paul and Virginia. Again the voice led him through cold and northern lands, and he saw the icy sea, and

felt the wind that invigorated the Vikings. Again it took him captive, and carried him into the domain of the supernatural. Sometimes it lifted him to the stars, and he listened to the seraphs. Then it brought him to his mother's knee, and he heard again his own first prayer. Then it bore him off to the regions of despair, and he caught the wail of a lost spirit. The power of music seized upon his manly and sturdy organization for the first time, and this girl's voice was the angel of the moment. She was the St. Cecilia who unlocked the harmony of the universe. Often, too, as she sang she lifted toward him a pair of gray eyes, in whose clear and liquid light there lingered no deceit. Adelaide's eyes were as pure as the first ray of morning when it dances on the heaven-kissing hill.

But Fitz James was not only a handsome, magnetic creature; he was a singer too. His voice melted into Adelaide's, bore it aloft, sank beneath it, and took an humble but adorable second, swelled with its sweet cadences, and then with a dying fall broke the hearer's heart. Adelaide's gray eyes would look up into his as they sang together. So might they one day look into heaven, and the General began to be jealous.

At a certain stage of doubting, halting love, this intrusion of jealousy decides the question. The General's heart was but half won by the immature girl, who had this one great gift of music; but when he saw her gray eyes sweeping up Fitz James, he felt the Viking aroused within him. He determined to love her, to win her. Was she not the very quiet bird, with gentle plumage, whom he had described? Yes; she and no other should be the wife of his middle age, the mistress of his dignified home, the mother of his respectable brood. There was no Bohemian blood in Adelaide. She had, he thought, no dreams like her beautiful aunt, his first love. No, she would always be *selon les règles*. Her musical organization carried off

all that in the other woman surged and boiled beneath the surface, and agitated and perturbed the otherwise calm waters of a prosperous existence. And so Alice Ludlow looked on and saw her old lover watching her young niece with something of the ardor with which he had once looked at her. It aroused a new and strange feeling in her heart. It was not pain or jealousy; it was rather curiosity and a slight sense of wrong. Sometimes she felt as if she had seen a friend at her jewel casket, committing a genteel burglary; something of which she could never speak; but the feeling passed away, even if it had existed, for deeper and more commanding emotions took their place.

Mrs. Ludlow, the rich, fashionable, beautiful young woman, had no end of suitors, and the complications of the Penelope situation were amusement and business for her. Homage was as natural to her as the air. It neither elated or depressed her. Had it been taken away, she would have asphyxiated, but as it went on unceasingly, she did not mind it except to breathe it and to refuse all manifestations of it that were troublesome and excessive.

One of the men who had been quietly following her with a sort of modest, unspoken, yet very perceptible worship, was perhaps a little more to her than the rest. He had at least won her interest and her respect. This was a pale, young professional man, named Frank Campbell, who was just then rising to such small degree of notice as the fashionable and thoughtless society of New York accords to the man of talent. He was neither handsome nor distinguished in appearance, but he was something better. When he talked, in a low and rather halting, modest way, Alice found herself listening. When he came into a crowded hall she was always aware of it. He was very apt to get a seat by her, and she, and she alone, had noticed that wherever she was his eyes were quietly but surely finding her out. Sometimes women go through

life with this acquaintance of the eyes; it may go no further; it often stops there; and yet were either interrogated they would find that the eyes had told a long story, a volume of deepest interest, a correspondence like that of Abélard and Héloïse from their distant convents.

But Fitz James, with splendid flashing lights in his dark eyes, came boldly forward and pushed all others aside. Where and what are the modest men when such as he woo with fervor? He was handsome as Apollo; he was sympathetic, beautiful-voiced, and clever in all social arts. Fitz James sped in his wooing, and the widow became conscious and down-looking.

It was not an unexpected event to Frank Campbell when the widow announced her engagement to Fitz James. In fact, it had been hanging over him, like the sword of Damocles, all the time. Yet in his innermost soul he found that he refused to believe it.

"You must forgive me if I say I do not approve," said he, trying to laugh it off.

"But why?" said she, fixing on him those eyes which always perturbed him.

"I cannot tell. I do not think he is worthy of you."

"Oh, that old, stereotyped, fatal expression!" said she. "Let Fitz James be what he may, he is the man I love; therefore he is a prince."

"Yes, he is crowned certainly.

"The only question is, will he bear the honor well?"

"Why," said the widow—"why are we speaking thus, with bated breath, of a man whom it would be impossible to speak too well of? Why do I endure that you should thus speak of my choice, my life, my best, my future husband?"

"I don't know," said Frank. "Why do you?"

CHAPTER II.

THERE was of course much talk about the engagement of Fitz James and the widow.

He was one of those imperfectly introduced people, of whom there are always many in every great city—noticeably so in New York—who have many friends, a fashionable, but not a strong position. That he should have won the most peerless woman of the moment, the rich, fastidious, well-born and well-bred Mrs. Ludlow, of course brought him into dangerous prominence. Who is he, and what is he? became the question.

His own account of himself was simple enough: a good family in England, a small fortune early spent or lost, no matter how, but gone; a weak mother, a cruel stepfather, and the new world tried as a possible hopeful future. Such was his own very probable commonplace story.

"There are to be added to this, Alice," said he, "a long list of follies and sins, many of which may come back to scourge me; but, so help me God, there is not one that really renders me unworthy of you except so far as I am all unworthy of you. There are one or two events in my life of which I would like to speak——"

But here a generous hand was pressed over his lips.

"No, Fitz James; I forbid confessions. We must come together with a strong determination to believe in each other, and shut the gate of the past. I am content to look in your eyes and believe what I read there. I love you so thoroughly that I will take, in the first place, what all women take in marriage—a *great risk*; in the second place, to take without suspicion or curiosity your past, with which I have no connection. All natures must approach each other with intense belief, intense confidence, or there can be no happiness in marriage. My most intimate friend, Mrs. Carmichael, the most faithful of wives, the purest and least coquettish of women, suffers from the unbelief of her husband. He is so notoriously, unreasonably jealous that she has no peace of her life. What reward has she for her virtuous life? None. She

never knows whether he is to receive her with a frown and a stab, or a smile and a caress. From that example I have learned the folly of jealousy. You need tell me nothing. I shall believe in you, and take you always at your highest note. It is the only plane on which to contemplate matrimony, that most complicated of all relations.

Fitz James gave her one of those looks for which he was famous, so brimful of tenderness, so fervent, pathetic, grateful, that it would have satisfied any woman.

It more than satisfied that generous heart, so full of romance and simplicity, so avaricious of blame, so hungry for an opportunity to forgive. The overflowing nobility and liberality of her nature had never been appeased. Cuthbert alone had suspected it, in her early letters, but he was not broad enough or good enough to appreciate it or to understand it.

The two engagements being announced, that of Cuthbert and Adelaide Gracie, of Fitz James and the widow, there seemed to be no reason why the two weddings should not immediately follow; but Mrs. Ludlow put off the happy day.

"I have never been happy before in my life," said she. "Let us enjoy this spring-tide of feeling, coming to me too as it does late deferred, hoped for!"

And when Cuthbert hoped to name his wedding day Adelaide defeated him by falling ill, very ill, with a brain fever. This of course interrupted the course of true love, and Mrs. Ludlow gave up everything to the care of her niece.

Fitz James appeared much better through this probation than the General did. He was always ready to accept the half-hour at twilight which Mrs. Ludlow would vouchsafe him, and take her for a hurried walk. He was patient, sweet-tempered, full of *petits soins*; the General was irritable, fretful, and anxious.

Adelaide did not recover quickly or well. She went into a somnambulist

state, saw visions and dreamed dreams. Mrs. Ludlow grew pale and wan and thin in watching her. To have to take care of our friends' bodies is bad enough: to have to take care of their souls is too much.

"Aunt Alice," said she quickly, one day, as she sat in her easy-chair in a sort of trance, "to-morrow you will receive one of those *serpent rings*—one of the old queer ones, copper-colored gold, with a diamond in the head, curiously chased, and with an inscription within. I cannot read the inscription, but it will make you very unhappy."

"Will it, dear?" said her aunt soothingly, caressing her pale forehead with her soft hand—"will it? I think I should like the ring very much. You know I am very fond of old-fashioned jewelry, and I have always wanted one of the serpent rings. Why did you dream of that?"

"I did not dream," said Adelaide. "I saw it."

Mrs. Ludlow did not argue with her. She was too accustomed to the wanderings of this disturbed brain. Nor would she perhaps have remembered it but that the next day the servant brought her a little box. She opened it by Adelaide's bedside.

Out of it dropped a ring—a serpent ring—copper-colored gold, with a diamond in the head.

Mrs. Ludlow's firm hand trembled; but she was reassured by reading the legend within:

"Fitz James to his wife." "Ah!" said she, "this was no somnambulist vision, but a confidence. When have you seen Fitz James?"

But Adelaide was staring, with eyes which fairly burned, at the ring.

"Turn it," said she—"turn it away: its eyes frighten me!" But she stretched out her pale, hot hand and took it from Mrs. Ludlow.

"See here," said she. "It is a puzzle. It moves. One serpent is hidden within another." And she twisted it apart. "Read here: 'Leila. Faithful unto death.'"

Mrs. Ludlow read the legends, and put the ring back into the box.

"You shall not marry him," said Adelaide. "He has deceived you—false, faithless, heartless!" And she sank into a fainting fit.

When Fitz James came for his twilight walk, Alice pleaded indisposition and fatigue. She wanted time to think. The warning had come mysteriously and impressively. Had the ring been sent without this strange prophecy, she would have known it to be but one of those too common attacks by which the malicious seek to destroy the faith of a woman in a man. But the voice and look of Adelaide had in these attacks the authority of a sibyl.

And then came in—as so often comes through the conspiracy of destiny—a new complication. Her friend Mrs. Carmichael came to her in tears.

"I have left my home and my husband," said she, weeping quietly—the tears of despair. "This is the reward, Alice, of a virtuous life. I cannot cope any longer with a jealousy which is as persistent, intangible, but all enveloping as a cloud. I must go; and the world will always *misjudge* me. Beware of jealousy, Alice. Believe in your husband; believe in your friend; let nothing shake your confidence. Jealousy is the most wicked of tyrants." And Alice put the ring in her pocket and went down to see her lover. Never had he been more charming. All the sweet gentleness of his manner, all the felicity of his language, all the beauty of his eyes and smile, were there.

"You are pale, my dear love," said he, with a lover's kiss.

Alice shuddered. The serpent had crept into her heart.

"You are nervous, spent, weak, and worn out. I cannot allow it. You must accept some help in this nursing: it is killing you," said Fitz James. "Tell me, how is Adelaide?"

"She is better—no, she is worse. She has become a prophetess!"

"Yes!" said Fitz James quietly.

"This sort of brain trouble of hers often goes into somnambulism, magnetism, clairvoyance, what not."

"Yes," said Alice absently. "Clairvoyance—what a strange science! She foretold me something, the day before yesterday, which has happened."

Fitz James looked alarmed. He thought Mrs. Ludlow's brain was getting affected.

"Leila!" said Mrs. Ludlow, looking at him furtively—"Leila! Have you any association with that word?"

"Leila?" said Fitz James. "No: none whatever. Oh, yes! Adelaide and I sang a song together about Leila, I believe." And he looked full in Mrs. Ludlow's eyes, for he was alarmed and astonished at her abruptness, as he well might be.

In after days Alice Ludlow wondered what power had overcome her; why she had refrained from taking the ring from her pocket and showing it to Fitz James. She had yet to learn that jealousy begins by making us secretive, unnatural, and unjust.

Cuthbert now began to be allowed to see Adelaide. Her physical health was improving, but her mind was still unsettled. Sometimes she greeted him with pleasure, but often with coolness.

It was a great trial for the kind-hearted and manly soldier—not at home in a sick-room—to bear the caprices of a sick girl. But he did it with patience and with courage. Indeed, it demanded the latter as much as many a campaign had done.

Men do their fighting with tangible foes and with tangible weapons. Women do theirs with the intangible demons of darkness, and their weapons are from their own imperfect strength. May the angels help them!

CHAPTER III.

"GENERAL CUTHBERT," said Frank Campbell, "may I speak to you confidentially of our friends Mrs. Ludlow and Fitz James?"

"Certainly," said the General.

"I have had some anonymous let-

ters about him lately, coming from a woman who pretends to be his wife. They are signed 'Leila.'"

"Not a very unusual way of attacking a man, I believe," said the General.

"I am constrained to notice them more than I otherwise would," said Campbell, "from the very intimate knowledge of Mrs. Ludlow which they betray, and of Fitz James and of his life (so much of it as we know). They are written by some woman (or man) who knows us all, who has had a great reason for observing us, and who writes with an educated and accomplished pen."

"Undoubtedly some fair and frail favorite, striving for revenge," said the General, with a strange throb at his heart for which he could not account.

"Will you advise me what to do? I think Fitz James has the very face and carriage of a man to deceive a woman—that fatal softness and amiability. But Alice Ludlow is the woman to adhere to a man more closely the more he is attacked."

"I cannot approach the subject," said General Cuthbert. "I cannot advise."

But Alice Ludlow saved Campbell the trouble by going to him. She felt that strange need of a confidant—that necessity of a person to whom to speak of her trouble—which comes over the strongest. Frank Campbell's character was of the clear, pure texture which invites confidence. She told him the story of the ring—of Adelaide's prophecy.

He answered by laying the letters in her lap.

She read them all, with varying color—with lips which tightened and whitened as she read—and then, handing them back to Campbell, she gave him the box containing the serpent ring.

"Do you know," said she, "I believe in Fitz James? I believe this is a conspiracy. I know what you will say about a woman's foolish fondness. I have determined to shut jealousy

out of my heart. I ask you to keep these letters and this ring. You may do what you please to unravel the mystery, so that you do not insult the man I love; and in six months you shall tell me which is right, you or I; for I see you do not believe in him."

"No, I do not," said Frank. "I thank you for putting off the marriage. That at least is an advantage. And now tell me, how is Miss Adelaide?"

"Still in a very critical condition."

"And your friend, Mrs. Carmichael?"

"Suffering from unjust suspicions," said the widow, with a wan smile.

"Aunt Alice, I think I should like to hear some music," said Adelaide.

"Are you strong enough, dear?"

"Yes. Ask Mr. Fitz James to sing for me my own song—*Adelaide*."

For in a stormy and weeping protest Adelaide's objection to Fitz James had passed away; and she had apparently forgotten, in her half-crazed state, the episode of the ring.

So day after day Fitz James came and sang for the sick girl. Only those of a musical organization can know what a pleasure this was to her. It seemed to be bringing her back to life and strength. She would not see him—that was one of her vagaries—but let his voice float up to her through the open doors.

Fitz James, a person of acute sympathy, did not fail to notice a subtle change in the woman he loved. She was more kind, more devoted, more tender than her wont. For Alice was a reserved nature, and even to the man she loved, somewhat difficult of approach. But now she seemed to be cultivating the art of loving.

It was not possible that this subtle change of manner could escape the notice of the man who loved her. A lover is the true clairvoyant. He reads what is passing in the heart and brain by his side, sometimes with fatal clearness.

One day he interrupted her as she

was talking long and earnestly; and holding both her hands in his, he looked her full in the face.

"What is it, Alice?" said he.

It was a searching question. It went to her heart. It aroused the serpent. It was alive. It was there. She tried to speak, but she could not. Her lips were powerless. Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"What is it, Alice? What cloud has come over you? Tell me. I demand to know!"

He spoke with a man's authority, a man's passion. Alice felt that she was in the hands of her master.

"I will speak," said she, with a mighty effort. "Fitz James, I have not been so noble as my words. I have had a fit of mean and suspicious jealousy; and instead of telling you—laying the whole thing at your feet—I have kept it in my heart. Now I will tell you all. Have you any recollection of a ring—a serpent ring—a very curious copper-colored gold ring, with a diamond in the head?" And she went on to tell him of Adelaide's somnambulistical prophecy.

Fitz James grew pale, and paler. The hand which she held in both of hers was as cold as death. Yes, he was guilty. She told him of the letters, and the interview with Campbell, and he did not speak. And as he lost courage, she gained hers.

"I have not done you injustice, then, by my suspicions?" said she.

He did not speak.

"For Heaven's sake, tell me, Fitz James! do you know anything of the ring?"

"Yes," said he, "I know of the ring."

"And you have a wife; and you have deceived me; and Leila is not a song, but a woman!"

"I have no wife. I have not deceived you. I do not know 'Leila,' but I cannot explain. I prefer to remain under any suspicion, to the injustice, the pain, of explanation. Alice, you once promised to believe in me. I ask it now. I ask you to be-

lieve, in the face of everything, that I am your true and loyal lover."

Alice looked in his face. It was beautiful, romantic, appealing. "Tell me one thing," said she. "Has Mrs. Carmichael anything to do with this strange story?"

"No, nothing. But do not ask me another question! If you take me, take me on pure belief; have faith in me!"

"I will," said Alice. "I believe in you"; and she threw her brave arms around his neck.

Frank Campbell came often to see the widow, to talk about Mrs. Carmichael's case. As there was no shadow of suspicion against her, and she preferred to make no charge against her husband, they merely parted on the ground of incompatibility of temper—fortunate vague term, which means so much, and which covers such a multitude of sins!

Adelaide improved in health, but remained queer and capricious in her moods. Nothing but music seemed to soothe her irritated soul. General Cuthbert bought her a beautiful little musical box one day, which repeated for her the splendid movement in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, in which the composer seems, by a series of magnificent chords, to have risen higher and higher until the heavens opened before him.

She was not yet able to touch her piano, and her fine voice had succumbed to her physical weakness. She was a dumb nightingale, with all her music shut up in her breast, and alas, the thorn too!

To her this noble music of Beethoven was a gospel; the little musical box was preaching to her; it was telling her what to do.

Fitz James had gone a journey back to England. He had given Alice another ring, with the word "Believe" in it. He did not inquire for the serpent ring that lay carefully stored away in the office of Frank Campbell with the letters signed "Leila."

"You too look ill, Alice," said Cuth-

bert kindly, taking her hand as he emerged from Adelaide's little parlor, where she lay back in her easy chair, listening to her musical box.

"I have earned the right to look ill, Cuthbert," said she with a faint smile. "Do you remember the old letter, and your laughing at me for my romance? What did I say in the old letter about a 'cold, respectable, every-day existence, and wishing that I were the bride of an Italian patriot?' I begin to sigh for a calm existence, a day without an event. Will it ever come?"

"And you still believe?" said he.

"Firmly and fondly," said Alice.

"Then," said Cuthbert, "my early and later criticism was correct: you are a romantic and impracticable creature, but you are a very lovable one," and he kissed the hand which had come so very near being his own for ever.

There was a little groan from the room where Adelaide sat. It was low, soft, and gentle, but still penetrating. It called them both to her side.

"You love her too," said she, looking at Cuthbert. "What have I been but a little alien weed beside this chosen flower of beauty? Fitz James, who might have loved me but for her—Fitz James, whose voice was my vital breath, my native air, my Paradise—he went to you, Aunt Alice, and I but came in for what love General Cuthbert had left from his love for you. Forgive me, General Cuthbert. I have played a low and mean part; I accepted your honorable hand, loving another, and my only hope of happiness lies in the fact of your not having loved me much. I have a new lover. His name is Death. He is coming fast to claim me, and I must make my will, for I leave all of you to go with him. Aunt Alice, Fitz James gave me the serpent ring one day playfully, as a sort of payment of a bet. I caused it to be engraved with the two mottoes. I wrote all the letters signed 'Leila.' While you slept, my nurse posted them. I have been crazed; I have

been in the hands of a demon. His name is jealousy. I wanted to prevent your marriage to Fitz James, and all this is my work. He is gone; I shall see him no more. When I could not hear him sing I ceased to live. Since my little musical box came I have heard an angel speak. It has rebuked my demon. It is the angel of repentance!"

She stretched out her pale hand and touched a spring. The little box began to play the glorious ascending chords of the Fifth Symphony.

And on those mighty wings the poor, perturbed spirit took its flight. Before they knew, before they could realize her story, Adelaide was dead.

CHAPTER IV.

"I do not know that I have ever heard of a man who was more thoroughly cleared and justified than Fitz James," said Campbell to Mrs. Carmichael. "All my professional inquiries have but told the same story; and Adelaide's dying confession shows us why he could not speak."

"I wish he would come home," said Mrs. Carmichael, "for I do not like the look of Alice. This terrible shock to her nervous system, the prolonged fatigue, the natural self-reproach that follows the death of a child committed to her care—whom she understood so little—all these things are wearing upon her."

"I think Mrs. Ludlow has but one thing to really condemn herself for; and that is for being so much more attractive than her niece."

"No one could have expected such unhealthy wickedness come under the guise of a brain fever as Adelaide developed," said Mrs. Carmichael; "but still, Alice feels that she ought to have seen her preference for Fitz James."

"Do you think Fitz James made love to her?" said Campbell.

"No. I dare say he smiled, and turned his fine eyes her-ward—as all those handsome and fascinating people do, without knowing how much promise they make. The very handsome and the very fascinating are un-

consciously perjuring themselves continually; and a singer is unaccountably dangerous, particularly to another singer. I have begun to believe in Fitz James, and I shall continue to do so."

General Cuthbert had too his hours of self-reproach. He knew in his innermost soul that he had loved Alice with his best and truest affection, and that Adelaide had but sung herself into a small corner of his heart. A certain hardness, a certain belief in the lower and regulation virtues, had made him conceited in his judgments. He was blind to the nobler and more delicate shades of Alice's complex but most generous nature. As he and she looked back on the past, and with tender hands committed the girl who had been so near and dear to them to the dust, they felt not only grief, but remorse. Not a word of blame did they cast on her for her disingenuous, guilty act. They were willing to call it insanity, and to blame themselves that they had not known her better. Her good angel had come in time to save her, and death had removed her from human judgments.

When Fitz James returned General Cuthbert met him at the steamer. The two men had much to say to each other. There was the long and dreadful story of Adelaide's half mad scheme and desperate attempt to break up the marriage, and then there was the beautiful story of Alice—her truth, courage, and unselfishness.

The General had to make his confession.

"I will not deny," said he, "that I have mistrusted you, Fitz James. Men of your style are unfamiliar men to me. I ask you to forgive me for it. I can do it with a better grace too that I perhaps have now a right to feel hardly toward you, as you have unwittingly taken from me the two women whom I have loved"; and he held out his hand.

"You can see," said Fitz James, taking the generous hand—"you can see why I could not speak. Of course I

remembered giving the ring to Adelaide, innocently enough, nor can I charge myself with any love-making which should have led her to believe that I cared for her. From the first moment I met the two I loved Alice, and Adelaide, with her beautiful voice, seemed but the accompaniment of her youthful and attractive aunt."

"You remember Dean Swift's definition of the proper line to be drawn in the attentions of a man to a woman: 'Never so violent as to alarm, never so vague as to be misunderstood.'"

"A definition which he never was able to carry out," said Fitz James.

"And how did you happen to love me so well, Alice?" said Fitz James. "How could you be so brave, so trustful?"

"I don't know," said she. "Perhaps I have always been craving such an opportunity. Cuthbert used to say I had an unreal craving, a false ideal. I believe he thought I was tired of virtue, and wanted to adore a scamp; that I had a sort of ecstasy of generosity; I think too that your gentleness and amiability and charm predisposed all of them to write you down a knave, and that my pride in my own discernment came to my help; then poor Mrs. Carmichael's case gave me an immense lift, for it showed me the mistake of jealousy."

"Did you never suspect Adelaide?"

"Suspect the truth of the child I had brought up—that clear-eyed girl? Never! Ah, Fitz James, that is the problem of destiny, the great tragedy of the universe: the fact that we cannot know the characters of those with whom we live and are most intimately associated with. But I shall always believe that the disease of the brain altered her ideas of right and wrong. It was not my Adelaide."

"Let us hope so, Alice; and now let us put Fate at defiance; let us lead that life in future which shall enable us to laugh at doubt. See here! That brave fellow Cuthbert has given me one of your old letters, and I find this phrase in it: 'That stolen hour we

should spend together would be sweeter—oh, how much sweeter!—than twenty years of yawning, dull, domestic breakfasts and dinners. “Good night, my brave love,” you would say, “and God speed you home.” Now, Alice, I am about to devote myself to proving to you the fallacy of that romantic dream. I am going to give you twenty, nay, forty years of my society, if I am so lucky, and never one of *yawning, dull, domestic breakfast!* See, here is the pledge,” and he took the serpent ring from his pocket.

Frank Campbell had attended to certain little details for him, and Alice read anew the legend, brightened and improved, “Fitz James to his wife,” and within, “Alice, thou art faithful unto death.”

Alice shrank from it, for it brought painful and uncanny memories with it; but Fitz James for once insisted.

“These are the old Solomon rings, you know, dear, said to bring wisdom as well as happiness. No wisdom comes without a pang. Remember Poe’s allegory of the raven, how he makes him perch on the ‘bust of Pallas, just above his chamber door.’

The raven was Sorrow; he sought out his goddess Wisdom. Believe me, there is a medicine in the ring. We have gone through the sorrow and reached the joy. I want every time I look at this lovely hand to remember what it has ventured for me.”

And nowadays, when people watch the tranquil happiness of Fitz James and the widow, Frank Campbell tells the story of the serpent ring.

General Cuthbert fights Indians on the plains when he gets tired of civilization, and Mrs. Carmichael devotes her life to a new Adelaide, the lovely daughter who inherits her mother’s charm and her father’s voice. It seems to Alice, as time goes on, that she has given too many hostages to Fortune, and that some great sorrow must come again to her. She longs to throw some pearl into the sea, but she looks on her finger and sees two rings; one, the emblem of Wisdom, tells her to wait patiently for the revelations of the future, to arm her heart for any fate; the other simply says, in words of diamond light, “Believe.”

M. E. W. S.

TO RICHARD WAGNER.

A DREAM OF THE AGE.

I SAW a sky of stars that rolled in grime.

All glory twinkled through some sweat of fight.

From each tall chimney of the roaring Time

That shot his fire far up the sooty night
Mixt fuels—Labor’s Right and Labor’s Crime—

Sent upward throb on throb of scarlet light,

Till huge hot blushes in the heavens blent
With golden hues of Trade’s big firmament.

The workmen drove by night and snored by day:

Young Force was fain to mould all nature new;

Art, raging to reverse each fair old way,
Poor Epileptic! her sad circle drew
All zigzag—puled and laughed when she should pray.

Men’s tongues accented life’s large Word untrue—

Shouted the trifling prefix, Time, full high,

But slurred th’ Eternal Syllable, in a sigh.

Fierce burned that flame of Trade: yet
 all was well.
 Hope dreamed rich music in the rat-
 tling mills.
 "Ye Foundries, ye shall cast my Church
 a bell!"
 Loud cried the Future from the fur-
 thest hills:
 "Ye groaning Forces, crack me every shell
 Of customs, old constraints and nar-
 row ills:
 Thou, lithe Invention, wake and pry and
 guess,
 Till thy deft hand can make us happi-
 ness!"
 And I beheld high scaffoldings of creeds
 Crumbling from round Religion's per-
 fect Fane;
 And a vast noise of rights, wrongs, pow-
 ers, needs—
 Cries of new Faiths that called, "The
 Way is plain"—
 Grindings of upper against lower greeds—
 Fond sighs for old things, shouts for
 new—had reign
 Below that stream of golden fire that
 broke,
 Mottled with red, above the seas of smoke.
 Hark! Gay fanfares from horns of old
 Romance
 Open the clouds of clamor: who be these
 That, paired in rich processional, advance
 From darkness, o'er the murk-mad
 factories,
 Into yon flaming road, and sink, strange
 Ministrants!
 Sheer down to earth with many min-
 strelsies
 And motions fine, and mix about the
 scene,
 And fill the Time with forms of foreign
 mien?
 Bright ladies and brave knights of Fa-
 therland;
 Sad mariners, no harbor e'er may hold;
 A Swan soft floating tow'rd's a tragic
 strand;
 Dim ghosts of earth, air, water, fire,
 steel, gold,
 Wind, care, love, lust; a lewd and lurk-
 ing band
 Of Powers—dark Conspiracy, Cunning
 cold,
 Gray Sorcery; magic cloaks and rings
 and rods;
 Valkyries, heroes, Rhinemaidens, giants,
 gods!

Now marvels fall: each shape of yon
 wild Past
 Dissolves, as cloud will melt away
 with cloud,
 In later kindred type; the modern Last
 Explains the antique First; a mighty
 crowd
 Of gods and powers and ancient secrets
 vast
 New-live in steam and crank and lever
 loud:
 The large Norse forces smile to man, as
 mild
 As tender giants to a little child.
 Then, in my dream, those accidents of
 sight
 Passed into hearing: life was turned
 to sound:
 I heard the voice of ancient day and night
 With later voices swell, so linked and
 bound
 That never any ear could part aright
 Those threads of tune that each
 through other wound:
 And yet, O mystery of mysteries!
 All seemed to sing one Fugue in many
 keys.
 Grim songs of sinews, metals and blown
 fires
 Roared as from hot clay furnace-
 throats expressed;
 Deep hymns, of knights' and ladies'
 dear desires,
 Dull hearts of smiths and clerks made
 manifest;
 The lissome strings of Greek and He-
 brew lyres
 Twang'd out the modern Theme; East
 uttered West;
 Pale girls by spinning spools in factories
 Sang Elsa's woes and Brünhild's passion-
 ate pleas.

 O Wagner, westward bring thy heavenly
 art!
 No trifter thou: Siegfried and Wotan be
 Names for big ballads of the modern
 heart.
 Thine ears hear deeper than thine
 eyes can see.
 Voice of the monstrous mill, the shout-
 ing mart,
 Not less of airy cloud and ware and tree,
 Thou, thou, if even to thyself unknown,
 Hast power to say the Time in terms of
 tone!

SIDNEY LANIER.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

IT argues well for the morality and intelligence of the American people that the one thing of all others for which they are always ready is *reform*. There have been people so wedded to the fashions of their fathers, so firm in the conviction that the way in which things always had been done was the way in which they always ought to be, that any suggestion of improvement was received with distrust, and could only win approval, if at all, at the end of long argument, and after conflict with deep-rooted prejudice. Whatever their other failings, *that sin* cannot be laid at the door of our people. On the contrary, it may often be doubted whether we are not too ready to condemn the old, and to welcome any change as necessarily bringing something better—whether in our eagerness to get away from the fatalistic notion that “whatever is is right,” we are not in danger of adopting the equally false idea that “whatever is is wrong.” And so, while we rejoice at the fact that propositions embodying reform in any department are sure of finding sympathetic listeners and ready helpers, it becomes us to scrutinize carefully not only what the reform proposes to do, but the methods by which it proposes to do it, lest in the first blush of our enthusiasm we grasp at the seeming instead of the real, and are led by mere plausible theory to the desertion of well-established systems, based upon and built up by practical knowledge and long experience.

For several months past a great deal has been said by public speakers and in the public prints on civil service reform, and to-day there are probably few subjects that are receiving such general attention from the people, and engage in discussion so many of our thinking men. Besides its intrinsic merits, it derives an added importance

from that very fact, and therefore may well receive consideration from any that are interested in good government. Let us only be sure of our facts, and that our deductions are honest and free from cant or a desire to cater to popular inclination, and our discussions cannot fail to help to right conclusions. A careful study of the subject in all its bearings leads us to offer a few thoughts somewhat at variance with most that has been spoken and written about it.

In the first place, we should guard against a wrong idea of the civil service as it now exists, and has existed in past administrations. It is not a bad service; and whoever starts with the idea that it is full of dishonesty and honey-combed with corruption is altogether wrong at the outset. He who declared it “the best civil service on this planet” spoke somewhat too warmly; but for all that it is a very good service. Its regulations have stood the test of many years of experience, and its methods of doing business, as established and perfected by successive heads of departments, the system by which all its tremendous volume of transactions, reaching almost every individual of forty millions of people, and extending to all countries, is kept so that every one can be promptly referred to and readily understood, and the checks and balances which guard against fraud and speculation, cannot but excite the admiration of any one who understands them. We fear that any radical change in any of these things would prove a change for the worse and not for the better.

Nor is the good of the service confined to its regulations. Possibly we may forfeit all claim to the title of reformer in some people's estimation if we venture to defend the character of the men in the service; but truth is truth, and we must not forbear to speak it.

There are, or were recently, according to an official report to the Senate, 62,172 persons in all the departments of the civil service of the United States, and it would be very difficult to select an equal number from persons in private business, who would surpass them in intelligence, accuracy, or integrity. This branch of our subject must not occupy us too long; but we cannot forbear a single comparison. The business of the Treasury Department is done by 12,482 persons, a large proportion of whom are directly employed in the handling of money. In the collection of internal revenue and customs, the furnishing of funds for all departments of Government, the sale and redemption of bonds, the printing and coinage of money, the issue and redemption of currency, etc., the sum that passes through their hands in the course of a year is immense. Over against these place the officers and employees of the 2,081 National Banks. The latter are selected by men whose private interests are involved, from among their personal acquaintances, for supposed unquestionable integrity. They certainly should furnish the example of a perfect service, if such is attainable. Yet if we compare the number and amount of the defalcations that take place among the 2,081 cashiers of these banks with those that take place in the Treasury Department, the result is not at all to the discredit of the latter. And if we were to extend the comparison so as to take in other large financial institutions—insurance companies, trust companies, savings banks, and the like—we doubt if there is a single advocate of reform that would consider the introduction of such “business principles” as control them in the light of an improvement.

Still, the service is by no means perfect. It can and ought to be improved. How is the improvement to be brought about? We answer emphatically, *not* by the methods that have been generally proposed by those who have claimed to be authority on civil

service reform. Those methods we believe to be based on an entirely mistaken idea both of what the service itself is and what its needs are, which would be dangerously mischievous if it were not impracticable. To be more explicit, we lay down, boldly and unhesitatingly, this proposition: *That the fundamental idea of so-called “civil service reform”—namely, that the service should be divorced from politics and political influences—is entirely wrong and absurd, and would, if carried into practice, demoralize the service instead of making it better.*

As thus announced, this is sufficiently heterodox doubtless to cause some of our readers to wonder whether we put it forth in sincerity. The opposite has been so many times and so confidently stated, that it has come to be taken in a measure for granted; and the idea of soberly disputing it may almost shock some good people, who have imbibed their notions from the dogmatic assertions of ambitious theorists, without really thinking about them at all. But before condemning our proposition out of hand, we appeal to that small portion of the community that does think, to consider the matter a little.

What is *politics*? We do not know that we can give a better definition than that of Webster: “The science of government; that part of ethics which has to do with the regulation and government of a nation or State, the preservation of its safety, peace, and prosperity; the defence of its existence and rights against foreign control or conquest; the augmentation of its strength and resources, and the protection of its citizens in their rights, with the preservation and improvement of their morals.”

And *this* is what the would-be reformer proposes that the civil service shall have nothing to do with! Pray, on which side does the absurdity seem to lie now? But we shall doubtless be told that he does not mean that. We beg pardon. When he declares that the civil service must be “taken

out of politics," he either means that, or he does not know what he is talking about, for the quotation is a true definition of politics, not only in its ideal sense, but practically, as applied to our Government. Ours is a government by the people, and the problems which have to do with "the regulation and government of the nation," its preservation and defence, "the augmentation of its strength and resources, and the protection of its citizens in their rights"—these are the problems of every-day discussion; they are those on which parties are formed, and for the solution of which congresses and legislatures deliberate, and the whole machinery of government is established. In a word, the service to be rendered by our officials, of every name and grade, is essentially a *political* service; and to try to eliminate politics from it is as absurd as it would be to try to establish a church which should have nothing to do with religion, or a school which should have nothing to do with education. If there is anything the men in the civil service should understand, it is politics; if there is anything they should be interested in, it is politics; if there is anything which should influence and control them in their every official act, it is again politics. There is no need to argue this point. To state the proposition is to prove it. No reformer will so stultify himself as to deny that politics, in the abstract, as Webster defines it, is a proper, nay, a necessary agency in influencing and controlling the civil service.

But there has come to be a secondary meaning to the word *politics*, and though he does not say so, and his language cannot fairly and will not practically be given such construction, the reformer will probably claim that it is this meaning only that he has in mind when he proposes to "take the service out of politics." And as we do not propose to quibble about a mere question of definition, we quote this secondary meaning, also from Webster: "The management of a po-

litical party; the advancement of candidates to office; *in a bad sense*, artful or dishonest management to secure the success of political measures or party schemes; political trickery."

The reader will, we assume, do us the justice not to imagine that we mean to advocate politics *in the bad sense* as proper to employ the attention of officers in the civil service. Nor, on the other hand, will we suppose that the reformer means *only* politics in the bad sense when he proposes to prohibit *all* politics. That, then, being out of the discussion, there remains between us an issue distinct and plain. The reformer thinks that men in the civil service should be forbidden to have anything to do with "the management of political parties" and "the advancement of candidates to office." We think such prohibition not only improper and unjust, but calculated to injure the service itself, and increase the evils it is intended to cure.

And before going further, we may as well say that we have no intention of arguing upon the right and necessity of party organization. If any advocate of the counter proposition belongs to that class of dainty creatures whose idea of their duty as citizens is summed up in protesting against party politics, we have no controversy with him. He would not understand us, nor we care to have him. That parties are necessary to free government, "of the people, by the people, and for the people," and that their maintenance and support is a political duty, we shall take for granted.

First, then, the civil service is made up of men. It is not a machine. It is our boast, and the peculiar characteristic of our Government, that it is government "by the people." Those who hold positions in it are citizens, having the same obligations as other citizens, and not distinguished from them in any way. Is it in accordance with the spirit of our institutions, will it give us any more efficient or reliable service, to draw a line separating the

office-holding class from the rest of the people, exempting it from one set of political duties—and those the very duties that connect the citizen with the government—and giving it another set to perform, which the ordinary citizen may not meddle with? We think not. And yet this is the first thing which the new theory proposes to do. We believe this aspect of the case has not received the attention it should have received. The complaint has been made heretofore—and there has been some reason for it too—that, although our administrations were put in place by the people, after they were in they were too far removed from the influence of public sentiment and insensible to changes in popular opinion. In England, Parliament can at any time by an adverse vote cause a change in the ministry. Here an administration can, if it chooses, defy Congress, and stand, for a time at least, in direct antagonism to a majority of the people. Various devices have been proposed to change this, and on all hands it has been agreed that it is desirable to bring the officials into closer relations with the people. The new theory, however, contemplates a move in precisely the opposite direction, and, as we believe, in the wrong direction. In every system the more nearly the servants are brought to their master, the closer the sympathy and the more complete the community of interest between them and their employers, the better the service is likely to be. In a monarchy the most faithful servants are those who enter most fully into the plans and projects of the sovereign, who identify themselves with his fortunes and devote themselves to his person. And the analogy holds good in a republic. Those public servants who understand and interest themselves most deeply in the questions that the people are considering, who sympathize most closely with popular sentiment, who feel most directly the beat of the popular heart, who enter most zealously into the fulfilment of the popular will, are

the best public servants. Anything that divides them in interest from the people who employ them, that sets them off where they look on with cold indifference upon the great movements of the day, must take whatever heart and enthusiasm there is in the service out of it, and therefore must cripple and injure it. If it be admitted that it is an advantage to have in an army “bayonets that think,” how much more advantageous must it be to have in the public service men who take an active, intelligent interest in the political questions that govern the service.

We say, therefore, second, it is necessary to a perfect civil service, under a republican form of government, that it should be in harmony with and subject to the dominant party. Parties represent principles; they embody important and radically different theories and policies of government; and when the majority of the people gives power to one party, that is a decision by the highest authority that we can recognize, that the government shall be administered according to the principles of that party. On the occasion of a Presidential election the whole country is excited and interested in the result of the contest, and the people on either side become as anxious for the choice of their candidate as if the fate of the nation depended upon it. Shall any one tell us that all this difference of opinion is merely imaginary—that after all it is a matter of no consequence which of the opposing parties succeeds? Is there any one who believes that it would have made no difference in 1860 whether Abraham Lincoln or John C. Breckinridge had been chosen President? Every one knows that there was a difference, and always is, not in the person of the candidates, but in the principles they represent. It is to secure the control of the Government, according to certain principles, that we vote for a particular man, and labor to induce others to vote for him; and when at the ballot box the people have rendered their decision on those

principles, the men placed in power are bound to respect and obey that decision. Hence the President selects his Cabinet advisers from his own party. To do otherwise would not only betray the trust reposed in him by those who elected him, but it would be a flat defiance of the law which underlies our system of Government—that the majority shall rule. And the same reason that applies to the selection of Cabinet officers—heads of departments—applies in a lesser degree to subordinates all the way down, with the exception perhaps of those whose duties are merely mechanical. We reject the motto, “To the victors belong the spoils,” because the offices are not *spoils*, to be used for the enrichment of any man or set of men, but a sacred trust, to be administered in obedience to the will of the people, and therefore only to be confided to those who are in accord with that will, as expressed in the election of the men of one party to office, and the rejection of the men of another party. In all ages of the world rulers have found it necessary to surround themselves with those who agreed with them in their plans and theories of government; in all countries, and at all times, the rule has been recognized that a policy must be committed to those favorable and not hostile to it; and there is greater reason why both these things should be done in a government “by the people.” That President who shall attempt to administer our Government while the civil service is in control of the opposite party, or indifferent to his own, will only court the inevitable failure that must follow such a defiance of every dictate of prudence, experience, and common sense.

Third. The converse of this is also true. It will both add to the intelligent efficiency of the service, and assist in securing wise partisan action, to admit the office-holder to a prominent part in the counsels of the party. We have already shown that it is desirable to bring the service into closer

sympathy with the popular will. To this end it has been proposed to give the heads of departments seats in the House of Representatives, where they would be subject to interpellation by the members, and could take part in shaping legislation. This may or may not be adopted, but in the mean time we have a substitute for it in the direct contact between the official and the representatives of his party in the political conventions. There he gives, as it were, an account of his stewardship to the party that put him in office and sustains him there, meets and comes under the influence of popular opinion near its fountain head, and goes back either supported by the approval or admonished by the disapproval of those who are in a special sense his constituents. And for the reasons already given, the service is likely to be better because he has done so. But he will influence the convention itself by his presence, says the objector. Certainly. Why shouldn't he? As we have said, the service is political service, and experienced officials ought to be better acquainted with political questions, and therefore better qualified to give counsel, than most other men. The officers of the Treasury Department ought best to understand the questions of financial policy, of tariffs and taxes; the men in the State Department ought best to understand foreign affairs and complications; those in the Interior Department ought best to understand the Indian question, the public land question, etc.; and so on of the other departments. The men in each ought to be able to give wise and valuable advice as to what action should be taken, and inferentially what men ought to be selected to carry out that action. If they are not qualified for this, they are not fit for the offices they hold. Think of the preposterous idea that Alexander Hamilton, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, William H. Seward, and others like them, should have been debarred from hav-

ing anything to do with politics because they held offices in the civil service!

The truth of the two last propositions appears even more fully when we consider the reasons that are given, and the only ones that can be given, for prohibiting political action by Government officers. Such prohibition can only be justified on one of two grounds: either because the performance of political duty demoralizes the service, or because the influence of the office-holder demoralizes politics. Is either of these true? Let us see.

As to the first, political duty—the very political duty that we are considering, the management of political parties and the selection of candidates—is honorable duty. None more important presses upon the American citizen. The danger that menaces the republic to-day arises from the fact that so many of the better class of citizens refuse to perform their part of it. They stand too much aloof, are too unwilling to attend caucuses and to sit in conventions, but leave those who are less qualified either in intelligence or virtue to perform the important task of governing the country. Anything that tends to increase this unwillingness to do political duty inflicts an injury upon the body politic—aims a direct blow at the foundation of our institutions. We claim that the adoption of a regulation prohibiting the performance of such duty by office-holders, does just this. The number whom it affects directly is not small, and the official declaration that mingling in politics demoralizes the service cannot but have a widespread effect everywhere in disparaging political effort and casting reproach upon political honor. If it be injurious to the public service, why not also to private service? Why may not the example of Government be followed by merchants, and banks, and great railroad and other corporations, forbidding their employees to have anything to do with politics? How wide the door for evil that such following would open!

The second reason given is even worse than the first. Every one knows that there is no method so sure to demoralize a clerk or other employee as to let him know, and let others know, that you do not trust him. And it is proposed to announce in a formal official order that in the opinion of the Government itself, the men in its service are not fit to be trusted to perform the duties that are open to every other man in the nation! A pretty way to *reform* the service indeed! If this is true, it is high time they quit the service. If not, the promulgation of such an order, for such a reason, is the quickest way to make it true.

No, no. If they are honest, intelligent officers—such men as ought to be in the service of a free government, such men as many of their predecessors have been—they will be better, and the service will be better, and the party will be better, for their active, earnest coöperation with their fellow citizens in the political duties that are the common heritage and common obligation of every American freeman. If the contrary idea is correct, then the true plan is to fill the offices with women, or foreigners, who should be refused naturalization.

Finally, a regulation that prohibits office-holders from performing political duties is inconsistent with the very object the reformer professes to have in view. Such an order, issued without authority of law, and with a threat of removal if not complied with, is an arbitrary assumption of the right to control the political action of subordinates through the power of patronage, unequalled in the history of our country. If it can be justified, we know not what management of “the machine” may not be justified on the same basis. The right to forbid implies the right to command. If the President may control the acts of subordinate officers out of business hours, when they are away from their desks and not on duty, in one direction, he may control them also in the other direction if he pleases. We believe that

the official should be in harmony with the party in power, and interested in the success of its policy, but that he should be as free in the performance of his personal political acts as any other citizen. It would be unwarranted interference with his private rights to order him to attend conventions, or contribute to party funds, or render other party service; and it is equally unwarranted interference with those rights to forbid him to do these things.

What, then, is the true way to reform the civil service? We answer, the first and most important thing is to *let it alone*. We do not mean by this to intimate that it is all right, and needs no improvement, but that this is actually the most efficient and certain method to secure improvement. There are some diseases that require rest rather than treatment, and those that affect the civil service are mostly of this kind. The abuses and wrongdoing that prevail are personal, and incidental to all systems, and are only to be rooted out by patient, constant, long-continued, honest endeavor. They can no more be remedied by a change of system than a corrupt city government can be reformed by adopting a new charter. On the contrary, the very changes open fresh opportunities for fraud and dishonesty to creep in, and hinder, instead of helping the work of reform. Nor is an indiscriminate change of men any better. One of the things proposed by those who have talked and written on this subject is of more real importance than all the rest; and that is the establishment of an assured tenure of office to honest and capable incumbents. But reformers generally seem to want to put in as far as possible an entire new set, before the "assured tenure" shall begin. Now it is the easiest and simplest thing in the world to keep good men in office. Nobody need waste any time or thought in devising regulations to secure such a result. All that is needed is to refrain from appointing others in their stead. They will remain in themselves if

they are not removed. All the regulations that we have thus far seen adopted or proposed seem calculated to make vacancies rather than to keep men in; so we say that if they could be all abolished, if the appointing mill could be given a rest for a time, and the noble army of office-seekers sent home on a vacation, and if the President and Cabinet should drop the whole subject and turn their attention to other matters, we believe the entire civil service would receive a decided advantage. And if, in addition to this, it should be given out that hereafter this would be the rule, that in future consideration would be given not to the claims of applicants, but to the honesty and efficiency of the men that are in, and that there would be no removals except for *cause*, we believe that not only would the service rapidly improve, but the President would find the pressure upon him greatly relieved, the most of the scandals connected with the greed for office would be done away, and the dreaded power and abuse of patronage would be almost entirely abolished.

And, in the second place, when appointments must be made, we believe the best results will be secured by relying alone on a sincere intention on the part of the appointing power to select the best men, unfettered by any regulations whatever. We do not believe any rules can make up for the lack of such an intention; and where it is present we cannot imagine how any rules can be other than a hindrance. It would not do to enact that the President must know the qualifications of every appointee by personal acquaintance; but it would be a great mistake to have any rule that would prevent him from choosing a man whom he does know to be qualified. It would hardly be good policy to lay down the rule that appointments shall be made only on recommendation of a member of Congress, but it would be at least equally absurd to be prevented from taking such a recommendation when it is the best obtain-

able proof of fitness. And the same may be said of any other plan. It is often said that the civil service should be managed on business principles; but no man in business ever appoints his clerks or other employees by rule. He wants the best man he can find, and he adopts whatever means is most available to find out who the best ones are. Just so, if the President means in every case to select the best man that can be had, he will adopt such methods in each particular case as are most available, whatever they may be, and any rules that shut him up to certain ones and proscribe others, cannot help being an obstacle to the very result they are intended to secure.

To sum up the whole matter. Some reforms deal with things that are so thoroughly bad that we may enter without hesitation upon the work, for the most important duty is to clear away with bold hand the evil, and there is little danger that in so doing anything worthy of preservation will be also destroyed. Other reforms affect things that contain so large a proportion of good that the labor requires far more of intelligent discrimination and delicate management, lest in making changes we leave them in a worse state than we find them. Of this last class is civil service reform. It may not be entered upon by the rough hand that knows only how to tear down and sweep away giant abuses, nor is it to be accomplished by any patent methods, and the adoption of any general and radical changes will inevitably do more harm than good.

We believe the proposition to "take the service out of politics" entirely

unwise and improper, not because to do so will be injurious to any party, but because it will be injurious to the service itself. It is political service—nay, it is itself the instrument through which the political decisions of the people are worked out into practical action. To take politics away from it will be to remove the animating soul and leave it a mere lifeless form. The influence of politics is needed in the service to keep it abreast of the thought and enterprise of the people; and the influence of the service is needed in politics to supplement theory by the wisdom of practice, and to add to enthusiasm the counsel of experience. If the service is what it should be, it will neither be demoralized by contact with party machinery, nor will parties be demoralized by it, but both will be better for being brought into mutual sympathy and co-operation.

The ideal service will not contemplate the official as a machine, but as a man, and will recognize the fact that the more fully and conscientiously he performs his duties as a citizen, the more capable and zealous he is likely to be in the service of his country. It will reward faithful performance by continued employment and promotion, and it will solve the troublesome problem of appointments by calling to its aid honesty of purpose and the simple and homely exercise of common sense.

JOHN I. PLATT.

[In deference to the sensibilities of the author of this article, we would say that he should not be confounded with the gentleman with the same family name who presided over a political convention recently held at Rochester, New York.—EDITOR GALAXY.]

FREAKS OF HYMNOLOGY.

A FAMOUS phrase is attributed to Béranger: "Let me make the songs of the people, and I care not who makes their laws." One can imagine the late P. P. Bliss, that more than Béranger of popular devotional hymnology, saying to himself: "Let me but make the songs of Christians, and I care not who preaches their sermons."

A distinguishing feature of our great religious revivals of the past half dozen years has been the important part which singing has played in them. Not only has a singer accompanied the preacher—as Mr. Sankey accompanied Mr. Moody, as Mr. Bliss accompanied Major Whittle, as Mr. Bentley accompanied Mr. Hammond, as Mr. Hillman accompanied Mr. Graves, and as Prof. Johnston accompanied Mr. Needham—but great local choirs in each city have aided the evangelists by an impressive service of song.

The extent of this hymnal service has not been more remarkable than its excellence, both as regards words and melodies. Its leading trait has been hearty hopefulness, cheerfulness, and enthusiasm. The key-note of old-time revivals was terror: that of modern revivals is persuasion. And this difference appears more clearly even in their songs than in their sermons. Moffat and Cartwright, Finney and Knapp, draw awful pictures of the fate of the impenitent; but the modern evangelist paints rather the hopes of heaven, and the glories of belonging to the noble army of Christian workers on earth. Hence a genuine martial ring is heard in the popular revival melodies. There is a thrilling quality in "Only an Armor Bearer," or "Hold the Fort," or "Pull for the Shore," which seems to be almost a modern characteristic. It is true that some early popular revival melodies had this trait; "When I can read my

title clear," and "Canaan," and in general the "Jerusalem" style of ditties, not to speak of the grandly sonorous tunes, like "Coronation," being quite as rapturous as anything in more recent hymnology. But in the earlier hand-books of revival music the proportion of "awakening," that is to say, mournfully startling hymns, such as, "Oh, there will be wailing, wailing, wailing, wailing, at the judgment seat of God!" was much greater than in the modern.

So too in the later songs for congregational worship there is a marked cheerfulness. Undoubtedly some of the most inspiring and exhilarating, as well as all the most solemn, genuinely musical, and impressive church tunes, are "good old" ones. Still, modern song-writers would hardly think their work of praise or exaltation accomplished, by penning to the leisurely pace of "Dundee," the very moderate wish, "Let not despair, nor fell revenge, Be to my bosom known." Still less would they produce that most wonderfully lugubrious of all tunes, dear old "Windham," with its doleful "Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveller!" Perhaps in the effort to be bright and encouraging some of the revival tunes have gone to the extreme of liveliness, and are too much like a jig for decorous and solemn worship. By giving a little extra speed and trippingness to "Hold the Fort," it has been used for dancing. But there is no denying the power or the popularity of these gospel tunes, often called the "Moody and Sankey tunes." They have gone to every home; they are sung in camp, on shipboard, on the railroad train; the very street-organs grind them out; and the other day they even got into

the witness-box, for a witness in a Pennsylvania law-suit, an Englishman, began his testimony, "As I was walking along, singing 'What shall the 'arvest be?'" etc.

The words, however, of these modern hymns are as praiseworthy as the airs, for they have the great merit of using either Scriptural or every-day language and similes with good taste and true effect. Now, our English tongue has very long been remarkably rich in sacred poems of exquisite beauty; but as it sometimes happens that the most romantic landscape is not so cherished an object of contemplation for men and women of humble taste as the rude interior of a cottage, so sometimes a simple hymn, in language of the hearth and the mart, is more treasured by them than the finest flight of Milton. But to fitly use either Scriptural or every-day phraseology and metaphors in these hymns is by no means the easy task that it may seem; and this truth some of the examples we shall now quote will illustrate.

Everybody remembers Toplady's exquisite "Rock of Ages, cleft for me"; and many know the hymn beginning, "To Thy pastures, fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd, lead Thy charge." In the latter, the familiar Scriptural metaphor of the sheep and shepherd is carried through perfectly; in the former, the almost equally familiar one of the "Rock" is not at all well preserved, being quite confused with other metaphors; and yet somehow the extreme spirituality and the melody of the verses combine to bar them from merely literary criticism. But to show how both these metaphors can be so mixed as to leave neither poetry nor sense, take the hymn beginning:

Let those who inhabit the Rock,
And out of His fulness receive,
Proclaim Him the Tower of the flock,
Still precious to them that believe.

For, a few lines lower down, we find the hymn going on:

His sheep shall return to the fold,
Shall build upon Him as a rock,
Nor fear when the tempest shall blow,
And nothing the building shall shock.

It is of course hardly necessary to point out that the idea of sheep constructing a building confuses the unity and simplicity of the hymn, and, in fact, spoils it.

Again, we often find lines introduced into a hymn which detract from its force by an unnecessary realism. Thus, in the "Narrow Way," we have the verse:

Deep quagmires choke the way,
Corruptions foul and thick,
Whose stench infects the air and makes
The strongest traveller sick.

In another hymn expression is given to the idea that the souls of Christians inhabit a cottage of clay until, "on a cherub they mount, and to Paradise ride"—this last being an incongruous kind of picture which is anything but dignified. We also find the metaphor of sea-sickness—"The billows of wrath stir the motions of sin." Another odd phrase in an old hymn is, "He perfumed my soul and revived my frame." A representation of the church by a well-known Scriptural metaphor, but pushed to details that carry weakness rather than strength, occurs in the verse:

Each cherub of Jesus who preaches the word
Guards the pathway that leadeth to life:
The Sixty that handle the spiritual sword
Attend both the Lamb and His Wife.

The same hymn goes on to say that "They daily exhort her to cleave to her Head, lest she from her Husband should stray." A like pushing of metaphor too far occurs in a very familiar hymn, found in many prayer-meeting collections, and forming, for example, hymn 140, in the well-known "Christian Melodist":

Behold the Saviour's love,
Who gives His flesh to eat.
Never did angels taste above
Provision half so sweet.

Not a little good-natured fun has been poked at the Marquis of Lorne's rendering of the Psalms into English verse—perhaps more fun than would have been thought worth while if the author had not been the Marquis of Lorne. However, the poetical treatment of the Psalms is a traditional ambition in Scotland. A book of

Scottish anecdotes relates that when the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland determined on extending their body of psalmody, they addressed a circular to the ministers, asking that those who were so inclined would compose paraphrases of Scripture, and send them to Edinburgh for the inspection of the Assembly. A very old minister in Caithness, proceeds the story, was roused by this request from the prosaic lethargy of a lifetime, and prepared forthwith a paraphrase, which, however, he was cautious enough to read aloud to his congregation on Sunday, before sending to Edinburgh. The first verse ran as follows:

The de'il shall ryve them a' in rags
That wicked are and vain ;
But if they're gude, and do repent,
They shall be sew'd again.

The congregation burst into such a roar of laughter at this sample of his poesy that the good old author abandoned the rest in chagrin, and his effusion never took its place in the extended psalmody.

A most difficult class of metaphor to employ well in hymns for popular use seems to be the one connected with trade. It is not so with Scripture, which is always apt and impressive—at least in our English version—in illustrating spiritual ideas by references to the scales, the prices, and the merchandise of trade. And so we have many beautiful hymns in which the ideas of debt and credit, and of bargain and sale, are employed without offensiveness. "Oh, to grace how great a debtor!" is a phrase that carries only elevating thoughts with it. Yet there is but a step downward to the ridiculous. In one hymn we find the condemnation of the sinner under the law expressed by the odd line, "Yea, and Moses pursues us for debt"; while the last verse, describing the change wrought by grace, runs in this quaint fashion:

Now, Moses, from bondage my soul is enlarg'd ;
My Redeemer has cancell'd my debt ;
My fatal arrears are now wholly discharg'd,
And kind Heaven has sent the receipt.

Another hymn takes the metaphor of debt not only through the course of trade, but even into the bankruptcy court, declaring that—

Stern Justice refuses to carry the suit,
When Jesus, the Ransom, appears ;
The debtor's amaz'd when the creditor's mute ;
The insolvent is drowned in tears.

The language in these lines sounds old-fashioned, and in fact is so; yet the same mistake of pushing to too great particularity the simile between religious and worldly duties is sometimes seen in both the poetry and prose of our own day. For example, we find this well-meant and earnest, yet almost ludicrous advertisement in Hammersmith, England: "Cheap Trip—The Christian Mission Hallelujah Railway is one of the quickest, cheapest, and best routes from the Deepest Depths of Sin to the Highest Heights of Glory. Booking Office in the Town Hall next Sunday. T. P. Gray, the Hallelujah Guard, and Beaupré, the Happy Engine Driver, will (D. V.) instruct passengers how to obtain Through Tickets without money and without price." Again, it is well known that in our Sunday schools the wise modern effort is, as far as possible, to make religious duties agreeable; and hence, for example, the task of learning Bible verses is made easier by printing them on illuminated bits of pasteboard; while contributions of money almost seem less a sacrifice when some return in the shape of a handsome certificate, or what not, is obtained for them. Now, one of these certificates, still in vogue in a leading city, reads as follows: "One Hundred per cent. Stock. \$—. Ten shares. This certifies that Tabitha Thompson is the holder of Ten shares in the Sabbath School Charity Fund. Stockholders are guaranteed to receive one hundred times as much as they put in (Matthew xix., 29). Those who continue to pay into the fund as much as six cents a week for three years in succession, to be life members of the American Systematic Beneficence Society. Those

who do this for six years to be honorary managers for life. Those who do this for ten years to be honorary vice-presidents for life. Those who do this (from love to Christ) while they live, will have a free admission through the gates into the heavenly city, a snow-white robe, a heavenly harp, a crown of gold, and a seat at the right hand of the final Judge." This queer certificate is emphasized with all the power of capitals; and its signatures, in the place where those of guarantors or directors usually are, are the names of men very illustrious alike in business and in Christian work. The certificate or passport is a striking idea, but obviously it is carried out with such details as to make it in bad taste.

A remarkable hymn, or religious poem rather, which was quite popular in England some years ago, falls into the exact error just noted. It was written originally, it is said, on the cover of an old Bible during a business crisis, when many banks stopped payment. It opens as follows:

This is my never-failing Bank,
My more than golden store;
No golden bank is half so rich:
How can I then be poor?

Sometimes my Banker, smiling, says,
"Why don't you oftener come?
And when you draw a little bill,
Why not a larger sum?"

"Why live so niggardly and poor?
Thy Bank contains a plenty.
Why come and take a one-pound note
When you can have a twenty?"

The verses then begin to go into still closer comparisons between banking details and Biblical doctrines. Those notes, we are assured, can never be refused that "are by grace accepted." But, on the other hand, all forged notes are "sure to be detected," and "all those will deal in forged notes who are not God's elected." Then the lines proceed:

Though thousand notes lay scattered
round,
All signed, and sealed, and free,
Yet many a doubting soul will say,
"Ah! they are not for me."

Base Unbelief will lead the soul
To say what is not true;
I tell the poor, self-emptied man,
These notes belong to you.

But stranger still are the verses that then follow, evidently dictated by the truest piety, and yet singularly spoiled as poetry by the pushing of the metaphor to absurd extremes:

Should all the banks in Britain break,
The Bank of England smash,
Bring in your notes to Zion's Bank:
You're sure to get your cash.

Nay, if you have but one small note,
Fear not to bring it in.
Come boldly to this Bank of Grace.
The Banker is within.

I'll go again. I need not fear
My notes should be rejected.
Sometimes my Banker gives me more
Than asked for or expected.

Sometimes I felt a little proud,
I managed things so clever.
Perhaps before the day was gone
I felt as poor as ever.

Sometimes, with blushes in my face,
Just at the door I stand.
I know if Moses kept the Bank,
I'm sure I should be damn'd.

We read of one young man, indeed,
Whose riches did abound,
But in the Banker's book of life
His name was never found.

The leper had a little note.
"Lord! if thou wilt, thou can."
The Banker paid his little note,
And healed the dying man.

Behold and see the dying thief,
Hung by his Banker's side.
He cried, "Lord, remember me!"
He got his cash, and died.

His blessed Banker took him home
To everlasting glory;
And there to shout his Banker's grace,
And tell his endless story.

We now pass to an entirely different class of peculiarities in hymnology. A short time ago the Portsmouth (England) school board had before it the question whether Watts's "Divine and Moral Songs" should be sung in the board schools. In the course of the discussion a member named Emanuel asked to be allowed to look at a copy of the book in question; and, turning over its pages, he picked out the following verse and read it:

Lord, I ascribe it to Thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.

Mr. Emanuel, who was himself a Jew, satirically said that he thought that rather a fine specimen of Christian charity. Now we all know that the motive of the good and great Dr. Watts was of the very best in penning that stanza. He felt grateful that he had not been unlucky enough to be born a Jew, and accordingly he said so; he felt it also to be a matter for special thanks, because he regarded it as the special act of Divine Providence in his behalf. And yet, after all, the ring of this stanza is not greatly different from that of the gratitude of the Pharisee in the temple: "I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican"—a text from which the eminent author of the "*Horæ Lyricæ*" probably preached at least once to the congregation of Mark Lane.

The book which was discussed before the Portsmouth school board is the one so familiar wherever the English tongue is spoken—originally called "*Divine Songs for Children*"—and in the first preface the author said, "I have designed to profit all, if possible, and offend none"; but that it did not look to the honor of translation is clear from its lines, "'Tis to Thy sovereign grace I owe That I was born on British ground." In the same hymn the child is to "pity those that know no heaven and fear no hell." There is, in fact, a wonderful tone of self satisfaction running all through these familiar songs for children, showing, perhaps, that the children with whom the reverend author associated, in Sir John Hartopp's family at Stoke Newington, and in Lady Abney's at Theobalds, were fortunate in their surroundings and their training. The child is taught in these songs to be thankful that "while others early learn to swear, And curse, and lie, and steal," he does nothing of the sort. Still, the morality of these hymns is a very stern one. The hymn against lying winds up with this verse:

Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

Another hymn, "against scoffing and calling names," warns the little one that "He's in danger of hell-fire, That calls his brother 'fool'"; while he is told that, against the disobedient lad, "Dreadful plagues are threatened by the Lord":

The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

The hymn "against pride in clothes" is one most worthy of preservation, and of being oftener used than it is in manuals of infantile education. Yet it begins rather quaintly:

Why should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin
Till Eve, our mother, learn'd to sin.

In the "*Moral Songs*," can we ever forget the quaint and dear old "*Cradle Hymn*," to which tenderest memories cling? There is, to be sure, no little of the atmosphere of well-to-do parents and comfortable surroundings, already noted, pervading this also: "Thy food and raiment, house and home thy friends provide—*all without thy care or payment*," etc. And then, in the verse following, "how much better thou'rt attended" is the same grateful and comfortable sentiment. But presently the little song gets more tempestuous, and indeed rather excited for a lullaby.

For upward of a hundred and fifty years have the hymns of Dr. Watts been used by Christian churches in England and America, without failing in their popularity. Doddridge, in a letter to Dr. Watts, mentions that once, after a sermon to a large assembly of plain country people, they sang the hymn of Watts: "Give me the wings of faith to rise," and, says Doddridge, "In that part of the worship I had the satisfaction to observe tears in the eyes of several of the people. After the service was over, some of them told me that they were not able to sing, so deeply were their minds affected." If, then, we have quoted one or two oddities from this

great hymn-writer, it has been, of course, with a full view of the habitual impressiveness of his works.

The author of "The Irish Sketch Book" mentions with much astonishment a hymn that he heard sung in a Dublin church:

Hasten to some distant isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies for ever smile,
And the blacks for ever weep.

This he pronounced, with some heat, to be "nonsensical, false twaddle," not fit to be sung "in a house of the Church of England, and by people assembled for grave and decent worship."

Occasionally a hymn quite meritorious in other respects fails through being unsuitable for the specific purpose which it is designed to fill. An illustration may be found in a hymn nominally designed for the use and consolation of poor cotton-spinners in Lancashire. It says:

Now, Job he was a most patient man,
The richest in the East;
When he was brought to poverty
His riches did increase.

He bore them with great pains,
And never did complain,
But always trusted in the Lord,
And soon got rich again.

While the fact here stated is all very well in its way, yet the total inapplicability of it is clear, since the case of the poor cotton-spinners was certainly not that of people who had once been very rich and were then brought to poverty. Still more illogical and inconsequential are the remaining verses, which seek, perhaps, to repair the foregoing fault:

Though poor, we are contented—
No riches do we crave;
They are only vanity
On this side of the grave.

Though we may roll in riches,
Our glass is near run out.
We brought no riches in this world,
And none can we take out.

We need only remark that the liability of the poor spinners to "roll in riches" is almost too remote for such a hymn to take note of it.

A queer and interesting specimen of well-sustained rhymed allegory is the "Spiritual Sea Voyage," a religious

poem of three hundred and thirty-nine verses, purporting to give the adventures of a sailor who embarked on the ship *Free Grace*, launched at Eden. The "Captain was Jesus, and Mercy his mate." The sailor examines the ship, and finds her "the best of the fleet." God's love "was her mizzen, likewise her mainsail," and she was planked throughout with salvation. As to her armament, "her excellent metal was spiritual prayer." Her cable was faith, her anchor, good hope. She was well stored with provisions, her cordage was truth, and pleasant to haul.

I viewed her forecastle, and likewise her waist,
Her immutable shrouds and omnipotent mast.
Her ballast is weighty, she never can heel.
Her builder is God, and Election's her keel.

Then our sailor examined the decks. The lowest was contrition, the one next above was adoption, and the highest was assurance. "Her cable, a fake, lay near to her bow, and thousands of fathoms were stored below." Man's daily reflection is the log, but, adds the narrator, often neglected through drinking of grog. Her becketts were laden with cordage in store; her pennant was glory; her spindle, joy; her cannon, lashed fast by a hitch, was sound heart; the powder was zeal, the watch was fervor, and her shot the laws of Jehovah, both cold and hot.

Our voyager entered the ship by Jacob's ladder, and received a new outfit of clothing:

I came to the light, and saw I was clean;
My linen was white, and my hammock was green.
Thus, fitted by Grace with apparel to wear,
Bedecked with a chain, and a ring in my ear.

The sailors were all happy, and "praised the wine that the Cape did afford." But there were some "legal sailors," who were determined to work for their hire and stirred up everybody to do the same. "Let breaming be done," they said; they wanted jury-masts to be made, caulking to be done, and timber got ready "for fishing her mast." These busy men cavilled at others who were drinking their grog over their happy prospects. "You'll soon get the flux, if you tipples so

fast," they said. But the others, who were not of the Murphy school of Christians, quietly kept on, for Provisions were plenty, and plenty of flip, With liberty granted to all in the ship. Profuse was the Captain : our joy to enhance, He paid us the bounty, with two months' advance.

This set all the sailors to drinking of wine,
Nor could they persuade them to handle a line.
No duty was done, not a sail could be bent,
Till their liquor was gone, and their bounty was spent.

With things thus going on to a sailor's idea of complete happiness, the crew began to talk with each other, and the old hands praised their Captain, who on board in a storm was "ne'er but once known to sleep." The new hand could only, for his part, praise the ship, "so steady in sailing, she never can rake," equally fitted for burden and chase, with "bits" so firm, and capstan so "able," while, as for the anchor, it never was foul.

The Captain at length addresses his officers and men. Privateers, wherever met, are to be "raked with prevalent prayer":

Discharge from the round-house, the fore-peak
and waist,
And, if they bear off, tack about and give chase.
Those sailors shall ever be worthy applause
Who prevent their enemy's thwarting their hawse.

The Captain says that he has "strength for the weak, but a cat for the forward." As to the privateers cruising about, one is the Rebellion, whose crew "count me their debtor, and fight for their pay." They are forward to fight. Another craft is Feigned Assurance, a keen fire-drake, but easily known by her puzzling wake. This vessel is crank for the want of good ballast. "They speak of the compass and box it at will, And puzzle my crew; but no mariners still." But one of the worst privateers is Free-Will. She "was built by a capital hand," says the Captain, but "Destruction engaged her, assisted by Death, And left her no canvas, so much as a reef." Cain and Mr. Nimrod went in her to their cost. Workmen pay her with slime and sheath her with tin. Much is given to prelates to keep her repaired, but in vain they caulk her with good works.

"Some," adds the Captain, "talk of perfection, which you must aim at, Though none but your Captain could ever box that." Then a look-out must be kept for the packet Distress, pursued by the fire-drake Terror.

Next the Captain talked of the "Pharisee frigate" from Rome, built by the Pope, and supplied with gales by St. Anthony. Her log-book is the "Week's Preparation" and her compass "The Whole Duty of Man." The Captain says he will cause this frigate to founder. The ship shall be wrecked, but the crew shall be saved, and the boat Resignation shall bring them on board the Free Grace. "They're sound navigators," says the Captain. "They shall have their bounty; they hand, reef, and steer." They must be received tenderly and kindly as messmates: "Let messes be plenty, and cheer them with flip." They are to be reclothed, given their pay, "and advance too," and told of the Captain and the hoped-for port, and that "all's safe if three fathoms are found." With that ended the speech, "and with raptures of joy we applauded the Lord."

And now the sailing signal was given. The Captain smiled to see anchor weighed so fast. "Some cried, 'She's a cockbill,' and others, 'Avast.'" There was "a following sea," and everything was lovely. But at last the wind failed, the climate became hot, and some "suspected we had crossed the line." Complaints then sprang up; the rebellious loathed the water, and railed at the purser "for keeping their food." A mutiny was declared, and "all the ringleaders were tied to the gun."

Our noble Commander and propitious Saviour
Then ordered a dozen for each ringleader.

Then the fainting and weary were supplied with flip and meat, and to screen them from the sun "he faithfully promised an awning to raise." Things thus went much better, and duly the Cape of Good Hope was reached, where there was excellent wine, and "each sailor that tasted the

blood of the grape wished he might never sail from the Cape." Many young sailors were taken on board.

Soon after leaving the Cape a fog sprang up, followed by a tempest, in the midst of which appeared the pirate Corruption, commanded by the devil. A combat followed. Lieutenant Reason and Captain Self-Will, in the mysterious absence of the true captain, made a poor show of fighting; but Gospel Resistance rallied the crew to pour in a broadside of prayer. The pirate then called his boarders, and Admiral Lucifer, with his officers, Faithless, Enmity, Pride, and others, Purser Savelife, Jacky Perplex, Gunner Malice, Mr. Doubt, Daddy Wanton, and an Homeric list of other worthies, came on. The fighting was hot until the Captain of the Free Grace was seen approaching "on the top of a wave." Thereafter all went well: "our jolly young lubbers came up from the hold," and the crew of the pirate were put in irons.

Lots were then cast on the Free Grace to know how she got caught in the late tempest, and the lot fell on "Master Legal," who, being stubborn, was pitched into the sea, whence he came back more humble. The cases of Loose, Freezeheart, and others were then attended to, while Slothful got the cat. Fine days followed, and "the wine now was plenty, and plenty the food." In the roads, reached soon after, the sailors received the whole of their pay.

Now, however, new dangers were found. The Arius was seen wrecked on a rock to the larboard, while on the starboard shoals the "pirate Socinus" was cast away. However, in answer to the prayer of faith, a buoy was descried near Arius, while "the unerring Ram" and the Lion, at night, showed the proper course by Socinus, and so our navigators "sailed with safety where millions are lost." Then they "tipped the wine and boozed the grog" in joy.

Their next adventure was to meet with some galleys, apparently under

direction of Free Will; and the crews, who were rowing around without getting ahead, hailed the Free Grace to know her name. The answer was returned boldly, adding that provisions were fresh, the liquor good, and no scorbutic humors on board.

Our noble commander is Jesus the Lord,
And, bless him for ever, he's mostly on board;
We are not afraid of his final elope.
We missed him but twice from the Cape of Good Hope.

All galleys at first were invented by knaves,
And rowing s intended for none but for slaves;
The sailors of Tarshish they plied the oar,
But God was against them, and drove them from shore.

Vanharmin and Baxter, we shun them of course,
For self-contradiction; for what can be worse?
'Tis proved, by all the directions they urge,
Their whole navigation was penned in a surge.

This provoked a retort from the galleys, whose sailors chaffed the crew of the Free Grace on calling themselves "elect," and accused them of having "corruptions" confined in the hold. This led to more banter, and so they parted—the author adding:

Those rebels that dare with election to sport
Are bound for Destruction, and sure of their port.

At last the Haven of Rest appeared in full view; but before it was reached came a fight with the man-of-war Dissolution, which sailed out of the harbor to meet them, with black canvas, and swift as a letter-of-marque. Elijah and Enoch alone never struck to her flag. Her crew consisted of fears, phantoms, distresses, and snares. Her appearance at first caused much dismay. The conflict began. Some escaped for the time, but many on the Free Grace were laid low. Doubtful, Distrust, and Feeble were much afraid at first, but at last believed in victory, and challenged Captain Death, the commander of the Dissolution, to board. Peevish, Careful, and Purblind received mortal hurts with varying tempers. In fine, a trumpet was heard which proclaimed a release, and dismayed all-conquering Death, who found his ship's hold shaking, and at length shattered from pennant to keel.

Now Death to his grief an emetic receiv'd,
And the numbers he'd gorg'd very soon were re-
liev'd;
With huge and deep heavings resigned the dead,
And the chosen appear'd in the form of their
Head.

Death cast up the wicked as sand on the shore;
Yea, all that he ever had gorged before;
And when he discharg'd his numberless prey
He sunk to a shadow and vanish'd away.

Free Grace and her crew arrived at last.
No sailor was miss'd when the muster was
pass'd;
By thousands and millions the angels appear'd,
And welcom'd us home with the anthems we
heard.

Our space warns us here to stop, though a very interesting part of our subject remains unmentioned—the freaks of hymnology shown in favorite camp-meeting tunes, and in such devotional plantation melodies as “Roll, Jordan, roll,” or “Turn back Pharaoh’s Army,” or “Go Down, Moses,” or “We will Die in the Field,” or “The Devil he’s out on a Big Ram-page.” If there be amusement, there are also pathos and piety in such rhapsodies as

I do believe, without a doubt,
Let my people go!
The Christian has a right to shout,
Let my people go!

A part of the oddity of these plantation tunes plainly arises from the constant interruption of the flow of the verse by the refrain, which comes in with tremendous unction at the end of each line. These quaint ditties coolly hold in suspense a sentence dis- severed almost between subject and verb. A favorite song runs:

I heard a rumbling in the sky—
Waiting on the Lord.
Oh, then I thought my end was nigh—
Waiting on the Lord.

Keep your shoes upon your feet—
Waiting on the Lord.
Then you shall walk the golden street—
Waiting on the Lord.

The trivial character of the refrain, which often consists simply of such phrases as “Oh, yes, oh, yes,” or “That I am,” causes the tunes at some of the back-country colored camp-meetings to be anything but impressive. Besides, the facility with which

additions can be extemporized by almost anybody to this kind of verse often causes it to take a very ridiculous and unworthy shape. Still, among these strange and shifting performances some favorite tunes retain fixed words, and become famous. There are many such fervent and touching songs as “Children, you’ll be called on to die in the field of battle,” or “Oh, how I love my Jesus!” and others made familiar everywhere by the Fisk university singers. One song which greatly appeals to the emotions of the colored protracted meetings is the “General Roll”:

There’s a fire in the east, there’s a fire in the west.

The books shall be opened on that day.
The general roll will be called that day—
You’ll be there, I’ll be there—
And the general roll will be called that day.

Besides the genuine camp-meeting songs, many find their way into the newspapers which bear the appearance of being fictions, and intentionally irreverent, and need claim no notice in our article.

No language, not even the German, is richer in devotional verse than ours. We have large variety in measure, sentiment, and subject—the hymns of Montgomery, Doddridge, Newton; Keble’s “Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear”; Heber’s “By cool Siloam’s shady rill”; Moore’s “Thou art, O God, the life and light”; C. Southey’s mariner’s hymn; Cowper’s “There is a fountain filled with blood”; Kirke White’s “Star of Bethlehem”; the majestic “When I survey the wondrous cross” of Watts; C. Elliott’s “Just as I am”; George Herbert’s “Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright”; Pope’s “Vital Spark of heavenly flame”; Wesley’s immortal “Jesus, lover of my soul”—where, indeed, should we pause, in merely trying to indicate by example the wealth of sonorous and exquisite verse that pours on us, from these great names, and others as great, on the roll of our devotional poesy?

F. B. A.

IN WARWICKSHIRE.

AN accomplished contributor to these pages lately used a happy phrase in speaking of that charming region whose name I have just written. He called it the "heart of England." Making a short stay there very lately, I remembered this appellation. I felt as if I were at the grassy centre and core of the English world. It is in fact central England, midmost England, essential, immitigable England. I have a sense of knowing a good deal more about this admirable country by reason of this heedful sojourn. I feel as if, after a fashion, I had been "interviewing" the genius of pastoral Britain. From a charming lawn—a lawn delicious to one's sentient boot-sole—I looked without obstruction at a sombre, soft, romantic mass, whose outline was blurred by mantling ivy. It made a perfect picture; and, in the foreground, the great trees overarched their boughs from right and left, so as to give it a symmetrical frame. This interesting object was Kenilworth castle. It was within distance of an easy walk, but one hardly thought of walking to it any more than one would have thought of walking to a purple-shadowed tower in the background of a Berghem or a Claude. Here there were purple shadows, and slowly shifting lights, and a soft-hued, bosky country in the middle distance.

Of course, however, I did walk over to Kenilworth castle; and of course the walk led me through leafy lanes, and inside the hedgerows, that make a tangled screen for lawn-like meadows. Of course too, I am bound to add, there was a row of ancient peddlers outside the castle wall, hawking twopenny pamphlets and photographs. Of course, equally, at the foot of the grassy mound on which the ruin stands, there were half a dozen public houses; and, always of course, there were half a dozen beery paupers

sprawling on the grass in the moist sunshine. There was the usual respectable young woman to open the castle gate and to receive the usual sixpenny fee. And there were the usual squares of printed cardboard, suspended upon venerable surfaces, with further mention of twopence, threepence, fourpence. I do not allude to these things querulously, for Kenilworth is a very tame lion—a lion that, in former years, I had stroked more than once. I remembered perfectly my first visit to this romantic spot—how I chanced upon a picnic; how I stumbled over beer bottles there; how the very echoes of the beautiful ruin seemed to have dropped all their *h's*. That was a sultry afternoon; I allowed my spirits to sink, and I came away hanging my head. This was a beautiful fresh morning, and in the interval I had grown philosophic. I had learned that, with regard to all the public lions in England, there is a minimum of cockneyfication with which you must make your account. There are always people on the field before you, and there is generally something being drunk on the premises.

I hoped, on the occasion of which I am now speaking, that I had chanced upon the minimum; and indeed, for the first five minutes I flattered myself that this was the case. In the beautiful grassy court of the castle, on my entrance, there were not more than eight or ten fellow-intruders. There were a couple of old ladies on a bench, eating something out of a newspaper; there was a dissenting minister, also on a bench, reading the guide-book aloud to his wife and sister-in-law; there were three or four children pushing each other up and down the turfy hillocks. This was sweet seclusion indeed; and I got a capital start with the various beauti-

ful square-windowed fragments of the stately pile. They are extremely beautiful, with their even, pale red color, their deep-green drapery, their princely vastness of scale. But presently the tranquil ruin began to swarm like a startled hive. There were plenty of people, if they chose to show themselves. They emerged from crumbling doorways and gaping chambers, with the best conscience in the world; but I know not, after all, why I should bear them a grudge, for they gave me a pretext for wandering about in search of a quiet point of view. I cannot say that I found my point of view, but in looking for it I saw the castle, which is certainly an admirable ruin. And when the respectable young woman had let me out of the gate again, and I had shaken my head at the civil-spoken peddlers who form a little avenue for the arriving and departing visitor, I found it in my good nature to linger a moment on the trodden, grassy slope, and to think that in spite of the hawkers, the paupers, and the beer shops, there was still a good deal of old England in the scene. I say in spite of these things, but it may have been, in some degree, because of them. Who shall resolve into its component parts any impression of this richly complex English world, where the present is always seen, as it were, in profile, and the past presents a full face? At all events the solid red castle rose behind me, towering above its small old ladies and its investigating parsons; before me, across the patch of common, was a row of ancient cottages, black-timbered, red-gabled, picturesque, which evidently had a memory of the castle in its better days. A quaintish village straggled away on the right, and on the left the dark, fat meadows were lighted up with misty sun-spots and browsing sheep. I looked about for the village stocks; I was ready to take the modern vagrants for Shakespearian clowns; and I was on the point of going into one of the ale houses to ask Mrs. Quickly for a cup of sack.

I began these remarks, however, with no intention of talking about the tame lions in which this region abounds, but with a design, rather, of noting a few impressions of some of the shy and more elusive ornaments of the show. Stratford, of course, is a very sacred place, but I prefer to say a word, for instance, about a charming old rectory, a good many miles distant, and to tell what a pleasant picture it made of a summer afternoon, during a domestic festival. These are the happiest of a stranger's memories of English life, and he feels that he need make no apology for lightly touching upon them. I drove through the leafy lanes I spoke of just now, and peeped over the hedges into fields where the yellow harvest stood waiting. In some places they were already shorn, and while the light began to redden in the west and to make a horizontal glow behind the dense wayside foliage, the gleaners, here and there, came brushing over through gaps in the hedges with enormous sheaves upon their shoulders. The rectory was an ancient gabled building, of pale red brick, with white stone facings and clambering vines. It dates, I imagine, from the early Hanoverian time; and as it stood there upon its cushiony lawn, among its ordered gardens, cheek to cheek with its little Norman church, it seemed to me the model of a quiet, spacious, easy English home. The cushiony lawn, as I have called it, stretched away to the edge of a brook, and afforded to a number of very amiable people an opportunity of playing lawn-tennis. There were half a dozen games going forward at once, and at each of them a great many "nice girls," as they say in England, were distinguishing themselves. These young ladies kept the ball going with an agility worthy of the sisters and sweethearts of a race of cricketers, and gave me a chance to admire their flexibility of figure and their freedom of action. When they came back to the house, after the games, flushed a little and a little dishevelled, they

might have passed for the attendant nymphs of Diana, flocking in from the chase. There had, indeed, been a chance for them to wear the quiver, a target for archery being erected on the lawn. I remembered George Eliot's Gwendolen, and waited to see her step out of the bemuslined groups; but she was not forthcoming, and it was plain that if lawn-tennis had been invented in Gwendolen's day, this young lady would have captivated Mr. Grandcourt by her exploits with the racket. She certainly would have been a mistress of the game; and, if the suggestion is not too gross, the free play of arm that she would have learned from it might have proved an inducement to her boxing the ears of the insupportable Deronda.

After a while it grew too dark for lawn-tennis; but while the twilight was still mildly brilliant I wandered away, out of the grounds of the charming parsonage, and turned into the little churchyard beside it. Here I found myself up to my neck in Gray's "Elegy." The little weather-worn, rust-colored church had an appearance of high antiquity; there were some curious Norman windows in the apse. Unfortunately I could not get inside; I could only glance into the open doors across the interval of a quaint old-timbered, heavy-hooded, padlocked porch. But the sweetest evening stillness hung over the place, and the sunset was red behind a dark row of rook-haunted elms. The stillness seemed the greater because three or four rustic children were playing, with little soft cries, among the crooked, deep-buried grave-stones. One poor little girl, who seemed deformed, had climbed some steps that served as a pedestal for a tall, mediæval-looking cross. She sat perched there, staring at me through the gloaming. This was the heart of England, unmistakably; it might have been the very pivot of a nation's peace. One need not be a rabid Anglican to be extremely sensible of the charm of an English country church—and indeed of some of the features

of an English rural Sunday. In London there is something oppressive in the rigidly decent and ultra-genteel observance of this festival; but in the country some of the ceremonies that it entails have an indefinable harmony with an ancient, pastoral landscape. I made this reflection on an occasion that is still very fresh in my memory. I said to myself that the walk to church from a beautiful country house, of a lovely summer afternoon, may be the prettiest possible adventure. The house stands perched upon a pedestal of rock, and looks down from its windows and terraces upon a shadier spot in the wooded meadows, of which the blunted tip of a spire explains the character. A little company of people, whose costume denotes the highest pitch of civilization, winds down through the blooming gardens, passes out of a couple of small gates, and reaches the foot-path in the fields. This is especially what takes the fancy of the sympathetic stranger; the level, deep-green meadows, studded here and there with a sturdy oak; the denser grassiness of the foot-path, the lily-sheeted pool beside which it passes, the rustic stiles, where he stops and looks back at the great house and its wooded background. It is in the highest degree probable that he has the privilege of walking with a very pretty girl, and it is morally certain that he thinks a pretty English girl the prettiest creature in the world. He knows that she doesn't know how pretty is this walk of theirs; she has been taking it—or taking another quite as good—any time these twenty years. But her quiet-eyed unsuspectingness only makes her the more a part of his delicate entertainment. The latter continues unbroken while they reach the little churchyard, and pass up to the ancient porch, round which the rosy rustics are standing decently and deferentially, to watch the arrival of the brilliant contingent. This party takes its place in a great square pew, as large as a small room, and with seats all round, and while he listens to

the respectable intonings the sympathetic stranger reads over the inscriptions on the mural tablets before him, all to the honor of the earlier bearers of a name which is, for himself, a symbol of hospitality.

When I came back to the parsonage the entertainment had been transferred to the interior, and I had occasion to admire the maidenly vigor of those charming young girls, who, after playing lawn-tennis all the afternoon, were modestly expecting to dance all the evening. And in regard to this it is not impertinent to say that from almost any group of young English girls—though preferably from such as have passed their lives in quiet country homes—an American observer receives a delightful impression of something that he can best describe as general salubrity. He notices face after face in which this rosy absence of a morbid strain—this simple, natural, affectionate development—amounts to positive beauty. If the young girl has no other beauty, the look I speak of is a sufficient charm; but when it is united, as it so often is, to real perfection of feature and color, the result is the most beautiful thing in nature. It makes the highest type of English beauty, and to my sense there is nothing better than that. Not long since I heard a clever foreigner indulge, in conversation with an English lady—a very wise and liberal woman—in a little lightly restrictive criticism of her countrywomen. “It is possible,” she answered, in regard to one of his objections; “but such as they are, they are inexpressibly dear to their husbands.” This is doubtless true of good wives all over the world; but I felt, as I listened to these words of my friend, that there is often something in an English girl-face which gives it an extra touch of *justesse*. Such as the woman is, she has here, more than elsewhere, the look of being completely and profoundly at the service of the man she loves. This look, after one has been a while in England, comes to seem so

much a proper and indispensable part of a “nice” face, that the absence of it appears a sign of irritability, vanity, hardness, shallowness. Depth of tenderness, as regards a masculine counterpart—that is what it means; and I confess that that seems to me a very agreeable meaning. I quite agreed with the author of the declaration I have quoted, that it outweighed the particular foible her interlocutor had touched upon, for, if I recollect rightly, this was merely some slight irregularity of toilet.

As for the prettiness, I cannot forbear, in the face of a fresh reminiscence, to give it another word. And yet, in regard to prettiness, what do words avail? This was what I asked myself the other day as I looked at a young girl who stood in an old oaken parlor, whose rugged panelling made a background for her lovely head, in simple conversation with a handsome lad. I said to myself that the faces of English young people had often a singular charm, but that this same charm is too soft and shy a thing to talk about. The young girl's face had a lovely oval, and her clear brown eyes a quiet warmth. Her complexion was as pure as a sunbeam after rain, and she smiled in a way that made any other way of smiling than that seem a shallow grimace—a mere creaking of the facial muscles. The young man stood facing her, slowly scratching his thigh and shifting from one foot to the other. He was tall and very well made, and so sun-burned that his fair hair was lighter than his complexion. He had honest, stupid blue eyes, and a simple smile that showed his handsome teeth. He was very well dressed. Presently I heard what they were saying. “I suppose it's pretty big,” said the beautiful young girl. “Yes; it's pretty big,” said the handsome young man. “It's nicer when they are big,” said the young girl. The young man looked at her, and at everything in general, with his slowly apprehending blue eye, and for some time no further remark was made.

"It draws ten feet of water," he at last went on. "How much water is there?" said the young girl. She spoke in a charming voice. "There are thirty feet of water," said the young man. "Oh, that's enough," said the young girl. I had had an idea they were flirting. It was an ancient room and extremely picturesque; everything was polished over with the brownness of centuries. The chimney-piece was carved a foot thick, and the windows bore, in colored glass, the quarterings of ancestral couples. These had stopped two hundred years before; there was nothing newer than that date. Outside the windows was a deep, broad moat, which washed the base of gray walls—gray walls spotted over with the most delicate yellow lichens.

In such a region as this mellow, conservative Warwickshire an appreciative American finds the small things quite as suggestive as the great. Everything, indeed, is suggestive, and impressions are constantly melting into each other and doing their work before he has had time to ask them where they came from. He cannot go into a vine-covered cottage to see a genial gentlewoman and a "nice girl" without being reminded forsooth of "The Small House at Allington." Why of "The Small House at Allington"? There is a larger house at which the ladies come up to dine; but that is surely an insufficient reason. That the ladies are charming—even that is not reason enough; for there have been other nice girls in the world than Lily Dale, and other mellow matrons than her mamma. Reminded, however, he is—especially when he goes out upon the lawn. Of course there is lawn-tennis, and it seems all ready for Mr. Crosbie to come and play. This is a small example of the way in which I caught my impertinent imagination constantly at play. In driving and walking, in looking and listening, everything seemed in some degree or other characteristic of a rich, powerful, old-fashioned society. One had no need of being told that this is a conservative county; the fact seemed

written in the hedgerows and in the verdant acres behind them. Of course the owners of these things were conservative; of course they were stubbornly unwilling to see the great, harmonious edifice of Church and State the least bit shaken. I had a feeling, as I went about, that I should find some very ancient and curious opinions still comfortably domiciled in the fine old houses whose clustered gables and chimneys appeared here and there, at a distance, above their ornamental wards. Self-complacent British Toryism, viewed in this vague and conjectural fashion—across the fields and behind the oaks and birches—is by no means a thing the irresponsible stranger would wish away; it deepens the local color; it may be said to enhance the landscape. I got a sort of constructive sense of its presence in the picturesque old towns of Coventry and Warwick, which appear to be filled with those institutions—chiefly of an eleemosynary order—that Toryism takes a genial comfort in. There are ancient charities in these places—hospitals, almshouses, asylums, infant schools—so quaint and venerable that they almost make the existence of poverty a delectable and satisfying thought. In Coventry in especial, I believe, these pious foundations are so numerous as almost to place a premium upon misery. Invidious reflections apart, however, there are few things that speak more quaintly and suggestively of the old England than an American loves than these clumsy little monuments of ancient benevolence. Such an institution as Leicester's hospital at Warwick seems indeed to exist primarily for the sake of its spectacular effect upon the American tourists, who, with the dozen rheumatic old soldiers maintained in affluence there, constitute its principal *clientèle*.

The American tourist usually comes straight to this quarter of England—chiefly for the purpose of paying his respects to Shakespeare's birthplace. Being here, he comes to Warwick to see the castle; and being at Warwick, he

comes to see the odd little theatrical-looking refuge for superannuated warriors which lurks in the shadow of one of the old gate-towers. Every one will remember Hawthorne's charming account of the place, which has left no touch of fancy to be added to any reference to it. The hospital struck me as a little museum kept up for the amusement and confusion of those Western travellers who are used to seeing charity more dryly and practically administered. The old hospitallers—I am not sure, after all, whether they are necessarily soldiers, but some of them happen to be—are at once the curiosities and the keepers. They sit on benches outside of their door, at the receipt of custom, all neatly brushed and darned, and ready, like Mr. Cook, to conduct you personally. They are only twelve in number, but their picturesque dwelling, perched upon the old city rampart, and full of dusky little courts, cross-timbered gable ends, and deeply sunken lattices, seems a wonderfully elaborate piece of machinery for its humble purpose. Each of the old gentlemen must be provided with a wife or "housekeeper"; each of them has a dusky parlor of his own; and they pass their latter days in their scoured and polished little refuge as softly and honorably as a company of retired lawgivers or pensioned soothsayers.

At Coventry I went to see a couple of old charities of a similar pattern—things with black-timbered fronts, and little clean-swept courts, and Elizabethan lattices. One of them was a picturesque residence for a handful of old women, who sat, each of them, in a cosy little bower, in a sort of mediæval darkness; the other was a school for little boys of humble origin, and this last establishment was charming. I found the little boys playing at "top" in a gravelled court, in front of the prettiest old building of tender-colored stucco and painted timber, ornamented with two delicate little galleries

and a fantastic porch. They were dressed in little blue tunics and odd caps, like those worn by sailors, but, if I remember rightly, with little yellow tags affixed to them. I was free, apparently, to wander all over the establishment; there was no sign of pastor or master anywhere; nothing but the little yellow-headed boys playing before the ancient house, and practising most correctly the Warwickshire accent. I went indoors and looked at a fine old oaken staircase; I even ascended it, and walked along a gallery and peeped into a dormitory at a row of very short beds; and then I came down and sat for five minutes on a bench hardly wider than the top rail of a fence, in a little, cold, dim refectory, where there was not a crumb to be seen, nor any lingering odor of bygone repasts to be perceived. And yet I wondered how it was that the sense of many generations of boyish feeders seemed to abide there. It came, I suppose, from the very bareness and, if I may be allowed the expression, the clean-licked aspect of the place, which wore the appearance of the famous platter of Jack Sprat and his wife.

Inevitably, of course, the sentimental tourist has a great deal to say to himself about this being Shakespeare's county—about these densely verdant meadows and parks having been, to his musing eyes, the normal landscape. In Shakespeare's day, doubtless, the coat of nature was far from being so prettily trimmed as it is now; but there is one place, nevertheless, which, as he passes it in the summer twilight, the traveller does his best to believe unaltered. I allude, of course, to Charlecote park, whose venerable verdure seems a survival from an earlier England, and whose innumerable acres, stretching away, in the early evening, to vaguely seen Tudor walls, lie there like the backward years melting into a mighty date. It was, however, no part of my design in these remarks to pause before so thickly besieged a shrine as this; and if I were

to allude to Stratford, it would not be in connection with the fact that Shakespeare came into the world there. It would be rather to speak of a delightful old house near the Avon which struck me as the ideal home for a Shakespearian scholar, or indeed for any passionate lover of the poet. Here, with books, and memories, and the recurring reflection that he had taken his daily walk across the bridge, at which you look from your windows straight down an avenue of fine old trees, with an ever-closed gate at the end of them, and a carpet of turf stretched over the dismal drive—here, I say, with old brown wainscotted chambers to live in, old polished doorsteps to lead you from one to the other, deep window seats to sit in, with a play in your lap—here a person for whom the cares of life should have resolved themselves into a care for the greatest genius who has represented and ornamented life, might find a very harmonious resting place. Or, speaking a little wider of the mark, the charming, rambling, low-gabled, many-staired, much-panelled mansion I speak of, would be a most delectable home for any person of taste who prefers an old house to a new. I find I am talking about it almost like an auctioneer; but what I chiefly had at heart was to commemorate the fact that I had lunched there, and while I lunched kept saying to myself that there is nothing in the world so delightful as a human habitation which three or four hundred years have done their best to make irregular.

And yet that same day, on the edge of the Avon, I found it in me to say that a new house too may be a very charming affair. But I must add that the new house I speak of had really such exceptional advantages that it could not fairly be placed in the scale. Besides, was it new after all? I suppose that it was, and yet one's impression there was all of a kind of silvery antiquity. The place stood upon a genteel Stratford street, from which it looked harmless enough; but when,

after sitting a while in a charming modern drawing-room, one stepped thoughtlessly through an open window upon a veranda, one found that one was "in" for something more than one bargains for in the customary morning call of our period. I will not pretend to relate all that I saw after stepping off the veranda; suffice it that the spire and chancel of the beautiful old church in which Shakespeare is buried, with the Avon sweeping its base, were an incidental feature of my vision. Then there were the smoothest lawns in the world stretching down to the edge of this lovely stream, and making, where the water touched them, a line as even as the rim of a champagne glass—a line near which you inevitably lingered to see the spire and the chancel—the church was close at hand—among the well grouped trees, and look for their reflection in the river. The place was a garden of delight; it was a stage set for one of Shakespeare's comedies—for "Twelfth Night" or "Much Ado." Just across the river was a level meadow which rivalled the lawn on which I stood, and this meadow seemed only the more essentially a part of the scene by reason of the richly fleeced sheep that were grazing on it. These sheep were by no means mere edible mutton; they were poetic, historic, romantic sheep; they were there to be picturesque, and they knew it. And yet, knowing as they were, I doubt whether the wisest old ram of the flock could have told me how to explain why it was that this happy mixture of lawn, and river, and mirrored spire, and blooming garden, seemed to me for a quarter of an hour the prettiest corner of England.

If Warwickshire is Shakespeare's country, I found myself remembering that it is also George Eliot's. The author of "Adam Bede" and "Middlemarch" has called the rural background of those admirable fictions by another name, but I believe it long ago ceased to be a secret that her native Warwickshire had been in her

mind's eye. The stranger who wanders over its ruffled surface recognizes at every turn the elements of George Eliot's novels—especially when he carries himself back in imagination to the Warwickshire of forty years ago. He says to himself that it would be impossible to conceive anything more conservatively bucolic, more respectably pastoral. It was in one of the old nestling farmhouses, beyond a hundred hedgerows, that Hetty Sorrel smiled into her milk pans, as if she were looking for a reflection of her pretty face; it was at the end of one of the leafy pillared avenues that poor Mrs. Casaubon paced up and down in fervid disappointment. The county suggests, in especial, both the social and the natural scenery of "Middlemarch." There must be many a genially perverse old Mr. Brooke there yet, and whether there are many Dortheas or not, there must be many a well-featured and well-acred young country gentleman, of the pattern of Sir James Chettam, who, as he rides along the leafy lanes, softly cudgels his brain to know why a clever girl shouldn't wish to marry him. But I doubt whether there are many Dortheas, and I suspect that the Sir James Chettams of the county are not often pushed to that intensity of meditation. You feel, however, that George Eliot could not have placed her heroine in a local medium better fitted to throw her fine impatience into relief—a community more likely to be startled and perplexed by a questioning attitude in a well-housed and well-fed young gentlewoman.

Among the very agreeable days that I spent in these neighborhoods, there is one in especial of which I should like to give a detailed account. But I find on consulting my memory that the details have melted away into the single deep impression of a picturesqueness which no poor words of mine can hope to reproduce. It was a long excursion, by rail and by carriage, for the purpose of seeing three extremely interesting old country

houses. Our errand led us, in the first place, into Oxfordshire, through the ancient market town of Banbury, where of course we made a point of looking out for the Cross referred to in the famous nursery rhyme. It stood there in the most natural manner—though I am afraid it has been "restored"—with various antique gables around it, from one of whose exiguous windows the young person appealed to in the rhyme may have witnessed the interesting spectacle which the latter commemorates. The houses we went to see have not a national reputation; and to quote that modest person to whom it was remarked that he was really the best man in the world, I have no doubt that there are a hundred more just as good. They have, indeed, a local reputation, but they are not thought to be very exceptionally curious or beautiful, and I imagine that to indulge regarding them in too demonstrative an admiration would be to seem almost as puzzling and startling as Dorothea Brooke. Such places, to a Warwickshire mind of good habits, must appear to be the pillars and props of a heaven-appointed order of things; and accordingly, in a land on which heaven smiles, their grassy foundations must often be encountered. But nothing could well give a stranger a stronger impression of the wealth of England in such matters—of the interminable list of her ancient territorial homes—than this fact that the enchanting old mansions I speak of should have but a limited renown—should not be lions of the first magnitude. Of one of them, the finest of the group, one of my companions, who lived but twenty miles away, had never even heard. Such a place was not thought a matter to boast about. Its peers and its mates are scattered all over the country; half of them are not even mentioned in the county guide-books. You stumble upon them in a drive or a walk. You catch a glimpse of an ivied façade at the midmost point of a great estate, and taking your way,

by leave of a decent faced old woman at a lodge gate, along a thickly shadowed avenue, you find yourself confronted with an edifice so comfortably picturesque that it seems to gather up into its aspect all the domestic repose and material luxury that you may ever have dreamed of or envied.

To Broughton castle, the first seen in this beautiful trio, I must do no more than allude; but this is not because I failed to think it the most delightful residence in England. It lies rather low, and its woods and pastures slope down to it; it has a deep, clear moat all around it, spanned by a bridge that passes under a charming old gate-tower, and nothing can be prettier than to see its clustered walls of soft-toned yellow-brown stone thus picturesquely islanded, while its gardens bloom on the other side of the water. Like several other houses in this part of the country, Broughton castle played a part (on the Parliamentary side) in the civil wars, and not the least interesting features of its beautiful interior are the several mementoes of Cromwell's station there. It was within a moderate drive of this place that in 1642 the battle of Edgehill was fought—the first great battle of the war—and gained by neither party. We went to see the battlefield, where an ancient tower and an artificial ruin (of all things in the world) have been erected for the entertainment of convivial visitors. These ornaments are perched upon the edge of a slope which commands a view of the exact scene of the contest, upward of a mile away. I looked in the direction indicated, and saw misty meadows, a little greener perhaps than usual, and colonnades of elms, a trifle denser. After this we paid our respects to another old house which is full of memories and suggestions of that most dramatic period of English history. But of Compton Wyniates (the name of this enchanting domicile) I despair of giving any coherent or adequate account. It belongs to the Marquis of Northampton, and it stands empty all the

year round. It sits on the grass at the bottom of a wooded hollow, and the glades of a superb old park go wandering upward, away from it. When I came out in front of the house from a short and steep but stately avenue, I said to myself that here surely we had arrived at the furthest limits of what old, ivy-smothered brick-work, and weather-beaten gables, and mulioned casements, and clustered, mossy roofs, can accomplish for the eye. It is impossible to imagine a more perfect picture. And its air of solitude and delicate decay—of having been dropped into its grassy hollow as an ancient jewel is deposited upon a cushion, and being shut in from the world and back into the past by its circling woods—all this highly increased its impressiveness. The house is not large, as great houses go, and it sits, as I have said, upon the grass without even a flagging or a foot-path to conduct you from the point where the avenue stops to the beautiful sculptured doorway which admits you into the small, quaint inner court. From this court you are at liberty to pass into a generous succession of oaken halls and chambers, adorned with treasures of old wainscotting, and carving of door and chimney-piece. Outside you may walk all round the house on a grassy bank which is raised above the level on which it stands, and find it from every point of view more deliciously picturesque. I should not omit to mention that Compton Wyniates is supposed to have been in Scott's eye when he described the dwelling of the old royalist knight in "Woodstock." In this case he simply transferred the house to the other side of the county. He has indeed given several of the features of the place, but he has not given what one may call its color. I must add that if Sir Walter could not give the color of Compton Wyniates, it is useless for any other writer to attempt it. It is a matter for the brush and for the hand of some very clever water-colourist.

And what shall I say of the "color" of Wroxton Abbey, which we visited last in order, and which in the thickening twilight, as we approached its great ivy-muffled front, made an ineffaceable impression on my fancy? Wroxton Abbey as it stands is a house of about the same period as Compton Wynyates—the latter years, I suppose, of the sixteenth century. But it is quite another affair. This is one of the haunts of ancient peace that Tennyson talks of, if there ever was one. The place is inhabited, "kept up," and full of the most interesting and most splendid detail. Its happy occupants, however, were fortunately not actually staying there (happy occupants, in England, are almost always absent), and the house was exhibited with a civility worthy of its admir-

able beauty. Everything that in the material line can make life noble and charming has been gathered up into it with that profusion that one can find only in a great English "territorial" dwelling. As I wandered from one stately room to another, looking at these things, that ineffaceable impression upon my fancy that I just mentioned was delightfully deepened. But who can tell the pleasures of fancy when fancy takes her ease in an old English country house, while the twilight darkens the corners of picturesque chambers, and the appreciative intruder, pausing at the window, turns his glance from the mellow-toned portrait of a handsome ancestral face, and sees the great, soft billows of the lawn melt away into the park?

HENRY JAMES, JR.

SLEEP AFTER DEATH.

IF I were dead, and if the dead might crave
 Some little grace to cheer their outcast state,
 This I would ask: deep slumber long and late
 And sure possession of my lonely grave!
 Not to be haunted by the things that were,
 And once were dear, nor even by a dream
 To be disturbed, however glad and fair—
 For perfect rest is dreamless. Lying there,
 Deep hidden, safe from Life's wild rush and stir,
 Not knowing that I slept—this bliss would seem
 More dear to me than Heaven's own paradise!
 So dear I would not care again to rise;
 For eyes that wake must still have tears to weep:
 And so "God giveth His beloved sleep!"

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

"THE FEDERAL LANGUAGE."

BEING A CHAPTER ON AMERICANISMS.

WHEN the war, incorrectly called revolutionary, had accomplished its object, and the independence of the United States was acknowledged by the British crown, a very strong desire for a distinctive Americanism manifested itself among the people. This was only according to human nature. It was the outward sign of a revulsion of feeling against the nationality which was associated with a tyrannical exercise of power, an attempt to deprive the colonies of their birthright of English liberty. They wished, now that they had achieved independence, not only a distinctive nationality and a distinctive name, but to sever themselves as much as possible in every way from the mother country. The manifestation of this feeling was carried to a great extreme; the desire was for something which was impossible in the nature of things. The traits of race cannot be destroyed; its bonds cannot be broken by political severance. One of the strongest of those traits and most indestructible of those bonds is language. This endures because a people must speak the language that it is born to speak. The continuity of communication between generation and generation cannot be broken; and this makes a language perpetual among a people.

The Normans, it is true, put away their native Scandinavian speech, and adopted a Romanic language, the French; but this singular instance of such a change was possible because they were in France. A comparatively small body of people, mostly men, had changed their country; they were surrounded by French men, and what was more important, by French women, whom they married; and thus they gradually but rapidly adopted the language of their new home. But when they conquered England, not-

withstanding their efforts to continue to be Normans in speech as well as in blood and in manners, and notwithstanding their authoritative position, they were obliged in the end to change their speech again, and to adopt the English language. They were again too few to resist the influence of the well-rooted speech of the land and the people which they had conquered. The English language, it is true, had driven out the British from the island; but that was because the English, or Anglo-Saxons, drove out and destroyed the British people and substituted themselves in their place. The Normans did not so drive out and destroy the English, but mingled with them, although as a conquering race; and the consequence was that they themselves became an English-speaking people. Moreover there seems to be a certain sturdy strength in the English language, as in the English race; an immobility, united with flexibility and adaptiveness, which gives it great power of endurance, and of conquest over other tongues. It is the only language which has diffused itself all over the world. People born to speak English will not speak any other language wherever they may go; except as an accomplishment, or temporarily, for a specific purpose.

It would seem that our fathers, after they had achieved our political independence, would have changed their language if they could have done so. This, however, they could not do; and they saw that it was impossible. They must continue to speak English if they spoke at all; but they did hope to accomplish the formation of an American dialect of English. We are not left in any doubt upon this point; the written evidence of which remains. Englishmen sometimes nowadays twit Yankees with speaking

"American"; and the gibe is resented; but it seems that such would not have been the case seventy-five years ago. Dunlop, in his "History of the American Theatre," records the following very remarkable and significant fact: "In the procession on occasion of the adoption of the federal Constitution, an association of young men, of which the writer was one, called the Philological Society, carried through the streets of New York a book inscribed '*Federal Language*,' as if any other than the English language, the language of our fathers, the contemporaries of Hampden and Milton, would be desirable for their sons and the inheritors of their spirit." Dunlop's reflection upon the performance of these very philological young men is just; but the question is not one of desirability, but of possibility. Family feuds may or may not be handed down from sire to son; the spirit of liberty may or may not descend from generation to generation of the same people; freedom may "slowly broaden down from precedent to precedent," as Tennyson finely says, or it may not; but a language must live until they who speak it pass away or are absorbed into another family. It is the means of intercommunication, almost the condition of life, among three living generations; and it ever stretches across those generations, from grandsire to grandson, each insensibly changing its place and rising into the elder. It is the one man-made thing that is enduring, although change comes with its duration. If these young men had had a little tinge of philology in their minds, they would have seen that their extravagant manifestation of patriotism was preposterous. But there have been men not much wiser since; men who have thought that political severance wrought ethnical change, and that one of the consequences of an independent "American" government ought to be, and would be, an independent American literature. An American literature does not exist,

and cannot exist, until the fusion of races here produces a new race, differing from that which laid the foundations of our society, and which is still the dominant ethnical force of the country; a race which shall think new thoughts in a new language unknown to Hampden and to Milton. The former is possible in the lapse of centuries; whether the latter will ever happen is more than doubtful.

The strength of this feeling in favor of the formation of an American language, even so late as seventy-five years ago, is capable of further exhibition. The philological young men, of whom Dunlop was one, were not alone in their aspirations toward a "federal language." Noah Webster, who gave his name to a dictionary which, modified, it is true, almost out of recognition by him as his own if he were now alive, has become what is called an authority even in England, and who was our first thoughtful writer on language and thorough student of it, has left interesting evidence on this point. In his earlier years he himself was one of the advocates of an American language. He wrote a volume of "Dissertations on the English Language," which, published so long ago as 1789, the date of the adoption of that federal Constitution to celebrate which the book inscribed "Federal Language" was borne through the streets of New York, is now little known, but which is full of interest both historical and philological. In this book he takes a decided stand in favor of a new language for the new nation. He says: "As an independent nation, our honor requires us to have a system of our own in language as well as government. Great Britain, whose children we are, and whose language we speak, should no longer be *our* standard; for the taste of her writers is on the decline. But if it were not so, she is at too great a distance to be our model, and to instruct us in the principles of our own tongue." ("Dissert.," I., p. 20.) Again: "Let me add that whatever

predilection the Americans may have for their native European tongues, and particularly the British descendants for the English, yet several circumstances render a future separation of the American tongue from the English necessary and unavoidable." (P. 22.) Again: "As a nation we have a very great interest in opposing the introduction of any uniformity with the British language, even were the plan proposed perfectly unexceptionable." ("Dissert.," III., p. 177.) And finally: "Customs, habits, and *language*, as well as government, should be national. America should have her *own* distinct from all the world. Such is the policy of other nations, and such must be *our* policy before the States can be either independent or respectable." (P. 179.) The italic emphasis is Webster's.

The radical error in all this is the assumption that a language is the result of a deliberate intention; that distinctive customs, habits, and language are the fruit of a policy, and that they may be formed and imposed upon a people in pursuance of a policy. But customs and habits are the fruit of an insensible growth, and language is merely a custom and a habit more ineradicable than any other. Webster's prediction of a future severance between the language of Great Britain and America is, as we all know, not only unfulfilled, but most improbable, and almost impossible of fulfilment. Indeed, the fact is, that the language of the two countries is now more nearly identical than it was when he declared the necessity of a severance between them, and prophesied its accomplishment.

The difference which existed between the language of old England and that of New England when Webster wrote his "Dissertations" was very slight, but it was of a peculiar and significant kind. For it consisted in the fact that the language of New England was, so to speak, more English than that of old England itself. The people who founded the New

England colonies not only came from England, but they were, in the mass, of the purest English blood and speech. Of the middle class, and coming generally from the rural districts, they were Anglo-Saxons pure and simple. They spoke the plain, strong, yet poetical English of the Elizabethan or post-Elizabethan period, unmodified by any of those foreign influences which had their effect upon the speech of the higher classes, particularly those who followed the fashion of the court. They were chiefly yeomen, and the younger sons of the smaller gentry, with a slight sprinkling of men of higher station. But they were not a rude or an uninstructed people. They came to New England because they were readers and thinkers, and had formed opinions of their own in religion and in politics. These people, being isolated for several generations, kept their language almost intact as they brought it from their old home. Nor were they subject to the influences which result from the intrusion of foreigners. This was particularly true of the interior parts of the country, those beyond the reach of commerce. Connecticut, for example, was probably at the beginning of this century the most purely English commonwealth in the world. It was filled with an agricultural population of almost unmixed English blood, intelligent, thrifty, staid, attached to the soil, among whom a moderate degree of education was universally diffused. In connection with this subject it is to be remarked that Connecticut has always been the stronghold in New England of the English or "Protestant Episcopal" church. These New England people spoke the English which their fathers had brought away from England in the times of Hampden and Milton, or a little before, almost without change. In England there had been changes, particularly among the aristocracy. The result was that the English of the Elizabethan period—that great English which is even now looked upon as a

standard from which it is well to deviate as little as possible while we yield to the necessities of progress, or at least of change—was spoken more purely in interior New England at the beginning of the century than it was in England itself.

Since that time there has been a change, and it has been toward a greater uniformity of language between the two nations, who are really one people. The increased, and the constantly increasing, freedom of intercourse between them, and the interchange of literature—the excess of course being very largely on the side of British books and periodical publications—have been ceaselessly at work in bringing the vocabularies of the whole English-speaking people to uniformity. We have taken much from our British brethren, but they have taken something from us. The same influences, constantly strengthening and spreading, will continue and increase; and instead of the divergence desired and looked for three-quarters of a century ago, the prospect is of such an absolute and general uniformity in this respect as that which now exists between cultivated circles of both countries. Maetzner, the eminent German grammarian, in his great English grammar, cites with equal freedom American and British authors as authoritative upon usage in the English language. So much for the introduction of a distinctive Americanism in language. *

Not only, however, has there been no distinctive American verbal character given to the English language here, but the very words which were once regarded as of American coinage have been found to be of English origin and sanctioned by the best English usage. This remark, necessary here, has been made so often of late years that it is proper to say that I made it and proved its truth twenty years ago, as the readers of "Shakespeare's Scholar" and of my edition of Shakespeare know. That there are words and phrases which having had

their origin here, and having been received into common use only in the States, may be justly called Americanisms, I have no thought of denying. But they are comparatively few; and of those very words which were stigmatized most strongly as Americanisms, not a few may be shown, I think, to be as undeniably English by origin and by usage as any word in the language. As my first example of these I shall take

NOTION.

This is perhaps, of all so-called Americanisms, regarded as the most absolutely American and Yankee. "Yankee-notions" has become not only a sort of by-word of jocose reproach against New Englanders, but a well-recognized trade phrase. There are dealers in Yankee notions who make the announcement that they are such on their signs and in their advertisements. Bartlett defines the phrase as meaning "small wares or trifles," and says of it that it is "much used by ingenious New Englanders," and quotes from Mary Clavers's "Forest Life" the speech of a Yankee peddler who says that he has "all sorts of notions," and mentions among them calicoes, French-work collars and capes, song books, essences, and smelling bottles. And yet the word was used in exactly this sense, in the gravest of English didactic poems, by a British poet who lived and wrote more than a hundred and fifty years ago. Young, in his "Night Thoughts," has this passage:

And other worlds send odors, source, and song,
And robes, and *notions* framed in foreign looms.
—*Night Second.*

The Yankee peddler and the British poet both use the word with exactly the same meaning, as to which each leaves no room for doubt by mentioning in detail the very same articles under the general head of "notions," as will be found by a comparison of the passages cited. I am able to bring forward but one such use of this word by a British author; for I have not searched for my examples,

which have fallen in my way unsought; but this one is from an author of such a position, and is so very clear and decided in its character, that it leaves no room for question. With regard to my next example, however, I happen to be more thoroughly equipped:

GUESS.

This word, which is defined by Johnson as "to conjecture, to judge without any certain principles of judgment," or "to conjecture rightly, or upon some just reason," is used here, and particularly in New England, in the sense to believe, to suppose, to think; and this use is stigmatized as an Americanism, and one of the most marked type. Mr. Bartlett gravely reads a little lecture upon it as a dreadful example, and the Rev. A. C. Geikie, in the "Canadian Journal," is good-naturedly scornful of a contrary view taken by me in "Shakespeare's Scholar." Well, let us see. I first cite Wycliffe in his translation of the New Testament:

In thatoure the disciplis camen to ihesus et seiden who *gessest* thou is gretter in the kyngdom of hevenes?—*Matthew xviii.*, 1.

But petir seide to him, thy money be with thee into perdition; for thou *gessest* the gifte of god schulden be hadde for money.—*Acts viii.*, 21.

Here, as in the foregoing passage, the sense of "guess" is plainly think, suppose; the Greek verb so translated is *νομίζω*; Tyndale translates it "weenest," Cranmer "hast thought," which was retained in the received version. The same passage appears in the Wycliffite "Apology for the Lollards," p. 48: "for thu *gessest* to have the gift of God for money." From this latter book I also quote the following passage:

Hector Thebanus a man sum tyme richest, wen he went to use philosophie at Athens, he kest a way a great peise of gold: he *gesseid* that he might not haue to gidre riches and vertu.—*P.* 48.

And of this is he the more dispicid of all, that he wrecchidly desolat is *gesseid* to be fallen justly to this wrecchidnes.—*P.* 110.

In the first of these passages *guessed* has the sense of supposed, thought; in the second, that of believed. I next cite Chaucer:

And by my count I have right now of thee
A good conceit, as in my wit I *gesse*.

—"*Troilus and Creseid.*," *Book I.*

—for such manere folk I *gesse*
Diffamen love, as nothing of him know:
They speken that never bent his bowe.

—*Ib.*, *Book II.*

Right for her trouth and for her kindnesse
That loved him better than herself I *gesse*.

—"*Legend of Good Women.*," *I.*, 1661.

In the first of these passages "I gesse" means, I suppose, I imagine; in the second and third, I believe, I am sure. These examples are from such ancient English writers, the very earliest of those who are strictly called English, that they might be (although not justly) set aside as too antiquated to support a modern use of the word in the same sense. But, this granted, all the more do they show that the use of the word in this sense is not of American origin; they having been written three hundred years before there were any "Americans" in America. But we are not left to the support of such ancient authority. In a North British (incorrectly called Scotch, for it is none the less English) ballad is the following passage:

Thay hony lippis ze did perseiv
Grew pale, I *ges*,
Thinking it was contritioun new,
To dance ane Mes [a Mass].

—"*Ane Compendious Buik of Godlie Psalmes and Spiritual Songs.*" *Edin.*, 1578. (*P.* 181, *Re-print* 1868.)

Next comes an English churchman famous in theological controversy, Bishop Jewell:

In the mean time what may be *ghessed* of their meaning which thus ruine and spoile the house of God, which deciae the provision thereof, and so badly esteem the ministers of his Gospel.

—"*Certain Sermons.*," etc., ed. 1581, *Sig. J vii.*

Here it will be seen upon a moment's reflection that Jewell does not mean to ask what may be conjectured of their meaning, who "ruine and spoile," etc., but what shall we *think* of their meaning who thus ruin, etc. My next examples are of the Elizabethan period, one early, one late:

I was destroyed and all my men I *gesse*.
At unawares assaulted by our fœn,
Which were in number forty to us one.

—"*Mirror for Magistrates*" (1587), *II.*, *xxvi.*, 20.

A starved tenement such as I *guess*,
Stands straggling in the wastes of Holderness.
—*Bishop Hall's "Satires"* (1599), V. I.

In both these passages "*guess*" means believe, which is in the most marked and striking manner its sense in the following sentence from one of John Locke's most celebrated works:

If this were constantly observed, I *guess* there would belittle need of blows or chiding.—"*Essay on the Education of Children*" (1693), p. 318, modern edition.

Locke uses the word in like manner in another passage upon which I cannot at present lay my hand. Further quotation is needless, but I will close my citation by giving the following example from the most popular British novelist of the day:

"I know the way well enough, Mrs. Duckworth," said the drover. "I've been at the Cleeve before now, I *guess*."—*Anthony Trollope, "Orley Farm,"* II., 23.

The word is here used by an English drover just as it would be used by a rustic New Englander.

From words called Americanisms I turn for a moment to forms of the same word which have been regarded in like manner as distinctively American.

HUNG. HANGED.

Mr. Bartlett quotes the same Rev. Geikie—whom we have already encountered as a censor of American speech, and patronizing corrector of American authors—as saying, in the "*Canadian Journal*," September, 1857: "In England it occasionally happens that great offenders are *hanged*; but in the States and Canada criminals are never *hanged*; they are all *hung*. In England, beef is *hung*, gates are *hung*, and curtains are *hung*; but felons are *hanged*; in Canada, felons, beef, gates, and curtains are all treated the same way." This is explicit; and when a charge is made explicitness is desirable: one knows exactly to what to plead. The points here are, that English speakers and writers say that men who are strangled, or who strangle themselves by hanging, are *hanged*; that the same writers say that articles—inanimate things which are suspended—are *hung*; and that Americans

say that the strangled people are *hung*.

First as to the criminals and suicides:

What! you suppose he should have *hung* himself indeed?

—Ben Jonson, "*Every Man Out of His Humor*," III., 2.

—and *hung* himself in Thisbe's garter.—*Shakespeare, "Mid. N. Dr.,"* V., ed. 1623.

—and she caused her husband to be *hung* upon a beam, and strangled.—*Fuller, "Holy and Profane State,"* II.

—and, with many of his accomplices, *hung* out of a window.—*Ibid.*, XVI.

'Twas a bad business that one Mr. Mordred . . . was *hung* by martial law.—*Southey's "Letters,"* I., 171.

If I had not been *hung*: if you had not killed an inquisitor.—*Ibid.*, I., 10.

Either Mr. — seriously expects Bonaparte to conquer England, and you to be *hung* on the same principle that Edward I. executed the old bards.—*Ibid.*, I., 253.

—and on the Saturday before Easter he is always *hung* by the neck from a very lofty gibbet.—*Hartley Coleridge, "Six Months in the West Indies,"* p. 91.

—the danger of being *hung* upon a lamp-post.—*Mrs. Trollope, "Vienna and the Austrians," Letter* 28.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, following the practice which he had learnt in Ireland, *hung* the Spaniards as fast as he caught them.—*Froude, "History of England," Chapter LVI.*

He [Grange of Kirkaldy] was *hung* with his face looking down the street toward Holyrood.—*Idem, Chapter LVIII.*

Men have been *hung*, men have been burned alive at the stake, in the Southern States, because, and because only, of their advocacy of emancipation.—*Mr. Bains's, M. P., speech at Leeds, Feb. 3, 1863.*

—we must either hold your Government responsible for their acts, or treat them as pirates, to be *hung* when taken.—*Private letter from an Englishman, N. Y. Times, February, 1862.*

—suggesting, if not warranting, the declaration of a great lawyer, that a man might be *hung* on less evidence.—*Sir H. Holland, "Recollections of Past Life," Chapter IX.*

There was but one opinion amongst the bar and the auditors in general; namely, that the maid had been *hung* by the mistress.—*Charles Reade, "Griffith Gawn," Chapter XLI.*

Sir Guy of the dolorous blast,
With Knights three score and ten,
Hung brave Sir Hugh at last.

—*William Morris, "Shameful Death."*

—for every pastor taken was *hung*.—*Smiles's "Huguenots in France," Chapter II.*

Taukerville, who is a sour, malignant little Whig (since become an ultra Tory), loudly declares that Polignac ought to be *hung*.—"The Greville Memoirs," Chapter XI.

And if one had to be *hung* in a given week, would not one wish to be *hung* on the first day of the week?—*A. Trollope, "The Way We Live Now," Chapter XXXIX.*

We suppose that it is necessary for Government to employ scoundrels of this kind; but if they could be used and then comfortably *hung*, the world would feel the cleaner, and probably be none the less safe.—*London Spectator*, "*Fenian Informers*," May 4, 1867.

It is said that in some village in the south of France the Duke of Wellington is still revered, not on account of his brilliant exploits, but because he *hung* two of his soldiers for stealing a duck.—*Saturday Review*, March 22, 1862, p. 318.

They are not cases of giant killing. There is nobody to be *hung*. They call for remedial and simply improving law.—*London Times's leading article*, June 8, 1877.

That point is settled. It is clear that in England great offenders are *hanged*, and that to say that they are *hung* is a gross and abominable Americanism. The Reverend Geikie is to be congratulated on his knowledge of the language of his country. Now, as to the other point, that while men are *hanged*, things are *hung*:

We *hanged* our harps on the willows.—*Psalms cxxvii.*, v. 2.

They *hanged* their shields upon Thy walls round about.—*Ezekiel xxvii.*, v. 11.

It were better for him that a millstone were *hanged* about his neck.—*Matthew xviii.*, v. 6.

But didn't thou hear without wondering how thy name should be *hang'd* and carved upon these trees?—*Shakespeare*, "*As You Like It*," III., 2.

I have *hang'd* up my hatchet. God speed him well.—*Proverbs of Heywood*, C. XI.

Others, unsought-for, would perhaps return, With bags unstrained, and fleeces newly shorn; Some *hang'd* on crooked bryars.—*Quarles*, "*Shepherd's Oracles*," p. 76.

Hildebrand finds a ladder which is *hang'd* on a tower.—*Ludlow's "Epics of the Middle Ages"*, I., 265.

This is enough, for I must put some limit to my quotations. And perhaps both Mr. Bartlett and his reverend authority are satisfied. As to the fact that criminals are always *hung* in America, the following passages bear sufficient testimony:

The citizens who fled from Memphis on the arrival of our flotilla, fearful that they would be *hanged*, drawn, and quartered, are still returning to the city.—*N. Y. Tribune*, June 20, 1863.

Among the statements . . . is one that Colonel S. N. Moody . . . was *hanged* by the mob on a telegraph post opposite his own store. We can assure the friends of Colonel Moody, North and South, that he was not *hanged*.—*New Orleans True Delta*, June 10, 1862.

—and whether the public interests require these Indians to be *hanged* in any particular case the public is the sole judge.—*N. Y. Times, leading article*, December 3, 1862.

He [Warden Johnston] had not looked so gloomy since he was sentenced to be *hanged*.—*N. Y. Times, report*, 1874.

But upon this point any reader may satisfy himself, by examining the newspapers of the day, that Mr. Geikie is just as accurate an observer, and just as competent a critic of Americanisms in language, on this point, as he was shown to be upon the others. It is strange that intelligent men will not get a knowledge of facts before they make assertions and draw inferences. In this case probably Mr. Geikie's attention had been arrested by the use of *hung* as applied to criminals; and as the best English usage is rather in favor of *hanged*, notwithstanding the examples of *hung* given above, he jumped to the conclusion that Englishmen said *hanged* and Americans *hung*, with disastrous results to himself only. The reason for the preference of *hanged* in the case of criminals is probably that the participle in *ed*, the last syllable of which was pronounced until a comparatively late period, is more solemn in its effect than *hung*.

I now point out a genuine Americanism:

RIGHT AWAY.

The use of this phrase in the sense of immediately, at once, on the instant moment, is an Americanism, absolute, pure and simple, without possibility of defence or mitigation. It is of American origin; its use is confined, I feel quite confident, to this country, and it is directly at variance with English idiom. Mr. Lowell presents *straightway* as a justification of it. This surprises me in a writer of Mr. Lowell's knowledge of English and mastery of it. There is no better English than *straightway*; there is no word which has the support of higher usage. But *straightway* and *right away* are not of like meaning or construction. True, *straight* in the one does mean exactly the same as *right* in the other; *i. e.*, *recte*, in a right line, by the shortest distance from one point to another, and so immediately, instantly. The latter, however, contains an element

which is not in the former, and which differences the two greatly. This is the first syllable of *away*, in which *a* is a contraction of *on*. To say, as is often said in England as well as here, "He went right away home," or to give the order, "Go right away there," is perfectly right. But to say, as is said in America, "Stop doing that right away," "Bring me some water right away," is wrong, and absurdly wrong. When we say, "He went right a-way there," we say he went straight ("on a bee line") *on* his way there; and so, "Go right away there" is "Go right *on* way there." The presence of this *on*, which by phonetic decay has become *a*, makes a radical difference between these two phrases. Any one will see that *way* and *away* are not

at all synonymous. To give the order that a thing shall be brought right away is really to ask to have it taken instantly away from the person ordering. The phrase is simply preposterous, and it is a distinctive Americanism in all the possible conditions of Americanism. It came into use manifestly, as other incorrect phrases have done, through a mistake as to its meaning. If a man goes right away from one place to another, he generally does go instantly; and therefore *right away* was mistaken to mean instantly. The phrase is so rooted in the common speech of this country that its eradication is probably hopeless; but it would be well if its use could be left to the ignorant and to slovens in speech

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

DOUBT.

IN the deep mellow calm of this still night,
Here by the silent house that holds you, sweet,
I pause, love-led, love-bound, in doubt's despite,
A pilgrim wandering with uncertain feet.

An hour ago I looked into your eyes,
An hour ago I held your hand in mine:
"Good night!" you said, in sober, maiden guise,
And so passed from me, mute, without a sign.

An hour ago! and now your chamber light
Has flickered out, and sleep locks fast your soul,
While my sad, eager heart out-waits the night,
And draws me restless back to my true goal.

Dear, tender face, what mean your mystic lines?
Clear, wide gray eyes, what secret broods in you?
Warm, lustrous hair, unfold your wondrous signs!
Sweet, wistful mouth, ah! are you, are you true?

Perhaps in sleep the daily strife and fret
May pass awhile, and passing take away
The earth-born shadows which perplex you yet,
And you may answer, dear, while here I pray.

Perhaps some thought, wind-wafted from my heart,
May steal athwart your window's jealous guard,
And plead with more than all my faltering art
Before that shrine I find so darkly barred.

But I—ah! I still puzzle o'er the signs,
Still wait and wonder—trusting, doubting you—
Sweet, tender face, what mean your mystic lines?
Clear, wide gray eyes, ah! are you, are you true?

BARTON GREY.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT IN THE EAST.

HISTORY is again repeating itself. The northern wave once more surges down on southern Europe. What an endless historical procession is formed by the various nations that have attacked Byzantium or Constantinople—Scythians, Parthians, and Dacians, Huns and Lombards, Avars and Persians, Arabs and Tartars—tribes and leaders whose names and titles are forgotten or rarely read in the pages of history! one chagan coming down through the passes of the Balkans and demanding as a tribute one Roman virgin and a golden bed; another chagan coming a hundred years later, and, in alliance with the Persians, besieging Constantinople by sea and land, and this time demanding and obtaining “one thousand talents of gold, a thousand talents of silver, a thousand silk robes, a thousand horses, and a thousand virgins.” It is a matter of great doubt whether Abdul Hamid could pay any part of this tribute except perhaps the thousand horses.

The crusaders next appear upon the scene: Franks, Germans, and Venetians, old blind Dandolo jumping on the sea wall from his galley. Then the Turks came from the Golden mountains to the Golden Horn to have their turn of conquest and defence. Gibbon tells us that when the Turks first issued from the fastness of the Altai or Golden mountains (A. D. 545), they had a military axiom from which they have since widely departed. Like the Spartans, they forbade their cities to be walled. “Should we,” thus ran their saying, “confine ourselves within the walls of cities, the loss of a battle would be the ruin of our empire. In the field, if strong, we advance and conquer; if feeble, we retire.” Lastly the Russians appear upon the scene. This is their seventh invasion since the days of Czar Peter. The tide seems destined to be endless.

— Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy currents' compulsive course
Ne'er keeps returning ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontica, the Hellespont—

so flows the ceaseless current of invasion: war, ceaseless war about the fatal straits, for there, since Xerxes's time, enough blood has been shed to turn “the Black sea red.”

Nearly all wars may be traced to difference of race or difference of religion. This is a statement of a fact rather than a cause. Why should differences of race or religion cause people to kill each other? Is religion only a cloak in such wars, with ambition, selfishness, and greed behind as exciting causes? The answer is evident. Religion is generally a pretext with rulers, but a sufficient cause with ignorant multitudes for intolerance and hate. The dispute which nominally led to the Crimean war was about the keys of the church of Bethlehem. An old iron key of the main door of the chapel had been transferred from the Greek to the Latin Christians. This gave rise to the first altercations. But the key that was really fought for was the key to the Bosphorus. Constantinople is a place of great commercial and strategic importance. Nevertheless, by a strange combination of circumstances, a religious element has entered into almost all the wars that have been waged for its possession. The dwellers in this luxurious land have never been famous for the sanctity of their lives from Helen's time till now; yet it has ever been among them that the *odium theologicum* has borne its bitterest fruit. In the time of Troy, “’twas Juno's wrath that was the spring of woes unnumbered.” And now we have the Czar proclaiming a crusade and the Sultan a sacred war.

Russia, in all wars against the Turks, has always, among other allegations, proclaimed the never-ending pretext of protecting the Greek Catholics from persecution. Czar Alexan-

der having proclaimed to all the world that the present war has not been initiated on his part with any desire of territorial aggrandizement, the religious element enters as usual as an important factor in our speculations as to its results. Before making any military criticisms, we wish to make a few observations on the Greek and Mohammedan religions, which must supply the combatants with the fanaticism which is giving color and character to the war. If the moral is to the physical as four is to one, any calculation of resources would be useless which omitted the motive power.

Greek Catholicism, as everybody knows, differs from Roman Catholicism only in a few points of doctrine and practice. But the two churches are as wide as the poles asunder, as the Greeks do not acknowledge the supremacy and infallibility of the Pope. Yet they claim infallibility for their church none the less; for, like the Roman Catholics, they teach that outside of their church there is no salvation. Now, mark this. The Mohammedans believe and proclaim for themselves this very thing. Only their statement of it is in the affirmative and not in the negative form—"that all infidels are damned." The important thing with them is, not that God is God, but that Mohammed is his prophet, and that they are his followers. People who believe that out of their church there is no salvation necessarily believe that outsiders will be damned; and the conclusion is a just and pious one, that they ought to be. This reasoning easily takes the form of the good old Puritan syllogism, that this world was made for the saints, with the consolatory conclusion derived therefrom that it was made for us. Good Christians once believed "that some should be saved, yet so as by fire," and acted on this by burning heretics. But in Christian countries this argument is no longer pressed to its logical conclusion. In the first place, Christ was not, like Mohammed, a prophet of the sword; and in the next place, the general study of philosophy

and political economy among western nations has made them more tolerant. They are not so dreadfully certain as your infallible people. But our average Turk of to-day is just as sure his enemy is doomed to damnation as ever John Knox was. The Turk and the Jew are the only consistent Unitarians. To them all others are pagans and infidels. They must, therefore, be uncompromising in matters of faith. The Turk is more uncompromising than the Israelite, because the one is a cosmopolite and the other is not. There are other reasons for the Turks' lack of progressiveness besides their religion: first, they are polygamists; secondly, they are slaveholders; and thirdly, they are not, as a people, agriculturists. No people who do not cultivate their own lands can ever take root. The Turks are only camping in Europe. For five hundred years they have only held military possession. It is not feudalism, for feudalism finally takes root in farming. The Turk is too lazy to farm; he is not too lazy to fight. He can yet fight terribly. The old saying, to fight like a Turk, was founded on fact. A Mohammedan is a fatalist, and a fatalist should be brave. Personal courage is not so decisive an element in modern war as in the days of Godfrey and Saladin; yet, after a good many years' experience in the business, I am confirmed in the belief that it still constitutes by far the most important element in successful soldiering. No advantage in arms, no amount of training, can make up for it. Zeal and enthusiasm are scarcely less essential now than at the time of the crusades. Long marches must be made, hunger, heat, and cold endured, hard work done with pick and spade, while brain and nerve are put under much greater strain than ever before.

It is about a thousand miles from Tiflis, the Russian base of operations in the Caucasus, to Constantinople. The Taurus range of mountains average nine thousand feet in height. A better idea of the country can be got from Xenophon's "Anabasis" than from any modern book. Pompey,

Cræsus, and Mithridates, and other classical gentlemen, fought over the country in which Ivan Paskevitch made his last campaign against the Turks, and in which General Melikoff is now trying his fortune. The bloodiest battle of which we have any record was fought at Angora between Tamerlane and Bajazet. It is in this country of fine military positions that the decisive campaign will be fought, if the contest becomes a death struggle between the Russian and the Turkish races.

This question of race involves another general principle no less important. It is the lack of homogeneity between the Turks and the other races under the rule of the Sultan, on the one hand, and the supposed tendency of all the Slavic tribes to coalesce, on the other.

The principle of national unification, carried to its logical consequences, would end in some striking revolutions. It would reëstablish Poland and Ireland, and break up Austria and Turkey. Should Russia proclaim a Pan-Slavic war, Austria would have to take part against her at once. The Czar evidently feels that he cannot fight against these odds, to gain the active coöperation of all the Slavs in the Turkish empire. Even if he were strong enough to fight Austria and Turkey combined, he could not secure his foothold beyond the Balkans until he had crushed the military power of Austria, for the plain reason that a Russian force invading Turkey is taken by the power of Austria in reverse.

Kinglake, in the first volume of his "Invasion of the Crimea," has a diagram illustrating the straits in which the Czar placed himself by attempting to maintain a hostile occupation of the Danubian principalities without the assent of Austria. This he does by very tapering lines of a current starting large from Moscow and Warsaw, and running down to a very fine arrow-head on the Danube; "showing," he says, "the hourly decreasing strength of an invader who operates

at a vast distance from his main resources." Transylvania intrudes like a corner bastion of a fortress between Russia and Turkey, and a small force stationed there, either with hostile or uncertain purpose, would paralyze an invading force marching south.

The only very successful war the Russians have ever made against the Turks was in 1828-'9, when Diebitsch advanced to Adrianople and Paskevitch to Erzerum and Trebizond. But the Turks at that time fought under every disadvantage. Their old army of Janissaries had revolted and been exterminated. The force that had been hastily organized in their place was simply a raw and undisciplined levy. The power of the Turks had been crushed by the allied powers in the Greek revolt. Their fleet had been destroyed at Navarino; and the Russian armies, advancing in Europe and Asia, had this vast advantage. The Russian navy dominated the Black sea. Now, however, this condition is reversed. The Turks control the sea, and the Russian armies, advancing in Europe and Asia, have to do so with a flank exposed. Not only can they get no help from water transportation, but their adversaries, if enterprising, can annoy them by naval expeditions against their exposed seacoast on the Euxine.

In this history may repeat itself. When General McClellan transported his army by water from Alexandria, Virginia, to Fort Monroe, it was spoken of as quite a novel expedient in the art of war. Yet the Emperor Heraclius twice resorted to the like expedient: first, to drive back the Persians, who were advancing on Constantinople through Anatolia, when fearing, as Gibbon says, a defeat in his capital, he embarked his army, sailed down the Hellespont, passed completely around the peninsula of Asia Minor, and landed his army at Issus, in rear of his enemies and on their line of communications. His campaign was successful; the Persian armies were defeated,

This was in the year 622. Two years later, when Constantinople was again attacked by the Persians from the Adriatic side, and the Avars from the north, Heraclius again transported his army by sea, this time to Trebizond, near the southeast corner of the Euxine; once again flanking his adversaries, and carrying the war into Persia, but leaving the Avars to enjoy the gold, and silver, and silks, and virgins before referred to. This same Heraclius was the first to feel the sharpness of the prophet's sword. All his skill availed but little against the first fierce burst of Moslem zeal.

To return at once to our own day, we are bound to admit the great advantages the Turks have in their defensive war. Their greatest advantage is, that for offensive war the Russians are only third-rate soldiers. Their generals lack imagination and resource; their common soldiers intelligence and dash. Their organization seems too cumbersome, their units of command too large. In the next place, the advantage they have in the power of concentration is neutralized in Bulgaria by the natural and artificial advantages possessed by their adversaries. These are the Balkan range of mountains, their four great fortresses, and the command of the sea. As the Russians cannot, or think they cannot, pass *through* the Turkish quadrilateral, they have, so to speak, to reach around a corner to strike a blow. Their single line of communication, a single-track railroad through Bucharest, binds them, like an umbilical cord, to one line of operations.

The Turks have a line of communication parallel with their base. This is the most convenient line possible, both for concentration and supply, *if it is safe*. They are, to use the technical term, forming front to a flank. Nothing can be more dangerous than this, if the line is exposed to attack. In the present war the Russians can only reach the Turkish line of communication with Constantinople by taking or masking three fortresses and passing the Balkans.

A railroad along this base line of communication has so far more than made up for the interior lines the Russians possess. The greatest strategic danger the Turks are in is from an attack on their inner flank. But the Russians cannot make such an attack without taking Shumla or getting the command of the sea. An attack on the Turkish outer or left flank would be no disadvantage to them. Their danger lies in the possibility of their enemy's penetrating their centre. A defeat near Adrianople would be ruinous. But the Russians to gain such an advantage must make sure of victory. Marmont forced Wellington to fight with his front to a flank at Salamanca. This would have been fatal to Wellington if he had been defeated; but he was not. On the contrary, he won the battle and turned the tables on his adversary.

It is probable, however, that notwithstanding all the advantages which the Turks may have in a defensive war, the Russians will whip them if their money holds out. This is the great question. It must be to them a terribly expensive war. It is about as far from Moscow to Constantinople, via Silistria, as from Washington to Denver. By the Asiatic route by Tiflis, Erzerum, and Asia Minor, it is as far as from Washington to Portland, Oregon. It will cost Russia nearly as much to carry on this war as it would cost us to contend with the whole power of Great Britain concentrated in British Columbia. It is reported that at the conclusion of the Crimean war there was a dead horse or a broken wagon for every yard of the road from Moscow to Sebastopol. It was this that broke down the power of Russia; not the loss of a town, or even the disgraceful defeats of Alma and Inkerman.

But let us suppose the Czar is entirely successful; that the Greek cross is placed over St. Sophia, and that the double eagle and not the dove lights on Mount Ararat. *Cui bono?* Will the condition of the people in the Ottoman empire be in any way im-

proved? If the military power of Turkey is crushed, the present dynasty exterminated, and a Russian satrap rules in every province from Scutari to Bassorah, what then? Have the Russian Asiatic departments been so well governed as to lead us to conclude that Russian despotism is a very civilizing influence? Will they or can they abolish polygamy and slavery? Can they make lazy people work, or transform knaves into honest men? It should be remembered, also, that polygamy and slavery are not an outgrowth of Mohammedanism. They are Oriental vices, that long antedate the birth of the prophet. How hard they are to eradicate we know by our own recent experience. We have some reformers in these lines, who are now out of business, whom we might lend to the Czar should he seriously undertake the task of reconstruction. Israel lent to Egypt a Joseph, to Assyria a Mordecai. Athens lent generals to Syracuse, rhetoricians to Rome. France gave Ireland a St. Patrick and lent us a Lafayette. Why should we not generously loan to Russia a Phillips, a Beecher, and a Wade? Even this is not the hardest task. To reform Turkey they must abolish the Turks. They were once a pastoral people who turned land pirates. The first shepherd did the first murder and became a vagabond. Shepherd tribes have always shown the same tendency. Even our Texas cow-boys, short as has been their pastoral experience, will die before they will dig. The Turk has not been pastoral for centuries. His vagabondism has taken a worse type. He is a military interloper, an effete despot. There are five or six millions of these people west of the Dardanelles. Can they be converted, reformed, or removed? The exodus of Israel out of Egypt is the most considerable of which we have any reliable record. According to the Biblical estimate, there were about four millions of them. Their migration had to be helped out by many miraculous inter-

positions, which can hardly be expected in favor of the Turks.

The invasions of the Roman empire by northern hordes are generally spoken of as the military migrations of populous nations. The historian Robinson has conclusively shown that their numbers have been greatly exaggerated. They were barbarous tribes who lived mainly by hunting and fishing, and it is simply impossible that they should have been very numerous. But these speculations are more curious than profitable. It is not probable that an entire people will ever again be forced into an involuntary emigration from their homes.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle says that Russia is a great missionary nation. Yes, but what is her mission? Centralization? order enforced by power? organization by proclamation? There is a class of people who believe that the passing of laws and the issuing of edicts is a cure for all evils. To such persons the Russian government, viewed from a distance, seems quite admirable. But it gives but little play to spontaneous development, but little chance for endogenous growth. Centralization, when the result of natural or even cultivated affinities, is an excellent thing. When the result of force alone, it is worse than a Procrustean bed. The responsibility of local self-government is the best educator, and military rule the worst. It may seem like a strange assertion for a soldier to make, yet I believe it is true, that this Turkish problem cannot be solved by the arbitrament of war. "Whether Russian kill Turk, or Turk kill Russian, or each do kill the other," the cause of civilization will not be advanced one iota. But the daily press hastens to add honest Iago's conclusion, "that every way makes our gain." This may be true in dollars and cents; but as the world will lose a large part of its wealth by absolute destruction, we too will have to pay a certain share in general average.

THOMAS M. ANDERSON, U. S. A.

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE ORIENT.

THE desperate, bloody deadlock at Shipka and Plevna still holds fast at this writing between those semi-Asiatic wrestlers, who are shocking mankind by the barbarity of their warfare. The resisting power of the Turks, or rather their strength in that strategy known as "the defensive, with offensive returns," has taken the world by surprise. It came like the revelation of German prowess in 1870. I remember a map of the "Seat of Hostilities," made that year, which stretched across Prussia to Poland itself, but barely took in the Rhine, and left out many a league of French soil that was very soon after trampled by Uhlan hoofs. The map maker, like most other people, had looked for the scene of war in Germany, though himself a German. So now, for some reason, it was generally thought that this latest clash of cross and crescent would be like that bygone march of the Poles against Osman, when, though the "more numerous Turk" was, as the poet says, "horrent in mail and gay in spangled pride," yet the "broad sabre and keen poleaxe" of the Warsaw troops "flew with speedy terror through the feebler herd, and made rude havoc and irregular spoil amongst the vulgar bands that own'd the name of Mahomet":

For 'twas unsafe to come within the wind
Of Russian banners, when, with whizzing sound,
Eager of glory, and profuse of life,
They bore down fearless on the charging foes,
And drove them backward. Then the Turkish
moons

Wander'd in disarray.

Battle-axe and javelin have given way, among the Turks of our time, to breech-loaders and Gatling guns; the open galley to the iron monitor; the "lunes" and "wedges" of the ancient Janizaris to the forms and motions of German and Yankee drill. The probable effect of these changes most people, before the war, had failed to note. Modern mechanism and military art have helped the Turk, always dogged enough and reckless of death, to hold his own against the confident Muscovite. In the modern military school of Christendom he has

learned how to revive the glories of Amurath and Bajazet, of Selim and Solyman. We can understand now how an obscure Tartar horde, almost unknown a thousand years ago, starting from Armenia, overran Europe, Asia, and Africa from Assyria to Tunis and to Hungary. The Turks have been showing not only great courage, but no worse generalship than the Russians. Three new names in soldiery, already of world-wide celebrity, are those of native Turks. If they borrow from the Giaour such officers, for land and sea, as Mehemet Ali, Hobart, and Baker, the Turks can boast their own Muhktar, Osman, and Suleiman. Still, barring alliances and intervention, time will probably yield the victory to Russia. Her armies are planted on Turkish soil, and cannot be expelled; she can, after a few seasons, wear the Turks out by her overwhelming resources.

The barbarity of this tug between Turk and Muscovite is its other leading trait—a crime chargeable on both, but of course mainly on the former. I think that this feature of the war may well turn the scale of sympathy among that vast throng of spectators in old world and new who cannot have any hearty liking either for Russia's military greed or Turkey's brutality. For the sake, not of Russia, but of Russia's wretched cats'-paws, who have already been so terribly burned in pulling her chestnuts out of the fire, one may hope that Turkey will not win; that rather she may so lose as to be glad to make a peace which shall shield Montenegro, Servia, Herzegovina, Roumania, and Bulgaria from the horrors of her vengeance. When one remembers the fate of Roumanians left on the adverse battlefield, that the dead have had their limbs lopped and heads hacked off, the wounded despatched by a thrust of the bayonet; when one recalls the burning of villages and the slaying of all their inhabitants; the butchery of women and graybeards and babes at the hearth or before the altar—only with a shudder can we imagine the Russians losing their foothold and falling back over the Danube. What blood and flame and agony,

then, might we not expect were Turkey to conquer a peace from Russia, with licence to treat the revolted provinces at her sweet will? Surely no "Turcophile" or "Russophobic," as the slang goes, can look on such a prospect with pleasure. We cannot conceive the Western nations staying this war, at any stage of it, without exacting guarantees against Turkish butcheries in the border provinces. Even if, by some strange shifting of the war's probabilities, such as a British alliance with Turkey, peace should be made with Russia whipped, England herself would be bound to secure to the Christian subjects of the Porte the very protection that Russia is pouring out her blood to secure. All Christendom, all humanity rather, demands that, end how it will, this war shall not witness, as an afterpiece, the brutal Turk going, with knife and torch, to glut his cruelty with the death-shrieks of ten thousand harmless victims, slaughtered by the glare of their flaming villages.

How these two main traits of Turkey's recent warfare—her military prowess and her cruelty—will affect the Ottoman future, it is not hard to see. The Turk will be more respected and worse liked. When this war began many people were looking to see him pitched instant, neck and heels, across the Dardanelles—though they must have wondered, too, what would then become of the lands and houses he left behind. Western Europe has now stopped that funeral hymn of the Sick Man which it has been chanting for a quarter of a century. It begins to be clear, I think, why the Turk was so stubborn in the conference that went before the war. We remember that he so took the bit in his teeth that every other man you met said of him, "Whom the gods wish to destroy," etc. There was method in that Moslem madness. Evidently the Turks were bound to break the leading strings in which they had been for twenty years. The allied protection of the Crimean war, so welcome, so vital then, bore bitter fruits of dependence and humiliation. Turkey thenceforth was treated like a decrepit power, ready to drop when the help of France and England should be withdrawn. The swift decline of both in continental politics during the past dozen years warned the Porte to look out

for itself. The sudden and tremendous fall of France from the arbitership of Europe, and the simultaneous retreat of Great Britain before both Germany and Russia, must have revolutionized Ottoman policy. In enlarging and altering their military establishments, at enormous cost, to suit modern warfare, Turkey and Egypt quitted at once the position of humiliation and peril for that of pride and safety.

It only remained for Turkey to publicly throw off the bonds of wardship, and this Russia gave her the chance to do. The one thing needful to vindicate the political and military integrity of Turkey in the eyes of the world was to meet and withstand, single-handed and alone, the same mighty enemy whom twenty years before it had required Turkey, England, and France to subdue. This task she has accomplished. For, although Russia is planted firmly on her soil, yet Turkey, by her splendid struggle against odds, has really carried off the laurels of the first campaign. Had Turkey shown a moral gain equal to her military gain, a desire to wage war and to suppress revolts less brutally, her rise in prestige would have been enormous. But she is as barbarous as of old, and the crime is fatal.

TURK AND INDIAN.

A LONDON war writer says that the consciousness of marching not only to death, but to mutilation, and perhaps to fiendish torture, in one's dying moments, has had at length a visible effect on the Russian soldiers—that accordingly he has himself distinctly seen them flinch in storming Turkish strongholds. For my part I utterly discredit this yarn—believing it pure fancy, speculation founded on the writer's vivid feelings; and that the Russian's arm, so far from being unnerved by this consciousness, is nerved with fiercer hatred. Be this as it may, the thought may well come to us of America, that our gallant little army has for generations fought, year after year, a foe more savage even than Turks—a scalping, disembowelling, mutilating foe. Sioux, Apache, or Arapahoe, the redskin has been quick to dishonor the dead, tomahawk the wounded, and torture the captive. Officer or soldier, veteran or recruit, refined or rough, husband and father or homeless fugitive, the Amer-

ican soldier has had this ordeal to pass, and, if escaping, to pass again and again. Does our sympathy go out so quickly to Russian and Roumanian, and yet forget the meed of gratitude and praise for our kinsmen and countrymen here at our homes?

But we must go, in justice, a step further to acknowledge that one Indian stands out in bright relief to these traditional instincts of his kind. I mean the chief who, at the head of a handful of the best mounted-infantry soldiers on the globe—for the American Indian, being so perfect a rider, so true a shot on horseback, so trained to fortitude, so expert at wood-craft, so light-weighted, frugal, and tireless on the forced march, deserves that title—has outmarched and outfought our skilful, brave, and much-enduring troops in this most extraordinary campaign that has just ended. Crowned with his well-earned laurels, Nez Percé Joseph's chief laurel is his refusing to indulge the traditional barbarities of Indian warfare. He killed no women or children, but set all such captives free; he scalped none of our dead soldiers on fields that he won, though our red allies scalped some of his dead, and dug them up to do it. This alert warrior has shown ample ability to take care of himself. But should skill or strength so fail him that he should one day fall a prisoner into our hands, his exceptional style of Indian warfare should save his life.

A MAN'S AIM AND SUCCESS.

THIRTY years ago school inspectors, when called upon to speak to the pupils, at the momentous yearly visit, were wont to say: "There is not a boy before me but may be President of the United States"; for this brilliant possibility was, in those days, thought to fire the ambition of the young. With the nation now so many millions greater, and the chances of any particular boy proportionally less, I do not know whether this same dazzling bait to enthusiasm is now held out by committee-men. Those of us who once had profound faith that we should be President, long since *désillusionnés*, would now be glad to compromise on deacon of a church or captain of a fire company. Lads learn, quite soon after passing their teens, not so much that there are lions in the path, for this

they were frankly told, but that they are not all endowed with the bones or brains to get those lions out of the way.

It is rather a pathetic epoch in life when any youth first finds out why his castle in the air must tumble about his ears. His bent is the circus or the fore-castle, and he finds his legs are clumsy; the court of law, and his eyes give out; the pulpit, and he is tortured by doctrinal doubts that drive him out of his calling. Or again, if nature's gifts are ample, in muscle, and nerve, and backbone, and heart, and brain, if all the circumstances of birth and breeding favor his aim, any one of a hundred happenings, or, if you choose, fates—a slip on the ice, a draft for military service, the sweep of a pestilence, an unexpected legacy, nay, the every-day event of a man's marriage or the death of one of his kin—may switch him off his chosen track. Brutus does not need to deny that the fault is in ourselves, not in our stars, that we are underlings; but what sort of underlings or overlings we are, may largely turn on circumstance. The resolute lad may count on success, but he cannot always pick out beforehand the sort of success he will achieve. Kossuth said, "Nothing is impossible to him that wills," and singleness of aim does work wonders. Still, the Hungarian's phrase is mere wind; all but youths of the rarest profusion of gifts soon learn, in the school of life, what chains of natural endowment and of circumstance environ a man, and in what limited paths alone high success can be won.

The novelist tells us of a young officer who was famous for his daring, being always ready for a forlorn hope; but just on the eve of a great battle, having got news that a relative had died in England, leaving him a fortune, he applied for a furlough instant, and this of course not being granted, "my gentleman took it." Any former aims of working up to the colonelsip of his regiment had vanished in one minute. In like fashion an easy income has taken the wind out of many an ambitious sail, while a rich marriage has steered the bridegroom on quite a different voyage from the one of law, or literature, or divinity, or commerce, that he set out upon.

But the other day a public man died who exemplified in his career all that the Youth's Guides, the Student's Manuals,

and the speeches of school committeemen ever claimed for the specific success that any boy may win by fixing upon it and following it with unswerving will. Senator Bogy was no genius, not a man even of unusual gifts. His place in Congress will be easily filled. So far as depends on the laws which he originated or pushed to success, his name will soon be forgotten in politics. But in boyhood he wrote a few lines that may keep his name alive before the children of his country. They were these:

ST. GENEVIEVE, January 10, 1832.

On this day I left home under charge of Mr. William Shannon, an old friend of my father, to go to Kaskaskia to read law in the office of Judge Pope. My education is very limited, but with hard study I may overcome it. I am determined to buy it, and my intention is to return to my native State to practise if I can qualify myself, and while doing so to work to become United States Senator for my native State, and to work for this till I am sixty years old. I will pray God to give me the resolution to persevere in this intention. I have communicated this to my mother, and given her this paper to keep. So help me, God.

LEWIS V. BOGY.

The lad was then nineteen years old. He had had country schooling and a year's work in a village store, to plant his high-leaping ambition on; he read law, he returned to Missouri, he grew rich and influential in mines and railroads, he plunged into politics, and at length, in his sixtieth year, he took that seat in the Senate which he had begun to aim at forty years before.

I think such a career, carried out and culminating in story-book style, is good to hear of and talk about; all the more, since aims as specific as Senator Bogy's are so often foiled. X dreams of being a preacher, and instead sits on the bench; Y, who was to be a great New York merchant, turns out a great Minnesota farmer; Z, the champion juvenile debater, can now only discuss at the point of a pen. As for A, B, and C, though they keep in the paths of their boyish first choice, yet with what faltering steps, and how far from their goal! Many a man has secretly promised himself to be the governor of a State who never turned out more than a custom-house weigher and gauger. And the fault was not his; the frog will only burst if it tries too hard to swell up to an ox; the sow's ear will not be made into a silk purse. Sometimes the path that a youth takes toward a given success leads him to a

totally different one; and so we see a newspaper reporter converted to the greatest of African explorers. Or again, we see college life turning a youth's zeal for politics to a love of speculative philosophy or light literature. The would-be Tammany sachem sinks into a spectacled pedagogue, and no longer envies the repartees of Congress among the retorts of his laboratory.

Besides, looking at the illustrious men of history, we find that the specific greatness which many of them achieved they did not originally aim at. If a Buchanan or a Lincoln may be conceived of as laying his pipes for the Presidency early in boyhood, so cannot a Taylor or a Grant. General Grant has just been telling the English people that he is by preference a man of peace; that although trained at West Point, he got out of the army as soon as he could. Save for the rebellion, what would Grant have made of himself? What were his aims? what had been his success? It is one of the foremost soldiers of modern history who thus tells us that he had quitted the military path for ever, when an overpowering circumstance drove him back. We often find such instances of a man's greatness thrust upon him—or, to speak more justly, we see men thrust forcibly, by circumstance or by Divine Providence, into the shunned paths where alone, apparently, it was possible to win success. And so the old Greek Theognis, skeptical of the theory of self-made men, says: "No man becomes rich or poor, mean or noble, without the aid of the gods. Pray to the gods; for no good or evil falls upon man save from the gods."

But there is a free-will as well as a predestinating side to material success, and the former we have seen illustrated by Senator Bogy's career. For, though his was no hopelessly high aim, its attainment cannot be set down as the fruit of accident. With but two Senators to a State, and their places vacated only once in six years, with all the possible adverse chances, such, for example, as the unpopularity of his party or himself, it was no easy task that young Bogy marked out for himself; the odds, in short, were so heavily against the Missouri lad, that he deserves to take his place among the historic educational models of aims and success.

PHILIP QUILBET.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

THE MOONS OF MARS.

THE discovery of two moons circling around the planet Mars is a proof that with all the advance in the number and power of instruments directed to astronomical observation, the wonders of the heavens are not yet exhausted. But though limiting predictions are not very safe things in the domain of science, it is pretty certain that discovery will not be extended much further (in degree) than this. Other moons now unsuspected may be found about other planets, but it is not likely that observation will ever detect, at an equal distance, anything smaller than the outer of these two satellites, which is supposed to be a mass only ten miles in diameter. The power of modern research is well exhibited in the definition of this little object at a distance of 30,000,000 miles. The discovery is one in which Americans can take especial pride, for it was made in the Naval observatory at Washington, August 11 and 16, by Prof. Asaph Hall. Our prediction that this performance will not be surpassed is based not only upon the fact that it is due to the possession of a very fine telescope and an unusually favorable position of Mars, but also on the conjunction of these two conditions with the presence of a remarkably prompt and accurate observer. Prof. Hall is reported to be a born observer, and that means not merely hard work and patient watching, but the faculty of doing the right thing exactly at the right time. Hundreds of intelligent young men are educated yearly in scientific schools, but few are found to have the natural gifts necessary to accurate scientific work.

This discovery is of immense importance, as it gives a new means of computing the mass of Mars, and, as Prof. Newcomb says, of simplifying the theories of the four inner planets. This mass is found to be 1-3,090,000 of the sun. One of these satellites is 4,000 miles from the surface of Mars, and revolves about it in seven hours and thirty-eight minutes. The other has a period of revolution nearly four times as long; namely, thirty hours and fourteen minutes.

A DOUBTFUL DATE.

A NEW suggestion as to the length of time man has occupied the earth is based upon the fact that the Chinese, Indians, and Arabians at a very early date counted only twenty-eight moon stations, or mansions of the moon. Now the lunar month contains twenty-nine and a half days, and the fact that these ancient peoples never counted as many as twenty-nine mansions of the moon may indicate that at the time the first observations were made the lunar month had not yet increased to twenty-nine days. If the prolongation of the lunar month depends solely upon the retardation of the earth's speed of rotation, and the latter amounts to twenty-two seconds in a century, as authorities now assert, no less than 600,000 years must have passed since the lunar month had twenty-eight days only. This gives an unusually long date to the existence of the human family. The fact that it is based on the assumption that astronomical observations were made so long ago as that need not lead to the supposition that man was very far advanced intellectually. The Indians and other races, still in the rudest stage of development, do all their reckoning of time by moons.

THE AIR OF THE OCEAN DEPTHS.

MR. J. Y. BUCHANAN, the chemist of the Challenger expedition, has published the result of his examination into the amount of air held in solution by sea water; and it is remarkable how many points of interest are included in this apparently simple investigation. Sea water dissolves less oxygen and nitrogen than fresh water; but the proportion of oxygen dissolved is greater than that of nitrogen, just as is the case with fresh water. That liquid has a greater solvent power over oxygen than over nitrogen. The solution of gas in water is found to obey precisely the same laws at great depths as at the surface; and the amount taken up is never greater than—under similar conditions—at the surface. Nevertheless, the popular notion that deep-sea water may be so charged with air

as to effervesce when brought to the surface is sometimes true. But this result is due to the fact that the conditions are not the same above as below. Cold water can retain a greater quantity of gas than hot; and when in hot climates the bottom water, having a temperature close to the freezing point, is brought to the surface, where the air may be sixty degrees higher, a portion of the gas is discharged, and may appear on the sides of the vessel in minute bubbles. But the fluid still holds the amount of gas which is proper to the surface temperature. One of the developments obtained by deep-sea dredging is the existence of "diatomaceous ooze," "red clay," and "blue mud" over fixed areas of sea-bottom; and some of the conclusions which have been drawn from these facts have been given in previous numbers of this "Miscellany." Mr. Buchanan found that the oxygen percentage (to nitrogen) varied, according to the position of the sample taken, with reference to these formations. It was greatest over the diatomaceous ooze, and least over the red clay, while it is greater over the blue mud than over globigerina ooze. Another important fact is, that the proportion of oxygen diminishes from the surface down to 300 fathoms (1,800 feet). At the surface it varies from 33 to 35 per cent., the latter being found just at the Antarctic circle. In one case it was found to be, at the surface, 33.7; at 100 fathoms, 30.2; at 200 fathoms, 23.4; at 300 fathoms, 11.4; at 400 fathoms, 15.5; at 800 fathoms, 22.6; and below that depth, 23.5 to the bottom. The fact that it falls nearly two-thirds in the first 300 fathoms is held to indicate that this is the zone of abundant life; and thus Forbes's idea of successive zones is restored on a new basis, after having been found unsustainable in the shape in which he advanced it. It is quite conceivable that some animals may find the oxygen ratio of the 200-300 fathom zone too low to support life, while they may be able to live in comfort in the much higher ratio of the 100-200 fathom zone. Still, it is quite evident that the 200-300 fathom zone is the most thickly inhabited, for it is there that the greatest loss of oxygen occurs. These conclusions were borne out by the results of dredging with the tow net, animal life being found abundantly down to 400 fathoms,

and sparingly below that. Vegetable growths do not extend much below 100 fathoms. One thing not explained by these investigations is the method by which the oxygen ratio is restored to the gas contained in the water below 300 fathoms.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS AT CALCUTTA.

It is rather strange that it should be so difficult to engage the sympathy of the British Government in India for the establishment of zoological gardens at Calcutta. One of the greatest evils of menageries in the colder climates is the extreme sensibility of tropical wild animals to cold, and the resistless decline of a large proportion of the most interesting and expensive species. This drawback does not exist at Calcutta, where the poor beasts would have no difficulties to combat except those incident to restraint of liberty. The climate there is so genial that animals which have to be kept alive at London by artificial heat and expensive hothouses of glass, are at Calcutta merely put in pens, or under simple sheds. Private enterprise has already proved this fact; and a Mr. Schwendler had gathered a large collection of wild animals, and had in fact a private zoological garden of great extent and interest. One of the Viceroy's, Lord Northbrook, was so much pleased with it that he accepted, in behalf of the Government, the whole collection as a gift from Mr. Schwendler, allotted Government land to the use of the garden, and promised to add to Mr. Schwendler's animals all that the Government had in its possession. The Prince of Wales also took great interest in the promising project, and laid the "cornerstone" of the garden. But Lord Northbrook's successor was not so much pleased with the scheme, and notified the promoters that the maintenance of the garden could not be made a charge on the Indian treasury. This probably ends the effort for the present; and the most favorable position in the world for the keeping and study of tropical animals is abandoned for lack of a small support.

BLAST-FURNACE GAS ANALYSIS.

THE handiest instrument for the analysis of blast-furnace gases is the apparatus devised by Orsat, of Paris; but it has

the great defect that the determination of carbonic oxide, one of the most important constituents of this gas, is imperfect. Orsat's method is to absorb each constituent of the fume by solution in some liquid; and as there has been no solvent for carbonic oxide hitherto discovered, except one which also dissolves the carburetted hydrogens, the use of Orsat's apparatus is practically confined to furnaces which employ anthracite or coke, and even with them there is always an error, though a limited one. Böttlinger now announces, through the German Chemical Society at Berlin, that hydrocyanic acid, surrounded by a cooling mixture, is a good absorbent for carbonic oxide, and on removal from the cooling mixture a stream of carbonic oxide is evolved. This would give opportunity, in careful experiments, for the separate preservation of the C O in each experiment. If this substance will separate C O from the hydrocarbons, it will be a valuable addition to the blast-furnace laboratory.

THE SPEAKING RATE OF ORATORS.

AMONG the odd inquiries of scientific men is an attempt by Mariotti to ascertain how fast the ancient orators, Greek and Roman, talked. Still, it would be quite possible to arrive at a conclusion, for the length of some of their speeches was regulated by the clepsydra. It is suggested that a study of the speakers in the existing Greek Parliament might be of use in determining the rate of flow of classic eloquence. Of course the invention of phonography fixes very exactly the rate of enunciation of living orators. Mariotti rates some of his countrymen as follows: De Foresta, 6 words per minute; Massino d'Azeglio, 90; Gioberti, 100; Ratazzi, 150; Mameli, 180; and Cordova, who was quickest of all, could form 210 words in the minute. But too rapid speaking is a defect in an orator, and it is observed that the rapid talkers are more admired than agreed with, for the reason that the mind requires a certain time for the reception of the ideas, and the tongue of a rapid speaker may outrun the hearers' capacity for assimilation. As to the absolute possible speed of enunciation, Mariotti says that an Italian orator can pronounce as many as 300 words a minute.

SUNSET METEOROLOGY.

THERE is a fair chance that we will all become good weather prophets in time. The Signal Service observers regularly predict the weather of the next day from the signs of the sunset, and the correctness of these predictions is carefully noted. In June, at 97 stations, there were 74 doubtful predictions, 670 failures, and 2,162 verifications, so that the latter amounted to 76.3 per cent. In July, at 95 stations, 52 doubtful predictions were reported, 558 were failures, and 2,309 were verified, the latter being 80.5 per cent. Most people will be satisfied with this average of verifications, and if the methods employed are capable of common use, it would be worth while to have them made known. It is hardly probable, however, that ordinary folk could attain the same degree of accuracy. Efficient observation is hardly ever the result of following fixed and simple rules. But if the Signal Service is kept up long enough, there is little doubt that some way will be found to make its methods enter into the public education, and through its influence the American people may slowly become intelligent observers of the weather.

STEPPE LANDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

THE much-mooted question of continental changes in climate rarely receives the aid of direct observation such as Mr. Landsborough, the well-known Australian explorer, brings to it. He predicts a great improvement in the character of the Australian climate, including an increase of moisture, and of forests, and a lessening of the desert area. The country is becoming less favorable to sheep-raising and more agricultural. And what is the explanation of all this wonderful change? Mr. Landsborough has no more wonderful origin to bring forward than the fact that the vast numbers of sheep bred in the country keep down the grass, which in aboriginal days grew tall and rank, affording material for terribly destructive fires. These fires consumed young trees, and killed old ones, and Australia was treeless in consequence. Since the introduction of sheep this has changed as stated, and fires are now fewer and limited in extent. These observations bring forward

what is certainly the most remarkable known instance of the direct influence exerted by man upon the conditions of his environment. As a retaliation for this interference with nature, it is said that sheep-raising is no longer profitable, and that, in Queensland especially, no one thinks of depending upon this industry for a living.

These conclusions of Mr. Landsborough are especially interesting to Americans, for they bear directly upon the oft-discussed question of the future of our own interior regions. We cannot expect to obtain forests by the same method as Australia, for the great plains do not contain anywhere the rank grass to which the destructive Australian fires were due; and the droves of buffalo should have done for the prairie grass of the Mississippi valley what sheep have done for Australian grass. If Mr. Landsborough's observations are correct, Australia was a country suffering from abnormal conditions, which have been lifted from it by the operation of civilized life. But our treeless interior has enjoyed just such conditions for a quarter of a century. Fires were once common, but now are rare. The country has been covered with farms, on each of which some trees have been planted and kept alive. Forests even have been planted, and we believe they have often succeeded. But nothing like a natural extension of these forests has occurred, and this is proof that these immense areas are treeless from natural causes. What these causes are is not definitely settled. Several theories have been stated in this "Miscellany." A recent discussion by Dr. A. Nehring, of the condition of the northern part of central Europe in prehistoric times, may have some bearing on the question.

Dr. Nehring shows that the animal life of the Russian steppes is very peculiar, and consists of species which are able to withstand the hard winters of the region. As an example, in one steppe district he found the large Jerboa, the Souslik, the Steppe marmot, the little Piping hare, the wild ass, and the Saiga antelope. These species are not met with in woody and marshy districts, and few others are able to maintain life in the unfavorable conditions of their home. Dr. Nehring compares this series of steppe animals

with the life of ancient Germany as shown in its fossils, and he finds the strongest similarity between the two series. Remains of every one of the animals named, or a closely allied species, except the Saiga antelope, have been found in the stone quarries of Westeregeln in the lower Harz region. This antelope has been found at other places to the west. Dr. Nehring concludes from these facts that after northern Germany rose from the sea it lay for a long period of time as a steppe—a treeless area. At that time both England and Scandinavia were joined to the main land, the bodies of water which now bathe the northern shores of Europe were much reduced in extent, and the Gulf stream took a more northerly course. The climate of the interior was much drier than now, and the yearly changes of temperature were much more severe. The conditions indicated are very similar to those which now obtain in our own interior. But all this changed in consequence of the movements which reduced the elevation of southern England and Scandinavia, opened the English channel, and increased the northern seas. When the Romans knew Germany they knew it as a country of great forests, a character which it has lost only through the progress of agriculture. Whether a change like this can be brought about for our country cannot be predicted; but it is hardly probable that the necessary reduction of elevation could take place without destroying vast areas of already fertile and cultivated lands. The indications are that the ancient steppes of Germany were occupied by man, and that the great climatic changes mentioned took place under his eye.

ANOMALY OF THE LAW IN 1877.

THE Vivisection act does not receive the unqualified approval of English scientific men. Prof. Huxley, in a late paper, pleads for the instruction of children in physiology by experiments. He says, "I think it my duty to take this opportunity of expressing my regret at a condition of the law which permits a boy to troll for pike, or set lines with live frog bait, for idle amusement, and at the same time lays the teacher of that boy open to the penalty of fine and imprisonment if he uses the same animal for the

purpose of exhibiting one of the most beautiful and instructive of physiological spectacles, the circulation in the web of the foot. No one could undertake to affirm that a frog is not inconvenienced by being wrapped up in a wet rag, and having his toes tied out; and it cannot be denied that inconvenience is a sort of pain. But you must not inflict the least pain on a vertebrated animal for scientific purposes (though you may do a great deal in that way for gain or for sport), without due license from the Secretary of State for the Home Department, granted under the authority of the Vivisection act.

"So it comes about, in this present year of grace 1877, two persons may be charged with cruelty to animals. One has impaled a frog, and suffered the creature to writhe about in that condition for hours; the other has pained the animal no more than one of us would be pained by tying strings around his fingers, and keeping him in the position of a hydropathic patient. The first offender says, 'I did it because I find fishing very amusing,' and the magistrate bids him depart in peace; nay, probably wishes him good sport. The second pleads, 'I wanted to impress a scientific truth, with a distinctness attainable in no other way, on the minds of my scholars,' and the magistrate fines him five pounds!"

METALS IN THE SEDIMENTARY ROCKS.

THE discovery of valuable metals and their ores in sedimentary rocks is increasing, the latest "find" having been made in Utah. This is a sandstone rock containing silver, found in the extreme southwestern part of the Territory, more than three hundred miles from Salt Lake City. The sandstone is both red and white in color, perfectly stratified, and, where it is undisturbed, nearly a thousand feet thick. In this condition it forms table-lands with deep valleys cut through by running water, but the mines are situated in another part of the great field, where elevation has taken place, and the strata are disturbed. Here small specks and lines of black material are found in the rock, and this is an ore of silver. It is reported that very large quantities of the rock will yield \$20 to \$50 a ton, and if this is true, the future

of the region is assured, for the ore can be treated very cheaply.

Some beds carry copper as well as silver. The metalliferous rock is mostly sandstone, but there are also some shales, and it is said that thin seams of coal or coaly shale are found near by. The presence of carbon is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the rock, though the richest ore is found in the light-colored strata, where the removal of the carbon may be referred to the forces which carried in the metal. Silver is also found in some of the shales. Both sandstone and shales contain the remains of plants, some of which are filled in with good ore. It is quite evident that these rocks bear a considerable resemblance to the black silver sandstone of Ontonagon, Lake Superior, previously described in this "Miscellany." There, however, the silver is to a great degree native. As we remarked in describing the Michigan deposits, these sedimentary ores are just the opposite of those "true veins" which capitalists have so much confidence in, and mining engineers are so desirous of finding. But by the very fact of this difference it is quite possible that the sedimentary deposits will prove more uniformly profitable than the veins. Their limited character being acknowledged from the beginning, the price and mode of working will be adjusted to correspond. There may be less speculation and more genuine industry spent upon them.

Gold ores have also lately been found in sedimentary rocks. In our own country the sandstones of Texas are found to yield gold, silver, copper, and lead in quantities sufficient to tempt explorers, and which may in some places increase to a point where the rock can be profitably mined. Something similar, though of newer geological age, is found in Australia, where a carboniferous conglomerate is mined for gold. This rock is of course the consolidated gravel of some old placer deposit. It yields from one to fifteen penny-weights of gold per ton, besides an occasional nugget, of which the largest weighed five ounces.

A DECISION AGAINST SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

REV. W. H. DALLINGER lately described a series of investigations which illus-

trate the tenacity with which scientific pursuits are sometimes followed up. He determined to subject some of the lower forms of life to perfectly continuous observation so as to make out their life histories. To accomplish this he united with Dr. Drysdale, for a part of the plan was that an observer should be perpetually at the microscope. Four years were spent in preparation, and then the work of continuous observation was begun and kept up at intervals for six years longer. Six forms of life were selected, the largest of which are one-thousandth of an inch long, and the smallest adult one-fourthousandth. The subjects treated were those which have formed the objects of study by Pasteur, Bastian, Tyndall, and other biologists, and the purpose of the investigation was to ascertain the mode of their propagation. At first reproduction by fission, or splitting up, seemed to be the usual method, but prolonged observation showed that spores were produced so small that a magnifying power of 5,000 was needed to show them when they first began to grow. A monad larger than usual, and with a granulated aspect toward the flagellate end, would seize upon and completely absorb another of ordinary appearance. A motionless, spheroidal, glossy speck would be all that could be seen. This speck proved to be a sac, which in time burst and let out a glairy fluid. From this fluid the spores were developed, and these were watched continually until they grew to full age. Important facts bearing on the successes and failures of the experimenters above named were discovered. The usual method of ascertaining whether life could be produced from inert matter has been to apply to a solution a temperature high enough to destroy all life it could contain, and then, if new life developed in it, the question was answered in the affirmative. But Dr. Dallinger found that though the adults were really destroyed by the temperatures applied up to 140 deg. F., the spores retained life and grew after being heated to 300 deg. F. for ten minutes. The conclusion of these observers is adverse to the hypothesis of spontaneous generation.

THE USE OF ANILINE COLORS.

A YEAR ago the assertion was made that aniline colors were freely used in

French vineyards for coloring the cheaper red wines. It was boldly calculated that enough of these dyes had been sent into the vine-growing districts of France to color fully one-third of the whole wine product of the country. As these dyes are often or always poisonous, the alarm at these tidings was great, and many chemists set themselves to discovering tests for the suspected adulteration. They succeeded admirably, and several ingenious and simple modes of detecting aniline colors in any quantity, however minute, were devised. Indeed, the French went so far as to prepare a test paper called *cenokrine*, for easily and promptly discovering the presence of this and other impurities in wine. The claims made for this paper are almost too extensive for belief. Dipped in genuine, pure red wine, it should be grayish blue while wet, and lead-colored on drying. If aniline colors are present, it turns carmine red; if ammoniacal cochineal is there, the color is a pale violet; if elder-berry juice, or petals of roses, a green; if logwood or Brazil wood, the color of wine dregs; if Pernambuco wood or *phytolacca*, a dirty yellow; if extract of indigo, a deep blue. After so much ingenuity has been spent in hunting the adulteration it is announced that the whole story is ridiculous and false, and that aniline dyes are never used to color wine. This may be true, but we fear that another use of these coal-tar colors is undeniable. This, however, does not injure the health, though it cheats our taste and our pockets. We refer to the use of these colors in water-color painting. There is no doubt that these are *the* colors of nature, and very much nearer to the native hue of flowers than any mineral color can possibly be. For ephemeral works they can be used with good results, but they cannot be lasting. Fade they must and will, and in doing so destroy the artist's work and ruin the purchaser's pleasure.

MAN NOT ECONOMICAL AS A MACHINE.

MAN considered as a fuel consumer and power producer is not a very economical machine. The steam engine, working at forty pounds pressure, and cutting off at one-half the stroke, gives about 8.2 per cent., and this is considered to be a great waste of power; a waste so great, in fact, that if the engine could

utilize as much as one-sixth of the heat given by the fuel, the world would have at least \$375,000,000 a year added to its wealth. But man, so often called "the perfect machine," utilizes no more than 9.2 per cent. of the fuel he consumes. This result is obtained by calculating the values of the soldiers' rations given by four European governments, and comparing the result with the average external daily work of a man. The average ration should give a power of 3,694 foot tons; and the average day's work amounts to only 353.75 foot tons. Man therefore only slightly surpasses the much condemned steam engine. These facts are stated by the Rev. Samuel Houghton, who explains them by saying that "man is not a *machine*, but a *machine maker*. The mechanism of a cat or beetle is vastly higher than that of man, and yet they are immeasurably his inferiors."

THE ORIGIN OF DIPHTHERIA.

DR. RICHARDSON, President of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, a new society, made the first presidential address a most vigorous appeal for the registry of health statistics. At present the Government has officers who register the mortuary facts of the nation, but Dr. Richardson very truly says that this is only a roundabout way of finding out how the public health stands. Direct statistics would be more valuable and trustworthy, and they could be made just as accurate and significant as the register of deaths now is. Dr. Richardson regards this as "the first sanitary work of the future, standing before all other sanitary legislation." "It is utterly hopeless to attempt any decisive measure for lessening the mortality, which is certainly more than double what it ought to be, until this State labor is faithfully carried out." "Laborious geographers like Mr. Haviland spend years in constructing maps from the tables of mortality, in order to get a mere approximation of the distribution of disease in England; and meanwhile disease itself, constantly cheating the observers, is making its way without being under any systematized recorded observation."

Incidentally Dr. Richardson gave an account of the first appearance of diphtheria in England. In the dearth of official work, he undertook to carry out

privately a limited scheme for the registration of diseases. He attempted only the epidemic diseases, of which he received details from fifty observers situated at different points. "In the returns sent from the district of Canterbury in the spring quarter of the year 1857, was included the first account of the invasion of this country, at least in any known time, by the disease since then so prevailing and so fatal, diphtheria. This disease first appeared in the little village of Ash, and was called the Ash fever. The outbreak was observed and recognized by Mr. Reid of Canterbury, and was reported to my register by Mr. Haffenden, who collected for me the facts of prevailing diseases from eight medical observers living near him, of whom Mr. Reid was one. The first facts of a new disease in this country were thus recorded on the spot, which is something, even as a matter of history. How such a fact reported at once to a central government authority might be dealt with, how promptly a central authority, so advised, might act in arresting a fatal epidemic at its origin, and what national service might be rendered thereby, you, quite as well as I, can judge."

THE SUMMER TORNADOES.

TORNADOES have been one of the most marked meteorological phenomena this summer, having been frequent, severe, and extremely destructive. About forty severe local storms, tornadoes, waterspouts, or sandspouts were observed in each of the months of June and July. From the official reports of the Chief Signal Officer we learn that on June 17, at Memphis, about 7 P. M., a huge black mass advanced northeastward from a bank of clouds, with a low rumbling sound, making as it passed over the city intense darkness and terrific noise. The violent wind occupied only three or four minutes in passing, but destroyed all it encountered. Its path was so well defined that the Signal Service observer, standing on the roof of his building, was unharmed, while objects twenty-five or thirty feet away were destroyed. Torrents of rain followed the wind.

The origin of the destructive tornado at Mount Carmel, Illinois, is described as follows: At 4:30 P. M. the clouds in the west indicated an approaching thun-

der storm. Suddenly two heavy clouds, of a black or dark blue color above and dun color beneath, or on the sides, apparently disconnected themselves from the general mass of clouds, one moving from the northwest and the other from the southwest, the two converging and forming a junction about two miles west of the town. From these two clouds the tornado was developed. It struck the earth about a mile and a half away from the place, and after travelling nearly a mile through the woods and farms, it rose and took an air passage for nearly half a mile, returning to the earth again just in time to include Mt. Carmel in its course. Its width had increased from 60 or 75 yards to 125 yards. Its velocity was so great that it swept through the town, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, in not more than thirty seconds, and it was only eight or ten seconds in passing one point. Its entire path was six or seven miles long, ending in a dense forest in Indiana, where it appears to have spread out and dissipated.

The tornado of June 24, at Fort Lyon, Colorado, was seen to originate toward the northeast of the fort, forming from a dense black cloud, which threw down a long arm nearly to the earth, and then retracted, repeating this action several times in succession. This was about 4 p. m., and an hour later a heavy dark cloud in the northwest set up a rapid rotary motion, and a rapid whirl began in the air, resting on the earth to the west of it. The latter carried up a vast cloud of dust, and advancing joined itself to the cloud vortex. A waterspout formed suddenly in the centre and swept across the prairie in a track about five hundred yards wide. It was accompanied with a tremendous noise, and hailstones "so large that they could not be grasped in one hand."

Before the tornado occurred, at Elkhart, Indiana, July 2, it was noticed that the day was unusually warm, with light breezes. About 5:30 the upper stratum of air was observed to be agitated, and clouds moved from opposite quarters toward each other. Below these clouds were others that drew in toward a common centre. At this centre the tornado struck the ground with a black column forty rods wide. It followed the bank of the St. Joseph river for about two

miles, then lifted and came down again about two miles away, again in a stream. Half an hour later Goshen, a town ten miles distant, was visited by a tornado, which was probably the same.

Thousands of small balls, giving out a pale flame, were seen about one hundred feet from the ground, as a severe hail storm passed Jacksonburg, Ohio, July 5. That was a stormy day, eight tempests being recorded. Several of them were severe, the one at Wytheville, West Virginia, twisting off forest oaks a foot and a half and two feet thick.

The tornado of July 7, at Pensaukee, Wisconsin, lasted only two minutes, but killed eight persons, wounded many others, and did \$300,000 damage to property. At Fort Sully, Dakota, on the 26th of July, the wind ran the anemometer up to eighty-four miles an hour, and then blew it clean away.

Our country appears to have its earthquake districts and its tornado districts. The Pacific coast is noted for the former, and the Mississippi valley deserves notoriety for the latter. It is worth noticing that the western half of our continent has, according to the best geological evidence, just passed through an extended period of volcanic disturbances, the remains of which make the continental basin west of the Rocky mountains the greatest scene of eruptive manifestations ever discovered.

A CARRIER pigeon lately beat the Dover express by twenty minutes.

GERMANY has 3,000 photographers, who used three pounds of nitrate of silver apiece and made forty million cartes-de-visite in 1876.

It is not surprising that the Arctic regions present evidences of glacial action on every part of the coast. Boulders, pebbles, and headlands are covered with ice scratches and grooves. Terraces fringe nearly every valley, and have been formed by fresh water banked up by the ice. They rest on marine beds of boulder clay containing sea shells, and are found at considerable elevations, sometimes being more than 500 feet above the sea. This fact is held to indicate elevation of Arctic land in recent times, a movement which is still going on.

AN instance of animal jealousy occurred lately at a circus. An elephant which had been always very docile began to show a bad temper immediately on being introduced into the circus, and it is supposed that the presence of other elephants in the establishment irritated him. He attacked a number of his keepers, and had to be thrown down by a rope around his feet, and secured by a chain around his tusks.

THE effects of individual idiosyncrasy are seen in dye works where some workmen are unable to use chrome colors on account of their action upon the skin, while other workmen are entirely unaffected by them. A large firm lately abandoned the manufacture of a beautiful new yellow aniline dye because it occasioned eruptions on the men's hands. But it is made in other works, and the men are not troubled.

THE importance of some European private kitchens may be judged from the size of a roasting jack lately built at Eaton Hall, a residence of the Duke of Westminster. It is 22 feet long and driven by a 4-foot water wheel, 5 inches wide. The spits which it turns can carry about a ton of meat. The whole arrangement is so completely under the control of the cook that he can vary the speed at will by merely turning a water valve.

NEW YORKERS are accustomed to the peculiar criticisms of the association for preventing cruelty to animals, but in Berlin it excites remark to have the Society for Bird Protection complain to the postmaster of the arrangements for the pneumatic post. It seems that the air-compressing engines draw air through tubes leading from the roof of the post office, and the suction is so great that birds flying over are sometimes drawn in and killed.

M. G. SALET finds that many chemical elements, especially the non-metallic, have two spectra, one formed of lines, which is due to atoms, and one of bands, which belongs to molecules. At temperatures where atomic grouping is possi-

ble the bands appear, but when the temperature rises so high that these groups are broken up, the lines only are seen, indicating that the atoms are free and not combined.

"NATURE" remarks that it is a curious commentary on the progress of science that in Paris and London the most unscientifically constructed buildings are those in which the leaders of science carry on their deliberations. A funny scene lately occurred in the hall of the French Institute. Some one complained bitterly of the ventilation, and said, "Here we have General Morin, and if he chose, we could have the proper apparatus placed in position in a week." But the General replied, "A week! It is ten years since the construction was decided *in principle!*"

It is said to be quite common among French physicians to administer their doses to fanciful or refractory patients by first giving them to a cow and then feeding the cow's milk to the patient. As a proof that this can be done, we may cite some recent experiments upon a goat. Half a gramme, or about seven grains, of iodide of potassium was mixed with the animal's food daily for eight days, and butter prepared from its milk was found to contain a good deal of iodine. Even its progeny was thoroughly iodized. The kid of a goat thus treated was killed, and iodine was found in its fat and adipose tissue.

INTERNATIONAL scientific undertakings are now so much in favor that Janssen hopes to settle the question whether there is a planet between Mercury and the sun, by a system of solar photographs taken every two hours, in a number of places and countries. He proposes to lessen the labor of the undertaking by arranging a photographic "revolver," a machine which shall automatically expose a plate to the sun at the required intervals, and thus take the picture without the necessity of human intervention. Mr. Janssen justly says that no method could be so effectual as a synchronous system of automatic photographs.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MRS. ANNIE EDWARDS shows in her new novel* a tendency to careless writing. She has always had a propensity to loose and almost free-and-easy style, and this is apparently growing upon her. A verbal critic might find many causes of offence in "A Blue Stocking"; but unless he were particularly captious, he would soon forgive all these for the sake of the story and the pleasant way in which it is told. Mrs. Edwards has the faculty of making living men and women, and of interesting us immediately in them. She does not write in what Walter Scott called "the big bow-wow style," in which he naively said he himself was an adept, and of which George Eliot is the great living exemplar. She deals little in analysis and in introspection, but simply puts her people before you, gets them into trouble, and then gets them out of it; and what would a novel reader ask more? The book is called "A Blue Stocking," but the blue stocking is not its heroine. Nor is she herself very blue, except with that sort of blueness which comes upon a young woman who is engaged to marry one man when she loves another. In her early youth she was over educated, and was up in all the "ologies"; but of this she became heartily sick, and was ready to sacrifice the whole Royal Society for her love for a cousin, "a dandy with an eyeglass," and yet a good manly sort of fellow at bottom notwithstanding. The heroine of the story is Daphne Chester, a young widow with a child, who, living a secluded life in the island of Jersey, was in her extreme youth led into a marriage with a good-for-naught, who deserted her, and died miserably, relieving her of an intolerable burden. She lives with three maiden aunts at an old farm, called Fief de la Reine, and is oppressed by the monotony of her existence. Her brief married life was so sad that at twenty-two she looks upon the world as a dreary blank. In this condition she meets one day, as

she walks through the fields to the neighboring village, a gentleman who asks her the way to a certain spot on the seashore, and who she cannot fail to see is impressed by her beauty. For Daphne is very beautiful in the fair, golden-haired, Venus type. Rarely have the personal charms of a fair woman been more deftly set forth—rather indicated than described—in any of the many novels of the day. We feel rather than see that she must have been enchanting. The gentleman drops a letter, which Daphne picks up and returns to him. She sees that his name is Sir John Severne, and that the letter is in a lady's handwriting. In fact, it is from the blue stocking to whom he is engaged. Sir John goes off to the seashore, and thither too goes Daphne's mischievous little son, whom she left in charge of one of her aunts, who fell asleep over a book and forgot her charge. The boy is surprised by the incoming tide, and would certainly have been drowned but for Sir John, who saves him at the risk of his own life. Daphne returns to Fief de la Reine just in time to see her little darling brought in safely by those who have gone to Sir John's assistance, while Sir John walks behind dripping like a sea god. Daphne rushes to him, falls on her knees, takes his hand and covers it with kisses. Here is a situation for a man who at a glance had become enamored of the beautiful young mother whom he met in the fields. Of course he falls desperately in love, and Daphne, in a most unaccountable manner, does the same. But what is to be done? He is solemnly engaged, an engagement of three years' standing, during which time he has been in India, out of reach and out of sight of the blue stocking. Daphne discovers the engagement, and being the soul of honor, will not let Sir John make love to her. But he does it all the same; and Daphne, in spite of her honor, likes it hugely. Nevertheless she is firm, and will give her lover no encouragement. This situation furnishes the complication of the story, which, to tell the truth, is not of very

* "*Blue Stocking.*" By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDS. 16mo, pp. 203. New York: Sheldon & Co.

robust construction. Of course everything turns out all as it should. The blue stocking at last takes matters into her own hands, defies her family, is married to her cousin, and comes to Fief de la Reine to see Daphne and "tell her all about it"; whereupon, of course, all objection on the score of honor being removed, Sir John and Daphne go and do likewise. The minor personages of the story are drawn with great skill, and are very interesting. Two of the old aunts are admirable: one a selfish sentimental of the old school; the other a simple, downright, full-hearted woman, between whom and Daphne there is a very deep attachment. Then the blue stocking's friends, who visit Jersey in a yacht, and the dandy with the eyeglass, who yet is man enough to take his cousin up in his arms and carry her through the water, and stop in the midst of it, and make love to her—all are touched off with a vivid pencil. The book, although not one of Mrs. Edwards's best, is very pleasant reading.

—Sometimes a poor thing is so perfect in its kind as to have some interest as a study, as a specimen of its sort; and such is the last number of the "cobweb series" of which we have already noticed two—by Daudet—which are of remarkable excellence. The third, like its predecessors, is a translation, but from the German.* Why any one should have written this book, and why, it being written, any one should have translated it, and why, it being translated, any one should have published it, passes our understanding. We were about to call it silly; but it has not even that character. There is nothing particularly silly in it, and certainly nothing mentally injurious to any one, except that it is always injurious to read very poor books. This one is simply inane. There is not a page of it that is worth a place in a story-newspaper. It is full of conversation which is about on a level with what may be heard in the railway cars any day, or when ladies meet on visits of ceremony. The talk indeed is quite like what one hears every day among people who really do not converse, exchanging words without

thoughts. Here is a specimen of what passes between the personages:

Camilla, who had been talking to the others in a low tone, replied with a bow, "I assure you, Herr Richards, that it gives me pleasure to make your acquaintance."

"Oh, that is much too formal, Camilla!" cried Delbruck, "for now that Herr Richards has broken the ice, I feel that we shall be friends. Spend this evening with us. We expect some company, and will be glad to have you here also. Is it not so, Camilla?"

"Certainly, I hope that you will accept my husband's invitation, Herr Richards."

Clothilde whispered: "You say that as if you did not want him; I like him very much."

"Have you time to spare for a visit to my studio?" asked Delbruck.

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure."

"Then come, and you shall give me your opinion of the picture I am engaged upon now."

The book is full of such stuff as this—talk without any purpose, without any meaning. Indeed, we were somewhat puzzled whence to take our example. Now the bald representation of every-day life is not art, is not literature. The novelist's function is to represent nature truthfully, and yet to have that representation significant, full of meaning. The story of the book is not worth speaking of; indeed, the whole thing is full of emptiness. The personages are mere puppets, with not half the character or life that appears in the figure on the court cards of a pack. Any bright schoolgirl might write such a book. The translation is worthy of the original. It is full of misuses of words, many of which are vulgar Americanisms. The writer has learned English in a bad school.

—There is a cry, if not a demand, for American novels—that is, novels of which the scenes and the personages are peculiar to this country. It is to be regretted that the attempts to furnish this "article" are rarely very admirable. Here is one, however, the merit of which is considerable.* The scene is laid in the Mohawk valley; the time is the beginning of this century. The principal figure—almost the hero—is an old gentleman, the proprietor of the manor which is called by his family name. Mr. Johnson is a type of a sort of gentlemen who were not uncommon here before the Revolution, and for a generation after—

* "*Forbidden Fruit*." From the German of F. W. HACKLANDER, by Rosalie Kaufman. 16mo. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

* "*The Johnson Manor. A Tale of Olden Time in New York*." By JAMES KENT. 16mo, pp. 304. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ward. They were not all manorial proprietors, or all even wealthy; but they were gentlemen in the fullest and completest sense of the term. Dignified, courteous, easy in their manners, kindly natured, and well educated, they were also men of principle and of nice honor. Besides all this they had a recognized social position. Whether they were rich or not, men of inferior condition in life recognized their superiority. All men were then equal before the law, as they are now, but deference to superiority had not disappeared. And while there was no truckling on the one hand, or (at the North at least) no arrogance on the other, and far less snobbishness than there is now, there was a consideration given to men of this class, which has vanished, or which is awarded only to wealth or to political position, no matter how gained. Mr. Johnson, of the Johnson manor, is an American Sir Charles Grandison without that stiffness and self-consciousness which makes Richardson's elegant and irreproachable hero rather a bore. Washington was a man of this sort; but there is at least a question whether, with all his greatness, he was not somewhat stiff and self-conscious. Some one has wittily but irreverently called him "Sir Charles Grandison in regimentals." But Mr. Johnson, although the most prominent figure in this tale of our olden time, does not fill the author's canvas, upon which many other personages figure largely. Indeed, it is rare nowadays to find a novel in which so many of the personages are really important, and contribute so largely to the interest of the story and the development of the plot. The heroine is his niece; but she is not known to be so when she appears upon the scene and enters his house; for her mother has been carried off by a scoundrel who had won her love against the wishes of her family, and who, a Tory, had joined himself to the Indians who fought on the side of the British Government. Her captors were supposed to be Indians only, and among them her daughter was born. This is the knot of difficulty which the story unties. For she and Mr. Johnson's son become lovers, and it is to bring them together under proper conditions satisfactory to all parties concerned that the mystery is unravelled. We shall leave the rest of

the story to the author's telling, and content ourselves with saying that in telling it he presents the most lively and truthful picture of our colonial life that we know in fiction. The pretence, however, that the book was written "long years ago, by one of the prominent actors in the drama it depicts," who was an old man, and who found in its composition the employment and the pleasure of his declining years, is a most transparent literary fiction. From beginning to end the book bears the impress of to-day—of this very day, not even of yesterday. And besides this general impression left by it as a whole, it contains phrases which are the latest coining of the slang mint of to-day. We have marked only two or three of the many that we observed; but, for example, "Hamilton is down on Adams," "he is going for him, sir," "but I'd lose them and him too, before Bob Van Tassel should go back on a friend," are phrases unknown even twenty years ago. And Mr. Johnson, of Johnson's manor, would never have said, "I will leave this afternoon for Philadelphia." That slovenly phrase is older indeed than the preceding slang, but not older than the present generation. But if our author does not reproduce the language of the period of his tale very accurately, he is successful in the very much more important matter of manners, customs, mental tone, contemporary incident, and the general atmosphere of his little history. On all these points we venture to say that he is correct, or sufficiently so to give his reader a correct notion of our society at the period which he describes. His personages interest; and the vicissitudes through which they pass are of sufficient importance and described with sufficient skill to make his book, as a whole, a work of considerable excellence. If it is a first production, it warrants expectations of something better hereafter.

WHETHER rhetoric is a science may be reasonably doubted. Science implies facts and fixed relations. It is free from the intrusion of personal influences, whether of an individual or a multitude. The science of chemistry or of acoustics, for example, is just as undeniable in every respect in Central Africa as in France or in England. Indeed, the laws

of either would be just as absolute and as operative if there were not a living being on the earth. So even with the science of philology, although that has for its subject human speech. If every human creature were swept from the world but one, and the records of former speech were left, that one man could study philology. But rhetoric has direct relation to men as individuals, whether singly or in groups or masses. As the author of the book which is the occasion of our remarks* justly says: "The specific province of the rhetorician is to render given ideas effective in producing mental changes in others. Rhetoric treats of thought militant." It follows that what is good rhetoric at one time and under certain circumstances, is bad at another time and under other circumstances. What is good rhetoric when one sort of men are to be affected is bad in the case of other men. Rhetoric seems clearly to be not a science, but an art, and the most artful of all the arts. We know that our author might reply that the laws of his science are absolute, and that they regulate the use of a force which may be applied as circumstances demand. But this is true of all arts; and none the less because of the absoluteness of its laws does the fact that rhetoric is concerned with the production of effects upon the minds of other men than the one who conforms to its laws, place it outside of the pale of science, and within that of art. Professor Hill's view of rhetoric is original. He excludes from it invention, the disposition of subject matter, questions of taste, elocution, language, and the forms of composition. He includes the laws of mind, the relation between thought and its expression, the laws of idea based upon the essential nature of the four elementary classes of ideas, and the law of mental economy as enunciated by Spencer, which he endeavors so to modify and to develop as to refer all valid precepts of style to a single law, and the laws of form which he derives from a single principle. Briefly, his work is a systematic analysis of the modes of effective expression in language, and so far in-

deed it is scientific. From this point of view the work appears to be an excellent one, and we believe that very few of the author's positions or laws will be disputed by competent critics. The value of Dr. Hill's book, however, is chiefly, if not altogether, in its excellence as a means of general culture, and very little in its power to teach composition. This indeed the author himself sees, and in this his work is no better and no worse than any other upon the same subject. For although rhetoric has been taught since the days of Aristotle, we may be sure that the study of it never made a man a good writer or orator. It is an historical and analytical study the value of which is within itself. Dr. Hill himself justly says: "Rhetoric cannot *make* laws for composition, but it can *discover* them, and explain why poetry pleases and why eloquence wins, by referring their effects to the laws of mind and language."

THE labors of Mr. Parkman in elucidating antiquarian points in American history are so well known that the announcement of his latest work* arouses pleasant expectations. The romance of early American colonization has been overlooked by two many of our native authors chiefly on account of the scanty information which we possess on the subject, and still more on account of the prosaic nature of the records of the Anglo-Saxon occupation of the country. Apart from the hackneyed episode of Pocahontas, and the adventures of Daniel Boone, there is very little in the early history of the English colonies, now the United States, on which to weave interesting legends. The case is, however, different when we turn to the experience of the Latin races from Spain and France that took possession of Mexico and Canada. From first to last their history is romantic and picturesque, on account of that mingling of love and war which constitutes the charm of legendary stories. Mr. Parkman seems to have been early struck with these features in the story of Canada, just as Prescott found pleasure in the glowing recitals of Bernal Diaz and the early historians of Peruvian and

* "*The Science of Rhetoric: an Introduction to the Laws of Effective Discourse.*" By DAVID J. HILL. 16mo, pp. 304. New York: Sheldon & Company.

* "*Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.*" By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Mexican conquest. In the same spirit as Prescott, and with the same tireless research, Parkman has endeavored to unravel the tangled labyrinth of truth and fiction in his special department of American history, producing a series of narratives which, if not as renowned as those of the historian of Cortes, are not less romantic and interesting.

In his "Frontenac and New France" we are introduced to one very finely individualized character. The fiery governor of New France, and the real founder of the province of Canada, stands before us, a veritable man, a representative *grand seigneur* of the old school, hot-headed and passionate, as proud as Lucifer, cruel and unbending when opposed, pliant and perfectly charming in his courtesy when he wished to be, and withal "a gentleman to the tips of his fingers," as the old phrase ran. In perpetual quarrels with his equals or rivals, yielding to no one but the King, but remarkably kind and affable to his inferiors in rank, Frontenac was one of those positive characters that hardly admit of cool judgment in their own days. No man was more bitterly hated and devotedly idolized by opposite parties during his career than Frontenac, and yet today the utmost that is known of him by most Americans is that he gave his name to a county of Canada. Mr. Parkman has done us a real service in telling us about this fiery soldier, and a short sketch of his career may not prove uninteresting. Louis de Buade de Frontenac was one of those nobles of the Fronde who thwarted Cardinal Mazarin of his will for so many years during that strange period of French history. He married for love one of the most beautiful ladies of the court of Louis XIV., and quarrelled with her all the rest of his life to such an extent that they never could live together. Partly to secure mutual peace, and partly to replace the breaches in his shattered fortunes, Mme. de Frontenac, who was a cousin of the famous Mme. de Montespan, successor to La Vallière, induced the King to appoint her husband Governor General of Canada in 1772. He went to his post at Quebec to find himself in a divided empire, where he was confronted by two rivals of nearly equal power; one, the Sieur Perrot, governor of Montreal, the other Bishop Laval, the

head of the clerical party. How the haughty seigneur chafed against the divided authority, and how for ten years he and his two enemies made the life of the King and his ministers miserable by reams of angry correspondence, till in despair his majesty recalled Frontenac and his principal foe together—all these things are quaintly and graphically told from the original reams of now musty and faded correspondence, through which Mr. Parkman has rummaged so industriously.

Had Frontenac's life ended with his recall in 1782, his history might never have been written by an American. For seven long years thereafter his life seemed to be a total failure, for he was displaced at sixty-three years of age, and obliged to live in obscurity on a small estate. But his opportunity came when his enemies, left behind him, proved unable to control the Indians and cope with their New England rivals, ending by forcing the country into a fresh war with England. Then at last the King turned to Frontenac, a man in his seventieth year, and sent him to Canada with unlimited powers, but no means beyond his own audacity and address.

Frontenac at seventy proved more active than most men of thirty. He came back to Canada, gained over the Indians by his personal talent, attacked the British settlements, captured the Dutch village of Schenectady, threatening Albany and the whole line of the Hudson, repulsed the Boston Puritans under Phips, from Quebec, cleared all Canada and Acadia of the English and hostile Indians, and at last threatened Boston; triumphant everywhere, bold and wary, a model soldier, dying in his harness at seventy-eight, just as the peace of Ryswick was concluded. One of the most remarkable figures in American history, he will always stand out where he is known, and we must thank Mr. Parkman for introducing us to this representative of the *vieille noblesse* in their best aspect.

AMERICANS are such a busy people that they find but little time for amusements, and seek, as a rule, those pleasures that involve rest for themselves in the character of spectators. The class of people who as in England delight in field sports and pursue them according

to rigid rules as "sportsmen," is numerically small in America. Nine-tenths of the shooting and hunting on this continent is still performed for an object which the English sportsman holds in disdain as "pot hunting"—that is, for the sake of the game killed for food. The tendency of all athletic exercises to run to excess, ending in producing a few highly trained professionals and a crowd of lazy and critical spectators, is well known. It has been checked from time to time by the introduction of new fashions in sport, the latest example being the rifle movement, but recurs with regularity as the new fashion becomes old.

There are indications, however, within the last few years that a reaction from the old lazy spirit is setting in among a portion of our people, especially in the more thickly settled States of the Atlantic seaboard. As the profusion of game decreases and the occupation of the "pot hunter" becomes more precarious, the love of "sport" pure and simple, inherited from the mingled Scandinavian and Teutonic ancestry of the Americans, begins to assert itself. We hear of sportsmen's associations in many States, of game laws enforced, of new books on hunting and fishing, and of summer vacations spent in such remnants of wilderness as civilization has left us. The appearance of Mr. Hallock's "Sportsman's Gazetteer"* at the present time is an indication of the change, and, as nearly the first of its kind, is a mark of the advancing civilization affecting our particular family of mankind.

The Latin races so called—French, Italian, Spanish—and the Celtic, so closely mingled with them in blood through the Gauls, have never displayed the passion for "sport" which distinguishes the Germanic and Scandinavian families. The old Romans gave little attention to hunting, which they left to the Greeks; Xenophon and Arrian being the only "sporting" authors of antiquity. Virgil in his "Georgics" and "Bucolics" sings the praises of agricultural and pastoral life, but pays little or no attention to hunting or fishing. The

feudal nobility of the middle ages, so devoted to the chase, were all of the Germanic or Scandinavian families, and their habits survive to the present day wherever their descendants are unmixed. In America we find the same characteristics in the United States and Canada, but almost entirely absent in Spanish America save among the few "rubios" or fair-haired descendants of the old Goths.

This sporting feeling is an anomaly of its kind, utterly inexplicable to those in whom it is not inborn, but a perfect passion where it exists. The sardonic question of that pink of politeness Lord Chesterfield, who after his first and last fox hunt asked, "if men ever hunted *twice*," expresses the feeling of one class, just as the celebrated Assheton Smith of England, who assisted at the death of some two thousand foxes and rode to hounds within a week of his death at eighty-five, shows the enthusiasm of the other. The feeling cannot be analyzed, but its existence in the Norse-Teuton blood is notorious, and nowhere is it stronger than in America, however it be stifled for a time by the necessities of life. We have in our mind to-day school teachers, editors, college professors, men tied down to sedentary pursuits for all of the year but a brief vacation, who invariably employ their leisure in fishing or shooting excursions, to the great disgust and wonder of their wives, who belong to the Chesterfield school of humanity. To this large and increasing class Hallock's "Sportsman's Gazetteer" will be a welcome book. It gives them an alphabetical index of all the places to get game or fishing in the United States and the means and cost of reaching them. At least it aims to do this, and does it to a certain extent, its faults being those of omission, not misinformation. In so much we are glad to record the omissions, for if it were entirely accurate, it would be a fatal gift to the game-extermimating, "pot-hunting" class.

Apart from the gazetteer, Mr. Hallock gives a complete and concisely written account of all the game birds, beasts, and fishes of North America, arranged on a very clear plan. The great difficulty is a popular account of such animals is to secure a nomenclature which shall be

* "The Sportsmen's Gazetteer and General Guide." By CHARLES HALLOCK. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Company, American News Company, agents.

plain to the ignorant, while enabling a person moderately versed in natural history to recognize a given animal under a number of local names. A familiar example of this difficulty in America is the common ruffed grouse, called a "partridge" in New York and New England, a "pheasant" throughout the South and Southwest. Mr. Hallock obviates the difficulty by heading his chapters with the most popular English name and giving the subdivisions and ornithological names in the text, both sets of names being indexed at the end.

Besides the natural history, which occupies a third of the book, there are voluminous articles on sporting dogs of all kinds and their treatment in health or disease, instructions as to guns and gunnery, blinds and decoys, fishing-rods, artificial flies and other baits, a complete treatise on all sorts of sporting boats and canoes, with names of makers and prices, closing with full instructions for preserving skins of game, and a list of all the natural history and sporting books published here or in Europe.

The only fault that we can see in this book is that it attempts too much and is consequently incomplete. This is a fault, however, that can be remedied in subsequent editions. As it stands, it is a very fascinating book for any man imbued with a love of sport, and invaluable for a greenhorn aiming to become a sportsman.

THE "Reminiscences" of Froebel,* the founder of the kindergarten system of instruction, have been introduced to this country in a translation by the widow of Horace Mann, who, like her husband, has devoted her life to the interests of education. Froebel was born in a small village in Thuringia, Germany, in 1782. His childhood was sad and solitary, with a stern minister for a father and "a real step-mother," who, when she did not neglect him, treated him unkindly. Probably the home was not free from conjugal discord, for when one of his brothers returned on a vacation, and pitied and caressed the uncared-for child, little Friedrich naively inquired why it was that God did not make all the peo-

ple men, or all women, so that there should be no quarrelling. His brother kindly undertook to explain the problem, showing him the processes of vegetation, the compensating nature of imperfections in male and female flowers, and how the harmonies of beauty and use were born out of the connection of opposites. This, he says, was to him the beginning of all satisfactory thought, and ever after Nature, as seen in the world of vegetation, was his normal school.

The sombre coloring of his early years reminds one of the surroundings of the Brontë children. His father's house was under the shadows of the old church, so that no sunbeam could enter it, and he was kept much of the time a prisoner, as it was too much trouble to look after him out doors. As workmen were repairing the church, his principal amusement was to watch them from the window, and use the pieces of furniture he was able to move, to imitate them in their labor. It was the recollection of this ungratified building instinct which suggested to him in later years that children ought to be provided with materials for building among their playthings. His education at schools was so slight and superficial that he may be called self-educated. He was not allowed by Frau Froebel the advantages of a university course, which had been given to his brother and her son, on the plea of too great expense; and being apprenticed to a manager of forest land, he studied assiduously by himself. His father's death, when he was twenty, left him free to choose his own course, and he proceeded to Frankfort to study architecture. Here he became acquainted with Gruner, the director of the Normal school, who, seeing his special talent, proposed to put him at once into the school, with a class of forty boys. He went into this new work with heart and soul, feeling as if he had always taught, and he soon had the model class, and parents were invited to witness his method of instruction by drawing out the pupil's own faculties. He believed himself led by heaven to be an educator, and sought in every possible way to improve his own deficiencies, carrying pupils with him to the school of Pestalozzi, his forerunner, and even gave up his work for a time to be a learner in

* "*Reminiscences of Friedrich Froebel.*" By B. VON MARENHOLZ-BULOW. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

the university of Göttingen. His teaching rested on this fundamental principle, that the starting point of all we see, know, or are conscious of, is *action*, and therefore that human development must begin in action. Life, action, and knowledge were to him the three notes of one harmonious chord; book study even subservient to the discipline of the mental and physical power through observation and active work. The authorities of the country met his efforts at first with indifference, then with opposition, and in 1851 the government at Berlin, without assigning any reason, forbade any kindergarten to be established within Prussian dominions. This check in reality was his death blow, and the next year was his last. But his influence is stronger to-day than ever before, and is constantly increasing. Mme. von Marenholz-Bülow tells us how she first met this noble man. On arriving at a certain watering-place she learned from her landlady that a man had recently settled down on a small farm near the springs, who danced and played with the village children, and therefore went by the name of the "old fool." Soon after she saw him: a tall, spare man, with long gray hair, leading a troop of children between the ages of three and eight, most of them barefooted, and but scantily clothed, who marched two and two up a hill, where, having marshalled them for a play, he practised them with a song belonging to it. The loving patience of the man was so moving as to bring tears. After the games were over she entered into conversation about education, and was invited to his institution. One needed to see Froebel with his class to realize his genius, his profound enthusiasm and strong conviction of the truth.

When a friend was lamenting over the slow advance of his method, he replied, "If, three hundred years after my death, it shall be completely established, I shall rejoice in heaven." Many of his sentences are quoted through the book; also long conversations. "I see in every child the possibility of a perfect man," showed the main spring of his actions. He had the power to look into the innermost nature of children, and they all loved him. He felt that childhood had been for generations pinioned in a strait jacket, and he longed to help every human soul to grow of itself, out of its own

individuality, instead of being stamped like coins. Not long before his death he said, "If they will not recognize and support my cause in my native country, I will go to *America*, where a new life is freely unfolding itself, and a new education of man will find a footing." The success of his followers who have established kindergartens in our cities, makes this desire a prophecy. One has only to study the system to be sure of its advantages over all other ways of giving ideas to the little folks, and to realize that

Deep meaning often lies in childish plays.

THE "Preservation of Beauty"* is always an interesting theme, especially to those who are aware that they possess but a slender stock of that questionable blessing, that little, alas! becoming rapidly less. Such books as the one which bears this taking title, and another by Dr. Sozinskey, on "Personal Appearance," and how to improve it, appear at frequent intervals, and we doubt not have a large sale, inspiring the uninitiated with pleasing hopes of increased attractions and fresh conquests. The general plan of these volumes is the same. After defining personal beauty and giving types of male and female perfection, they lead us to dream of an approximation to all this by means of their unfailing prescriptions. Very pleasant reading! They inform the anxious seeker for youthful charms and general loveliness how to make the hair luxuriant and, if desired, curly; the teeth as "quarrellets of pearls"; efface the envious lines which Time writes on the brow, and obliterate the amber kisses of the sun. If the features are undesirable, they can be altered to suit the whim of the owner. "The fault of too great width of nostril is easily corrected in youth, by *limiting the nutrition of the organ*." The average boy might rebel on being requested to diminish his rations for the sake of dwarfing his nose. Even if there was no resistance, the plan seems rather difficult to carry out without danger of general marasmus; but there is an alternative: allow the organ free devel-

* "The Preservation of Beauty." By Dr. LEO. New York: George de Coulange & Co.

"Personal Appearance, and the Culture of Beauty, with Hints as to Character." By Y. S. SOZINSKEY, M. D., Ph. D. Philadelphia: Allen, Lane & Scott.

opment until maturity; its defects may then be palliated by "repeated pinching." A nose that deviates from the medium line must be brought straight by wiping carefully on the opposite side, or stuffing the inclined nostril with wads of lint, and frequent pulling on the side that doesn't deviate.

The "altar on which love deposits its numerous offerings, the home of smiles," can also be agreeably modified. If the patient suffers from "hypertrophy of the lips," keep the "orbicular muscle" in action as much as possible. A small ball of boxwood kept constantly in the mouth, between the inside of the cheek and the "convexity of the dental arcade," and patches of court-plaster applied to the forehead, will obliterate wrinkles on cheeks and forehead.

It is marvellous that, with such help at hand, freckles, wrinkles, and bald heads still meet our gaze on every side. Like the disgusted woman who refused to pay for a much wanted bottle of hair restorative when the proprietor removed his hat and displayed a head that was nearly bare, we have by doleful experience lost faith in these delusive promises. The ingredients of these recipes too are apt to be so odd or unknown, that the most ardent believer would be puzzled to procure them. Juice of house-leeks, and honey of roses, orange-flower water, and bean-flowers, may all be invaluable; also the jelly of starch, the essence of badiane, the powder of dextrine, the essential oil of neroli, and gallic acid; but the gold at the foot of the rainbow is as easily gained. "Dr. Leo" is very sensible in his advice against cosmetics, and the use of dentifrices which contain acids, and insists on due attention to diet, exercise, and ventilation, which, with regular habits, are the best beautifiers. His style is rather Johnsonian for the masses. Calling a hole in a tooth an "aufractuosity," and a pimple "a cutaneous efflorescence," rivals Dryden's description of the pustules on poor Lord Hastings as "rosebuds and jewels."

The second volume is an improvement on the first, giving many useful and available suggestions in regard to health and dress. For instance: "A full or rather wide neck-dress lessens the apparent size of a large face and head, and *vice versa*. A square corsage makes a thin person seem still thinner, but if tall

it detracts from the height. A shawl or heart-shaped one, not giving rise to a marked contrast, does not make thinness more noticeable, but will add seemingly to the height. If the hands are long and thin, the gloves should not extend far up the arm; but if short and thick, their shape will be improved by gloves that encroach upon the wrists. Bracelets will make the hand seem shorter. A dark hue diminishes the size, unless the arm is exposed, or there is a good deal of white about the wrist. . . . Small, intricate designs generally appear tawdry, just as much trimming and intricate coloring do. The eye wants something to repose upon.

"In choosing a controlling color for the dress, the great question is, Does it suit the complexion and hair? In other words, Is it such a contrast as will tend to idealize or perfect the appearance of the face and head? In his work 'De Arte Amande,' Ovid says: 'Black suits the fair. It became Briseis. She was dressed in black when she was carried off. White suits the dark. It added to thy charms, Andromeda. When clothed in white thou didst traverse the isle of Sesiphos.'"

Dr. Holmes quotes a lady who said she remembered the time when she thought more about the shade of color in a ribbon, and whether it matched her complexion, than she did about her spiritual interest in this world or the next. If women who desire to be attractive would only study with care the laws of taste and the harmony and contrast of colors, and the appropriateness of certain fashions for certain figures, their success would be surprising even to themselves.

THE REV. E. E. Hale achieved such a brilliant success in story telling years ago, so fresh and piquant, overflowing with fun and fancy, that we are tempted to pass by his latest production* in kindly silence, as one unworthy of his reputation, unless it is to be regarded not as a story, but a guide-book for invalids seeking a warmer climate, who incline to San Antonio. The preface and probably much of the book were written *in transitu* on the palace car Pittsfield; in short, a recent trip to Texas has been

* "G. T. T.; or, The Wonderful Adventures of a Pullman." By EDWARD E. HALE. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

utilized. "G. T. T." has a cabalistic sound. It might represent a "Grievously Tedious Tale" or "Gone To Tares," but it is intended to stand for "*Gone To Texas*," this title resuscitating the story current in the days of the early settlement of Texas. According to this ancient joke, when an insolvent debtor, or a rough who had been engaged in an "unpleasantness," or any other loafer who had changed his home, wished to leave warning behind him where he had gone, he chalked upon his door the letters "G. T. T." Texas was a refuge—a sort of voluntary Botany bay—and the emigrant sang hopefully,

When every other land forsakes us
This is the place that surely takes us.

This idea may have given a name to the sheltering State. But we are favored with another title, "The Wonderful Adventures of a Pullman," so we can take our choice; but really, as the car has nothing to do with the story, and has no "adventures" at all, if that is even a proper use of the word, we must refuse to admire either. The author seems to have been struck by this, not exactly at the "eleventh hour," but at the eleventh chapter, and begins: "'But where is the Pullman all this time?'" growls the indignant reader." The tale is fearfully prosaic. It can scarcely interest the novel-reader to learn that "the girls"—one, by the way, is a widow—stopped several hours at Shreveport and purchased india-rubber, and gamboge, and court-plaster, and note-paper, and French chalk, and hairpins. Two men and two women, strangers until they meet on the Golconda, become engaged before it makes its return trip, and there is a most curious conglomeration of songs lugged in, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Norwegian, and negro. Call the "G. T. T." a guide-book, a suitable companion for a visit to the "enamelled plains" of the far West, but it must never aspire to the same rank as "My Double, and How He Undid Me," or the "Man Without a Country."

"SYRIAN Sunshine,"* as the title indicates, is a series of brightly tinted pictures of a six weeks' sojourn in the Holy Land. Imprisoned by a serious accident, the genial author solaced the *ennui* of a

* "*Syrian Sunshine*." By Y. G. APPLETON.
Boston: Roberts Brothers.

sickroom by recording the pleasures of his Eastern journey. Memory in her pictures is an optimist, softening all that is disagreeable with hazy outlines, and framing past joys in enduring gold. At least this is the case with such a happy temperament as is possessed by Mr. Appleton (who is already very favorably known by his "Nile Journal" and a "Sheaf of Papers"), a fine representative of the best style of Bostonian—keen and thoughtful, artistic and witty, with a sound basis of common sense. Many of his sentences are condensed poetry and sentiment; as when he speaks of Jericho as "a city like a torn flower, pressed out of all recognition between the leaves of Time's book." With uncommon powers of description, the enthusiasm of the traveller is everywhere subdued. You find no overflow of feeling over sky, or stream, or scenery; but no one can fail to see and enjoy his faithful photographs. He would rather refer his readers who may not have seen Damascus to Mr. Church's elaborate presentation on canvas than to say much about it.

Unlike many others, Mr. Appleton believes that even at the prices set by the greedy merchants of the East, the purchases at the Eastern bazaars are bargains. "The faint margin of difference between demand and offer is soon lost for the priceless rarity which cannot be now recovered; and if in London or Paris one tries to buy such goods, he quickly feels how cheap had been the Eastern merchants' highest price. And at home your silver cross or string of amber will there be a talisman, the only visible bond to what is infinitely precious in remembrance." On the road to Galilee the merry tourists encountered "a Cook party," and grinned at them as they would like discouraged circus-riders, worn, weary, bespattered, through the shocking streets. "The truth is that one of these parties always looks as if it had parted from its liberty. They are fairly well mounted, fed, and cared for, but they are shot as from the mouth of a cannon, and the time of their journey is prescribed. Mr. Cook claims that no one of his party has died en route. No, he does not give them time for that. Perhaps, like the London cab horses, they may sink discouraged when taken out of the shafts." His description of Rahatlicum, the first

sweetmeat in the world, makes us wish, as he suggests, that if the Turks are driven from Constantinople, some refugee may take pity on us and establish the genuine delicacy here.

There is no lack of reverence and serious thought, and "old-fashioned tenderness for the mighty legends of the past" in this pleasant book, which, true to its name, carries "sunshine" on every page.

MR. ALDEN, the "funny man" of the New York "Times," has, at the "request of a wide circle of subtle and malignant enemies," consented to rescue his popular "sixth-column fancies" from the speedy oblivion which awaited them, and publishes a round hundred and a score of his comments on current events.* There is a remarkable similarity and evenness of style from first to last; each brief essay containing four or five long paragraphs of quaint criticisms, and whimsical exaggeration, on something new and peculiar. For his subjects he takes some curious item in a Western paper, or a comical misprint in an advertisement, or a misunderstanding of some commonplace statement. He sees the possibilities of humor in these trifles, and makes the most of them. The titles, as they appeared in the daily, arrested the eye as it roved over the page, and the "sixth column" was eagerly examined by many of Mr. Alden's admirers. Such headings as "Spiritual Candy," "Glass Eyes," "Ghost Catching," "The Mosquito Hypothesis," "Mounted Missionaries" foretold a unique treatment of an absurd theme. His propositions for the amelioration of existing difficulties, such as turning Vesuvius into a cheap cremating furnace, or training cats as messengers in the postal department, are developed in a quiet and plausible manner, which reminds one of Dean Swift's "Modest Proposal" of baby ragout. No one can read his talk on "A National Want"—viz., a variety of parent who will go to bed at eight o'clock—or his melancholy prediction that "The Coming Man" will be both toothless and hairless, without acknowledging that Mr. Alden possesses both humor and wit, and is extremely entertaining in spite of correct orthography, good taste, and unvarying

delicacy. How long he can go on in this way without brain fever or mental decay it is impossible to conjecture. It must be a solemn position, and a severe and constant strain. How anxiously he must search the exchanges for material! A boy with two stomachs is a god-send; a smoking infant, or a girl who swallows needles, are perfectly invaluable. We presume there will be no dearth of topics for such fertile imagination, and odd conceits need but a trifle to rouse them to success. Mr. Alden's many friends will be glad to see these smile-provoking "Fancies" in book form.

J. M. BAILEY, the Danbury joker, has a good deal of genuine humor, and his second book,* strange to say, is better than the first. That was too scrappy, too great an effort to be amusing, made up of grotesque and gross exaggerations, and there was an almost monotonous dependence upon a demonstrative adjective to give a snap to otherwise dull stories.

There has been a lull in Mr. Bailey's popularity, while other men have taken his place, the Burlington "Hawkeye" being just now most conspicuous. But this little volume proves his wisdom in waiting, despite the cry for more from his eager admirers, until he felt that he could improve on his first venture, successful as that was.

It is oddly named—"They all Do it" being the heading of a short sketch, somewhere toward the middle of the book, of the excuses a wife is apt to make for her dinner even when she has had ample time to do her best. Most men dislike profuse apology as heartily as did Dean Swift, who, when a farmer's wife spoiled his dinner by saying, "It is not good enough for his worship to sit down to," exclaimed, "Then why didn't you get a better? You knew I was coming. I've a great mind to go away and dine on a red herring."

The ludicrous positions connected with the annoyances of every-day life give material for Mr. Bailey's book, and surely one who can dwell on the absurd side of house-cleaning, or putting up stoves, or bringing in the week's wash on a cold Monday night, deserves the thanks of the

* *"Domestic Explosives, and other Sixth-Column Fancies."* By W. L. ALDEN. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.

* *"They all Do it."* By J. M. BAILEY, the "Danbury News" Man. Boston: Lee & Sheppard.

"plain people" to whom these sketches appeal for recognition. It is well to laugh over the disagreeable and inevitable, the "total depravity of inanimate objects," etc., if one can only see the fun. The old advice, "grin and bear it," is homely but wise, and no one can help laughing at Mr. Bailey's extravaganzas. He says: "We never can tell exactly when we lose our umbrellas. It is singular how gently an umbrella unclasp itself from the tendrils of our mind, and floats out into the filmy distance of nothingness." Reality vs. Romance is ably portrayed in his "Cotter's Saturday Night." The *enfant terrible* has a faithful photograph. A conjugal quarrel over croquet is somewhat overdrawn, but capital. His description of a struggle with an exasperating bureau drawer that will neither shut nor open, is admirable. Also the agonies of "getting your picture taken." Even the irritating "tidies" get a hit. He has not much respect for women as barbers, affirming that "when a boy's hair has been cut by his mother, the edges of it look as if it had been chewed off by an absent-minded horse."

Occasional bits of pathos, a tender touch here and there, are a pleasant relief. In a sensible preface the author begs his readers to restrain their ardor, and not try to finish the book at one sitting, but dip into it now and then, when tired or depressed. What must be the feelings of the good people of Danbury, as they read of a man on Division street, or a woman on Main street, and fear it will be their turn next? It must be an alarming thing to reside in the neighborhood of one of these vigilant reporters, always hungry for material for his next paragraph.

MACMILLAN & Co., London, have just given us an expurgated edition of Robert Herrick's poems,* arranged, with notes, by Francis T. Palgrave, who is himself a poet, and to whom we owe the "Golden Treasury" of English song, which is so popular. It is well occasionally to turn from new books and spend an hour with an old favorite, who has been neglected and perhaps forgotten. We know

even less of Herrick's personal history than of Shakespeare's. He was a bachelor and a clergyman, hardly a model in either character; he kept a faithful maid servant, Prudence Baldwin, to whom he addressed complimentary and grateful rhymes; he also kept a pet pig, which he taught to drink out of a tankard. And these facts, together with a tradition that he one day threw his sermon at the congregation with a curse, for their inattention, forms almost the sum total of what can be learned of the poet's life. A few boyish letters have been preserved, requesting remittances of cash from his uncle, alluding pathetically to "pinches of the purse," and there is a statement that he was the originator of "Poor Robin's Almanack." He had a lazy, amorous temperament, and his "Humane Poems" are classed by Hallam among the "poetry of kisses." When fierce war was raging in every English county he was bemoaning "the death that is in Julia's eyes," and talking of the "parliament of roses." He candidly tells us that

He has seen and still can prove
The lazy man the most doth love.

For twenty years the vicar of Dean Prior, until ejected by Cromwell, he hated the country, and taking up his residence in London, he wrote:

Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I fly
To thee, blest place of my nativity;
London my home is; though by hard fate sent
Into a long and dreary banishment.

And in another place he says:

More discontent I never had
Since I was born than here;
Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devonshire.

Yet he never wrote so well as in this quiet spot, and there "he acquired that love of flowers and of fragrance which imparted to his verse the beauty of the one and the sweetness of the other." One of his warmest admirers pronounces him the very best of English lyric poets. "He is the most joyous and gladsome of bards, singing like the grasshopper as if he would never grow old. He is as fresh as the spring, as blithe as the summer, as ripe as the autumn." Herrick's style is his own. We are reminded of Anacreon and Catullus, but there is no imitation of them, nor of his contemporaries. He bowed before the genius of Ben Jonson, but was always himself—sunny,

* "*Chrysomela*. A Selection from the Lyric Poems of Robert Herrick." By FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE. London: Macmillan & Co.

unaffected, and sincere. The coarseness which mars his verses does not seem to belong to them, and was, we will hope, added to suit the polluted taste of those times. In looking over his "divine" songs we begin to see the vicar, and wonder that a man whose life seemed one rollicking carnival of love and enjoyment, could be equally at ease in strains of humble piety.

Is this a fast ; to keep
The larger lean
And clean
From fat of meats and sheep ?
Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish ?

We miss from Palgrave's collection the sacred song on Lent:

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour
No. 'Tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Upon the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate ;
To circumcise thy life ;
To starve thy sin,
Not *bin* ;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

He has one verse on "Humility" worth recalling, which has also been omitted from this new edition:

Humble we must be, if to Heaven we go ;
High is the roof there, but the gate is low.
When ere thou speakest look with a lowly eye,
Grace is increased by humility.

This rare virtue, humility, he could hardly be said to possess. Some one observes that Herrick had so very high a notion of the value of his own compositions that he conceived it necessary only to mention his friends in his volume in order to confer immortality upon them. Many wild tales, fully believed by his admiring neighbors, are still repeated of the fearful achievements of his wandering spirit. If his ghost does return, how mortifying to his pride and expectations to find his glowing predictions a failure, and to see in our literature only a brief allusion to his poems, and "himself" classed with Cowley, Crashaw, etc. But

if he comes once more, this charming revival of his merry, musical roundelays, by an appreciative friend, will restore his equanimity, and the shadowy form of the once portly and handsome poet will long to give his grateful thanks to Mr. Palgrave—as do we all.

—From Osgood & Co. we receive the collected edition of the poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes,* two hundred and fifty songs, ballads, and memorial verses. May he live to give us a round three hundred!

The son of a clergyman, educated at Harvard, always associated with what he calls the "Brahmin caste," nature and culture have combined to produce the accomplished poet, wit and humorist. He is the Horace of our age, minus his coarseness; satirizing folly, foppery, and pretension, yet making no enemies. With wondrous versatility he talks trifles with the frivolous, good sense with the educated, and deep philosophy with the thinkers, equally ready in putting into verse the abstract and concrete. Every important anniversary, every great occasion, every national guest, has been heralded and honored with never a dull or forced rhyme, such as we often see in Tennyson's efforts to keep up with the births and marriages in the royal family.

Tears and mirth, pathos and puns, sentiment and merriment, all sail with fitting colors upon his deep sea of thought. Best of all, his wit has no ill-nature nor malignity, never leaving a sting behind. We may well be proud of such poets as Holmes and Lowell, who unite inimitable humor with extensive erudition and profound philosophy; but while Lowell has caricatured his countrymen, to the intense delight of the English, portraying, in the broadest, coarsest exaggeration of Yankee dialect, the prejudices and hypocrisy of New England, Dr. Holmes has been a model of patriotism and sincere devotion to his native land.

This edition, simply bound, with no illustrations nor extravagance of margin, will be very acceptable to the admirers of the author.

* "The Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes." Household Edition. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

NEBULÆ.

— Among the literary and social “sensations” of the day in England, hardly one has been more lively—we can hardly say profound—than that produced by an article in the “Contemporary Review” which has for its title “The Last New Thing in Journalism.” It is directed against certain weekly papers published in London which are filled with personal paragraphs, and which treat questions even of greatest public importance from a personal point of view. It is very sharp, and indeed is a most formidable arraignment of the public as well as the publishers of these papers. It is anonymous, but an author and a motive were at once found for it in general report. It is said to be by Mr. Robert Buchanan, poet and essay writer, and to have been written by him in revenge for the rejection of his articles by some of the very papers which he attacks. Here at once is a wrong view taken of it. The article is published without a name, and stands on its own merits. What matter who wrote it, and with what motive? If its assertions are true and its opinions good, let them be judged by themselves. *They* are not affected by the identity of the writer, or his possible motive. Suppose that that motive were pique, if the thing is good in itself, what matter again? Suppose, on the other hand, the motive pure and good, if the thing is bad in itself, let it go speedily into the limbo of things forgotten. But it is good and sound, and hence the commotion that it has stirred up. The point of the article is expressed in one sentence: “Scarcely anything is too ignoble to find its way into print in some shape or other.” The indictment extends over many pages; it has many counts; it touches many subjects; but there is the gist of it. Nothing is too ignoble to be printed—nothing is too ignoble, if printed, to fail to find a reading buying public. The kind of journalism which is the subject of this much talked of article is an ignoble attempt to supply an ignoble demand. It is a base business—base on both sides; baser than much business that is more

criminal. On one side, men and women who might fill up their leisure time by pursuits innocent at least, if they could not bear the strain of having them elevating, choose to sit down to printed scandal and pruriency, and what is almost worse, a presentation of all subjects in such a mean, debasing aspect that life and human nature are constantly soiled and degraded before their eyes. Journalists, whose opportunities to teach what is wholesome, to purify the public taste, and to elevate the public tone of mind, are greater than those ever before possessed by any sort or profession of men, descend from this elevation to the lower level, to the lowest level, and live by smirching the reputations of men, and even of women, by giving some people pain for the pleasure of those whose pleasure is the pain of others, and by teaching that nothing is good, nothing is great, nothing is admirable. Mutual admiration is narrow; but compared to this, mutual admiration is grand, lofty, elevating.

—The first object of direct attack in this article is the London paper called “Vanity Fair,” which must be known to many of our readers. Its notoriety is chiefly due to a series of colored caricatures, so extended that it would seem that almost every man in the British Isles, of a condition in life above that of a costermonger or a coalheaver, must have been “disfigured or presented.” The cleverest of the caricatures are by an artist who signs himself “Ape.” They are of a hideous, devilish, damnable excellence. Their merit, if merit it may be called, consists in preserving a strong likeness, and yet in utterly degrading their subject, taking his weakest points of expression and his least agreeable traits of person, and exaggerating and distorting these till the face becomes as ridiculous and as revolting as it can be made, and yet preserve a likeness to the original. It may be said that all caricature does this; but it is not so. Caricature itself may have a noble spirit. It

may be good-natured, or it may be malicious. Of the former kind, the caricatures in "Punch" are generally notable examples. Leech and Doyle and Tenniel do not degrade their subjects, with one exception. Lord Derby, and Disraeli, and John Bright, and Gladstone, and the rest, need not be offended or wounded at the caricatures of them which appear in "Punch." Indeed, if they have any humor themselves, they probably enjoy them as much as the world at large does. The exception which we have indicated is the caricature of the Yankee. This is, or was, almost always full of malice; and in particular the caricatures of Mr. Lincoln, during the war, were of diabolically ingenious malignity. John Tenniel ought to be ashamed to look at these expressions of British hatred and British ignorance. British feeling has changed much in this respect, within a few years; and we venture to predict that hereafter "Punch's" caricatures of the "American" will be conceived in a much less injurious spirit. These caricatures in "Vanity Fair" are so base in motive that, successful as they have been with the public, they may almost be regarded as evidence of a decadence of moral feeling in Great Britain. What must be the moral tone of a public which pays to see its great men and its "leaders of society" thus degraded before its eyes! It is the most loathsome form of the arts of design. But the letterpress of this publication, and of others of its sort, upon which the "Contemporary Review" writer comments, "Truth" and "The World," comes in for even severer castigation. It is frivolous, debasing, and sometimes gross; although grossness does not always add to its inherently objectionable qualities those of being frivolous and debasing. "Vanity Fair" publishes weekly certain social propositions called "Hard Cases," of which it asks, and the next week publishes, solutions, which are generally very numerous. One of these, which may be taken as an example, is this: A gentleman, a guest at a country house, having sat up rather late, is supposed to go by mistake into the wrong bedroom, where a friend's wife is sleeping. At that moment the lady wakes, and her husband is heard approaching. What should the intruder do? Of the answers,

one is, "If the lady does not squeal, the gentleman should get under the bed, wait till the husband goes to bed, and then steal quietly away, and try not to look like a fool at breakfast." Another, from a correspondent of more daring tactics, is, "The gentleman should blow out the light and lock the door." Now "Vanity Fair" is not regarded as a blackguard paper, but is found on the tables of decent people in high society. It and the others of which it is the type are filled with personal tittle-tattle, with scandal about women of society and the stage, with petty stories about the Prince of Wales, and noblemen, and "swells." Contemptible itself, it seeks to pour contempt upon everybody. In writing for these journals we are told that the instructions seem to be, pry into every one's personal affairs as much as possible, and "above all, be spiteful, be impudent, be mean."

— THIS is no affair of ours, the reader may possibly be thinking. These papers are published in London for the British market: what are they to us? But the subject does concern us. It would not have been noticed in this part of "The Galaxy" were it a mere manifestation of a peculiarity of British society. Is it peculiar to that society? Does it not touch us? We have no "Vanity Fair," no "Truth," and, alas! no "Punch," for the humorous caricaturing weekly paper has never thriven here; chiefly, however, from the lack of humorous writers and humorous caricaturists, and not, it would seem, from a dislike to see other people degraded and made ridiculous. But is not what is there concentrated, so that it may be taken or left according to individual tastes, here diffused, to a certain degree, throughout our journalism? Is it untrue that here scarcely anything is too ignoble not to find its way into print in some way or other? Would the instructions to writers for the press, to pry into personal affairs, and above all to be spiteful, to be impudent, to be mean, be out of place if addressed to many of our numerous interviewers and preparers of sensational articles? Are the details of evidence, or details not in evidence, in divorce cases suppressed in our leading journals? If two men have a quarrel

about an actress, or some other equally important subject, which is not of the slightest consequence to any one but themselves, is it an unheard-of thing that all the details of the "affair" are recounted with minute particularity in a "first-rate paper," and eagerly read in the morning as a preparation for the business of the day? Do we revolt at the idea of putting our distinguished men in a degrading and ridiculous position before the world? The Nebulous Person believes that there can be but one answer to these questions. It would be hypocritical to say that human nature in our society has been purged of all its base elements. But would it be pharisaical or priggish to say also that it would be well for us, mentally as well as morally, if these elements were suppressed and trained down as much as possible, and if we did not let our journalists see that we are pleased when they place eminent persons, and society, and human nature in a degrading light before us? The only mistake made by the "Contemporary Review" writer is in the title of his article. This is no "new thing" in journalism. It is a very old thing. It used to be worse in former days than it is now, or than it has been of late. Mankind does, on the whole, improve in moral tone, although the improvement is very slow, and is subject to fitful reaction. And one of its evidences of improvement is the exclusion of this debasing stuff from the columns of journals of a high class in England, where this sort of thing must now be poured through gutters set apart for the purpose. Would it not be well for us to follow this example of our British cousins, and insist upon the exclusion of such purulent matter from journals which make pretensions to respectability?

— TIMES have very much changed since the suicide was buried at cross roads, with a stake driven through his body. The noble burial service of the Episcopal church still bears evidence of the old feeling on this subject in a rubric which forbids the use of the service at the burial of those who have laid violent hands on themselves. But the change of feeling in regard to it is shown by the demand sometimes made by members of that church that the service shall be used under such circumstances, and the yield-

ing by some of the more liberal of its ministers in so far as to read a part of the service, burying the body of the unhappy suicide with the "maimed rites" which Hamlet complains of at poor Ophelia's funeral. But the modification of opinion has gone much further than this; and it is now thought by some of the best people in the world that persons who are suffering under a painful and certainly incurable malady may rightfully abridge the sufferings that torment others as well as themselves, and can have but one end. This opinion has just actually been made the ground of an incident in a novel, by a writer of no less repute than Mrs. Oliphant. In her last book, "Carita," she places a beautiful and beloved wife under sentence of death from cancer, in its most revolting and terrific form to woman. She determines to die quickly, if possible, and she does not seek her death secretly. She implores her husband to give her the sweet, strong draught that will secure her euthanasia. He—and who shall condemn him?—places the medicine chest by the side of her bed. She drinks laudanum, and soon passes out of life unconsciously. We notice this strange incident, not, as we have hinted, to condemn it, but also not to approve it; rather to direct attention to it as an indication of a very remarkable change in feeling upon a subject of the profoundest importance. When poor Thomas Placide, the actor, recently shot himself to escape a lingering torment by an exit which was sure to come, hardly a word of condemnation was uttered; and just before Charles Bristed ("Carl Benson") died, a few years ago, he wrote to a friend that he thought that those who were suffering as he suffered ought to be killed; and all who knew Bristed knew that he was a good, brave man. The question at once arises, if death may rightly be sought as a means of escape from physical suffering, is there not equal justification for the same course in avoidance of mental agony which renders life a burden? Many men and women, and they the best and noblest of their kind, would far sooner bear any endurable pain than many forms of mental distress, not to say disgrace. If the avoidance of suffering justifies suicide in the one case, why does it not in the other? The question is one which no thoughtful person will

decide in either way hastily, if at all. One thing seems certain, that the question is purely a personal one, and lies between the individual and his own conscience; and that no form of posthumous punishment by way of disgrace is possible without usurping the functions of omniscience. One other thing is certain, that suicide, to avoid responsibility or in neglect of responsibility to others, is selfishness and sin.

— Two or three months ago we directed attention to the personal character which had been assumed by our politics. The question asked in each new contingency is more and more, not what is best, even from a party point of view, but what will Mr. — or Mr. — do? This has lately received striking illustration in the proceedings of both the Republican and the Democratic conventions of the State of New York. In the former Mr. Roscoe Conkling was the man of the occasion. He apparently owned the convention. It was assembled to carry out his views and plans. It submitted absolutely to his control. Mr. Conkling was the convention as Handel was “the gombany” when he ordered three dinners. In the latter the question lay chiefly, if not entirely, between those two eminent statesmen and bright political lights, Mr. John Kelly and Mr. John Morrissey, one an Irish ward politician and the other a prize fighter and the keeper of a gambling house. The proceedings on both occasions were a significant exposition of the present condition of political affairs among the “free and enlightened” American people.

— THE recent discovery that the planet Mars has two and possibly three satellites, is of course well known to our readers. Some surprise has been not unnaturally felt and expressed that the discovery that a planet so near us was thus attended had not been made many years ago by the observing astronomers who are constantly sweeping the heavens with their telescopes. But there is another reason, possibly, for surprise, one which has not to do with mere telescopic observation, and which we believe has not been alluded to. It will be remembered that the famous discovery of Neptune simultaneously by Adams and Le-

verrier was by calculation. They were not observing astronomers, but great mathematicians and geometers; and from certain irregularities in the movements of Uranus, the remotest planet of our system known before this time, they inferred that there must be a disturbing attraction somewhere. They set themselves to work to discover what and where the disturbing body could be; and they figured out the amazing calculation so truly that at last they said to the observing astronomers, “Turn your telescopes to such a place in the heavens, and you will find a new planet with such an orbit and such a time of revolution round the sun.” They did as they were told, and there true enough was the planet, one hundred and ninety million miles away, the existence of which had never before been suspected by any one but its discoverers. This beats Columbus out and out. Now, ever since careful astronomical observations and calculations have been made, the movements of Mars have been a puzzle. His perturbations baffled the astronomers to account for them. This was so well known three hundred years ago that in the “First Part of King Henry VI.,” which is erroneously attributed to Shakespeare, there is a passage, which may possibly be Shakespeare’s, in which this baffling perturbation is referred to and made use of with fine metaphorical effect. The French have just obtained an unimportant victory over the English, and the Dauphin Charles says:

Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known.
Late he did shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors.

These irregularities were an inexplicable puzzle until Kepler applied the ellipse of ancient geometry to the solar system, and in particular to the motions of Mars, which he did in 1609. It has since then been assumed that the irregularities in question are due entirely to the very elliptical orbit of this planet. But is it not possible—we ask as a layman, as one of the faint nebulae might ask—that the newly discovered satellites had something to do with the perturbations, and that a little calculation might have also revealed their existence?

— MR. E. L. DAVENPORT, a tragedian whose performances some of our readers may have enjoyed, and of whom some

others may have heard, recently died after a life of honorable exertion in his profession. Mr. Davenport was a respectable actor and a respectable man; one of those actors who do credit to the dramatic profession; but it is proper to say, without being at all invidious, or even unappreciative, that the position he had attained did not at all warrant the degree of notice that was given by the press to his death or to the arrangements for his funeral. This could hardly have been greater if he had really been a very distinguished artist. Such he was not. He was not a man of eminent powers; and his performances never made upon critical observers, or upon the general public, a deep or lasting impression. He was a faithful student and a hard worker; and he played Shakespeare creditably, but without either fine intellectual insight or remarkable powers of expression. He had little tact and no personal magnetism. The attempt to make the funeral of such a man an important event, to elevate it into obsequies in which a great community, indeed a whole nation, had an interest, was not only ill judged, but had a tendency to lower our standard of art and to cheapen popular honors. It was another instance of that propensity in America, of which there are too frequent examples, to make much of little. The list of pall-bearers first announced was suited only to the last honors to be paid to a man of world-wide reputation in literature, or science, or statesmanship. The gentlemen who actually did assume this honorable and honoring office were much better suited to the occasion. We make this matter a subject of remark because what is needed now in respect to our art is an elevation of our standard, not the bringing of our standard down to the level of such artists as we have. Mr. Davenport deserved credit for his exertions, and to refuse them recognition would have been unjust and unwise. But it was no less unjust and unwise to make his death the occasion of treating his memory as if he had been Garrick, Kemble, Kean, or even Macready.

— A NOTABLE struggle has broken out

among the barbers. It appears that there are some of them so base, so blind to the dignity of their profession, so lacking in self-respect, as to shave for five cents. And it happens that these sordid persons are so much sought after that the high-toned chargers of ten cents for chin-scraping are alarmed at the prospect of diminution in their profits. Whereupon there is a convention—nothing done nowadays without convention or committee of investigation—for the putting down of the “five-centers.” Much consultation as to the best method of extinguishing these reprobates. Evident feeling that the properest as well as the most efficient way would be for each high-minded ten-center to seize a five-center by his head centre, and draw a razor swiftly and firmly, not over his chin, but across his throat. This, however, would hardly do; the prejudices of society and its apathy upon the subject of the elevation of the “profession” being such as they are. Whereupon it is suggested by a gentleman who has tried the plan, that every ten-cent barber shall inform the keeper of the nearest bar-room to a neighboring five-center that he will pay for unlimited drinks on the part of the five-center’s journeymen, and courteously invite those journeymen to avail themselves of his hospitality. This of course they do. Consequence: unsteady hands, gashes in the chins of five-cent customers, quarrels between boss and journeymen, followed by the breaking up of the obnoxious five-cent establishment. Great applause.

— THE Nebulous Person would like to be told by some well informed person why it is that, although a woman may have three or four clocks in the house—one in the kitchen, one in the dining-room, one in the parlor, one in her own bedroom, and a watch that is worth a burglar’s ransom—if she needs to know the exact time, say, for instance, that she may keep an appointment or catch a train, she must ask a man, generally him who owns the mistress of the clocks. The N. P. is of course a bachelor, and knows nothing of this by experience.

THE GALAXY.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE STRIKE.

I.—THE FACTS.

IT has been said that the process of induction as to public questions seems quite foreign to the American mind. We are all of us ready to "evolve a theory from the depths of our inner consciousness," and make deductions, but how frequently do we begin our reasoning with a theory, and argue thence the existence of facts, instead of beginning with facts, and from those facts making our deductions? No more striking illustration of this has been given than the literature arising out of our late labor troubles. The daily press has literally teemed with editorials no two of which agree as to the cause of the difficulty; the magazines and reviews, anxious to satisfy public demand, have printed hundreds of pages of theory on the labor outbreak, and the one thing that characterizes all this literature is the total dearth of facts.

In this short article it is my intention to present a few facts, gathered during a two months' tour, in which most of our leading railway, mining, and manufacturing centres were included. The smoke of the Pittsburgh fire had hardly cleared away when I undertook the task of finding out the truth about the labor troubles, and my work has been done as carefully and thoroughly as the limited time afforded for such a long trip would admit.

To begin with Illinois, the extreme western boundary of the strike, it might be fairly said that when divested of newspaper coloring the whole affair in this State, with the exception of the skirmish between the police and a small mob of thieves and vagabonds on Halstead street, Chicago, was a great farce. The Braidwood riot was merely the culmination of a local feud between the black and white miners; the latter taking the opportunity afforded by the general scare to revenge imagined wrongs inflicted by colored miners. The trouble certainly did not grow out of the lack of work, nor the reduction of wages. The distress in Illinois, aside from the usual poverty in a city like Chicago, is purely imaginary. No one is making much money, but a visit and stroll through the workshops of Rockford, Sterling, Peoria, Rock Island, Mendota, Springfield, Jacksonville, Joliet, Quincy, Danville, and Elgin has shown hundreds of manufactories in active operation. Glass, tacks, steel rails, cotton goods, agricultural implements, furniture, and hundreds of other useful commodities, are being made by men who are employed at living wages; who dwell in comfortable homes, and have plenty to eat, and drink, and wear, and who know little or nothing about "hard times" save what they read in newspapers.

In the State of Indiana I found al-

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most the same condition of affairs, though here of course the elements to make a great manufacturing State are lacking. When I arrived at Indianapolis early in August the outward manifestations of the strike were over, and business of all kinds was resumed. The city had been troubled with bread riots just prior to the strike, and a large number of men were out of work. Since the war few cities have been so prosperous as Indianapolis, and for several years after the panic, while other cities suffered, there was plenty of work here. The result of this was a large influx of workingmen from all points. About two years ago business began to decline, and real estate went down. Then began the mistaken policy of working men at half time. Wages, heretofore higher than in most other cities, took a sudden jump downward, and the best carpenters in Indianapolis are only getting \$1.50 per day. The wages of the common laborer are \$1 and \$1.15 per day, a sum sufficient to live on if strict economy is practised. Rent and fuel are very low.

In the lower quarters of the city I found a regular organized communist element, which had for some time given the authorities considerable trouble. The books of the township treasurer showed that no less than 4,164 persons were receiving charitable relief. The class that clamored loudest for this relief, and who caused all the trouble in July in that city, number about four hundred able-bodied men. They are led by a man who delights in being called the "workingman's Moses." This man is such a strange character that at the expense of a digression I will describe him. The afternoon I called upon him I found him at tea. There were no spare chairs in the house, so he invited me to sit upon the veranda, and he sat down beside me. This leader's appearance was extraordinary in the extreme. A small thin man sat beside me. His hair was of gravelly color, short and uncombed; his overhanging forehead almost

obscured his little weazel eyes; while a hare lip made his face rather repulsive. His skin was unwholesome; his finger-nails, unlike his hair, were long, and in mourning because bereft of soap. Clothes he had none. The coat he wore was literally threadbare, his pantaloons, dingy with age, hardly hung together, while his toes peeped out from beneath the uppers of his soleless boots. This was the man whose sanguinary appeal for bread or blood on the court-house steps was "listened to with terror by a thousand citizens of Indianapolis," and whose remarks were telegraphed throughout the length and breadth of the land. If the readers of daily newspapers could only see the leaders of these movements, shorn of the coloring of special despatches, the "terrible communist element in the United States" would serve only to scare children and stir up alarm in the hearts of nervous old ladies.

But to resume. I found that at Fort Wayne the strike was nothing but a scare. Two hundred determined men held the whole city at bay. They took forcible possession of all the railway property in the city. Two fine passenger coaches were derisively placarded "Directors' cars." In these cars were assembled the strikers. They sat puffing cigars, sent them by timid and misguided citizens, who thus encouraged and prolonged the cessation of business. The strikers in this city gladly embraced the first opportunity to return to work. Fort Wayne is purely a manufacturing place. It has a large population of laboring men and mechanics, all engaged either in the railroad shops, or in one or other of the extensive manufacturing establishments. The totally depraved or communist element is small. There are some honest men who are not enabled to obtain work. The tenement houses, many of them, are dirty, barren, cheerless places. The trip through Indiana shows simply a depression in the manufacturing and railroad interests in the two lead-

ing cities of the State. Other cities in Indiana could not even distort their little difficulties into the magnitude of a strike.

In Ohio matters are worse. The condition of the mechanic, the laborer, and miner in some portions of the State is deplorable, while in other sections they are as well off as in Illinois. I visited Hocking, Perry, Fairfield, Mahoning, Trumbull, and Ash-tabula counties. The labor question in Ohio is badly tangled up with politics, and nearly all the leaders whom I conversed with were out-and-out politicians. In the above named places I found men who told me they worked underground for eighty cents per day; but these are exceptional cases, the most of them getting \$1.25 per day. In large cities like Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Columbus I found numbers of men who are anxious to get back to farming again. They said the high prices for mechanical labor, and the great demand that sprung up immediately after the close of the war, induced many to abandon other pursuits and seek employment in manufacturing cities. They now see their folly, and would gladly retrace their steps.

It would be impossible to give a correct idea of the condition of the laborer of Pennsylvania in the necessarily narrow limits of an article of this kind. The greatest trouble there was in the region of the iron and coal industries, and the two cities Pittsburgh and Scranton, which are the centres of this industry, were in the hands of the rioters longer than any others. The railroad trouble, that began at Martinsburg, extended to Pittsburgh owing to a local difficulty between the Pennsylvania railroad company and the people of Pittsburgh. The very men who engaged in the work of destroying the property of the railroad did their best to protect other property, and the moment the property of the company was destroyed peace and order reigned throughout the city. It was no such mob as that which sacked Paris, for the class who form such mobs has no existence in the United

States. It was not even a difficulty growing out of the wage question. On hearing of the uprising at Martinsburg, the "Trainmen's Union," a sort of impromptu organization, with no defined objects, held a meeting at Pittsburgh, and put forward an order which had been acquiesced in for nearly two months as the pretence for a strike. The real cause was a local hatred of the Pennsylvania road, a feeling that dates back to the organization of the company. To construe the Pittsburgh riots into the magnitude of a national calamity, or something indicative of the presence of a communist element, existing alike in all American cities, or even in Pittsburgh, is something that the facts in the case do not warrant.

The condition of affairs in the anthracite coal regions is more ominous for the future than in any part of Pennsylvania. In this region, which comprises Schuylkill, Northumberland, Columbia, Dauphin, Luzerne, and Carbon counties, no less than 25,000,000 tons of coal are annually mined. To accomplish this work requires about 61,000 men. The district of which Scranton is the centre—the Wyoming and Lackawanna basin—and in which most of the trouble has been, produced last year 14,620,194 tons of coal, and to mine this the labor of nearly 30,000 men was required. The present difficulty is the natural result of a quick development of the resources of this vast coal basin. The industrial statistics of Pennsylvania show that the coal yield in this basin in 1872 was 3,812,905; under the pressure of "flush times" it arose the next year to 10,047,241 tons. Great inducements were offered miners. They flocked from the mining districts of England, from the mountains of Wales, and from all States in the Union. Villages such as Wilkesbarre, with a population of 4,000 in 1860, suddenly sprang up to 12,000; Scranton, with its 9,209 inhabitants, in ten years increased to 35,000, and now has a population not far short of 50,000. But even here, with careful manage-

ment, I apprehend no further trouble, and the disturbance in the labor market will adjust itself now that the men have all gone to work again.

II.—THE CAUSE.

HAVING now before us some, perhaps fragmentary, facts in relation to the present condition of the workmen in our chief manufacturing States, we may next make our deductions as to the cause of the depressed condition of trade in manufacturing, railroad, and mining centres. A careful personal inquiry shows that the late trouble was not owing to over-production, as many would have us believe, but to a mistaken notion on the part of trades unions and other workmen's organizations; that over-production was a danger against which they must protect themselves. Instead of encouraging labor, they have constantly worked and are to-day working for the one aim—the keeping down of production. It is a most elementary truth, demonstrated one hundred years ago, by Adam Smith, that the annual labor of every nation is the fund which originally supplies it with all the necessities and conveniences of life which it annually consumes. In other words, a country's wealth represents its labor. No argument should be required to prove this; yet every one who has read the declarations in the platforms of the workmen's conventions in Ohio and Pennsylvania, and indeed in all States where conventions have been held, knows that they have entirely ignored this great fundamental truth. To limit the labor of the country means in plain English to limit its wealth. When the miner withdraws from the mine, the mechanic from the bench, or the laborer from the field, when the engineer deserts his locomotive, or the brakeman his brake, he is doing his best to impoverish himself and all others with him. Sir Edmund Becket, in a letter to the London "Times" the other day, asked the pertinent question, "Is the world resolving to

do as little work as possible?" If this has not been the avowed purpose of the trades unions, it has been their constant and mistaken aim in England, France, Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and the United States—to shorten the hours of labor and do as little work for as much money as possible. The crisis is only hastened by the mistaken policy of lessening the hours of labor, insisting upon the total cessation of work, so that the demands for a certain product may become great and the employer compelled to pay higher wages; and by taking regular days of idleness, or in distributing work among the many (as was unsuccessfully attempted in the anthracite coal regions, and by the railroad companies). Both employer and employed seem to lose sight of the fact that this plan could be made to succeed only by granting letters patent to thus stop work to a single branch of industry alone, and letting it thrive at the expense of the balance of the community. No sooner do all branches of industry engage in the same mistaken attempt to decrease production than a general disturbance in the business of the country of necessity follows. Having cut down labor, we have also cut down wealth; and at the breaking out of the labor troubles in July, as full one-third less wealth was being produced, there was one-third less money to hire fresh labor. In this manner the trades union has been constantly tending to diminish production. In fact, when the strike came large portions of the skilled labor of the country were consuming more than they produced. This can be proved by actual figures. I have compiled a table from reports received from various parts of the State of Pennsylvania, which shows that in 1876 the average workman of that State had started on the road to certain poverty. The thirteen different trades selected for the table represent the great industries of the State, and may be taken as a fair average of the different classes of workingmen:

TABLE SHOWING THE COST OF LIVING AND AMOUNT OF WAGES OF THIRTEEN PENNSYLVANIA MECHANICS.

	Total earnings for the year.	Number months in family.	No. of months work during year.	Rent.	Fuel.	Groceries.	Meat.	Fish.	Milk.	Boots and Shoes.	Clothing.	Dry goods.	Pap-ers.	Reli-gion.	Edu-cation.	Sun-dries.	Total.	Expendi-tures over Receipts.	Receipts over expendi-tures.
Laborer.....	\$494*	7	10	none	\$19	\$24	\$71	\$12	\$8	\$31	\$51	\$24	\$1	\$2	\$15	\$93	\$332	..	\$141
Brakeman.....	600†	3	12	none	25	120	108	10	15	34	60	12	2	12	1	30	322	..	78
Fireman.....	520	5	12	\$100	10	30	65	10	15	80	120	15	4	17	4	74	415	..	104
Coal-miner.....	418‡	8	12	100	3	120	100	10	10	80	120	25	6	15	2	102	622	\$203	144
Machinist.....	704	4	12	none	50	150	75	4	6	30	100	25	30	10	4	11	530	..	444
Carpenter.....	449	5	12	70	25	95	75	4	8	26	25	30	10	3	10	65	536	14	4
Machinist.....	522	4	12	100	25	105	50	8	12	20	50	50	6	6	4	100	536
Brick-layer.....	450	7	10	none	25	300	40	12	10	25	40	30	6	6	4	53	504	51	..
Lumber-cutter.....	514	7	12	132	58	884	38	18	14	26	45	15	6	5	4	53	782	208	..
Harness-maker.....	480	4	12	96	24	156	72	18	12	30	75	75	4	6	3	100	611	131	..
Mining foreman.....	1,600§	11	12	none	24	600	180	10	36	103	280	100	8	4	35	100	1,516	..	144
Truck-layer.....	480	4	12	96	12	250	60	12	5	18	20	10	6	12	10	35	509	29	..
Puddler.....	550	..	11	none	35	350	40	12	15	28	60	35	5	10	..	85	626	76	..
Total.....	7,841	69	137	604	335	2,074	674	96	176	451	926	621	68	151	78	885	7,999	775	615

* Of this sum the father earned \$312; one daughter, \$104; and another, \$78; total, \$494. † Husband's earnings, \$480; wife's, \$120; total, \$600. ‡ Of this sum the father earned \$131; 25¢

* Of this sum the father earned \$312; one daughter, \$104; and another, \$78; total, \$494. † Husband's earnings, \$480; wife's, \$120; total, \$600. ‡ Father earned \$131.25; son, \$156.25; two other sons, \$131.25; total, \$418.75. § Father's salary, \$1,300; son's, \$300; total, \$1,600.

From the above table we find the average yearly wages of different workmen but a little over \$600 for the year 1876. In this calculation it must be remembered that foremen and master mechanics are all counted in. It will also be observed that the total expenditure of the thirteen families, although working on an average of eleven months and a half each, exceeded their receipts. The aggregate wages of the thirteen families in round figures came to \$7,800, their expenditures \$8,000, showing an excess of \$200. For this year we may safely deduct 20 per cent. in wages, not to say anything about reduction in the hours of work or days of idleness. This will bring the wages down to \$6,240. Now glance at the table, and see what can best be cut down in the expense account. Begin at rent. We find that six out of the thirteen pay no rent, but own their own houses, and that the remaining seven pay about \$600 a year, or \$85 each, a trifle over \$7 per month. For this sum they can only rent, in large cities, the poorest tenement houses. Clearly, we can look for no reduction here. Fuel, \$335, to warm sixty-nine people, of which our thirteen families consist. This item would be larger in any other State in the Union. The next item is groceries. Here we are again puzzled: \$38.75 per capita per year, for each member of the family. Few house-keepers will say this is extravagant. Passing on to boots and shoes, clothing and dry goods, these items aggregate, for the thirteen families, \$451, \$926, and \$621 respectively. Sixty-nine persons must be warmly clothed, decently dressed, and comfortably shod for \$28 each per year. In these calculations we must not lose sight of the fact that foremen and high-priced mechanics are represented in our table. Dry goods and clothing are cheaper this year than they were last; and a trifle may be saved in these items. Sundries, at a little over \$12 per capita, are decidedly high. But the American workman is extravagant,

and a large share of it is expended on personal comforts, which hard times must necessarily curtail. But I have arranged, in the following table, about the cost of each item, per capita, of the sixty-nine persons:

Rent.....	\$.87	per year
Fuel.....	4	80 "
Groceries.....	38	75 "
Meat.....	14	00 "
Fish.....	1	50 "
Milk.....	2	50 "
Boots and shoes.....	6	50 "
Clothing.....	13	50 "
Dry goods.....	9	00 "
Papers.....	1	00 "
Religion.....	2	25 "
Education.....	1	25 "
Sundries.....	12	00 "

Total cost per capita.\$115 80 "

In view of all these facts, it is safe to say, that if the reader could follow out these same thirteen families for this year, he would find that, while their wages had decreased from \$7,800 to \$6,240, their expenditures had certainly not been cut down over 10 per cent., from \$8,000 to \$7,200; and that the deficit this year would be nearly \$1,000. It is impossible to gather statistics of this kind for the whole nation. What is true of the individual, or the small group presented here, is true equally of the collection of individuals that make up the State of Pennsylvania, and in a great measure true of the nation at large. The withdrawal of skilled labor from active work has a tendency to impoverish the country; and it is this gradual increase of expenditure over income—so clearly pointed out in the table on page 729—that has been instrumental in bringing about the present state of affairs. One-third of the population of a country cannot become non-producers, consuming more than they produce, without impoverishing the balance. The spending money of one-third is drawn from the country; the remaining two-thirds have no money with which to hire fresh labor. Upon this point the London "Times" of September 14, in an editorial, is particularly clear and concise: "The wealth of the world, the

joint stock which the human race possesses, and which alone it can divide on any terms, is the product of the world's labor. Capital embarked in trade perishes in order to renew itself, and reappears in the altered and improved form which labor has meanwhile imposed. The more labor there is, and the more effectively it is set at work, the greater will be the wealth consequent upon it, and the larger will be the potential share of every one. To limit labor is to limit wealth. To consume in the course of the year more than is produced in the course of the year is the certain road to poverty. The class which withdraws from the common task, or performs it with studied inefficiency, is doing its best to impoverish itself, and all others with it." Does not the true history of our labor outbreak show conclusively that the tendency of all the working-men's organizations is in the same melancholy direction?

The attention of the thoughtful should be called to another point which many lose sight of—the second great evil arising out of the regulation of the trades unions, limiting the number of apprentices. This regulation, in most instances, says that there shall be but one apprentice to seven journeymen; but it can be shown by actual figures that, in the flush times, in Pennsylvania, the number was far less. According to the census of Pennsylvania, the population is 3,521,951, of which there were 679,507 males between the ages of 18 and 45; 540,133 male minors between the ages of 5 and 18. In mining, manufacturing, and railroading 476,436 adults were engaged, to 51,826 youths, including both sexes. The State at that time had 37,200 mechanical and manufacturing establishments, employing 319,487 hands, of which number 256,543 were male adults, 43,712 female adults, and but 19,232 minors—fifteen adults to one minor, or but one youth to five families. Of the 80,760 persons employed in mining operations, 9,646 were boys, or one to nine men. Of 12,281 engag-

ed in cotton manufactures, 3,221 are youths, or one in four; and in the manufacture of woollen goods the proportion is about the same. In the last-named industries the youth has no cause for complaint; but in mining double the present number could and should be admitted. In mechanical and the united manufacturing branches, the disproportion, according to figures recently gathered by the State, is startling. They show that *but one male minor is employed to twenty-five men*, while in the stores of the State there are twice as many clerks as there are apprentices to the mechanic arts; and the number of female domestic servants exceeds seven times over the number of boys engaged in useful trades. What is the result of this? "An army of 150,000 boys awaiting the opportunity to acquire useful trades," says the secretary of the internal revenue of Pennsylvania. Worse than that, say I. Turn to the report of the warden of the State prison of Massachusetts for 1877. He says, that of 220 men sentenced during 1876, 147 were without a trade or any regular means of earning a living. The report of the warden of the western penitentiary of Pennsylvania shows that of the 373 prisoners received during the year 1876, no less than 284 were never apprenticed to a trade. Take a registry of the tramps who daily march past your doors, and see how many are skilled laborers. It is safe to say that less than four per cent. of the convicts in our prisons have acquired a handicraft; and hence we have a right to suppose that the want of instruction in mechanical branches of industry which marks the convict is a fruitful cause of crime. When we remember that the percentage of the above figures is based on the criminal population, they have a startling significance. A false system of labor has brought this about; yet workmen and trade unionists are slow in recognizing the fruits of their folly. The cause of all this trouble lies largely with themselves. As long as their aim is to "do

the *worst* for the *most*," exclude apprentices, and thereby strike at the roots of our nation's wealth, diminish instead of increase production—"just so long," in the words of Sir Edmund Beckett, "will the effect be the same as if one half the population were thrown out of work, and had to live on the production of the labor of the other half doing full work; or as if every man lost half his strength by illness, but retained his appetite and all his other powers of consuming or using up the produce of labor."

But the recent troubles cannot be wholly attributed to the unwisdom of the trades unions. The mistaken system of imports has done much to limit the field for our productions. The Government, in attempting to protect American industries, has introduced into our tariff laws many features that oppress our manufactories, close important markets, and thereby diminish the healthy demand for labor. The English now sell from three to five dollars of their manufactures—in Mexico, in all the Spanish-American republics of Central and South America—where we sell one of ours. I do not know that the New York "World" was too sanguine when it said, the other day, "Our Government, through its diplomatic and consular service; Congress, by a wise liberality in dealing with our navigation laws; merchants and capitalists, by studying the great fields of enterprise, should all work together." And one might add here: if the workman will do his best for fair wages, instead of the "*worst* for the *most*." But to continue the quotation from the "World." "If," says that journal, "we can—and we can if we will—recover our control of that large share of the markets of the world which fairly belongs to us, the activity of our cotton factories, our iron and steel works—in short, of all manufactories—can be doubled and trebled, instead of being reduced; and we shall soon see a healthy life again beating in all veins of industry and trade."

Now I do not wish to be understood as denying that there was a very general prostration of business in the five States wherein my observations were mostly made; but I do say that the worst condition of affairs existed at Pittsburgh and Scranton. These were the only two cities that were really in the hands of the mob; and these were the two cities that were the most troubled at the time of my visit in August. The condition of Scranton and Pittsburgh indicates that the coal and iron interests, of which they are the centres—in the United States—are more depressed than any other industries. These are the two branches that have received more injudicious nursing by the Government, and have been better protected than any others, and at the same time have been more controlled by the pernicious and restrictive rules of trades unions than any other branch of industry. Next, perhaps, to these comes the woollen interest. It is not necessary to call attention to the prostration of the woollen mills. What has all the Governmental nursing done for them? Mr. Mitchell, the British judge at Philadelphia, in the class of "wool and silk fabrics," in his recent report, says: "The hours of labor in America are sixty-six per week, against fifty-six and a half in England; and the wages average about 25 per cent. more than in this country. But the cost of living in America is considerably higher; and I do not think the operatives are in any better position at present than with us." And yet for years the mistaken cry has gone up that American operatives wanted protection against the pauper workmen of the old world!

III.—THE REMEDY.

THE remedy, I believe, remains with ourselves. "How shall the nation regain its prosperity?" is a question now being discussed by one of our leading thinkers. Without venturing any-

thing in the nature of a final settlement of this great question, I will give it as my opinion that the first step toward prosperity lies with the workmen themselves. They should not forget their duty toward themselves and toward their fellow men. The moral code of the trade union must be radically changed, and instead of aiming and doing the "*worst* for the *most*," the aim must be to elevate skilled labor and serve society, by rising above selfish disputes about wages, which, I have shown, merely tend to an impoverishment of the nation. To complete the reform, the regulation pointing to the exclusion of apprentices must be eradicated. The door of skilled labor must not be slammed in the face of the American youth as he is about to enter upon the more useful work of life. The other remedy is the opening of foreign markets. Our products are wanted all over the world. Central America, Canada, and Mexico stand ready to take our surplus manufactures. Capital and labor are alike bowed down, and this is the measure of their yoke. The strike, far from being a national calamity, will, if it brings about these things, prove in the end a national blessing. In all parts of the country, and among all classes of people, I see a growing disposition to forget the stale issues and by-gone controversies that have for so long occupied the minds of men who should have given more attention to our industrial and economic interests. Under any circumstances the truth about the strike shows that it was merely a sporadic outbreak, with no significance further than as a warning for us to prevent its occurrence again, and to remedy the mistakes that brought it about. If those remedies are applied, and wisdom and statesmanship characterize the actions of our rulers—especially in regard to our commercial treaties with other countries—we shall hear no more of strikes and labor outbreaks.

ROBERT P. PORTER.

ADMINISTRATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE year 1864 was one of severe trial to President Lincoln. For nearly three years from his inauguration he had put forth his strength and that of the Government in the mighty struggle to preserve the national integrity against dismemberment, and had, while resisting the sectional efforts of the South to dissolve the Union, encountered persistent opposition from the Democratic party organization of the North. Besides these difficulties, the radical element of the Republican party, comprising the most enthusiastic as well as the most violent politicians in prosecuting the war, had become dissatisfied with the conciliatory policy of the Administration and the slow progress of our armies. Some victories had been achieved, but they seemed barren of results, and the radical leaders in Congress availed themselves of this fact, and also of the murmurs and complaints that the war was unreasonably protracted, to promote greater discontent.

The President was held responsible for delays and military mismanagement, and the approaching Presidential election served as a stimulant to the dissatisfied spirits, who began to crystallize into an organization. The radicals, as zealous party politicians as they were patriots, began to cast about for a candidate more arbitrary and severe than Mr. Lincoln, who was represented as soft-hearted, and not sufficiently energetic for such a war. The intrigues instituted in the autumn became active in the winter and spring, and, to the annoyance of the President, one of the Cabinet, a member of his political family, the Secretary of the Treasury, was quietly attending some of the meetings of the disaffected, and for a time became identified with them, and a prominent candidate to lead them.

The assaults of open opponents, and

the calumnies of professed friends, circulated often by petty officials, the President did not regard; but he was affected by the course of the Secretary of the Treasury, to whom he had given his confidence. Without any intention or thought of change in the financial officer of the Administration, he never considered himself or the Administration dependent on any one individual for its permanency or success, but was intimate and confidential with all of them. The political principles and general governmental views of Mr. Chase, as exemplified during his Senatorial career, and maintained in the conduct of the administration of his department and support of the Government, during the first half of Mr. Lincoln's term, had favorably impressed the President, who himself, after entering upon his duties as Chief Magistrate, became more attached to the federal system, and more convinced of the necessity of a rigid observance of both the granted and limited powers of the Government under the Constitution.

The President and the Secretary of the Treasury, and indeed the whole Cabinet, though opposed to slavery, recognized and strictly adhered to the principle of non-interference with slavery in the States. Mr. Chase distinctly stated this in a letter of September, 1861, to Green Adams, when he said:

I am sure that neither the President nor any member of the Administration has any desire to convert this war for the Union and for national existence in the Union, and under the Constitution, into a war upon any State institution.

This is a correct statement as regards the entire Administration in 1861. But a year later the President, under the pressure of military necessity, found it essential for the successful prosecution of the war and the salvation of the Government, to issue his preliminary proclamation of September

ber 22, 1862, for the emancipation of slaves in the rebel States—a bold measure, devised, decided upon, and adopted by himself, as he declared when he read the document to his full Cabinet, and for it and its consequences he then and there avowed that he alone was responsible.

To Mr. Chase, the recognized, distinctive anti-slavery man of the Cabinet, the proceeding was wholly unexpected. He was, of course, not unfavorable to emancipation, but its advocate, and had not doubted that war would secure it. He anticipated, however, that it would be effected gradually and by military successes. The steps taken by Fremont in Missouri, Hunter at Port Royal, and others, to give freedom to the slaves within the lines of the Union armies, which the President disapproved, were not condemned by Chase. His suppositions and convictions were that the generals, as they made advances, would, from military necessity, give freedom to the bondmen. With a belief that though a work of detail the results would be certain, he had encouraged that policy.

Fremont's unauthorized proceeding led to that officer's being relieved of his command, and Hunter's emancipation order was revoked by the President in a proclamation of May 19, 1862, disowning any knowledge of the act—proclaiming that neither General Hunter, nor any other commander, was authorized to declare the slaves of any State free—that whether the President, as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, was competent to do it, might be questioned; but if it became a necessity indispensable to the maintenance of the Government to exercise such power, he, under his responsibility, reserved to himself its exercise, and that he did not feel justified in leaving the decision to commanders in the field.

When, in September, 1862, the war had made such progress as to render interference by the general Government necessary, he did not leave the

subject to subordinates, but took upon himself the responsibility alluded to in his proclamation of May. Mr. Chase had the sagacity to see that the prestige previously accorded him as the leading emancipationist of the Administration would thereafter cease. What he had expected would be brought about in detail by the generals in their progress upon rebel territories, the President, as Commander-in-Chief, had by one bold stroke accomplished under the war powers. Emancipation, as decreed by Mr. Lincoln, was not a legislative enactment, a statutory law under the Constitution, but an Executive order, the result of military necessity—an act of the President as Commander-in-Chief in the prosecution of the war rather than in his civil administrative capacity as Chief Magistrate, striking down at one blow one of the most sacred and specially guarded of all the rights which the States had reserved to themselves. It was claimed, however, and by none more strenuously than by some of the radicals in Congress, that it was a high-handed assumption; that while they were favorable to emancipation, legislation was necessary to consummate the measure. Yet in truth neither the legislative nor the executive branch, nor both combined, were constitutionally empowered to emancipate—it was purely a war measure, and of its necessity the President had to judge, and take the responsibility. If the Executive could do this, why, asked the radicals, had not he and Congress power to go still further with the rebels and rebel States, and modify their institutions in other respects? Why not protect the slaves when free—endow them with suffrage, and though ignorant and uncultured, make them by law politically the equals of the whites, who were cultured and refined? The answer was those would be civil acts, and did not come under the laws of war or military necessity. But the radicals insisted that Congress could emancipate without regard for the Constitu-

tion, or considering the change which this assumption would effect in our federal system—making the general Government supervisory and absolute over the States and people—a government of persons regulating and dictating the social and political condition of the people, enforcing by law equality of the races, overruling local sovereignties, and absorbing and exercising powers never delegated.

Senator Sumner, who seemed to consider himself the patron and special guardian of the colored race, and particularly of the slaves, early claimed that Government aid and protection must be given to the negroes, whom he styled “wards of the nation,” and the States compelled to allow them to vote. Mr. Chase earnestly supported the President’s emancipation policy, but did not at once assent to the centralizing theories of Sumner and the extremists. A regard for the reserved sovereignty of the States and the principle of strict construction which he had previously maintained, gave way after the President’s emancipation proclamation, and he coöperated with Senator Sumner in the policy of excluding the rebel States from the Union, and denying them restoration until the negroes were permitted to vote. The dissatisfaction of the leading radicals in Congress because the President had, by an executive order, without Congressional assistance, done an act which they could not disapprove, was increased, and led them to cast about through the succeeding year for a Presidential candidate of less individuality to succeed Mr. Lincoln. Their minds seemed to concentrate on the Secretary of the Treasury, and he, nothing loth, was approached on the subject. While exceedingly solicitous in regard to the office, he felt the delicacy of his position, and his relation to the chief who gave him his confidence—was coy and reserved—met in secret with these uneasy spirits, but did not communicate that fact or the purpose to the President. His sentiments on the subject of being

a candidate, and especially his feelings toward and his honest opinions of Mr. Lincoln, are truthfully expressed in the following private letter to his son-in-law, Governor Sprague:

WASHINGTON, November 25, 1863.

. . . If I were controlled by merely personal sentiments, I should prefer the reelection of Mr. Lincoln to that of any other man. But I doubt the expediency of reflecting anybody, and I think a man of different qualities from those the President has will be needed for the next four years. I am not anxious to be regarded as that man; and I am quite willing to leave that question to the decision of those who agree in thinking that some such man should be chosen.

I can never permit myself to be driven into any hostile or unfriendly position as to Mr. Lincoln. His course toward me has always been so fair and kind, his progress toward entire agreement with me on the great question of slavery has been so constant, though rather slower than I wished for, and his general character is so marked by traits which command respect and affection, that I can never consent to anything which he himself could or would consider as incompatible with perfect honor and good faith, if I were capable—which I hope I am not—of a departure from either, even where an enemy might be concerned. . . .

A few days after this letter was written, President Lincoln issued his amnesty proclamation, extending pardon to those rebels who would return to duty, and also inviting reconstruction and restoration. This document, intended to promote reconciliation and the reestablishment of the suspended States in their true position, had been thoroughly discussed in Cabinet, and distinctly approved by every member, but was denounced by the radicals as another Executive assumption.

The amnesty proclamation and annual message were transmitted to Congress on the 8th of December, 1863, and on the 15th of December Thaddeus Stevens moved a reference of that part which related to the condition and treatment of the rebel States to a special committee. This motion was amended by H. Winter Davis, who proposed to refer that part of the message which related to the duty of the United States to guarantee to the States a republican form of government, to a committee of nine. It was well understood that this move-

ment was antagonistic to the policy of the President, and by those in the intrigue, to the President himself. The persons concerned were in constant intimate intercourse with the Secretary of the Treasury, and, on the 22d of February, on the appearance of the Pomeroy circular, three months after the letter to Governor Sprague, Mr. Chase informed the President that he had been consulted in regard to the selection of a person for President, and consented himself to be a candidate.

About this time his views of amnesty and the President's policy of extending pardon to the rebels, and a restoration of the suspended States to the Union, appear to have undergone a change. In a letter to Gerritt Smith on the 2d of March, 1864, when the efforts in his behalf were at the culminating point, he said:

The amnesty proclamation seems to fail. I don't like the qualification in the oath required; nor the limitation of the right of suffrage to those who take the oath, and are otherwise qualified according to the State laws in force before the rebellion. I fear these are fatal concessions. Why should not *all* soldiers who fight for their country vote in it? Why should not the intelligent colored man of Louisiana have a voice as a free citizen in restoring and maintaining loyal ascendancy?

Not until these radical meetings in the winter of 1864 to make a President do I recollect that Mr. Chase favored the policy of conferring on colored persons the privilege of voting by the exercise of federal authority, nor even then that he thought the amnesty proclamation seemed to fail.

It is due to President Lincoln and Secretary Chase to state that at a later period, and only a day or two preceding the President's death, there arose a difference as to the sentiments of Mr. Chase on some points of the amnesty proclamation. The points are of historical interest, and though the issue was raised subsequently, it may be properly introduced here.

Mr. Lincoln, on his return to Washington, after the fall of Richmond, was serenaded on the evening of the 11th of April, by his fellow citizens, whom he addressed from the portico

of the White House in a carefully prepared speech. The occasion was one of deep interest, not only from the fact of the downfall of the rebellion, but from the opening future of our political condition. The crisis had arrived when it was to be decided whether his policy of conciliation, giving to the rebels amnesty, to the suspended States their proper practical relation with the Union, and to the whole country reconciliation and peace, or whether the radical policy of continued contention, subjugation, disunion of States, sectional animosity, sectional government of a part of the States by other sections, and a disregard and destruction of that political equality of the States which was guaranteed by the Constitution, should prevail. Down to this period, when the Confederacy was dissolving, and the war virtually at an end, the President, who, by his ability, skill, and management, had continued to keep the Republicans united, and in the main succeeded in carrying forward his humane and paternal policy, was at open issue with the radicals, whose vengeful, irreconcilable, and persecuting hatred he had defeated.

Returning triumphant from Richmond, he was more fully than ever before convinced of the rectitude of his course and the necessity of magnanimity to the Southern people if the country was to be united, prosperous, and at peace. At the same time he was aware that he would be compelled to encounter resistance and violent opposition from the leading radical minds, who took different views, and had party ends to subserve. It was under these circumstances, and with a full knowledge of the difficulties to be met in reëstablishing the Union by a restoration of the States to their proper practical relation, that his speech of the 11th of April was prepared. It was not an impromptu speech, but a written document, deliberately and studiously prepared—the last public utterance of President Lincoln on the subject of reconstruction, which he

had adopted and consistently pursued, and which, had he not been murdered, he would, without doubt, have carried to successful completion, but for adhering to which his successor, not less honest and firm, but less skillful and adroit in managing men, was impeached. President Lincoln said:

As a general rule I abstain from reading the reports of attacks upon myself, wishing not to be provoked by that to which I cannot properly offer an answer. In spite of this precaution, however, it comes to my knowledge that I am much censured from some supposed agency in setting up and seeking to sustain the new State government of Louisiana. In this I have done just so much as and no more than the public knows. In the annual message of December, 1863, and accompanying proclamation, I presented a plan of reconstruction (as the phrase goes) which I promised, if adopted by any State, should be acceptable to and sustained by the executive government of the nation. I distinctly stated that this was not the only plan which might possibly be acceptable; and I also distinctly protested that the Executive claimed no right to say when or whether members should be admitted to seats in Congress from such States. This plan was, in advance, submitted to the then Cabinet, and distinctly approved by every member of it. One of them suggested that I should then, and in that connection, apply the emancipation proclamation to the theretofore excepted parts of Virginia and Louisiana; that I should drop the suggestion about apprenticeship for freed people, and that I should omit the protest against my own power in regard to the admission of members of Congress; but even he approved every part and parcel of the plan which has since been employed or touched by the action of Louisiana. . . .

I have been shown a letter on this subject, supposed to be an able one, in which the writer expresses regret that my mind has not seemed to be definitely fixed on the question whether the seceding States, so called, are in the Union or out of it. It would perhaps add astonishment to his regret were he to learn that, since I have found professed Union men endeavoring to make that question, I have *purposely* forborne any public expression upon it. As appears to me that question has not been, or yet is, a practically material one, and that any discussion of it, while it thus remains practically immaterial, could have no effect other than the mischievous one of dividing our friends. As yet, whatever it may hereafter become, that question is bad, as a basis of a controversy, and good for nothing at all—a merely pernicious abstraction. We all agree that the seceding States, so called, are out of their proper practical relation with the Union, and that the sole object of the Government, civil and military, in regard to those States, is to again get them into that proper practical relation. I believe it is not only possible, but in fact easier to do this without deciding, or even considering, whether these States have ever been out of the Union, than with it. Finding themselves safely at home, it would be utterly immaterial whether they had ever been abroad. Let us all join in do-

ing the acts necessary to restoring the proper practical relations between these States and the Union, and each for ever after innocently indulge his own opinion whether, in doing the acts, he brought the States from without into the Union, or only gave them proper assistance, they never having been out of it.

President Lincoln's policy of peace and reconstruction adopted at an early day, and communicated to Congress in December, 1863, had encountered persistent opposition from the radical leaders, but from it he never swerved. It may be regarded as his unalterable conviction, and the above address his last communication to his countrymen on these subjects.

This speech, delivered on the 11th of April, drew from Mr. Chase on the following day, the 12th of April, a letter, in which that gentleman said:

I recollect the suggestions you mention; my impression is that they were in writing. There was another which you do not mention, and which I think was not in writing. It is distinct in my memory, though doubtless forgotten by you. It was an objection to the restriction of participation in reorganization to persons having the qualification of voters under the laws in force just before rebellion. Ever since questions of reconstruction have been talked about it has been my opinion that colored loyalists ought to be allowed to participate in it; and it was because of this opinion that I was anxious to have this question left open. I did not, however, say much about the restriction. I was the only one who expressed a wish for its omission, and did not desire to seem pertinacious.

The extracts are characteristic of the two men, and exemplify the position and character of each.

The President was assassinated on the 14th day of April, two days after the date of Mr. Chase's letter; and this subject of difference between them terminated at his death. My own recollection of the discussion in Cabinet on the amnesty proclamation, in the autumn of 1863—particularly that which related to the subject of restricting the privilege of voting on the question of reconstruction—is in accord with that of the President. The radical opposition to that restriction, and to the President's amnesty proclamation and method of reconstruction, was immediate and active. His propositions were denounced as Executive assumptions. Stevens, Wade,

H. Winter Davis, and others took instant measures to counteract and defeat them, by referring the subject to a select committee, that matured a scheme, and in February reported Davis's bill to guarantee to certain States a republican form of government.

On the 22d of February, after the publication of the Pomeroy electioneering circular, Mr. Chase, feeling it necessary to make some explanation, wrote the President, disavowing any "knowledge of the existence of the letter," but admitted that "a few weeks ago several gentlemen called on me, and expressed their desire—shared by many earnest friends of our common cause—that I would allow my name to be submitted to the consideration of the people, in connection, in connection with the approaching election of Chief Magistrate. . . . We have had several interviews. . . . I accepted their judgment as decisive. . . . The organization of the committee followed these conversations. . . . Thought this explanation due you," etc.

The explanation was not made until after the intrigue became public by the publication of Pomeroy's confidential circular; but the movement, though secret, had been known to the President almost from its inception. He replied to Mr. Chase on the 29th of February, stating:

My knowledge of Mr. Pomeroy's letter having been made *public* came to me only the day you wrote; but I had, in spite of myself, known of its *existence* several days before. I have not yet read it, and I think I shall not. I was not shocked or surprised by the appearance of the letter, because I had had knowledge of Mr. Pomeroy's committee, and of secret issues which, I supposed, came from it, and of secret agents who, I supposed, were sent out by it, for several weeks. I have known just as little of those things as my friends have allowed me to know. They bring the documents to me, but I do not read them; they tell me what they think fit to tell me, but I do not inquire for more.

Mr. Chase resigned his place in the Treasury, after the nomination at Baltimore, and left the Department on the 30th of June—the close of the fiscal year. There had been for some time constrained courtesy, or want of that

cordial intimacy which existed prior to 1864. The President was aware that Treasury officials were among his sharpest opponents, and that in Congress as well as in the Treasury exception was taken to his management of affairs and his method of administering the Government. It was also circulated that he was under improper influences—alluding to the Secretary of State. Mr. Lincoln was declared by the radicals to be too yielding in his disposition; was granting too liberal amnesty to the rebels; was for too easy reconstruction; wanted firmness; and was in fact unequal to the vast and responsible duties of Chief Magistrate at such an important period. If these complaints or rumors were not prompted by the Secretary of the Treasury, as was said by his opponents, they were not checked or discountenanced by him. Some of the most offensive objections to the President emanated from subordinates of the Treasury Department—the personal confidants and official dependents of the Secretary. They asserted, moreover, that the Treasury and finances were in such a condition that the system inaugurated by Mr. Chase was necessary to the administration of the Treasury and the stability of the Government, and that he was indispensable for its successful operation.

It was at this juncture, and with these warnings to the President and the country, that Mr. Chase tendered his resignation. It was, as unexpectedly to himself as others, promptly accepted; for he had, on one or two previous occasions, suggested resignation, a proposition which the President quietly put aside. The occasion and alleged cause for this resignation was a difference in regard to the person to be appointed assistant treasurer at New York. Mr. John J. Cisco, the incumbent, who resigned from infirm health, was a Democrat, and there were difficulties in selecting a successor; but the Secretary, after canvassing many names, finally recommended his assistant in the Department, Maunsell B.

Field, who had at one time been associated with Mr. Cisco, and who was also a Democrat. The selection was exceedingly distasteful to Senator Morgan and sundry prominent Republicans, who objected to the appointment because they desired, as the Secretary feared and said, "to make a party engine of the office, without sufficient regard for the necessities of the service." The apprehensions of the Secretary may have been unfounded in this instance; but there is no doubt that the interference of members of Congress to control appointments is often highly detrimental to good Government. In the scramble to get Congressional support for this important Executive appointment at New York—an appointment for the correct management of which the Secretary and not members of Congress was held responsible—Mr. Field succeeded in obtaining a majority of the New York members in his favor; and this was claimed to be conclusive. But the President, who personally knew Mr. Field, did not think him a proper man for the place. Other circumstances not unlikely influenced him to decline accepting the Secretary's selection, though he usually acquiesced in the nominations of subordinates by heads of departments to places for the proper management of which they were more immediately responsible. Meantime, Mr. Cisco, on the earnest appeal of the Secretary, consented to hold the office for another quarter; and Mr. Chase, when communicating this fact, which he did on the day following the refusal to appoint Mr. Field, tendered his resignation, because, he said, "I cannot help feeling that my position here is not altogether acceptable to you." The resignation was an important step for both himself and the President; and the announcement that it had been tendered and was accepted was a surprise to the friends of both and to the country.

Governor Tod of Ohio was offered the place, but declined it. The office

was then conferred on Senator Fessenden of Maine. That gentleman, though gratified with the honor, entered upon the duties with doubt and reluctance. He was, at the time—and had been from the commencement of Mr. Lincoln's administration—chairman of the Finance Committee, which brought him into close intimacy with Mr. Chase, and was a warm supporter of that gentleman and his financial policy. He had ceased to be a supporter of Mr. Seward, whom he had once admired, but was not antagonistic to Mr. Lincoln. As a lawyer Mr. Fessenden stood well at the bar; as a Senator he had exhibited capacity, and possessed legislative experience; but he was physically and often mentally dyspeptic; and, though honest and conservative, was, in his infirm health, at times afflicted with an irritable temper that impaired his usefulness. He was nevertheless recognized as occupying a place in the front rank of the Senate of that day, where he was faithful and industrious. If not always profound, he had quick perceptions, and was an excellent critic; but his political views were tainted in some degree with the prejudice of early partisanship, of which he could not always entirely divest himself. Yet he was ever desirous to be just. It was a trial to him to undertake the laborious duties of the Treasury; and in resigning his seat in the Senate to enter upon those duties, he was actuated by patriotic motives, and a willingness to make any sacrifice for his country. It was soon obvious, however, to his friends and himself, that his mind and temperament were not as well adapted to his new position as to that which he had resigned; that, whatever might be his legislative capacity, which was in many respects second to few of his associates, he was deficient in executive power and administrative skill and ability.

The retirement of Mr. Chase did not create the sensation that was anticipated. His administration of the Treasury and the finances had been so vio-

lently assailed by the Democrats, that they were compelled to accept his withdrawal as a relief; and the friends of the President, who had witnessed with disfavor the efforts to supersede Mr. Lincoln, were not sorry that Mr. Chase was disconnected with the Administration.

Sagacious men were unable to form an opinion as to the financial policy of the President in these Treasury appointments. The truth was, he had none, and did not profess to have any. Overwhelmed with labor and the responsibility which the war imposed, he had trusted to his Secretary, when not in conflict with his own opinions, as he had trusted other Secretaries. The currency and national finances had not, in the tumult of hostilities, been specialties with him. When Mr. Chase, who was understood to be a constitutional hard-money man, yielded to the opposite doctrine, assented to the issue of irredeemable paper currency, legalizing it as money, making paper during war a lawful tender for debt, and connected with this policy the establishment of national banks, the President had acquiesced in the proceedings, though some of the Cabinet had questioned their wisdom and correctness. Governor Tod of Ohio, who was first offered the Treasury on the retirement of Mr. Chase, was a Democrat in his antecedents, a resolute supporter of the war for the Union, and the Administration in its measures, but was opposed to an irredeemable paper currency; was an avowed hard-money man of the Jackson and Benton school; consequently not a disciple of Mr. Chase, nor an admirer of his financial policy, though in the emergency created by the war he acquiesced and did not oppose it. Mr. Fessenden, a Whig of the old school, was the opposite of Governor Tod on banking and paper-money questions, past and present. It was a mystery not easily susceptible of explanation—certainly not very consistent—that two men of such opposing views on currency, money, and finance should have been succes-

sively and within a few days invited to the same important position. The result proved that the President, if committed to no financial policy, had acted with political shrewdness in the steps which he had taken. The appointments were made without consultation or advice with his Cabinet. In tendering the office to Governor Tod, an old Jacksonian Democrat, he disarmed, in a measure, or blunted, the edge of Democratic hostility. It did not disappoint him that Tod declined to step into the shoes which Mr. Chase vacated. Perhaps he would have been disappointed had he accepted. It would have been difficult, in the then existing state of things, to change the financial policy of the Government; and Governor Tod—an Ohio man as well as Mr. Chase—could not, with his convictions, if he possessed the requisite talents and ability, adopt it. On the other hand, when the President called upon Mr. Fessenden, he invited to his council the right-hand man of Mr. Chase—the chairman of the finance committee of the Senate, the participant in and adviser of all the Treasury measures which had been adopted throughout Mr. Chase's administration of the department. It was difficult for the friends of that gentleman to take exceptions or umbrage to the appointment, or to condemn the financial management of his most conspicuous adviser and confidant. By the two selections thus made it was apparent the President was wedded to none of the disputed financial theories or systems. The policy of the Treasury which had been instituted was not changed with the change of the Secretary; and the Administration lost no strength in consequence, but was really benefited, for Mr. Fessenden, if he had less executive power and ability than Mr. Chase, had incurred no enmities, was opposed by no rivalries, but enjoyed the general confidence of the country.

If Mr. Chase experienced disappointment from the course which things

had taken, and in which most of his considerate partisans acquiesced, he and they had the good sense to submit to what they could not control, though there were occasional expressions in private of uneasy discontent. The President well understood the case, and had little apprehension from that quarter. Few persons could better feel the public pulse or judge more correctly the sentiments and wishes of the people, their views on important questions, and their estimate, whether right or wrong, of men. The course of events had satisfied him that Mr. Chase, whatever might be his mental strength, did not possess that inspiring magnetism which controls or leads the popular mind, nor had he the political power which derives strength from public opinion. He had courted the radicals and possessed such standing and influence that they would have consented as an alternative to make him their candidate, but he was not in all respects what they demanded in a leader. He declined to commit himself fully to their ultra views, and when they became convinced he had not the popular support which they once supposed he possessed, he was no longer their man. He had assented to the amnesty proclamation, was less a centralist and more of a constitutionalist than the radical managers, required, had regard for the rights of the States—rights which it was the object of Stevens, Davis, and others to break down. They therefore felt little reluctance in abandoning him. Nor was Fremont, who had been substituted at Cleveland, a favorite with them. His letter of acceptance, while it showed he was as emphatic in his hostility to Lincoln as they could wish, was in other respects exceptionable. Thaddeus Stevens, skilful beyond others as a party tactician, shrewd, cunning, audacious, and unscrupulous, had never been an admirer of Fremont, and became indifferent after the Cleveland nomination in regard to candidates. The great ends which he labored to attain were sub-

jugation of the Southern people, confiscation of their property, reduction of their States to provinces, and national centralization; but these ends were no nearer consummation with Fremont than with Lincoln.

The Winter Davis reconstruction act, as it was called, which from the time of its introduction, in February, had been used as an instrument to shape the course of the Republican party in the selection of a candidate and also to influence the action of the President, had lingered through the session until after the convention at Baltimore renominated Mr. Lincoln—a result that was accomplished despite the chicanery of the managing radicals. Not succeeding in defeating his nomination, they persisted in pressing the law that was designed to override his amnesty proclamation and reconstruction policy, which they pronounced Executive assumptions. It was claimed that the President must not act on these important questions until “after obtaining the assent of Congress”; that “the Executive ought not to be permitted to handle this great question”; that “it belongs to the Senate and the House of Representatives.” It was asked in reply if the right of the President to pardon, grant amnesty, and prescribe a method of reconstruction was denied, that the friends of the bill should point out the provision in the Constitution which authorized Congress to exercise any more power than the President. It was of course impossible for the radicals to give any satisfactory answer, and they fell back on the phrase that Congress shall guarantee to every State a republican form of government, which is no grant of power to Congress to pardon, to grant amnesty, to make new constitutions for the States or destroy the old ones.

Congress adjourned on the Fourth of July, and the passage of the bill had been delayed until the last hour of the session; consequently the bill did not reach the President in time for him to assign the reasons why he

was unprepared to give it his approval. Not doubting that it would become a law, the gentlemen who had prepared and navigated the bill, with its various proposed amendments, and directed the discussion which at opportune times had taken place, congratulated themselves on the consummation of their labors as a crowning radical achievement at the moment of separation. The same gentlemen were astounded and indignant a few days later on reading the proclamation of the President of the 8th of July informing the country that Congress had passed a bill which expressed the sense of that department of the Government for restoring the States in rebellion to their proper practical relation in the Union, which plan it was thought fit to lay before the people for their consideration, as the Executive department had already done in the amnesty proclamation and annual message of December. Thus presenting the case, he said :

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do proclaim, declare, and make known, that while I am, as I was in December last, when by proclamation I propounded a plan for restoration, unprepared by a formal approval of this bill to be inflexibly committed to any single plan of restoration, and while I am also unprepared to declare that the free State constitutions and governments already adopted and installed in Arkansas and Louisiana shall be set aside and held for naught, thereby repelling and discouraging the loyal citizens who have set up the same, as to further effort, or to declare a constitutional competency in Congress to abolish slavery in the States, but at the same time sincerely hoping and expecting that a constitutional amendment abolishing throughout the nation may be adopted, nevertheless I am fully satisfied with the system for restoration contained in the bill as one very proper for the loyal people of any State choosing to adopt it ; and that I am, and at all times shall be, prepared to give the Executive aid and assistance to any such people, so soon as military resistance to the United States shall have been suppressed in any such State, and the people thereof shall have sufficiently returned to their obedience to the Constitution and the laws of the United States, in which case military governors will be appointed, with directions to proceed according to the bill.

This presentation of the issue or difference between the President and the radical schemers in Congress, involving the distinctive and fundamental principles of each, was so plain

and truthful that it could not be denied, and yet it placed the radicals in such a predicament that they could not afford to be nor were they disposed to be silent. A very elaborate manifesto, or as it was termed a protest, was therefore prepared against the President and his proclamation, which was signed by Senator Wade and H. Winter Davis of the House of Representatives, who had been chairmen of the committees of their respective houses in reporting and carrying through the Congressional reconstruction law to which the President did not give his approval. This manifesto or protest arraigning President Lincoln was addressed "to the supporters of the Government," and began by saying :

We have read without surprise but not without indignation, the proclamation of the President of the 8th of July, 1864.

The supporters of the Administration are responsible to the country for its conduct, and it is their right and duty to check the encroachments of the Executive on the authority of Congress, and to require it to confine itself to its proper sphere.

It is impossible to pass in silence this proclamation without neglecting that duty ; and having as much responsibility as any others in supporting the Administration, we are not disposed to fail in the other duty of asserting the rights of Congress.

The protest, illogical, unconstitutional in its premises, filled with technicalities, assumptions, misstatements, and misrepresentations which extended through several pages, too long to be quoted here, charges the President with equivocation and falsehood, and proceeds, among other things, to say :

The proclamation is neither an approval nor a veto of the bill ; it is therefore a document unknown to the laws and Constitution of the United States.

So far as it contains an apology for not signing the bill it is a political manifesto against the friends of the Government.

So far as it proposes to execute the bill which is not a law it is a grave Executive usurpation.

It is fitting that the facts necessary to enable the friends of the Administration to appreciate the apology and the usurpation be spread before them.

Alluding to that part of the proclamation where the President says it is fit the Congressional as well as the Executive plan of reconstruction

should be presented to the people, the protest asks:

By what authority of the Constitution? In what forms? The result to be declared by whom? With what effect when ascertained?

Insinuating that the President has a purpose in his leniency and tolerance toward the rebels, Messrs. Wade and Davis say:

The President by preventing this bill from becoming a law holds the electoral votes of the rebel States at the dictation of his personal ambition.

If those votes turn the balance in his favor, is it to be supposed that his competitor, defeated by such means, will acquiesce?

If the rebel majority assert their supremacy in those States, and send votes which elect an enemy of the Government, will we not repel his claims?

And is not that civil war for the Presidency inaugurated by the votes of the rebel States?

Seriously impressed with these dangers, Congress, "the proper constitutional authority," formally declared that there are no State governments in the rebel States, and provided for their erection at a proper time.

The protest goes on to say:

Under the Constitution, the right to Senators and Representatives is inseparable from a State government.

If there be a State government, the right is absolute.

If there be no State government, there can be no Senators or Representatives chosen.

The two Houses of Congress are expressly declared to be the sole judges of their own members.

When, therefore, Senators and Representatives are admitted, the State government under whose authority they were chosen is conclusively established; when they are rejected, its existence is as conclusively rejected and denied; and to this judgment the President is bound to submit.

The President proceeds to express his unwillingness "to declare a constitutional competency in Congress to abolish slavery in States" as another reason for not signing the bill.

But the bill nowhere proposes to abolish slavery in States.

The bill did provide that all slaves in the rebel States should be *manumitted*.

And as regards the proclamation itself:

A more studied outrage upon the legislative authority of the people has never been perpetrated.

Passing a multitude of captious and denunciatory flings at the President and his policy, the radical protest concludes with the following admonition to the Chief Magistrate:

The President has greatly presumed on the forbearance which the supporters of his Administra-

tion have so long practised, in view of the arduous conflict in which we are engaged and the reckless ferocity of our political opponents.

But he must understand that our support is of a cause and not of a man; that the authority of Congress is paramount and must be respected; that the whole body of the Union men of Congress will not submit to be impeached by him of rash and unconstitutional legislation; and if he wishes our support, *he must confine himself to his Executive duties: to obey and execute, not make the laws; to suppress by arms armed rebellion, and leave political reorganization to Congress.*

If the supporters of the Government fail to insist on this, they become responsible for the usurpations which they fail to rebuke, and are justly liable to the indignation of the people, whose rights and security, committed to their keeping, they sacrifice.

Let them consider the remedy of these usurpations, and having found it, fearlessly execute it.

B. F. WADE,
Chairman Senate Committee.

H. WINTER DAVIS,
Chairman Committee House of Representatives
on the Rebellious States.

This radical, factious, party appeal "to the supporters of the Government" from the official organs of a majority in Congress, at a crisis when the Administration was putting forth its entire energies to sustain the Government, published at the commencement of a political campaign for the choice of Chief Magistrate, had obviously other objects in view than that of strengthening the President in his efforts to suppress the rebellion. The missile was aimed at Abraham Lincoln by ostensible friends, but who had for months labored to supersede him and defeat his policy of amnesty and reconstruction. The two gentlemen whose names were appended and who with the assistance and counsel of others prepared the protest, were the representative men of a clique in Congress who by caucus machinery and party discipline controlled the majority of that body. Had Congress been in session when the President's proclamation was published, the same machinery and the same discipline might have had some effect. As it was, Congress having adjourned and the members separated and at their homes, where their thoughts and reflections had free exercise, the protest was little regarded by them and met with no favorable response from the

country. Nevertheless the manifesto from two among the most conspicuous leaders of the Union party in Congress had, with an accumulation of troubles and cares in the summer of 1864, a depressing effect on the President.

Military successes were at a stand, and did not come up to public expectation. General Grant had promised the President personally, in presence of the Cabinet, that he would capture Richmond if furnished with a sufficient number of troops, which he was assured he should have, and the power of the nation had been taxed to fulfil that assurance. The vast army of the Potomac for a time made advances toward Richmond; but the waste and slaughter, the immense sacrifices of blood and treasure to sustain the General and reinforce the army so that its numbers should not diminish, drew heavily on the Government and country. It was said by General Grant at the commencement of his march toward Richmond that he should continue on that line if it took him all summer. The Administration and country applauded his pluck and persistency, and responded with unstinted offerings of men and means to his calls for support after the successive terrible losses at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and almost every step, indeed, of that bloody march. Whatever losses were sustained were immediately repaired by reinforcements, so that the progress of the troops was still onward; but these vast efforts were exhausting to the country and severely trying to the Administration, which was held responsible for all the disasters that occurred, but received little credit for any military successes. The great army of Grant, after immense slaughter, though it did not retreat, because constantly strengthened, had, without other results than the loss of more men than the entire army of Lee and at a cost of hundreds of millions of treasure, reached the position near Richmond from which McClellan had been withdrawn in 1862. There it

remained for months inactive, and its immobility caused great discontent through the North and West. The President had supplied the army with additional troops, so that Grant had a greater command on the James than when he left the Potomac; but the President, while he sent him men could not furnish his general with tact and strategy to capture the capital of the Confederacy. He had an army twice the number of that of Lee, but seemed incapable of accomplishing anything—lay inert and almost passive, at an expense of more than a million per day, on the banks of the James, not only during the summer of 1864, but until after the fall of Fort Fisher and the advance of Sherman in the spring of 1865.

The failure of Grant to take Richmond, after his bloody overland march and the great sacrifices which had been made to reach it, was discouraging.

The President, borne down with the anxiety and labor of recruiting, reinforcing, and supplying the army, which was doing so little, in inspiring the country, disappointed in its expectations of military success, in warding off the blows of radical friends, and in reconciling political differences among his supporters, many of whom were opposing instead of strengthening and supporting his measures, began to feel that the Democrats would be likely to succeed in the political campaign that was then progressing.

Entering his office on one of these days, when it was evident that McClellan was to be nominated by the Democrats, when reverses prevailed, when affairs were dark, and many friends on whom he felt the Government ought to be enabled to rely were desponding—some of them, like Greeley, proposing impracticable schemes, and not very creditable terms for peace, and others were complaining because a more unrelenting course was not pursued—when the Democrats were assailing him for arbitrary measures, and

both Democrats and radicals were accusing him of usurpations and holding him, not the military commander, accountable for our slaughtered countrymen and slow progress in suppressing the rebellion, he handed me a sealed envelope with a request that I would write my name across the back of it. One or two members of the Cabinet had already done so. In handing it to me he remarked that he would not then inform me of the contents of the paper enclosed, had no explanation to make, but that he had a purpose, and at some future day I should be informed of it, and be present when the seal was broken. Some three months later, after the election had terminated, all the Cabinet being present, he brought out this sealed document, which he opened and read. It was as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, }
WASHINGTON, August 23, 1864. }

This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this Administration will not be re-elected. Then it will be my duty to

coöperate with the President elect so as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration, as he will have secured his election on such grounds that he cannot possibly save it afterward.

A. LINCOLN.

Mr. Lincoln had, after his election in 1860, and preceding his inauguration in 1861, when the great secession storm which threatened the Union was impending, and States and sections were organizing to resist the Government, received no word of encouragement, no friendly counsel, no generous support from the retiring administration. He felt that neglect of himself and the apparent disregard of the public welfare, and, remembering it, he was determined that General McClellan, who, from the then indications, would be nominated and elected, should, in that event, receive his willing assistance and that of the Administration to preserve the Union, though chosen by men who opposed him and his efforts in the national cause.

GIDEON WELLES.

THE THREE-STORY STORY OF A BOX.

IT was a hundred years ago—like so many other things of which it is the fashion to speak to-day—and it was an exceedingly good-looking young man, in the uniform of a captain of infantry in the British service. He stood with one foot upon the shore, or more strictly speaking, the quay, the other foot poised above the thwart of a boat already well filled with officers embarking on board the frigate “Boadicea,” for the purpose of going to quell the insurrection of a few audacious rebels in King George’s province of Massachusetts Bay. So

standing, the handsome Captain felt himself plucked by the coat so vigorously as nearly to overthrow him backward; and turning indignantly, while the suspended foot hastily sought *terra firma*, he found himself confronted by an old man dressed in an old-fashioned livery, and blinking very much out of a pair of very red eyes.

“What! you, Geoffrey? and drunk already!” exclaimed the young man, laughing instead of swearing, as he had intended. “Why, man, it’s hardly ten o’clock in the morning!”

“Drunk, Master Godfrey!” retorted

the old servant in an injured tone. "And to say it to me, that put you on your first pony!"

"Yes! and taught me to smoke my first pipe, a service for which my lady mother well-nigh discharged you from her service. Well, man, speak out! How come you from Hartclyffe Manor thus early? and what is your news, or your message?"

"It was this parcel and letter, sent you by my lady, Master Godfrey, and her dear love; and here's the parcel sure enough, and the letter—well, but where's the letter? Sure, there was a letter!"

And the old groom fumbled clumsily in one after another of his capacious pockets, his stupid face deepening from scarlet to crimson, from crimson to purple; while his master stamped impatiently, muttered indistinctly, and frowned most becomingly; and the naval officer in charge of the boat, after some portentous glances at the group, exclaimed:

"The tide is going, Captain Hartclyffe, and there are still two boat-loads to embark."

"Beg pardon, Lieutenant, but it is this stupid old servant who— Well, then, Geoffrey, give over and go your way home; only, mind you, I shall write by the first opportunity, to tell my mother that the letter is lost, so see that you tell her yourself, so soon as you get home, that she may have it searched for. No doubt you dropped it where you got the ale that is blazing in your face at this moment. There! take this, though you do deserve it so ill, and get you gone."

He tossed a shilling at the old man's feet, sprang into the boat, and in an instant had parted from his native shore—for ever.

In his first quiet hour Captain Hartclyffe examined his mother's parting gift, and was a good deal puzzled thereby. It was a round box, about three inches in diameter, carved from a solid piece of tortoise shell, elaborately engraved all over the outside,

and massively mounted in gold. It was quite empty, but within the lid was set a miniature painted upon ivory, at which Captain Hartclyffe gazed long and earnestly. It represented a girl, perhaps twenty years old, and of a surprising beauty. The artist had caught, to perfection, the tint of a complexion neither blond nor brunette, but recalling the rich hues and mellow blending upon the cheek of a peach ripened against a sunny wall, and feasting the eye, even though the lips may never dare to press its tempting beauty. The hazel eyes and the glowing mouth harmonized well with this coloring; and so did the clustering chestnut curls, somewhat elaborately dressed, and with a carnation bow coquettishly set high upon the side nearest the spectator. Around the full, white throat was a chain supporting a little cross; and a knot of ribbon on the left side of the bodice matched that in the hair. The dress appeared to be a robe of richly damasked silk, cut very low, in the square shape, over the bosom, which, as well as the arms, was covered by embroidered lace daintily gathered about the throat—a charming costume, a charming face. Godfrey Hartclyffe looked at it long and earnestly, until the ripe lips seemed, beneath his gaze, to stir themselves in a mocking and tantalizing smile. With an audacious laugh he pressed his own upon them, exclaiming:

"If you mock at me, I will revenge myself, my pretty one. Who are you? and why has my mother thus sent you to bear me company across the seas? That you are the portrait of true flesh and blood I cannot doubt. You are too real for the mere dream of an artist. But your name, your story, your connection with that dear mother—who shall tell me all these? The letter that stupid oaf contrived to lose, no doubt, is answer to all my questions. Well, it will come sooner or later; and meantime, most beautiful, I will venture to use this elegant box for tobac-

co, that thus I may many times in the day enjoy the pleasure of gazing upon your lovely face."

While the master thus amused his leisure hour, Geoffrey, the old servant, was rapidly wending his way back to the hostelry, where he had left his nag knee-deep in fodder, and hoping to leisurely devour the whole four quarts of corn set before him. Snatching him from the half-eaten feast, the old butler mounted and rode steadily back to the little wayside ale-house—about half way from Hartclyffe Manor to Portsmouth, and some ten miles from either—and making his way straight into the stable, and to a certain stall, groped for some moments among the litter, and then slowly straightened himself, with a letter in his hand.

"There! I thought I might ha' dropped it when I took that forty winks. It was powerful onlucky. And now what's to be done? If I carry it home to madam, she'll only fret and worry, and she's got enough fretting to do over the Captain's going; and maybe, after all, he'll forget to write and tell her; so I'll take the letter down to Humphrey Butler, the lawyer's clerk, the next time I go to town, and he, being a smart fellow, will write on it where Master Godfrey is to be found in America, and I will myself pay the charges of sending it by post, in the very next vessel going out. So everything will be attended to, and nobody hurt, and nobody the wiser. That's what it is to have a head of one's own."

And honest Geoffrey, remounting his horse, rode gayly home, and reported to his mistress that her errand had been punctually and faithfully performed.

A year, two years passed by; and pretty Mabel Wynne, standing in the moonlight at the orchard gate, half hid in blossoming elder-bushes, saw a bent and weary form, leaning heavily upon a rough staff, limping toward her. The girl was brave, for all her fair and fragile beauty; and these were

days when even girls and children learned to be heroic, for the fierce tide of war had swept the peaceful land from end to end, and hardly a family, high or low, but had given its men or its means to support the struggle so near to every heart. So Mabel, although the torn and stained uniform told her that this wounded man was an enemy—and probably a fugitive from the great fight whose distant cannon-ading she had heard three days before—stood her ground until, reaching the gate, he saw her and paused, the moonlight full upon his handsome, pallid face and pain-drawn brow.

"Pardon me for troubling you, young lady, but I shall die without help. I am sorely wounded; I am starving, and worn out with fatigue. Can you tell me where to find a surgeon, and where to hide from—But you, no doubt, consider me an enemy, for I am a British soldier, and you——"

"I am an American girl, sir, and so no subject of King George," replied Mabel promptly; and then all gently added, "But I can pity and relieve those who do not think as we do, for they are men though they may be Britishers. Come in, sir, and I will take you to the house, where my mother will dress your wounds, and give you food and shelter, I am sure, until you can go on; and do not believe that we will inform of you, although Deacon White says it is our duty to our country. But I never, never could do it, or mother either."

"I do not think you would, my pretty maid, and I accept your offer right gratefully, but——"

He tottered, and would have fallen had not Mabel put her slender arm about him; and so, leaning on her and on the staff, and stumbling at every step, Godfrey Hartclyffe crept through the fragrant orchard, and into the door of the great cool, hospitable kitchen, where Dame Wynne sat knitting stockings for her two boys absent with the army, and humming a psalm the while. Perhaps her welcome was not so ready or so hearty as

her daughter had promised; for was not this the very enemy against which her sons had gone out to war? But still she was a woman, and a Christian, and she told herself that here was some other woman's son, and she would bear herself toward him as she hoped and prayed her own boys in their hour of need might be treated by her into whose hands they might fall. So the wounded man was placed in a clean and fragrant bed, and his wounds dressed by the dame, whose surgical skill was famed throughout the neighborhood, and tended by Mabel, whose light foot, and soft hand, and gentle voice fitted her marvellously for a nurse, as her sweet temper and pretty ways made her the most charming companion possible for the tedious days of convalescence.

"You will wear yourself out, dear little friend," the invalid himself would say, as she flitted about in his service, always seeing the need before it was spoken, and happiest when she could find most to do in his behalf. But to all expostulations she replied with so bright a smile, so assured an eye, protesting she was doing no more than she was quite able to do, and that she enjoyed her new duties far more than her old ones, that not only Godfrey's expostulations, but her mother's more anxious ones, were silenced, and the world went on to the day when, his wounds healed, and his health almost restored, Captain Hartclyffe felt that he had no right to linger inactive while his companions were in the field, and could no longer accept the hospitality of the widow whose sons he might yet be the hand to strike down. So he told Mabel, as they stood together in the moonlight at the orchard gate, that the next night he must set forth upon his journey or rather his flight toward New York, where the British troops were then encamped.

As she listened the color slowly faded from the delicate face of the girl, and her eyes grew dark and wild with hidden pain; but she said no

word, uttered no sound, only leaned more heavily with her folded arms upon the top of the little gate, and turned her face away from the searching light of the moon, while her companion went on tenderly to say:

"I cannot tell you, little Mabel, how I shall miss you, and long for your face, your voice, your gentle, sisterly tenderness. I shall never forget you, or cease to care for you; and so surely as God keeps me alive to the end of this war I will come to visit you before I return home. Perhaps I may carry you with me if your mother will spare you, and some of the officers' wives will take charge of you. I should so love to have brought you to my mother as the girl who had saved her son's life. She would have all but worshipped you, I believe, and she would never have let you leave her. If I never return, you will know, dear, that I have met a soldier's death, and you will think of me sometimes. There, there, little one, do not weep so! I was an idiot to speak of such a thing, and you with two brothers in the army. Nay, my pet, you must not, you shall not! See, now, I have something very important to say, and a charge to give you; and how will you listen if you persist in sobbing so?"

The artful appeal succeeded, as he knew it would. To be of use to him Mabel would have turned back from the edge of the grave, and now she choked back her sobs, dried her eyes, and without looking round or raising her face, said very softly:

"What is it, Captain Godfrey?"

For this was the only name she knew for him.

"Do you see this box, little Mabel?"

"Yes, sir. It is the one you always carry for tobacco, is it not?"

"Yes. It is of some value, I believe, in itself, and for certain reasons it is to me the most valuable article I possess. Now, I am going to leave this with you in safe keeping, and if I come back by and by, I shall claim it at your hand, and if I do not, I want you to write to Sir Harold Hartclyffe,

of Hartclyffe Manor, in —— shire in England, and tell him all this story: how I came, wounded and dying, to your door, and you took me in, and nursed, and fed, and cared for me until I was ready to set forth again, and how I left with you this box, sent me as a parting present by our dear mother, who died before I ever heard from her again; and he, who is my own elder brother, will come to you, or send for you, and the box shall bring you fortune and friends, for the sake of him whom it represents. And now, little Mabel, kiss me good-by, for we may not have such another quiet hour.”

She raised her cold and quivering mouth to receive his frank and honest kiss, but she said never a word as she walked beside him under the dewy trees, until, reaching the house, she darted away and was seen no more that night.

Twenty-four hours later she lay crushed and moaning in the grass where he had stood, and where he had bid her the last good-by—lay just as she had fallen when his figure disappeared beyond the wood, until the mother came to seek her, and led her back to the house, muttering bitterly:

“It serves me right to have taken in an enemy of my country, and of my own two boys. He has killed her, and he may yet kill them. God forgive me!”

Two months later Godfrey Hartclyffe lay upon the field of ——, his fair hair dabbled in blood, his blue eyes wide and glazed, and the life slowly welling out of a bayonet thrust in his heart. It was Roger Wynne, Mabel’s brother, who had given it, all unknowing of who his foe might be, and in that same hour Mabel, hundreds of miles away, lay down upon the bed whence she never rose again. They said she died of some common disease then prevalent, but her mother knew that she died of a broken heart. Almost at the last she drew Godfrey’s box from beneath her pillow, and taking off the cover, look-

ed long and earnestly at the lovely face within, murmuring:

“She is so beautiful, so beautiful, and he loved her! Pray God, if he is dead, that she does not love him as I do, or she must go too. So beautiful, and he loved her! What need has she of heaven if he lives?”

When she was gone, and her mother laid away her little belongings, with those bitter tears that only mothers know how to shed, she found the box, and recalled the charge Mabel had given her, to write, when the war should be over, to the address so minutely remembered, and warn Sir Harold Hartclyffe that his brother was dead. But as she looked and remembered, the mother’s heart grew hard and stern, and she tossed the box angrily into the drawer, where she folded away the poor child’s treasures, saying:

“Perhaps I will, perhaps I won’t. My own child is dead, and why should I so much care to let his mother, if he has one, know what has become of hers? And who can tell if ever my boys will come home alive? And he was their enemy.”

Long before the war was over the busy matron had forgotten the address, and lost the paper whereon poor Mabel’s failing hand had written it; and the rich box, with its gold mountings, and the beautiful, mocking face within its lid, lay hidden in the unused press with Mabel’s little treasures and the clothes slowly mouldering to decay around it.

And so the years went on, until Roger Wynne brought home a wife, and the old mother took to her rocking chair beside the fire, and finally lay down to yet more unbroken rest, and a new generation came forward to strive, and love, and hate, and mourn, and rejoice, and at last to die without one new motive, or passion, or suffering, or result, and just as certain as all those who went before, or who came after, were certain that theirs was the only experience the world had

ever known, and theirs the only hearts, the only lives that had learned the story they were living out.

And so the hundred years or near it went by, and on a summer evening sweet and fair as that in which Mabel Wynne saw the wounded soldier and took him in, giving her own life to save his, a girl, young, and fair, and gentle as herself, and yet as different as generations of culture and ease will make the descendant of the patrician from that of the plebeian, sat upon the garden steps of a handsome country house, talking with a young man who had thrown himself upon the grass a little below her. The tone of their conversation was familiar, and something more than friendly, yet not the tone of lovers, and he was describing with great animation the gayeties he had just enjoyed at Newport, and mentioning one and another of the beauties of the season, touching even upon their toilets in that appreciative manner that speaks a heart and eyes not yet engaged to the admiration of one exclusive object.

"Will you never be done flirting, and settle down, Jack?" asked the girl at length, with a faint suspicion of impatience in her voice.

"I don't know, Georgie. I am waiting to find a girl as nice as you, and then we shall see," replied Jack lightly. "May I light a cigarette?"

"Of course," replied Georgie absently, and then after a little pause she asked, with an odd, nervous laugh, "As nice as I am? Do you think me nice, Jack?"

Jack heard the words, but not the tone that gave them all their meaning. He had lighted his cigarette, and rolling over on his back, lay with his head upon his folded arms staring up at the moon, and smiling to himself. So he only answered the words, and said carelessly:

"Nice? Why, of course you are the nicest girl out. But look at here, Georgie, I've got something to tell you if you'll promise not to rough a fellow."

"What is it?" asked Georgie gloomily.

"Why, the fact is, I'm gone under at last."

"In love?"

"Why—yes, I suppose you'd call it that"—and still Jack smiled to himself and stared at the moon, and never at Georgie, whose bright, dark face had grown wan and pinched in the pallid moonlight, and her voice was husky as she briefly asked:

"Who is it?"

"Ah! That's what I wish you would tell me," returned Jack, nestling impatiently in the grass. "She's a picture."

"And don't you know of whom?"

"It wouldn't do much good if I did, as she would be something like a century old if she were alive."

"O—h!" And Georgie's laugh, if still a nervous one, was one of infinite relief and joy; and half unconsciously she slid down a step, so that her hand was within easy reach of those sinewy members folded beneath the crisp curls of the young giant's head.

"An old picture is it?" continued she. "Tell me all about it, Jack."

"I'll do better. I'll show it to you, Georgie. I brought it along on purpose." And from his breast pocket Jack carefully drew a little parcel, unfolded its wrapping, and displayed a tortoise-shell box mounted in gold—the very box which poor tipsy Geoffrey had delivered to his young master as he embarked for America; the very one that Mabel Wynne had held in her dying hand to grieve her dying eyes by contemplation of her happy rival's beauty. And now her descendant, holding the miniature so that the moon rays should fall clearly upon it, gazed admiringly at it, and then passed it to his companion, saying:

"There, Georgie, see if you know a real woman to compare with that. If you do, just give me her address and my hat."

"She is handsome, isn't she?" admitted Georgie frankly. "But where

did you find it? What a handsome box!"

"Why, by way of corrective after Newport, I took a run into the middle of New York State, where my people came from. It's an oid farm, and an old house, where my grandfather lived, and my great uncle still lives——"

"I know. The old Wynne place. I have heard you talk about it."

"Yes, I used to go up there a good deal while grandfather was alive, and I knew Uncle Roger would be glad to see me as well as I to see him and the old place. So one rainy day I fell to rummaging grandpa's old secretary, and in one of the private drawers found this box. All that Uncle Roger could tell about it was that my grandfather said it belonged to an aunt of his who died young, and that his father valued it very much for her sake; and as I seemed to like it so much, and it would still be in the family, he gave it to me. *Voilà tout!*"

"Except your falling in love with her," added Georgie slyly.

"Yes," replied Jack abstractedly. "By the way, I want you to see if you can tell what the dress is like; it seems to be something very rich, and the make is lots jauntier than any which you girls get up nowadays. Come into the library and look at it by the lamp; you can't half see it by moonlight."

It may be that Georgie would nevertheless have preferred the moonlight, but she could not say so, and the two passed through the long window into the library, where a *moderateur* lamp shone softly over books, writing tables, deep easy chairs, and all the luxurious comfort of a well-appointed library in family use. Georgie approached the lamp and examined the picture attentively through a magnifying glass lying ready beside a stand of engravings.

"It is an old-fashioned brocade silk, either white or some pale tint faded out by age," said she slowly, "and it is cut a low, square neck and no sleeves, and worn over an under-

dress of embroidered muslin or lace. It *is* handsome, isn't it? and reminds me of something I have seen—the carnation bows—a box—dear me, what is it flitting through my mind that I can't get hold of? Where did your ancestors get the box, did you say?"

"My uncle did not know, but there was a slip of paper inside when I found it, written on in my grandfather's hand: 'The English officer's box.' I did not take the paper."

"English officer!" mused Georgie, her pretty finger at her lip. "Oh, I know, I know! How odd if it turns out anything. There's an old letter in our family—oh, ever and ever so old—and papa let me have it because I dote so on old things, and—— But wait, I will bring it."

She flew out of the room, and presently returned with a yellow and crumbling letter in her hand, which she carefully unfolded upon the table, chattering all the while:

"You see, Jack, my great grandfather was an Englishman who came over here very, very poor. I believe he had made a run-away marriage with some girl in humble life, and he changed his name from Hartclyffe to simple Hart, and his family never had any more to do with him, though I believe they were quite fine people there in England; and so my father when he was a young lawyer found this letter among the papers of an old woman who had once been post-mistress in some little village, and her heirs gave it to him because he fancied it, and had some idea it had something to do with his own family; perhaps with one of his father's brothers who came to this country in the British army and never was heard of again. Any way, he valued it for its quaint old self, and I do believe, Jack, it has some connection with your box, though we can't just make out the story now, it's so long gone by. Read it, Jack."

Jack smoothed down the yellow page, and read aloud:

"MY DARLING, DARLING BOY: Now you are gone I am sorry I did not tell you, but whilst that you were here the pain of parting and the exceeding love of a mother's heart consumed all other feelings. But now at the very last I send old Geoffrey post-haste to overtake you or ever you sail to convey to you this box, which well I know my bad boy will use for that naughty weed he loves so well and his mother so little. But inside the lid lies a picture, the picture of my young friend, Muriel Vane, whom well I hope may yet be Muriel Hartclyffe, and so we may pay back (hark! in your ear, my son) a debt of love, long due from our house to hers, for Edmund Vane loved your mother even to the day of his death, albeit he married meantime.

"There is much to say of how I came to know Muriel last winter at Bath, and why I did not speak of her to you, although your brother Harold has seen and admires her exceedingly; but it is you, Godfrey, you, my darling child—God forgive me, I had well-nigh said dearest child—it is you whom I fain would see husband to my pretty Muriel, and I send you her picture, taken with the carnation knots of ribbon I gave her, because it is your favorite color, and on the back is a lock of her hair entwined with mine, and her name written in her own pretty hand. Learn to love her, Godfrey, for my sake and her own, for there is no other woman alive to whom I would give you so fairly.

"Your ever loving mother,

"Barbara Hartclyffe."

"No date of time or place," commented Jack as he examined the old letter on every side.

"Of course not, being a lady's letter," replied Georgie. "That's what a man would say, at least."

"Well, here's an easy proof of the connection between our two treasures," pursued Jack, opening his pocket knife and taking up the box cover. "If this is the picture sent by Mrs.

Hartclyffe to her son, it will have the two locks of hair and the name at the back as she says. Let us see."

He gently pried up the gold setting of the miniature, and raised it from its bed. Georgie eagerly bent forward to look, but as her cheek grazed his shoulder, drew back, while he, less conscious of the contact than she, cared more for the beauty of a hundred years ago than that trembling at his elbow.

"See, Georgie! It is true!" and laying the picture carefully upon the table, Jack pointed with his knife to the cavity hollowed in the thick shell of the cover, and to a paper fitted into it, on which could plainly be read the inscription:

"LADY HARTCLYFFE,
from her loving
MURIEL VANE."

Beneath this lay two locks of hair, one dark, one silvery gray, entwined in a true lover's knot. Jack reverently touched them with the tip of his finger, but did not disturb them.

"A century ago perhaps that beautiful creature laid them in here, and the little paper over, and it would be sacrilege to disturb them," said he. But Georgie, jealous even of the picture, answered impatiently:

"More likely the jeweller put them in. Now, Jack, dear, don't go mooning on about Muriel Vane all the rest of your life, please. Just fancy what a hideous old crone she would be if she were alive."

"She never became a hideous old crone at any age," replied Jack, tenderly replacing the picture, and soon after he went away.

The next news was that Jack Wynne, having finished his course in the law school, was going abroad, partly to complete his education, partly for pleasure, having abundant means to thus indulge himself. Georgie Hart said but little, and that little of a lively and careless description; but her pillow could have told of sleepless,

tearful nights, and her mother sent for the family physician, demanding tonics and soporifics, and all sorts of cures for all sorts of imaginary ills, and brave, proud little Georgie laughed and flouted at doctors and medicines, and slyly bought a little pink powder for her cheeks. And so, after a hundred years, the Wynne blood had its revenge upon the Hartclyffe race, for the wasted love that had carried Mabel Wynne to her grave, and again the pictured face that had stood between her and Godfrey Hartclyffe's eyes came between her descendant and his, only now the scorn and the scathe had changed sides.

Another year rolled on, or near it, for the June roses were in bloom, when two young men, dismounting from a light carriage at the door of an old English manor house, ran lightly up the steps, and the foremost, with a good-natured nod to the servant, who hastened to meet them, motioned him aside, and leading the way into the grand old hall, said cheerily:

"We'll take them all by surprise, Wynne. They're not expecting me just now, and it will be fun to see the girls jump. Hallo, what's this?"

For as they advanced to the centre of the hall a folding door at its further end was thrown open, and a group of young people, quaintly costumed in brocades and powder, periwigs, small clothes, swords, trains, veils—all the paraphernalia of old-time court costume, came marching gravely forth, each lady attended by her cavalier, and all so occupied with themselves that they did not perceive the visitors until Ralph Hartclyffe's exclamation drew an answering one from the lady leading the procession, who flew toward him, crying:

"Why, you dear old Ralph! Where did you drop from?" and then, seeing the stranger, she drew back in pretty dignity, and courtesied slightly, while he had hardly self-command to bow as his host presented him:

"Mr. Wynne, a friend of mine from

America, Muriel; my sister Muriel, Wynne. What the deuce are you about, puss?"

No wonder he asked, no wonder Jack Wynne had trouble to keep eyes and mouth within due dimensions, for here in sweet living flesh and blood, laughing, blushing, and dimpling, stood the exact counterpart of the picture in his left-hand breast-pocket, where he always carried it: the beautiful hair in its elaborate coiffure, the merry brown eyes, the mocking, rosy lips, the rich complexion, even the carnation knots in the hair and coquettishly set upon the left side of the bodice, and most wonderful of all the stately brocade, its pale blue not quite faded out, and the underdress of antique lace, not now to be bought. Involuntarily he put his hand in his pocket and brought out the box, took off the cover, and stared inside to see that *his* Muriel, as he had come to calling her, had not stepped out and in some mysterious fashion come alive again.

And Muriel was saying, laughing all the while, "Why, you see, Ralph, some of our friends came over for croquet, and we played until we were tired, and then came in to rest, and some one was looking at the picture of 'Muriel, Lady Hartclyffe,' as the housekeeper always introduces her to strangers, and I said we still had the dress, and that I looked so like her when I had it on; and then Millicent proposed we should all dress up like the pictures, and dance a minuet here in the hall, and *mamma* let us have the keys of the old wardrobes, and Watkins helped us, and so—Didn't we do it pretty well, Mr. Wynne?"

"Astonishingly well, Miss Hartclyffe," replied Jack, presenting the box cover with a low bow, "and you perceive that I am a judge."

"Why, what is this? It is the very picture!" exclaimed Muriel, wide-eyed and breathless. "Why, Ralph, what is it?"

"Excuse me, Hartclyffe, for not showing you this sooner," said Wynne,

in reply to his host's glance of somewhat displeased inquiry, "but the truth is that I was so afraid of having a charming little romance and theory of my own rapped in the head by common sense, that I could not bear to run the risk; and I determined to say nothing about the affair until we were down here, and I had discovered whether it was really the same family, and if any proof were to be had that this is really a portrait of a Lady Hartclyffe."

"Certainly it is. It is the portrait of the wife of my great-grandfather, Sir Harold Hartclyffe, and her maiden name was Muriel Vane," replied young Hartclyffe a little reservedly, for what Englishman does not at the first blush resent even the most admiring interference in his family history, and would not instinctively chill a little toward the man who carried round one of his own family portraits in his breast-pocket?

But just now a hale, white-haired gentleman appeared at the folding doors, and Ralph hastened to present his friend to his father, and then to his mother, his brothers and sisters, and the half dozen guests. The minuet was danced, and it was not until the evening, when all but the family and himself were gone, that Jack Wynne again produced the box with its precious enclosure, told its story so far as known to him, and showed the letter entrusted to him by Georgie Hart; and by putting this, that, and the other, tradition and theory, and old Sir Harry's recollections together, they finally pieced out very nearly the whole story, and Jack learned that of Barbara, Lady Hartclyffe's, three sons, Harold, the eldest, had married Muriel Vane, Godfrey, the second, was a soldier, and killed in the American revolutionary war, and Jasper, the youngest, had led a wild life, and finally disappeared, it was supposed in America also.

Then he told of the tradition in the Hart family as to their English ancestor, and how the name of Jasper had

been used among them in the last generation, and hearty Sir Harry smote his knee and vowed that he should write at once and claim cousinship with at least the charming young lady, whose quick wit had helped to bring this old story to light, and of whom his young friend Mr. Wynne spoke so admiringly; and Jack, with Muriel's eyes glancing curiously at his flushed, handsome face, explained with unnecessary vehemence that Georgie Hart and he were old and dear friends, and he liked her very much indeed, but that—— Well, to tell the truth, his mind had been so occupied with this picture of late, that he had almost forgotten to look at living beauties.

Oh, the dear, sweet old story! How one loves to tell it, and how no one cares to read it, and how little it changes from one century to another in this changing world, and how greatly the heart of the patriarch who "served seven years for Rachel and thought them but a few days for the love he had to her," resembles the manliest heart that beats to-day for you or me! So look into your own life or your own dreams, man, or maid, or wife who reads this story, and see how Jack Wynne wooed Muriel Hartclyffe in the fair summer time of only a few years gone by, and how she, coy and wild as a bird at first, was tamed and won until she gave herself frankly and lovingly into his keeping in the very parish church where Muriel, her ancestress, had wedded Harold Hartclyffe, never guessing of the other love buried in the noble heart that ceased to beat upon that distant and obscure battlefield.

And Georgie? Did she die, like Mabel Wynne, of a broken heart? Oh, no. Life is so much more complex nowadays, and even a maiden's heart is trained to take some counsel of her head; and if love is blighted, life presses upon her so many duties, so many pursuits, so many pleasures, that she has no time to die.

No, Georgie lived, and lived through "that dreadful fever" of which her

mother talked so much and she so little, and in course of time her father and she accepted an invitation from Sir Harry Hartclyffe to visit him at Hartclyffe Manor; and when Jerome, the second son, grew frantic with love and rage because his American cousin was so cold and so careless of his devotion, and Sir Harry himself begged her to accept his son, she gracefully submitted, and is to-day a very cheerful and contented wife, with

fair prospects of becoming Lady Hartclyffe, since Ralph does not marry.

And the dear old box? You may be sure that the Wynnes claimed and held to that bit of family property, and it lives in an ebony and satin-lined casket, and already Jack tells its story to four-year-old Godfrey, and as the greatest of treats lets him look upon the pictured face of his fair ancestress, Muriel Vane.

JANE G. AUSTIN.

BEFORE THE MIRROR.

WHERE in her chamber by the Southern sea,
 Her taper's light shone soft and silverly,
 Fair as a planet mirrored in the main,
 Fresh as a blossom bathed by April rain,
 A maiden, robed for restful sleep aright,
 Stood in her musing sweetness, pure and white
 As some shy spirit in a haunted place:
 Her dew-bright eyes, and faintly flushing face
 Viewed in the glass their delicate beauty beam,
 Strange as a shadowy dream within a dream.
 With fingers hovering like a white dove's wings,
 'Mid little, tender sighs and murmurings,
 Joy's scarce articulate speech, her eager hands
 Loosed the light coil, the ringlet's golden bands,
 Till, by their luminous loveliness embraced,
 From lily-head to lithe and lissome waist,
 Poured the free tresses like a cascade's fall.
 Her image answered from the shimmering wall,
 Answered and deepened, while the gracious charms
 Of brow and cheek, bared breast, and dimpling arms,
 To innocent worship stirred her happy heart:
 Her lips—twin rosebud petals blown apart—
 Quivered, half breathless; then, subdued but warm,
 Around her perfect face, her pliant form,
 A subtler air seemed gathering, touched with fire
 By many a fervid thought, and swift desire,
 With dreams of love, that, bee-like, came and went,
 To feed the honied core of life's content!
 Closer toward her mirrored self she pressed,
 With large, child-eyes, and gently panting breast,
 Bowed as a Flower when May-time breezes pass,
 And kissed her own dear Image in the Glass!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

THE YOUTH OF CHARLES SUMNER.*

THE leading article of Charles Sumner's will reads as follows: "I bequeath to Henry W. Longfellow, Francis V. Balch, and Edward L. Pierce, as trustees, all my papers, manuscripts, and letter books, to do with them what they think best, with power to destroy them, to deposit them in some public library, or to make extracts from them for publication."

Mr. Edward L. Pierce, the third-named executor, and one of the warmest friends of the late Charles Sumner, has prepared, by means of this important trust, two charming volumes of memoirs and letters, bringing the life of the great statesman down to the year 1845, when, upon July 4, he delivered his famous oration upon "The True Grandeur of Nations."

Few Americans could trace their lineage so accurately into the past as Charles Sumner; the family emigrating from England early in the seventeenth century, when one William Sumner, with his wife and three sons settled in Dorchester, Massachusetts. The early life of Charles Sumner's ancestors in America is touched with all the picturesque sentiment and feeling with which we have learned to regard early settlers and settlements. Dorchester was settled a few months earlier than Boston. Its people possessed the honest hardihood and nervous vigor which were needed in those primitive foundations, and which built up New England on stern principles inconsistent with witchcraft and witch-burning, but which accepted without a thought of murmuring the burden of a later century. "Divers godly people," we read, settled in this blooming little country, with verdure, undulation, fertility on all sides. It must

have seemed a new-found paradise after the dissensions and artificial splendors of Charles's court.

"Why they called it Dorchester," says Blake, the quaint chronicler of the times, "I never heard; but it was doubtless from Dorset-shire."

In 1635 William Sumner came with his family. Soon after his arrival, it was decided to have a body of so-called "selectmen," to investigate and govern the affairs of the town, and, a little later, a "Directory," or book of rules, was established. Blake gravely records its "many good orders." Surely crimes and dissensions could not then have reached the advanced state of complication they present to-day, when such simple matters demanded such orderly regulations from the selectmen of the seventeenth century. All men were besought to encourage and help the officers to do their duty. Every man was to have liberty to "speak his mind meekly and *without noise*," and "*no* man was to speak while another was speaking." There were rules for farming, marking of cattle, etc. The monthly meetings of the selectmen were the background for the legal warfares, the jurisprudence of to-day, and form an effective part of the pictures of the times. From such communities America and Americans date their beginnings.

The Sumners, like their neighbors, were farmers, but possessed some share in public affairs. Job Sumner, the grandfather of the late Charles Sumner, was born in Milton, a part of Dorchester, in 1754. Although beginning his work in life on the farm of Daniel Vose, he received a classical education at Harvard, was a noted officer in the Revolution, and is described as a man of quick intelligence, and the rare personal charm inherited by his grandson. He read much for

* "The Memoirs and Letters of Charles Sumner." By Hon. EDWARD L. PIERCE. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

the day. Shakespeare and Don Quixote were standards of culture at the time, and we doubt not he shared with Burke and Dr. Johnson the public infatuation for Clarissa Harlowe and Pamela.

Charles Pinckney Sumner, the son of Major Sumner, was married in 1810 to Relief Jacob, a woman of refinement and intelligence, though of plain station than his own; and in January, 1811, Charles Sumner and his twin sister Matilda were born. His birthplace was on the corner of Revere and Irving streets in Boston, and here the boy's early years were passed. Miss Hannah Jacob, his aunt, kept a small private school in an upper apartment of the house, and from her the little boy learned his first lessons in Perry and Webster's spelling books and "The Child's Assistant." From this he progressed to other schools. At the Latin academy, which he attended in 1821-'4, his schoolmates were Robert C. Winthrop, George Hillard, George Bigelow, James Freeman Clarke, and Samuel F. Smith.

His home life at the time must have been simple and refined. There were nine children, most of whom were delicate in health, but of intelligence above the ordinary. Charles's fondness for his sisters brings to mind Macaulay, although in his affections, as in all else, he had less impetuosity and demonstrativeness than the English statesman. His schoolmates remember his delicacy and keen æsthetic sense, but speak of him as quiet, and ordinarily reserved and thoughtful. His father, we infer, united something of the rigid moralist with the affectionate parent, and from earliest boyhood Charles Sumner must have had the training of a disciplinarian. His education began with some economy, and with all his love of learning he had no hope of a collegiate course. His father had some thought of a military career for him, but this idea, suggested by his limited means, was abandoned the moment that his income was increased by his appointment as sheriff of the

county, and so Charles was entered at Harvard. Young Sumner occupied No. 17 Hollis Hall, later 12 Stoughton, and 23 Holworthy. He was one of the youngest in an excellent class, but speedily distinguished himself in forensics, history, and belles-lettres, failing utterly, often ridiculously in mathematics, while his delight and appreciation in literature increased, coloring his thoughts and feeling throughout all the absorbing years of his later life.

Few of his letters from college exist, but classmates have furnished Mr. Pierce with many interesting reminiscences. From these we learn his character for morality, devotion to his books, and a genial presence; but they describe him in person as tall and slender, ungraceful in manner, having a mixture of boyish awkwardness and diffidence, which, however, merged later into self-possession, touched always by his natural reserve.

On leaving college he began correspondences with classmates Stearns, Tower, and Browne, all valued friends, and wrote them of home life, study, prospects of work, etc. The Sumner household, although pervaded by a spirit of refinement and culture, scarcely afforded the young man that freedom from interruption necessary for study so laborious as was his at all times. "My study," he writes to Charlemagne Tower, one of his college friends, "Mehucule, it would require the graphic pencil of a Hogarth to set before you: children and chairs, bores and books, andirons and paper, sunlight and Sumner; in short, a common resting-place for all the family. I often think of you and your neat premises, when I am sitting like chance amidst the little chaos around. . . . Labor, labor," he goes on, with the ambitious earnestness which was prophetic of the future, "must be before our eyes; nay more, its necessity must sink deep into our hearts; this is the most potent alchemy to transmute lead into gold."

Apart from his classical and Eng-

lish studies at this period, the young man had become absorbed in an anti-Masonry movement, fired by moneys offered his father from the body of Masons, and as well by his instinctive hatred of any party which unjustly arrogated power to itself over the rights or actions of human beings. He spoke, wrote, worked against it with all the impetuous ardor of youth, and to his friends gave vent not infrequently to some bitterness of expression. But Sumner was never personal in an offensive way. He warred against a body, a movement, a theory, vindicating a people's rights, and recognizing all humanity in his efforts.

In 1831 he joined the law school of Harvard, and from this period dates one of the most beautiful friendships of his life. Judge Story was one of his professors, and speedily became his friend. The older man was not slow to recognize in his pupil genius, manhood, and the indomitable spirit of right and earnestness which influenced his whole career. The Judge's hospitable fireside was open to him, and before young Sumner's legal studies were over the two men were warm friends, meeting on common ground, where sympathies set years, distance, and reputation at defiance.

Going out rarely into society, Sumner's friends were always among the best. He used to spend evenings with the Quincys, Storrs, and Greenleafs. Many people young at that time recall him—his energy and ambition, his fondness for intellectual society, his indifference to social forms and to the companionship of simply pretty or entertaining women. Frances Kemble, just come to America, roused him to wild enthusiasm by her acting. He talked vehemently, rapturously, but the feeling was too common among all her audiences to seem exaggerated. The Fanny Kemble of those days was a girl of one and twenty, with a face by no means so plain as she has since asserted, lighted by the most wonderful power of expression and intelligence; a voice that penetrated her

hearers with a strange, magnetic thrill; a gesticulation that was like the "immortal Sarah" come to life. What wonder that in the most ideal of Shakespeare's creations she touched even young Sumner's stoical nature?

The Quincys had receptions on Thursday evenings, and Sumner, with "a tall, spare form and honest face," used to attend them. Mr. Pierce quotes a letter from Mrs. Waterson, a daughter of the president, recalling those days, and adds her reminiscence of him in chapel: "The president's pew was in the gallery on the right of the professor's gown, and while he discoursed '*furthermore*,' I looked beyond and below on the very young sophomores, and saw Sumner's long proportions."

In '34, the class days being ended, Sumner visited Washington for the first time, mingling with cultured and distinguished people. But thence he wrote to his father: "I shall probably never come here again. I have little or no desire to come again in any capacity. . . . The more I see of them (politics) the more I love law, which I feel will give me an honorable livelihood."

He made many warm friends, however, in the capital city as well as in Philadelphia, and New York; among others Dr. Francis Lieber, and the Peters family in Philadelphia, one of whom writes, recalling him vividly, "a great, tall, lank creature. . . . But the fastidiousness of fashionable ladies was utterly routed by the wonderful charm of his conversation, and he was carried about triumphantly and introduced to all the distinguished people who then made Philadelphia society so brilliant. His simplicity, his perfect naturalness, was what struck every one, combined with his rare cultivation and his delicious, youthful enthusiasm."

In the same year we find him settled in Boston, beginning the practice of the law, with a wide circle of friends, with young associates many of whose names have since grown fa-

mous. Quite a rare little circle was in No. 4 Court street, where he had his office, and soon after he with four other men near his own age formed a coterie known among themselves as "The Five of Clubs." The names of the five were Felton, Longfellow, Hillard, Cleveland, and Sumner; not one of whom the world hears now unrecognized or without response. They used to meet Saturday afternoons and have a friendly banquet and discourse. What notes may not then have been struck of coming fame for one or other of the little band? The bond of friendship was lasting and sincere. Sumner was the youngest, being twenty-six, Longfellow the oldest, being thirty.

Sumner's ambition at that time was for foreign travel. Meeting with obstacles, owing to pecuniary difficulties, we find him, in November, 1837, starting off on a voyage which was to include social, intellectual, and legal studies. His fondness for penetrating into the heart of things made him specially desirous to visit Europe. Story, Lieber, Rand, and others presented letters to various celebrities in Europe, and he carried with him not only their guarantee, but a stock of youthful ardor and enthusiasm which combined well with the New England discipline and training of his early life. He was the first of his name to return to the mother country that honest, "godly" gentleman William Sumner had quitted long ago. He brought back, doubtless, some germs of the English feeling, but the American stock was pure and intensely republican. He was the concentrated effect of that struggling, hopeful little band, and in recognizing such natures as was his we should look back to earlier days, knowing whence comes the manhood and integrity before us.

A charming circle of friends welcomed him in Paris, but he plunged at once into the study of French and the courts of law, and here Mr. Pierce presents an embarrassment of riches from which we know not what first to draw.

Every letter is full of interest, and that, too, of a novel kind. The young American lawyer, visiting daily the Sorbonne, hearing Rossi, Ampère, Lénormant, Birot, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and others, going to the opera to hear "Don Giovanni," and to the theatre to see Mlle. Mars play bewitching youth in her sixtieth year; to receptions of ambassadors, and to quiet friendly dinners; spending a morning at a hospital and an evening in profound study of the key to all that passed before him. All these events are recorded with the animation and eloquence they merited, and Mr. Pierce leaves nothing undone for his reader's comfort and interest in his elaborate footnotes regarding the great names occurring in Sumner's diary and letters of the period. Everything interested the thoughtful, keen young American. He was desperate at first about his French, a mortifying incident in the first days of his stay having shown him his ignorance. Dr. Lieber had given him a letter to M. Fœlix, and this he presented, attempting to make a call, but failing to come to any understanding with the great man. "Est il M. Fœlix que j'ai l'honneur devoir?" he inquired, trembling, and then added, "Je m'appelle Charles Sumner." But the French gentleman, understanding him to be merely an emissary of Charles Sumner, launched forth into inquiries, and the conversation was hopelessly entangled. After this he devoted himself to the study of the language, and in less than three months was completely at his ease. The Ticknors, Casses, Walshes, were among the Americans then in Paris; they had all manner of entertainments which he attended, and seeing always the wholesome side of things, he partook freely of the amusements offered and enjoyed the best.

Mars, Georges, and Dejazet were acting. Of the former he writes in his diary, over date of January 12, 1836: "This evening went to the Theatre Odéon to see Molière's 'Les Femmes Savantes,' and Mlle. Mars in the

part of Henriette, and the evening was a feast. . . . Mars is now nearly sixty, and yet she had the appearance of thirty. Her voice was clear as silver, and exquisitely modulated, and her movement on the stage thoroughly graceful."

It is with regret we feel compelled to treat briefly these interesting records of Parisian life. They carry the young Sumner through scenes of varied purpose, activity, and character; his growing power over the language enabling him finally to discuss jurisprudence with famous lawyers, social forms with his neighbors at a courtly assemblage, the theatre, belles-lettres, and the future of his own land, with savants and fine ladies of learning.

From France he proceeded in May to London, lodging in Covent Garden, and presenting cards to Earl Fitz William, John Stuart Wortley, and Justice Vaughan. A round of social and intellectual pleasures began. Invitations in town and country were speedily proffered. The Garrick, Athenæum, and other clubs opened their doors to him, and within a few weeks his popularity was pronounced. The letters date from Brougham Hall, Lanfire House, the seat of Lord Leicester, Holkham House, etc. In London the list of houses whose doors opened gladly to receive him is too long to include here; but the testimony to the man's general character, personal fascination, and power to make friends, is almost incredible. At seven-and-twenty, without an old friend on the English side of the water, with half a dozen introductory cards, the young American found himself frequently the very centre of the circles which received him. Chorley, writing later, speaks of his wonderful popularity. It must have been extraordinary, when we consider that Kenyon wondered that he passed through the ordeal with a balanced foot and mind, and Lord Denman troubled himself to write from Guildhall that "no one ever conciliated more universal respect and good will."

Everywhere new scenes, people, and manners impressed him with no sense of simple elation, but the natural enjoyment and enthusiasm of a vigorous and deeply æsthetic mind. The magnificence of the houses he visited, the opulence, the signs of a governing aristocracy, he analyzed carefully, later giving evidence of intense moral thought upon all they indicated; but when among them he opened the wide portals of his nature, and received their best, appreciating and enjoying all that he beheld, from the wide acres of Lord Leicester's domain, to the library at Brougham, whence he wrote Hilliard in one of his rarest moods: "A most beautiful apartment," he says, "with panels of old oak, black with age, and with a rich ceiling of the same material, emblazoned with numerous heraldic escutcheons in gold. It is a room you would love. I now sit in a beautiful bow window, which commands the fair lawn and terraces about the house, and the distant mountains which give character to the scenery in this country."

Later he was with Wordsworth, taking tea with the poet at Drydal mount. "I cannot sufficiently express to you," he writes, "my high gratification at his manner and conversation." The two walked about Wordsworth's grounds, the host pointing out familiar objects. During the conversation he complained bitterly of the American "interviewing" mania; but Sumner's mind naturally revolted from such outrages of hospitality, and later quoted the German saying, unfortunately too little regarded in his own land, "Once a guest always a guest."

In Scotland talk and feeling about Sir Walter Scott naturally absorbed his interest. He found himself among the great bard's friends, reviewers, critics, sympathizers. Sir David Brewster and Sir Adam Fergusson discussed freely events then new enough to be piquant, now interesting from their very remoteness, and the popular sentiment of the day was reflected

in every conversation. Sumner shared the general enthusiasm for Sir Walter. At that time the glamour had in no wise fallen from the Waverley compositions, and "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake" were familiarly quoted, and held up as standards of poetic excellence. "The smack" of Edinburgh society Sumner speaks of as lingering pleasantly. Jeffrey was then at the height of his popularity, and the pictures Macaulay and others have given us are renewed in Sumner's touches.

In London Sumner found himself in his best element. Thence he writes Judge Story of legal matters and questions, in which he plunged with the desire to profit by observation and experience, which marked all his investigations, however casual they seemed upon the surface. His easy, half-gossiping account of the Judge's mode of holding court, etc., is admirable, but his rarest letters were the result of literary and social associations, in which the London of that day was rich: representing art, literature, and science, and the aristocracy, with exceptional brilliancy; having Lord Brougham's eloquence, Macaulay's conversation, Mrs. Norton's beauty, Lord Holland's dinners, and Rogers's breakfasts for themes and criticism; mingling with the club men of the Garrick, where Talfourd took his negus, and Poole told stories that would sound well in "Paul Pry"; meeting Theodore Hook, Sydney Smith, and Jeffrey, in going in and out; having a social reunion at Miss Martineau's, and a long quiet day with Leigh Hunt, the season passed, coloring retrospection in years to come. One day he dines at Guildhall, another he passes with a Mr. Rich, a gentleman in waiting at Windsor, where the young Queen was newly installed. Thence he wrote in a humorous strain. The lords in waiting lived at the castle, in apartments assigned to their use, breakfasting and dining in common, but very sumptuously and with more or less ceremony. They were in atten-

dance on the young Queen, and near enough to be summoned at her pleasure. "I went down to breakfast, where we had young Murray (the head of the household), Lord Surrey, etc. Lord Byron, who, you know, was a captain in the navy, is a pleasant, rough fellow, who has not many of the smooth terms of the courtier. He came rushing into the room where we were, crying out, 'This day is a real sneezer. It is a rum one indeed. Will her Majesty go out to-day?' Lord Surrey hoped she would not, unless she would ride at the 'slapping pace' at which she went the day before, which was twenty miles in two hours. You understand that her suite accompany the Queen in her equestrian excursions. Lord Byron proposed to breakfast with us, but they told him he must go up stairs and breakfast with the 'gals,' meaning the ladies of the bedchamber and maids of honor, Countess of Albemarle, Lady Byron, Lady Littleton, Miss Cavendish, etc. The ladies of the household breakfast by themselves, and sometimes her Majesty comes in and joins them, though she generally breakfasts quite alone. The gentlemen of the household also breakfast by themselves. Very soon Lord Byron came bouncing down saying, 'Murray, the "gals" say there is nothing but stale eggs in the castle.' Again, the ladies sent a servant to Murray (who, I have said, is the head of this royal household), complaining that there was no Scotch marmalade. Murray said it was very strange, as a very short time ago he paid for seven hundred pots of it. You will understand that I mention these trivial occurrences to let you know in the simplest way what passed. Of the splendors of Windsor you have read a hundred times. . . . But such little straws as I am blowing to you will give you indications of the mode of life and manners in the castle. After breakfast (it having been mentioned to the Queen that I had arrived) we went into the private apartments,

which are never shown except during the Queen's absence. The table was spread for dinner, and the plate was rich and massive. I did not like the dining-room so well as Lord Leicester's at Holkham, though it was more showy and brilliant. The drawing-rooms were quite rich. While wandering around with Mr. Rich and Lord Byron we met the Duchess of Kent in her morning dress—a short, squat person, who returned our profound obeisance with a gracious smile. You see I have caught the proper phrase."

Sumner enjoyed frankly the best club life open to him, and wrote his sympathizing Hillard constant notes of it. To the time-honored associations of London and all England, Sumner brought keen appreciation and observance; whether it was dining with Sir Gregory Lewin, who had the original portraits of Johnson and Garrick by Sir Joshua, when he says, "How strange it seems to me to sit at table and look upon such productions, so time-hallowed and so full of richest associations," or when writing Hillard from the Athenæum he pauses to look up and record Bulwer's entrance, "in his flash falsetto dress, with high-heel boots, a white great coat, and a flaming blue cravat." In the same letter is a picture of "Rogers sitting near me reading the 'North American,'" Hallam, "lolling in an easy chair," and Milman, "both absorbed in some of the last reviews or magazines."

What wonder that the life of those brilliant months seized upon his deepest feelings and capacities for enjoyment—a nature attuned to the most refined expression of intellectual life—to the society of the most cultured—revelling in meeting all such with the emphasis of their setting and surroundings! Christmas found him at Milton Park, whence he wrote Hillard an entertaining account of a fox hunt:

I am passing my Christmas week, with Lord Fitzwilliam, in one of the large country houses of old England. . . . The house is Elizabethan. Here I have been enjoying fox hunting. His Lordship's hounds are among the finest in the kingdom, and his huntsman is reputed the

best. There are about eighty couples. The expense of keeping them is about five thousand pounds a year. In his stables are some fifty or sixty hunters that are only used with the hounds, and of course are unemployed during the summer. The exertion of a day's sport is so great that a horse does not go out more than once in a week. The morning after my arrival I mounted, at half-past nine o'clock, a beautiful hunter, and rode with Lord Milton about six miles to the place of meeting. There were the hounds, and huntsmen, and whippers-in, and about eighty horsemen, the noble, and gentry, and clergy of the neighborhood, all beautifully mounted, and the greater part in red coats, leather breeches, and white top boots. The hounds were sent into the cover; and it was a grand sight to see so many handsome dogs, all of a size, and all washed before coming out, rushing into the underwood to start the fox. We were unfortunate in not getting a scent immediately, and rode from cover to cover; but soon the cry was raised, "Tally ho," the horn was blown, the dogs barked, the horsemen rallied, the hounds scented their way through the cover on the trail of the fox, and then started in full run. I had originally intended only to ride to cover, to see them throw off, and then make my way home, believing myself unequal to the probable run. But the chase commenced, and I was in the midst of it, and being excellently mounted, nearly at the head of it. Never did I see such a scamper, and never did it enter into my head that horses could be pushed to such speed in such places. We dashed through and over bushes, leaping broad ditches, splashing in brooks and mud, and passing over fences as so many imaginary lines. My first fence I shall not readily forget. I was near Lord Milton, who was mounted on a thoroughbred horse. He cleared a fence before me. My horse pawed the ground and neighed. I gave him the rein, and he cleared the fence. As I was up in the air for a moment, how was I startled to look down and see there was not only a fence, but a ditch! He cleared the ditch too. I have said it was my first experiment. I lost my balance, was thrown to the very ears of the horse, but in some way or other contrived to work my way back to the saddle without touching the ground. . . . I think I may say that in no single day of my life did I ever take so much exercise. I have said that I mounted at nine and a half o'clock. It wanted twenty minutes of five when I finally dismounted, not having been out of the saddle more than thirty seconds during all this time, and then only to change my horse, taking a fresh one from a groom who was in attendance. . . . The best and hardest rider in this part of the country is reported to be a clergyman, and there was not a day that I was out that I did not see three or four persons rejoicing in the style of "reverend," and distinguishable from the rest of the *habitués* by wearing a black instead of a red coat. They were among the foremost in every field, and cleared fences with great ease. Once we came to a very stiff rail fence, and as the hounds were not in full cry, there was a general stop to see how the different horses and riders would take it. Many were afraid, and several horses refused it. Soon, however, the Reverend Mr. Nash, a clergyman of some fifty years, came across the field, and the cry was raised, "Hurrah for Nash. Now

for Nash!" I need not say that he went over it easily. . . . Change the scene one moment, and imagine Mr. Greenwood or Dr. Lyman Beecher riding at a rail fence, and some thirty or forty persons looking on shouting, "Hurrah for Greenwood! Hurrah for Beecher!" . . .

Up in London, when Sumner returned to it, society records again glow with the friction of its best associations. He was constantly with Lord Brougham's circle. Of that man, so severely criticised and so loudly applauded by his contemporaries, as well as posterity, he writes once to Hillard: "He has not the airy graces and flow of Jeffrey, the piercing humor of Sydney Smith, the dramatic power of Theodore Hook, or the correct tone of Charles Austin; but he has a power, a fulness of information which make him more commanding than all. His great character and his predominating voice, with his high social and intellectual qualities, conspire to give him such an influence as to destroy the equilibrium, so to speak, of the table. He is often a usurper, and we are all resolved into listeners instead of partakers in the conversational banquet, and I think that all are ill at ease. Brougham abused Miss Martineau heartily. He thought she excelled in stories and in nothing else, and that she was a 'great ass' for pronouncing so dogmatically on questions of policy and government."

Later there is a breakfast with Rogers to record. "As a converser," Sumner writes, "Rogers is unique." It used to be said that Rogers was ill-natured, and disliked the social rivalry of men like Sydney Smith. Sumner says of him: "He says the most ill-natured things and does the best. He came up to me at Miss Martineau's, where there was a little party of very clever people, and said, 'Mr. Sumner, it is a great piece of benevolence in you to come here.' Determined not to be drawn into a slur upon my host, I replied, 'Yes, Mr. Rogers, of benevolence to myself.' As we were coming away Rogers, Harness, Babage, and myself were walking down the narrow street in which Miss Mar-

tineau lives, when the poet said, 'Who but the Martineau could have drawn us into such a hole?' . . ."

Rogers's social fame was great enough at that time to cover many defects. He lived in the famous house overlooking Green Park. Sumner describes the "two drawing-rooms and a dining-room" as being rich in works of art; and of their conversation when he invited him, "It was a luxury," he writes, "in such rooms, to listen to such a man, before whom the society of the last quarter of a century had all passed—he alone unchanged—to talk with such a poet, of poetry and poets—of Wordsworth and Southey and Scott—and to hear his opinions, which were given with a childlike simplicity and frankness."

In February, the young Queen opened Parliament, and of this he writes Hillard:

I was accommodated, through the kindness of Lord Morpeth, with a place at the bar. . . . Behind me was the Prince Louis Bonaparte. It was a splendid sight, as at the coronation, to watch the peeresses as they took their seats in full dress, resplendent with jewels and costly ornaments; and from the smallness of the room all were within a short distance. The room of the House of Lords was a little longer, but not so wide as our college chapel at Cambridge. The Queen entered, attended by the great officers of State, with her heavy crown on her head, the great guns sounding, and the trumpets adding to the glow of the scene. She took her seat with sufficient dignity, and in an inaudible voice directed the Commons to be summoned. In the mean time all eyes were directed to her. Her countenance was flushed, her hands moved on the golden arms of her throne, and her fingers twitched in her gloves. There she was, a Queen; but a Queen's nerves and heart are those of a woman, and she showed that little nervousness and restlessness which amply vindicated her sympathy with us all. . . . The Commons came in with a thundering rush, their Speaker at their head. Her Majesty then commenced reading her speech, which had previously been handed to her by the Lord Chancellor. It was a quarter or third through before she seemed to get her voice so that I could understand her. In the paragraph about Belgium I first caught all that she said, and every word of the rest of her speech came to me in as silver accents as I have ever heard. You well know I had no predisposition to admire the Queen, or anything that proceeds from her, but her reading has conquered my judgment. . . . I could but respond to Lord Fitzwilliam's remark to me when the ceremony was over, "How beautifully she performs!" This was the first sovereign speech

he had ever heard. In the evening the Lords met for business, and the Lord Chancellor read the speech to the House. . . . In the evening's debate Brougham was powerful. Lord Holland had placed me on the steps of the throne, so that I saw and heard with every advantage. Brougham spoke for an hour and a half or two hours. His topics were various, his spirits high, his mastery of every note in the wide music of the human voice complete, and his command of words the greatest I have ever known. Add then the brimful house interrupting him with vociferous applause, and old Wellington nodding his head and adding his cheer!

At this time the beautiful Mrs. Norton, daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was living with her uncle, Mr. Charles Sheridan, in London, and thither half London used to repair. Sumner dined there one evening, and met Ellice, the man who controlled the ministry in his own way, Sir John and Lady Graham, and the beautiful Sheridan sisters, Mrs. Norton (Lady Seymour) and Mrs. Phipps. "The women," he wrote to Hillard, "were by far more remarkable than the men. I unhesitatingly say that they were the four most beautiful, clever, and accomplished women I have ever seen together. The beauty of Mrs. Norton has never been exaggerated. It is brilliant and refined. Her countenance is lighted by eyes of the intensest brightness, and her features are of the greatest regularity. There is something tropical in her look, it is so intensely bright and burning, with large, dark eyes, dark hair, and Italian complexion. And her conversation is so pleasant and powerful—without being mannish—there is the grace and ease of the woman, with a strength and skill of which any man might well be proud. Mrs. Norton is about twenty-eight years old, and is, I believe, a grossly slandered woman. . . . It will be enough for you—and I doubt not you will be happy to hear it of so remarkable and beautiful a woman—that I believe her entirely innocent of the grave charges brought against her. I count her one of the brightest intellects I have ever met."

Sumner was invited to meet a charming circle at Lady Blessington's. Her

ladyship's lovely face and singular costume were well known in the London of '39. Her receptions were well attended by noblemen and literary men of high distinction. Sumner found her surrounded by D'Orsay, Bulwer, Disraeli, Duncombe, Prince Napoleon, etc. "Her house, a little out of town, formerly belonged to Wilberforce.

. . . An evening or two afterward I sat opposite to Bulwer at dinner. It was at my friend Milne's (Lord Houghton), where we had a small but very pleasant company. . . . I sat next to Macaulay and opposite Bulwer; and I must confess that it was a relief from the incessant ringing of Macaulay's voice to hear Bulwer's lisping, slender, and effeminate tones. I liked Bulwer better than I wished. He talked with sense and correctness, though without brilliancy or force."

From Wentworth and Holkham houses, he writes of new hospitalities, splendors, and English modes of life and thought. The letters never lose in freshness or variety, and maintain the tone of calm, genial criticism, without which observation loses all its force.

In May of 1839 we find Sumner's face turned toward Italy—to Rome, for days whose impression clung to him tenderly for years to come—Rome, which was to touch the heart of the young student and beginner in life with a thousand varied feelings and sentiments, never wholly lost, even in the midst of the vortex of later years, and of which his pen could never write a thoughtless, careless word. No one could better have appreciated the delights of Roman life. And for his guide and companion he had Mr. George Greene, whom so many Americans of thought and culture have reason gratefully to remember. Together they strolled about—Greene bringing his older knowledge of places and things to bear upon Sumner's young enthusiasm and love of penetration. The sky and earth opened in new meanings. He saw the Roman spring and summer time, studied and read by

day, and "sat upon the steps of the Coliseum" during long moonlight evenings, and escaped the city's pestilence, throwing off whatever infection it might have brought by his very fearlessness. While his æsthetic taste was keenly alive to all the intellectual meanings of the art-world, whose treasures lay in opulent splendor on every side, he was not then, nor even later, a just critic of art. W. W. Story, writing to Mr. Pierce of this visit, refers to their friend's lack of art knowledge—not affecting his intense love of the beautiful, but somewhat marring his judgment. The head of the young Augustus enchanted him, "not so much because of its beauty and excellence of workmanship, as because it was Octavius—the Emperor, the Father of his country, the Augustus of history. . . . The world of art, as *art purely*, was to him always a half-opened if not a locked world. His interest in it was historical and literary, not artistic."

Besides Greene, Sumner had the friendship of Thomas Crawford, then a young artist, standing on the threshold of fame. "Sumner," says Story, "with that natural kindness and geniality of heart which always characterized him, sought his society, lent him encouragement, and prophesied for him the fame which he afterward acquired."

The change of life from that of the conventional elegancies of his English circle was complete; but Sumner appreciated and enjoyed every fluctuation in his experience. He plunged at once into the close study of the Italian language, with Tasso and Dante for his interpreters. He let his mind and heart wander back into the days of mediæval Rome—the coloring of their verse lending the touch of ideality and splendor needed, and giving warmth and passion to the scenes which he visited, inspired by the enthusiasm of an untried, untrammelled vision. "My Dante," he exclaims to Hillard—"how I have thrilled under his stern and beautiful measures!" In

the same letter he says: "My rule is, with Horace, *Dona presentis cape locutus horæ*, and while in any place, to surrender myself as much as possible to those things which make its life and peculiarity."

He and Greene carried their books and their companionship to the convent of Pallazuola, whence to Hillard and others came the most enchanting letters. "The world forgetting, by the world forgot," the two friends sought to escape the heat of Rome, and to enjoy the solitude and picturesqueness of conventual life. All Sumner's nature was roused, touched, strengthened, by these old-world associations; and the Roman days formed a warm background, in colder, grayer times, for his thoughts.

"How different the whole country, everything, all that interests," he writes Hillard. "You already know something of the one: it was a series and round of intercourse with *living* minds, in all the spheres of thought, study, conduct, and society. Here I have spent my time with the past. I arrived in Italy when the hot weather had commenced—when man's season was over, but God's had come. The sky and fields were in their carnival; and I was able to enjoy them and all else that is rendered so much the more beautiful by their beauty."

A shadow fell upon this idyllic life. News reached him of his father's death—a blow not unlooked for, but bringing with it the bitterness caused by a partial estrangement. Charles had not agreed with his father's stern ideas of home rule for the younger members of the family; and he now strove to enlarge their opportunities for study and relaxation. In this portion of Mr. Pierce's narrative we have to note, as in every other instance, his extreme delicacy in touching upon questions so often handled too freely when deeds and lives are ended. He tells us of the young Sumner's generosity—of the main causes of difficulty: but no shadow of indelicacy mars it. Sumner, he says, wrote home ea-

gerly, placing his share of the family estate, whatever it might be, at the disposal of the younger children, earnestly desiring that their education be considered with every care, for the whole future. December found him in Berlin, enjoying cultivated society and pleasant scenes. "I know everybody," he wrote home, "and am engaged every day. All the distinguished professors I have seen familiarly, or received them at my own room. Most of the *corps diplomatique* and the ministers I know already. And I have been well received by the Crown Prince and the Prince William, and their Princesses."

American literature was coming into notice in Germany. Sumner was enchanted to write Longfellow praises of "Hyperion." Prescott's place as historian was being fixed firmly; and a general interest in American matters widening all the time. At Heidelberg Sumner met Dr. Lieber's friends, the Mitterwaiers, and was charmed with their friendship and hospitality. The German life entertained and interested him in all its phases; but in spite of every fresh distraction, his heart turned toward America. "Thank God," he wrote, "I am an American. Much as there is to offend me in our country, yet it is the best country to be born in on the face of the globe." In March he was again in London for farewells. These were spoken on both sides with deep feeling. "We shall long and kindly remember you," wrote Mrs. Montagu, the mother of "Barry Cornwall." "You have made an impression on this country equally honorable to England and to *you*." In May he reached home, after an absence of nearly two years. Hillard met him on his way from the station. He was little changed, but the old-world impressions had done much for mind and nature. Henceforth, while accepting the drudgeries of legal life, he was instinct with intellectual longings, the wanderings of a mind surcharged early with the history, experiences, and observations of the world of art,

letters, and men. He could never become absorbed in the dry technicalities of his profession. His nature had opened widely, and received the fulfillment of certain dreams. Might it not then have been better had he turned at once to the field of literature or the forum? His home was now with his family. His sister Mary he found a woman of eighteen, beautiful in mind and person. His pleasure was to be her companion in social entertainments, while he gave the younger sister, Julia, the benefit of his counsel and sympathy in her school life. His friends welcomed him eagerly, and he again settled down to professional life in Boston.

"After the flush of those exciting days abroad," writes Story to Mr. Pierce, "his office and occupations seemed dull and gray." But as usual he brought deep study to bear upon his work. He had chosen friends and comrades. To the former "five" Dr. Samuel Howe was added. Longfellow was then lodging at Craigie House, his fame in its first full flush. Sumner passed many long, delightful evenings at the old mansion in this best of company. Sometimes on Saturday afternoons Sumner and Felton dined with the poet, their common interests and sympathies reviving pleasantly.

In New York he renewed old acquaintances, being delighted with the "three graces of Bond street," the three Miss Wards, one of whom soon married his friend Dr. Howe, and a second the young sculptor Crawford. Of Howe he wrote, and spoke, and felt always with tenderest and most admiring affection. "I think," he says once, "of the words of the Persian poet when I meet Howe, 'Oh, God, have pity on the wicked. The good need it not, for in making them good thou hast done enough.'" To his brother George, then in Munich, he wrote of social relaxations: "It is Sunday, and I am Longfellow's guest. . . . We dine late, say between five and six o'clock. Felton adds to the hilarity. We talk of what we

have seen abroad, of cities visited, persons seen, and the trophies of art and old time, while all the poets and masters are at hand in Longfellow's well chosen library. I think you never knew my friend? When you return, if ever that event takes place, you will find great satisfaction in his society. Hillard is full of genius, beautiful thought, and high morals, but miserable in health."

Of Prescott's family he wrote: "There sits the father, venerable Nestor of the house; his wife, a most agreeable old lady who refuses to yield to time; then William, my friend, his wife and two children—three generations gathered under one roof, all happy in each other's love. I sup with them often on Sunday night about nine o'clock."

Letters reached him constantly from English friends, strengthening the bond so firmly established. Hillard had prophesied he would be lionized at home, and his sister, recalling later to Mr. Pierce those days, says, "He must have been on the top wave of social popularity." No thought of matrimony seems to have occurred to him—in spite of the ever frequent examples of domestic bliss in the households of his dearest friends. Once or twice he speaks regretfully of his bachelor life, congratulating Lieber on his deep happiness, and later, Thorn and Longfellow upon theirs. But there is not the slightest evidence that he ever sought in those days to change his condition, though it seems, in view of his noble, generous nature, to have been the one touch needed to make life complete.

"While writing this," he says once to Lieber, "your letter, with that soulful epistle of your wife, has come to hand. What a luxury to have so much love to lean upon, to encourage, to animate you, to make you happy! I would give an Indian argosy for such a treasure."

In 1842 the question of rights of slave-traders roused the earliest spirit of public controversy on this all-impor-

tant question in Mr. Sumner's mind. With no thought of the great issues of the future, he gladly gave time and activity to the vexed points in one or two questions raised at the time. It is not within our limits to discuss the matter here, but we speak of it as the first public office of the man whose name will be permanently associated with the nation's good. An article in the Boston "Advertiser" of January 4, 1842, filling five columns and a half, attracted universal attention, and people of legal mind and official position responded warmly and with just admiration of the young man's clearness and power in statement. He had later to oppose some of Webster's views, to meet opposition from friends and partisans, but his perseverance was constant. He had the right to maintain, nor did he forget that purpose until the day Death found him with the harness upon his back.

About this time the charming meetings at Craigie House were broken in upon by Longfellow's departure for Europe. "Will this parting word reach you?" Sumner writes him in great loneliness. "I write, not knowing, but the chance of again uttering a word to your soul before you descend upon the sea is enough. We are all sad at your going; but I am more sad than the rest, for I lose more than they do. I am desolate. It was to me a source of pleasure and strength untold to see you, and when I did not see you to feel that you were near, with your swift sympathy and kindly words. I must try to go alone—hard necessity in this rude world of ours, for our souls always in this life need support and gentle beckonings, as the little child, when first trying to move away from its mother's knee. God bless you, my dear friend, from my heart of hearts! You know not the depth of my gratitude to you. My eyes overflow as I trace these lines. May you clutch the treasure of health, but above all, may you be happy!"

He threw himself with generous

zest into Crawford's ambitions at this time, trying to get his friend's Orpheus exhibited. It was finally accomplished. Thence Crawford derived his fame. But in the letters of that time come regretful notes of the happy Roman days. "Where do you live, and how do you live?" he says to Crawford. "It is in Rome, and there is enchantment in that word!" To Lieber he speaks of the sense of loneliness growing within him. "I am with Howe a great deal. Bachelors both, we ride and drive together and pass our evenings, far into the watches of the night, in free and warm communion. His seat is a summer retreat, and I pass one or two nights of every week with him. I think, however, he will be married very soon. What then will become of me? It is a dreary world to travel in alone." With all this, his appreciations and just estimate of things was untouched. "I like to find good in everything," he writes his brother George, "and in all men of cultivated minds and good hearts, thank God, there is a great deal of good to be found."

Contributions to the "Law Reporter" marked the literary part of his life during '43. The articles varied in topics, and gave evidence, not only of his diversity of thought, but his fondness for belles-lettres, in preference to or rather beyond jurisprudence. Concentration of thought in composition was difficult unless the topic absorbed his whole soul.

A strange depression of spirits was fast settling upon him. Utterly free from all morbid views of death, life seemed to him fruitless of good. His profession offered less stimulus to mind and heart than he expected, and he could not give the zest of enthusiasm to the drudging details which win success in lesser minds and natures. He saw nothing ahead to justify the noble promise of his early life, and absorbing himself in study and over-application to work only aggravated his physical prostration. His work went on unabated; his criticisms continued

keen and just; but the weariness was deep-seated, and was as much due to disease as to mental causes. His best friends feared his lack of brilliant success in the law was the cause of his despondency; but they saw constant glowing proofs of the man's growth in other ways. Never was his mind more beautifully alive to literature than at that very time. His interest in his friends was full of the old loving generosity. "A happy New Year, dearest Howe, to you and yours," he says again; "but what need have you of any such salutation? Is not happiness your own? An eventful year has closed—a year which witnessed your engagement, marriage, and happy travels, which has witnessed Longfellow's engagement, marriage, and establishment in a happy home. When I think of these things I am penetrated with the thought of what changes may take place in that short space of time. Changes of character may also be wrought—I know that in no lapse of time can you lose your love for truth, virtue, and right. I see before you a beautiful career which fills me with envy—a fireside sacred to domestic love, constant and increasing usefulness, the recognition of your name and services by the world, and the blessings of all good men on your head. But you deserve it all, dear Howe, and more."

Having undertaken to edit Vesey's reports, Mr. Sumner's work increased; a consequence of intense mental strain and application, a severe illness with which he suddenly broke down. Brought into the very valley of the shadow, he lay for weeks, not combating with Death, but passively waiting. His friends vied with each other in acts of kindness, and from first to last watched and tended him.

Slowly he regained life, meeting his returning strength with some new zest in his existence. The summer passed in Berkshire. Here, among the Wards, Sedgwicks, etc., he passed some idle, convalescent days, reading and riding with Fanny Kemble, then

at Lenox, listening to her wonderful readings of Shakespeare or her sweet ballad singing. "She seems," he writes, "a noble woman, peculiar, masculine, and unaccommodating, but with a burning sympathy with all that is high, true, and humane."

Suddenly he was recalled by the news of Mary Sumner's increasing illness. She went from home to return with new weariness. "My sister Mary has returned," he writes. ". . . She is more delicate and feeble, but her cheerful heart sees in the future pleasant visions—summer, autumn, winter open before her in the illusions of hope." Illusions truly! In October the end came, bringing Sumner the saddest blow which had yet fallen on his life.

Professional and intellectual life was resumed after his long absence with some new impetus gained from the period of rest. The pause in his life over, strained progress was needed, and henceforth the man's nature was clearer, calmer, and less uncertain in its moods. The great work of life, which was to bring him that life's "peaceful possession," had not yet begun, but on July 4, 1845, he first took up his actual burden.

The annual oration, which had become typical of New England above all other regions, delivered on the day of Independence in Faneuil Hall, was of special importance that year. New feelings, agitations, impending crises and strifes not to be slighted by men outside the arena, had given the country an atmosphere of turbulence and dread. Boston held its own ground, and was echoed here and there, the then Abolition party having a peculiar significance; but the orator chosen for the Fourth usually confined himself to the conventional topics: the Revolution, its results—our forefathers and their incentives. When in 1845 Charles Sumner was appointed orator of the day, he disregarded form, and resolved, with the firmest desire for the right, to place before the multitude a new system of ideas and political morality.

He was at this time thirty-four years of age; his personal fame, already widespread, and his power not all unknown. Of his appearance Mr. Pierce writes: "He was then the impersonation of manly beauty and power, of commanding stature; his figure, no longer slender, as in student days, but well developed; his features finely cut; his dark hair hanging in masses over his left brow; his face lighting with the smile which won him many friends at first sight. He wore a dress coat with gilt buttons—a fancy of lawyers at that period—and white waistcoat and trousers. His gestures were unstudied and followed no rules; the most frequent one was the swinging of the arm above the head. His voice was as always, clear and strong, resounding through the hall, but at times falling in cadences mellow and pathetic." The subject of his oration was, "The True Grandeur of Nations." The opening sentence, delivered to a vast audience of men different in sentiments and profession, announced the orator's independence and boldness of purpose: "In our age there can be no peace that is not honorable. There can be no war that is not dishonorable." His text thus chosen, the discourse went on for two hours, and its inclusiveness, unflinching maintenance of idea, roused many in his audience to hostile feeling. The banquet which followed was the scene of a polite though excited controversy in speeches, all of which bore personal allusions to the orator, but which he accepted with refined dignity, realizing doubtless that such warfare had begun for his life. In his strength of antagonism to the theories of mankind, which his speech denounced, Sumner undoubtedly went to an over extreme, but all realized and honored the man's sincerity, and his eloquence was widely admired.

"'Tis a good thing, and nobly done," wrote Wendell Phillips. Others, friends and strangers, in Europe and America, sent written testimony to Mr. Sumner, and those who read Mr. Pierce's admirable memoir will under-

stand from what sources Sumner drew his incentives, stimulus, and energy.

The controversies became public. Newspapers, politicians, even Sumner's personal friends, took up the spirit roused on the day of the oration. Henceforth, Mr. Pierce tells us, his life is written in the history of our country. This final chapter Mr. Pierce devotes to the oration, its immediate results, and the feelings of Sumner and his friends. In no portion of the book has the author shown greater ability for the work he has undertaken. Few offices are so difficult as that of the careful biographer, where the closest ties of friendship and confidence bring author and subject almost face to face, hand to hand. In touching the records of the dead, the duty becomes a sacred one, to be performed as reverently as the hanging of a laurel on the tomb, and yet for the world's sake and his own, as justly. Mr. Pierce has done all this, and more. His work bears evidences not only of his perfect culture and knowledge of the subject, but of his fine comprehension of the subtle points of character which, hidden beneath the surface, compose the man. Of his delicacy we have already spoken. Of his entire modesty in hiding himself as friend, critic, author, or executor, from the title page to the finis, we must speak as of a singular precedent. In the closing chapter there is

the sort of dramatic eloquence fitted peculiarly to the great topic, and it is with regret we close this admirable record on so early a date. The author's intention has been to present the youth of the man whom the nation knew in his great development. Later volumes may be forthcoming. If so, those before us amply testify to what we may find within them; but in any case this work has a finish which gives it a character and interest of its own.

The story of Sumner's early friendships has a charm which will be felt by all who knew only the cold, grave statesman of later years, and these early scenes are emphatically the background of his later life, the foundation stones of his nature and principles. They show quite the æsthetic side of his career, and as such are peculiarly fascinating. Whatever came later must have shaped itself from all this, and so it has its meaning as a distinct prophecy of the whole.

Dealing with the man rather than with events, with sympathies and sentiments rather than political action and agitation, Mr. Pierce has skilfully given us the groundwork, the motives, the purpose, and meaning of a noble character, and we can, by means of these volumes, learn to know the inner instinct, the mind and nature of Charles Sumner.

LUCY C. WHITE.

GROTESQUE.

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE CASTELLANI COLLECTION.

ALL the curious throng has gone;
Eyes audacious, mouths agape,
Every shape
Of this modern world bizarre.
Whence we come and what we are,
God or ape,
Each one ponders, grave and wise,
Each one vents a sage surmise
Of his own.

Oh, the vacant eyes that gaze
Day-long on our helplessness!
Do they guess
That we, spell-bound images,
Waifs of fairer days than these,
Dare no less?
As they pass in motley file,
We, too, criticize the while,
Blame and praise.

For when midnight moonbeams glance
Through the hall, our charm they break.
We awake,
And we burst our clayey chain,
Breathe and move and live again;
And we make
All the echoing walls repeat
Noise of stirring tongues and feet,
Jest and dance.

Come when all the city sleeps.
Phœbus, aureoled with fire,
Strikes his lyre;
Persens of the dauntless glance
With yon Roman maid shall dance,
Drawing nigher,
Cupid's lips and Psyche's meet;
The *Spinario* to his feet,
Thornless, leaps.

Dionysus wise am I;
All day long serene I stand,
Mute and bland,
Towering o'er the crowds that press,
Stretching forth, to greet and bless,
My right hand.
No one offers me a prayer;
The barbarians stop and stare,
And pass by.

And a sullen ire doth glow
Through these mighty veins of mine,
Wrath divine.
What new altars do ye feed ?
What more godlike gifts succeed
To the wine ;
To the cup of golden mirth
I bestowed on sons of Earth
Long ago ?

Yet when I descend at night,
Living o'er the ancient years
With my peers,
I must wonder how by day
I could crave from such as they
Praise or tears.
In these modern hearts of prose
What faith kindles, what love glows,
What pure light ?

To mine ears great names are borne,
Beauty, science, progress, art—
While apart,
Sappho and Euripides
Calmly hear them prate at ease.
Sad at heart,
Vainly do I seek a trace
In each sallow, wearied face
Of earth's morn.

In their service they enlist
Secret currents that have birth
Under earth,
And their slaves are smoke and air.
Where has beauty fled ? and where
Jocund mirth ?
Sunny hope and careless leisure,
Simple joy and natural pleasure,
They have missed.

Oh, the evil day for me,
When my bed of earth was stirred,
And I heard
Human voices break my rest,
Joyous cry and flippant jest,
Spoken word !
And the sunshine smote mine eyes,
With a painful, sharp surprise,
Suddenly.

Yet, alas ! I dreamed but now
That the Ganges near me rolled,
As of old ;
That my worshippers still knelt,
Even as when in shrines I dwelt
Of red gold.
At my base a poet stood;
Love and longing fired his blood,
Lit his brow;

And I knew his heart was mine;
And I felt that Circumstance,
Time, and Chance
Are but shadows ; still the same,
Leaps the soul of youth like flame,
At a glance
Knowing, worshipping the god
Of the joy-inspiring rod
And the vine.

EMMA LAZARUS.

MAX AND MYSELF.

WHEN Max brought himself, his wife, his present chattels, and his vast future possessions of name and fame to this pretentious but pretty town, he was actuated by no less laudable a desire than filled the breast of Squills when, at the sly suggestion of Uncle Roland, he removed to the neighborhood of "The Tower," "to effect an improvement." If there exists a man who has not passed a delightful hour in the society of "The Caxtons," to him be it explained that Max had purchased a succession to the practice of a retiring physician, as nearly as such a transfer can be effected in this country. With some additions Max thought this employment would suffice. For we had agreed that we did not aspire to be rich—not to any vulgar extent—oh, no! The yearly sum accruing from our present capital was indeed ample for all political economists would concede our real wants, but scarcely more. This medical practice would furnish Max that regular occupation indispensable to a born American; its proceeds replenish from time to time our book-case, portfolio, and canterbury, and supply other urgent æsthetic needs to some extent, while yet leisure would be left Max for his well-loved library hours. A congenial circle of friends round us, we hoped, and such of the Graces and Muses as we could reasonably call on to honor a home stayed on the combined small incomes of the reserve fund and the practice.

Modest plans now, I think, for two people not so very far past sweet Jean Prouvaire's "golden age," "When between us we could not count forty years!" That delightful epoch! full of glorious ambition and innocent faith in personal power! Thank heaven for it! since without it the great works wrought in the world would today be embryotic still. What man

ever scaled higher peaks than the seer within him at twenty descried?

The four or five years since the golden age escaped us had subtracted as many degrees from our altitude; though Max and I still nursed dreams of his literary fame, but without much allusion to the subject; as you will see two silent ones lavishing cares upon a sick child, while the unhinted suspicion lies with them both that it may die. Max, I know, thought the constitution of the bantling too slender, while I was restive, looking on at its treatment with opiates, and felt its need to be entrance into fresh, free air, exercise, and a chance to grow.

We had planned then a quiet life. We had entered our new home; our Penates were already nicked, and I forbear to delineate just the gods chosen.

Let the friend listening to me bear in mind what I have told him of our resources and our tastes, add the reflection *what is to be had* in America, and at what price; and then let the image of our home rise up before him, drawn and colored at his will, and if he find it fitting, I am content. I pass over then the result of the compromises effected between Plutus and the Graces in our establishment.

We thought it charming, and one humanizing element, be sure, was not left out: the wood fire, to whose uses we had divested the coal grate in our little morning room. It almost made us count three instead of two, so friend-like was it when, fresh kindled daily at Max's home coming, we sat down before it, and the forking flames began taking on at their tips their peculiar oak-leaf shape, before the broad, welding sheet of fire rose to smother their individuality away.

We were glad to count it one of us, for we were alone yet in the town; our claims to social consideration now

out at canvass. Thorough sifting was being had of our respective papas and mammas; due care exercised lest some grocer or other luckless wight lurk hidden at a third or fourth remove, in which case society, regretting deeply, of course, would feel obliged to—nay, I will not lay an audacious finger upon the string of that veiling curtain. We all know that society expects every son of hers, and above all every daughter, to do her duty. And it was no careless, western-spirited town in which we had chosen our lot should lie. With wise forethought, the truthful diagnosis of our entire mental and moral natures was being perfected from these sufficient data; thus comfortably sparing any individual observer the effort of doing it upon acquaintance.

Pending the deliberation of the jury, we were, as I said, alone. One afternoon of early October, warmed into courage by the rising fire, I began:

"Max, there is leisure now. Why not write?" A pause. "At least if you will not write, give your reasons why."

Max slowly began: "And is the point indeed reached, my Kitty, when I can no longer refuse to satisfy the anxious inquiries of a craving world, outwearied by my silence? Of the mind's gold, as of the coin of commerce, there are, by virtue of their birthright, misers and spendthrifts. Rarely of the one as of the other will you find the industrious accumulator and the generous dispenser united in the same person. Many a book-worm would assure you that it would be wasting time to write a line, while occasionally an author will confess that his teeming brain grants him no 'time to read.' Shall I make an effort to be the latter? Or may I hoard a little longer? Spare me yet, Kitty; I am too young!"

"You are never so unsuccessful as when you try to be facetious," cried I. "Do be sober. I am in earnest. Have you not consumed tons of books? Yes, and you have passed the miser

stage. Do you not spend days and days in the library, not fingering a leaf? The gorgeous promises too you made me long ago! Oh, and I thought you meant them," said I, half crying. "And, Max, the years *are* slipping away."

"I am truthful at least when I acknowledge myself too young. Come here, dear. Take my hand, and let us reason about it, since my world is really urgent. Watch the process by which we shall win a charming growth of hyacinths in your new garden. We mix abundant fertilizers with the sandy loam, but we cannot ask it to be soil yet. Its elements are distinct. You might grow a coarse crop upon it, but patience—if you desire hyacinths. I do not deny that it, and the sand no less, possess all strength essential for their primal purpose, which is existence simply; but if you will work change, and make it their duty to *bear*, then enrich by what culture you will, and time is just as peremptory a requisite in one case as in the other, for the elements to mingle and mellow into a homogeneous whole, whose product of flowers shall breathe a perfume irresistible. What could my mind show now but bare self, and a little added unblended learning? My hyacinths would be watery with weakness, and worm-eaten here and there with spots of alien, unassimilated richness. Let me postpone writing till I have at least learned not to quote."

"Tell me in what practical way your sense of your youth puts you most at disadvantage."

"Undeniably, Kitty, the first and severest disability is the same as in opening up all new countries, imperfect facilities of communication."

"Oh, is that all?" gleefully said I. "That would never trouble *me*! If I could only think of anything to say, I could always say it quite neatly, I am sure! Can't I help you?"

"It is not mere word-hunting I have in mind," returned Max, taking me seriously, "though that is not alto-

gether a free field. I could sometimes wish that the sap had not been so sucked out of many a word by 'derived application' or, in lexicon phraseology, 'second meaning,' that when I want to use it it is as juiceless as the Euphorbia's drying stem, when its flowery quintessence has been culled for alien purpose, and so let run to waste its creamy marrow. If I would not powder my page with overstrained expressions, nine of ten who glance over it will pronounce it colorless. But my difficulty lies deeper than this: in the inability of the immature man to analyze acutely, and so of course to delineate accurately, the creatures of his heart and brain, his feelings, and his ideas. If he pictures the experience of his youth while passing through it, 'Crude,' men cry, and justly, for he writes while the sense of feeling overbalances the sense of sight. When you prick your finger your principal conception of the needle is that it is sharp; but you would scarcely offer that for such an unbiassed and thorough description of the instrument as should satisfy a cold critic. And cold, very cold critics there are, Kitty. At least so I am told. Pray don't urge me on to *investigate* the fact of their existence."

"Max," I exclaimed, "you are not in awe of the critics. Why, what a sharp sword you wield yourself! It is your friends you fear. You hesitate to have them see just what manner of man you may be. If you knew how charmingly like old Mr. Wilkins you are, who will never give a sample when I want a new silk. 'Oh, really, ma'am, you see you can't tell anything by a little sample. It looks *so much better* in the piece. Really elegant, ma'am (with a smirk). Why, when made up no one can tell it from one worth twice as much.' Is this your difficulty, Max? Are you afraid the close, leisurely inspection of a fragment, away from the pleasing effect produced by the graceful folds and contours of your" ("Thank you kindly, Kitty") "general make-up, will re-

veal the inferior quality of the material?"

"And am I a craven if I do not give point-blank denial of your charge? Have we not seen many a village genius spurred to authorship by his gaping admirers, astonish even them by the puerility of the actual finished product and measure of his power? Yet there was nothing wrong with the lad, save that he wrote. He had not to blush for himself that he was what he was, but that he called attention to it. (Please make this distinction, Kit, since you have seen fit to be so scathing.) It is not myself I should be abashed at, but my position; as if a man should stop at the first way station to transact the business which could only be done on his arrival at the capital, far on in the day's journey. So far you are right, Kitty, with your sample; for whatever a man can write—nay, whatever he can write *easily*—at any given time, is a fair measure of his ability at that time. It is useless for him to try to do his best, to make an effort. That effort is plainly discernible on the face of his work. To restrain, to limit, to cull, is the only permissible effort. When one lays his brain fairly upon a subject to write about it, he should no more squeeze it than when he lays open a rich, full honeycomb upon a plate. The weight and pressure of the cells themselves should soon bring about the inundation of the plate with the clear, golden liquid. If this does not occur, let him know it is yet gathering-time with him. I am not sure but I would go further, and say that a man ought never to write *at all* until positively *forced* to do it—until the burdening necessity of utterance so clings, and clasps, and coils itself upon him, that he *must* perforce give out his pant under it. Then let him write: without forecasting the probability that it shall ever meet human eye; without querying whether if this should be, it should win him fame, or make patent his just title to obscurity. A writer who was not a

genius might possibly be excusable under those circumstances, say, Kitty?" concluded Max hastily, with a questioning smile, for I was growing very grave.

"Oh, Max, how you *have* changed!"

"I may regard the appropriation of a little wisdom, then, as an unpardonable thing?"

"I should not call that wisdom. Why, Max, no one could write that way. You have to practise, you know, and let some experienced person make corrections and suggestions for you."

"Indeed," said Max, looking amused. "And where, my dear, did you learn that?"

"All composition is acquired so," said I with conviction. "When we wrote at school, Mme. Marcini would correct our ideas, and——"

"Correct your ideas! Now, that is good, Kit, and I dare say she did. Well, in view of the crowd of distinguished female authors who can trace their early literary bent to Mme. M——, I see no reason to cavil at her method. It has at least helped spare the world's eyesight."

"I am sure I don't know why you should laugh so, Max; and I believe our good friend Professor Ondephren would be glad to help you."

"Kitty," burst out Max quite wildly, "you fairly out-Philip Philip, to have been with me so long, and yet not know me. That man would strangle any idea that would not bend its neck to the gentlemanly circumlocutions in which he deemed it his duty to yoke it. And if he were fit to counsel me, I could but say, 'Thank you, kind teacher. I will incorporate what you say with my experience, and it shall go into the mass of my preparation; but if you require me to make immediate use of it in the correction of any one article, it is impossible. What I have written, I have written. Forth from me has it come, its entity entire, for good or ill; a birth——'"

"You shock me with your horrid medical similes."

"Medicine, my dear? I really

thought it drawn from a little wider sphere—the realm of universal nature perhaps. But no matter. If the nudity of my phrase offends you, I am grieved, for if I drape it, I destroy it. And does not this suggest the slender need of my rushing into print, when I can have my style slandered, my opinions combated, and my whole pen-and-ink structure neatly demolished at my own fireside?"

My husband's looks were softer than his words, and though what would have been a scowl in an older woman darkened my face, I rallied, and with such meekness as lay at my command, proceeded:

"I know you don't complain of my insufficiency in that respect. But how do you mean to form your style?"

"Please don't, my dear. You may not know it, but that is slang. It is myself, not my style, I need to form. My opinions, being intellectual, and my beliefs, which are sentimental (in the prime sense of the word, call them feelings if you like), stand yet at variance. Take the relations the various strata of society ought to sustain to each other for an example. Here my feelings are by nature aristocratic, while my convictions, based on intellectual considerations only, tend in quite a contrary direction. Such internecine conflict as this cannot be summarily adjusted by external arbitration. The combatants must have time to come to peace within their own borders. After that it will scarcely be their chief care with what nice choice of terms their agreement shall be heralded to the world. With my opinions crystallized, my feelings past their tumultuous heyday of ebullition, settling clear, if I can discern their blent harmony with distinctness and transcribe it with faithfulness, I will take no further concern for my style, let it be what conglomerate it will. This is what I look for the years to bring: such poise as shall render possible unconsciousness of the medium by which my thought's rapid transit is effected. Only thus can I conceive

the possibility of an original style. If a man can realize how peculiar his own expressed individuality appears to the rest of the world, he is no original, but an imitator, or at best an unconscious blender of styles."

"Now, if I were to write anything, I should like to arrange and rearrange it, just as I do the ornaments about the rooms, and see how it would look most attractive, and produce the best effect."

"Yes, that mental sleight of hand would come easily to you, Kitty, for you possess fancy. Fancy is a warm, soft clay to model in. Every deft pinch you bestow on it repays you with the salience of a new, smiling feature; and so plastic is the material you handle, that if you are not quite at satisfaction with your figure, what was meant for a weeping Niobe can be easily transformed into a simpering Venus, by just a bit of change of expression; and the drapery—yes, that will clothe one as gracefully as the other, with an adjusting twitch here and there——"

"For shame, Max!" I interjected.

"It is all uttered in love, my dear, and no one exacts of woman that she possess the mind of man. In fact, we should be a little disgusted with her if she did. Her power of accommodation is her most potent charm. But you interrupt me. *Thought* is not a clay at all, but a hard marble. The mathematician and the scientist dig it out in huge square blocks, to rear the solid edifices of their systems; the merchant and the manufacturer, taking it from them in the gross, cut and carve small the arithmetic and the chemistry into foundations for the superstructures of their business. But thought quarried and chiselled to æsthetic purposes alone! The perfect marble statue! Oh, for that, the heart to feel, the eye to see, the cunning hand to form, must all be at their acme. Nothing can answer here but genius; that perfected blending of the entire nature by which heart, head,

and hand move *at once*, and make but a single mark.

"The sculptor, then, is our rarest treasure trove, and woe to any feebler creature who shall dare to dally with the marble. He may be sure the sprite within will not uncurtain her face for him. Because he is so rare it is that we have not marble statues in every house—not because there is not marble in Canova. This uncredited diffusion of real thought is noticed by Taine, when he says: 'With us of to-day, general ideas spring up in every mind, living and flourishing.' The vast and absorbing interests, fairly elbowing one another since science has undertaken to revolutionize everything, from religion down to—— (I skip the anticlimax, lest I may not dive deep enough) render it impossible that, even in the lowest beds where the press scatters the seeds, thought should not bud and swell.

"From this appears to result a great increase in literature. What is not so conspicuous is the fact of a real decrease in it, if the computation is based upon the vast disproportion existing to-day between those who *could* and those who *do* write, as compared with the ratio the same classes sustained in generations past. Even those who write no longer thrust out the avaricious bramble-clutch for immortality, but are content to spring up, fresh with the lush juices of to-day, then fall and moulder, and make richer the soil for coming seasons. The man who, in the eighteenth century, must have produced his folio, and, so late as a few lustres ago, could not have sought his grave in peace till he had tacked his name to a volume of essays, finds often now his sufficient outlet in *conversation*.

"Especially is this a wise safety-valve for him whose chief obstacle to literary work lies in revision and correction, distasteful to him because the effervescence having passed, he scarcely recognizes the mixture as the same he poured. This is the man of fanciful

mind, bewitching in conversation, but unstable and incredible in his written word. The great body of his beliefs flows onward in a tranquil stream; but to ask him to be for ever ready to own and reproduce the fleeting expressions which the exciting stir of a sanguine temperament (always knit in fatal junction with candor) has made him utter, is to ask of the stream to give you again the bubble and ripple you saw and heard when the brisk April breeze urged its surface. He should recognize conversation as his true field.

"And if I have before told why I *could* not write, let this, Kitty, stand partly as a reason why I do not feel the wish, the need, to write. Conversation is ample for my needs: its lines are extending daily. You may now hear thoughtful words where, a decade or more ago, the stuporous platitude was sparsely interchanged. Among the more cultured, it rises frequently to the brilliancy of literature. Reasonably too, since so much of literature is equally ephemeral, in fact almost interchangeable with it, if not intended to be wholly provisional for it, when the better article is not to be had."

"In all you have said, dear Max, I hear only what 'I' could do, would do, what 'I' need. Have you no thought for others? Would you not write to help raise their standard? Do you not care to do them good?"

Max now laughed outright. As he straightened back and clasped his hands behind his head, "No," said he meditatively, "I really don't know that I do. Should I attempt making converts before I have settled my own special gospel? And I am not aware that any one has admonished me of delinquency in duty. Now that I urge my memory, she seems to confide that she has more often listened to such remarks as this: 'Folly to write! Everything you say has been said a thousand times before you, and a thousand times better than by you!'"

"Oh, but that is paltry! What! shall not the baker go his rounds because our fathers have eaten bread in

the wilderness, and are dead? Men should have despaired, if ever, when Greek literature seemed actually to have consumed the entire kernel of thought so that there was no untrod view-point left; no style not tried and perfected. What did they do? Went to work, invented new things; then wrote about them, as soon as they had recovered from the shock of finding this was true. So that to-day the woman who can explain you her sewing-machine comes in, like one all breezy with new, fresh, outside air, to one whom the Greek Circe has ringed within her magic close. Oh, Max, cease your scruples at writing what may not quite shut the literary lions' mouths. You need not peer into their den, or set foot within their sacred ground of subjects. Clasp hands with the new generation springing up around you—from whom I am sure you are not so very different—and write for *them*. If they decide against you, it will be quite time enough to be glad there are better men in Sparta. Then let them write, and do you read, keeping kindly heart between you still."

"Kit, you are really stirring—just in the proper mood to render Wagner! Come, shall it not be?" and Max arose. "Besides, if I write, I must begin to economize my brain at once, and keep in mind the warning example of the nation which has furnished the most brilliant conversational salons the world has ever seen, and also that most stupid, harmless monster French poetry. Old Mr. W—— is in the right of it, who frankly excuses himself from conversation because you handsel his forthcoming article in C——r's. I shall ask for a place in his suite. What! no more wasteful talks with you, Kit? Shall I give you over to crochetting?"

Hoping I detected in his nonsense a half promise, I yielded, and let him lead the way to what we caressingly named our "October room." There the pictures panelled on the walls had caught and kept the transitory blaze of maple and dogwood, and the deep-

er, more lasting glow of sumach berry, smouldering late when other fire is done; and here and there was framed in an outlook through veiling haze to a dim mountain's softened coast. No cold glimpse of sea reminded you that October's charm is inland wholly. Below you almost heard your feet rustling the warm, fallow-tinted chestnut leaves that seemed sown in irregular profusion upon a ground whose brown was sere and dark as the very death of autumn. Here stood the piano.

But as we reach it, see! through the south window, slightly lowered to let us breathe some odorous heliotrope,

comes floating in the last butterfly of entering autumn, her pale wings all fenestrate with clearest blue. Among the cyanean sun-seekers she hovers a moment, blending her blue with theirs: then toward us, past us, on—up, on—up—and seeks the brow of down-gazing Psyche lingering there.

With all our talk, half jest, half earnest, my heart was full. When, with wondering eyes, I saw Nature's messenger thus add her mute encouragement to mine, I turned to Max. "See, Psyche finds her wings!" But Max was quite quiet, and I could not read his face.

ALICE AINSLEE:

THE SUBURBS OF LONDON.

THE term "suburban" has always seemed to me to have a peculiarly English meaning. It suggests images that are not apt to present themselves in America. American cities have suburbs, but they have to a very limited extent what may be called suburban scenery. The essence of suburban scenery in the western world is to be straggling, shabby, inexpensive; to consist of rail fences and loose planks, vacant, dusty lots in which carpet-beating goes forward, Irish cabins, lumber yards, and rudely bedaubed advertisements of quack medicines. The peculiar function of the neighborhood of most foreign towns, on the other hand, is to be verdant and residential, thickly inhabited, and replete with devices for making habitation agreeable. Some of the prettiest things in England and France are to be found in the immediate vicinity of the capitals of those countries. There is nothing more charming in Europe than the great terrace at Saint Germain; there are few things so picturesque as Richmond bridge and the view thence along either bank of the Thames. There are certainly ugly

things enough in the neighborhood of London, and there is much agreeable detail to be found within an hour's drive of several American towns; but the suburban quality, the mingling of density and rurality, the ivy-covered brick walls, the riverside holiday-making, the old royal seats at an easy drive, the little open-windowed inns, where the charm of rural seclusion seems to merge itself in that of proximity to the city market—these things must be caught in neighborhoods that have been longer a-growing.

Murray (of the Hand-Books) has lately put forward a work which I have found very full of entertaining reading: a couple of well-sized volumes treating of every place of the smallest individuality within a circuit of twenty miles round London. The number of such places is surprising; so large an amount of English history has gone on almost within sight of the tower of the Abbey. From time to time, as the days grow long, the contemplative stranger finds a charm in the idea of letting himself loose in this interesting circle. Even to a tolerably inveterate walker London itself will not

appear in the long run a very delightful field for pedestrian exercise. London is too monotonous and, in plain English, too ugly to supply that way-side entertainment which the observant pedestrian demands. The shabby quarters are too dusky, too depressing, English low life is too unrelieved by out-of-door picturesqueness, to be treated as a daily spectacle. There are too many gin-shops, and too many miserable women at their doors; too many, far too many dirty-faced children sprawling between one's legs; the young ladies of the neighborhood are too much addicted to violent forms of coquetry. On the other hand, the Squares and Crescents, the Roads and Gardens, are too rigidly, too blankly genteel. They are enlivened by groups of charming children, coming out to walk with their governesses or nursemaids, and by the figures of superior flunkies, lingering, in the consciousness of elegant leisure, on the doorstep. But, although these groups—the children and the flunkies—are the most beautiful specimens in the world of their respective classes, they hardly avail to impart a lively interest to miles of smoke-darkened stucco, subdivided into porticoes and windows. The most entertaining walk, therefore, is a suburban walk, which will introduce you to fewer butlers and footmen, but to children as numerous and as rosy, and to something more unexpected in the way of architecture.

There is a charming place of refuge from the London streets of which I fain would speak, although it hardly belongs to my modest programme. There was a time when Kensington was a suburb, but the suburban phase of its history has pretty well passed away. Nothing can well be conceived less suburban than the vast expanses of residential house frontage of which this region now chiefly consists; and yet to go thither is the shortest way of getting out of London. Step into Kensington Gardens, and a ten minutes' walk will carry you practically fifty miles from the murky Babylon on the other side of the railing. It

may really be said that Kensington Gardens contain some of the finest rural scenery in England. If they were not a huge city square, they would be an admirable nobleman's park. To sit down for an hour at the base of one of the great elms and see them studding the grass around you in vistas, which, as you do not perceive their limits, may be as long-drawn as you choose to suppose them, is one of the most accessible as well as one of the most agreeable methods of spending a June afternoon.

Whenever, toward six o'clock, I have mustered the spirit to go to Hyde park, I have ended, after a duly dazzled gaze at the wonderful throng that assembles there, by slinking away into the comparative wilderness of the neighboring enclosure. I use the expression "slinking," because I have usually taken this course with a bad conscience. In Hyde park you see fine people; in Kensington Gardens you see only fine trees; and the observant stranger feels that it is upon eminent specimens of the human rather than of the vegetable race that he should bestow his attention. Every one in London, as the phrase is, goes to Hyde park of a fine afternoon; and the spectacle, therefore, may be presumed to have no small impressiveness.

It is certainly a very brilliant mob, and the copper coin which you pay for the use of your little chair is a small equivalent for the greatness of the privilege. Before you is the Drive, with its serried ranks of carriages; behind you is the Row, with its misty, red-earthed vista, and its pacing and bounding equestrians; between the two is the broad walk in which your fellow starers are gathered together lolling back in the tightly-packed chairs or shuffling along with wistful looks at them. The first time the observant stranger betakes himself to the park, he certainly is struck with the splendor of the show. There seems to be so much of everything; there are so many carriages, so many horses, so many servants, so many po-

licemen, so many people in the carriages, on horseback, in the chairs, on foot. The observant stranger is again reminded of those constant factors in every more distinctively "social" spectacle in England—the boundless wealth and the boundless leisure. Leisure is suggested even more forcibly if he goes to the park of a fine summer morning. In the afternoon people may be supposed to have brought the day's labors to a close, to have done their usual stint of work and earned the right to *fiâner*. But American eyes do not easily accustom themselves to the sight of a great multitude in a busy metropolis, beginning the day's entertainment, a couple of hours after breakfast, by going to sit in a public garden and watch several hundred ladies and gentlemen gallop past them on horseback. To the great commercial *bourgeoisie*, which constitutes "American society," this free disposal of the precious morning hours is an unattainable luxury. The men are attending to business; they are immersed in offices, counting-houses, and "stores." The ladies are ordering the dinner, setting the machinery of the household in motion for the day, finding occupation among their children. To people brought up in these traditions there is, therefore, something very—what shall I call it?—very picturesque, in these elegant matutinal groups, for whom the work of life is done to order, and who lose so little time of a morning in beginning the play.

They seem to have time enough, in all conscience; why should they be in such a hurry to begin? Here you catch that "leisured class" the absence of which is so often pointed out to you as the distinguishing feature of our awkward civilization, and the existence of which in England is, to many good Americans, a source of envy, admiration, and despair—here you catch it in the very act, as it were; and you may stroll about and envy and admire it as much as you find warrant for. It is very good looking,

very well dressed; it sits very quietly, looking without eagerness at passing things, and talking about them without striking animation. Women, all over the world, have less to do than men; and these unmortgaged hours are, on the ladies' parts, comparatively natural. What an American particularly notices is the number of disengaged men; well dressed, gentlemanly, agreeable fellows, who have nothing more urgent to do, at twelve o'clock in the morning, than to stroll about under green trees, with a stick and a pair of gloves in their hands, or to sit with their legs crossed and murmur soft nothings to a lady in a Gainsborough hat. And in all this I am speaking only of the spectators; I am not including the show itself—the fine folks in the carriages and the happy folks on horseback.

If the spectators testify to English leisure, the carriages testify more particularly to English incomes. To keep a carriage and pair in London costs, I believe, about five hundred pounds a year; the number of people driving about at this expense defies any powers of calculation at the command of the contemplative stranger. The carriages flock into the park in thousands; they roll along in dense, far-stretching masses; they stand locked together in a wilderness of wheels and cockades. In the morning, however, they are few in number, and you may bestow your attention upon the Row, which is at any time, indeed, a much prettier sight. It is the prettiest sight possible, and it shows you the finest side of English idleness. There is every kind of horse save the ugly one, and if it is not quite equally true that there is every kind of rider save the bad one, at least the bad ones are few and far between. The good Homer sometimes nods, and the good Englishman has sometimes a slippery saddle. I have heard American ladies say that they were "disappointed" in Rotten Row; but for myself, I was never disappointed. I don't exactly know what my countrywomen expected; but they have in everything, I know, a high

standard. A young English girl, in a habit without a wrinkle, mounted upon a beautiful English horse, with health in her cheek and modesty in her eye, pulling up, flushed and out of breath, at the end of a long gallop, is a picture in which I can pretend to pick no flaws. "Ah, pulling up," my disappointed countrywoman will say; "when they have pulled up they are doubtless very well; it is their rapid motion that is not what we have been taught to believe it." And she will go on to say that these disappointments are an old story, and that there is nothing like coming to Europe and seeing for one's self.

However few my own disappointments, I have, as I said just now, usually brought my sessions in Hyde park to a premature close, and wandered away to the shady precinct of the old red palace which stares across the pond, and which has, I believe, a respectable collection of historical associations. It was, I believe, in Kensington Palace that the present Queen passed a large part of her youth; it was there that the news of her accession was brought to her. It is a modest, homely, but delightful old residence, and so much more agreeable of aspect than the villanous pile which overlooks St. James's park, that the privilege of living there might reconcile one to being on the steps of the throne rather than on the throne itself (Buckingham Palace being habitable, I believe, only by the sovereign, and Kensington being allotted to the sovereign's near relations). London—apropos of this matter—is, compared with continental capitals, singularly destitute of royal residences. Buckingham Palace is lamentably ugly; St. James's Palace is less shabby only because it is less pretentious; Marlborough House is hidden away in a courtyard, and presents no face whatever to the world. Marlborough House is, indeed, completely effaced, as the French say, by the neighboring clubs in Pall Mall. You have to go but a short distance out of London, however, to see two of the most beautiful

of all royal seats. One of the first of your excursions in the lengthening days is, as a matter of course, to Windsor. Windsor Castle, as you see it from the train, while you are yet at some distance from the station, massing its long cluster of towers and battlements against the sky, is quite as impressive as the one considerable residence of English sovereigns should be.

If these sovereigns have fewer dwelling places than most other members of the royal fraternity, they may at least claim that their single castle is the most magnificent of castles. Nothing can well be more royal than the tremendous mass of Windsor, looking down from its height over the valley of the Thames, and the vast expanse of its park and forest. As you turn into the town, out of the station, you find yourself confronted with the foundations of the castle, along whose rugged base, and the steep on which it is perched, the little High street wanders in pygmy fashion. It has been my misfortune that at the time of each of my visits to Windsor the interior of the palace was not being shown; this is the case whenever the Queen is living there. But I must add that I use the term "misfortune" here in a great measure for form's sake. The rooms at Windsor are, I believe, numerous and interesting; they contain, among other treasures, some very fine pictures. But when I reflect that I should have had to go through them in the company of a large assemblage of fellow starers, "personally conducted," like Mr. Cook's tourists, by a droning custodian, and shuffling in dull, gregarious fashion over the miles of polished floor and through the vistas of gilded chambers in which they are requested not to "touch"—when the memory of this ordeal, frequently repeated in earlier years, comes back to me, I cannot help feeling a diminution of regret.

The "observant stranger" ought perhaps to be ashamed to confess to such levity, but a couple of

years of indoor sight-seeing will have done a good deal toward making him ask himself whether the most beautiful rooms in the world are worth visiting in one of these bands of centripetal stragglers. The thing is disagreeable; one is not bound to say how or why. It is disagreeable to wander about any house—be it even Windsor Castle—without entering into relation with the master; and at Windsor and some other great houses the casual visitor is not only referred to the servants, but actually denied entrance unless the proprietor be absent. It is, however, one's fellow starers, one's fellow shufflers, that make the shoe pinch. It appears to be a fundamental rule of human nature, lying lower than the plummet of analysis will drop, that one shall, for the time, despise such people. On the continent, perhaps, you can keep better terms with them; they are usually, like yourself, foreigners in the country, and this gives them a cosmopolitan, independent air which tempers their subjection to the housekeeper or the beadle. But in England, wherever you go, there are usually fifty English people there before you; and the class which, in England, indulges in the inspection of native monuments, appears to be for the most part the class for which the housekeeper and the beadle have irresistible terrors.

Even when the apartments at Windsor are closed, the great terrace behind the castle is open, and this lordly platform is one of the finest things in the world. I talk of its being "behind" the castle, but I have no warrant for attempting to distinguish between back and front in an edifice of such irregular magnificence. The terrace, at any rate, looks over a beautiful country, and straight down at the playing fields of Eton, which are bordered by the sinuous Thames. It is not beneath the dignity of this line of observation to relate that the last time I was at Windsor I strolled along the terrace—it has a magnificent length—toward a point at which a portion of it is marked off by an iron

railing for the use of the inhabitants of the castle. Here a gentleman was standing, with his back against the parapet, looking up intently at the wall. At the narrow window of a tower was placed the face of a housemaid, which was removed a moment after I had perceived it. The gentleman carried, slung over his shoulder, an opera glass, of which he appeared not to have made use. Turning to me very solemnly—"I think it was the Queen," he said.

"Do you mean that person at the window?" I inquired.

"Yes; she looked at me a long time, and I looked at her."

"I thought it was a housemaid," I rejoined.

He shook his head. "She looked very much like the Queen. She looked just like her photographs."

"Possibly," I said. "But she had on a housemaid's cap."

Once more he shook his head and lifted his eyes to the empty window. "She looked at me a long time," he murmured, "and I looked at her. I am sure it was the Queen." And I left him in the happy faith that he had sustained the awful gaze of royalty out of a back staircase window.

I left him in order to walk back under the castle arches and through the triple courts, through the town and across the bridge to Eton; and then come up into the town again, hire a vehicle at the stand beneath the granite walls, and take a long drive in the park. Eton college is on the other side of the Thames; you approach it by a long, dull, provincial street, consisting apparently chiefly of print shops, filled with portraits of the pretty women of the period. I approached it with a certain sentimental agitation, for I had always had a theory that the great English schools are delightful places to have been to. A few weeks before this I had paid a short visit to Winchester, and in the grounds of the venerable college which adjoins that ancient town I had seen a hundred rosy lads playing cricket (I am counting the

lookers-on), with as business-like a jollity as if the ball were rebounding from the maternal bosom of Britannia herself. The courts of the old college, empty and silent in the eventide; the mellow light on the battered walls; the great green meadows, where the little clear-voiced boys made gigantic shadows; the neighborhood of the old cathedral city, with its admirable church, where early kings are buried—all this seemed to make a charming background for boyish lives, and to offer a provision of tender, picturesque memories to the grown man who has passed through it. Eton, of a clear June evening, must be quite as good, or indeed a great deal better.

The day I speak of was a half-holiday, and the college itself was pretty well deserted. It consists of a couple of not particularly ornamental quadrangles, a good deal the worse for wear, a fine old chapel, and a queer bronze statue of Henry II., the founder of the school. All this stands near the river, among goodly trees, and hard by are the masters' houses, in which the boys are lodged. A good many of the boys were strolling about, in their little man's hats and broad collars; this was apparently a holiday costume. Some of them were buying tarts from a wheedling Jew, who had rested his basket on the parapet of the school-house green; some were looking at the types of female beauty in the print-sellers' windows; one was very carefully carrying a jug full of some foaming liquid home from the pastry cook's. Beyond the houses, toward the river, some of them were playing at their eternal cricket. The river, just here, is very pretty; the great elms, in the meadows beside it, are magnificent; there is a bosky-looking little island in the middle, and silvery reaches up and down; and from the further side the castle looks down with a kind of maternal majesty. This is the extent of my knowledge of Eton. I had a letter of introduction to an excellent little boy—it was from his mamma; but I had not the heart to

spoil his half-holiday by making him play *cicerone* to my dismal seniority.

So, as I said, I drove away through Windsor park; through the Long Walk, which stretches from the castle gates for the space of three miles, bordered with trees as old, very nearly, as the English monarchy, and quite as solid, to a great grassy mound on which a rather ridiculous statue of George III. is perched. The statue stares across the interval at the castle, and the great avenue—thanks to its very perfection—looks like a much smaller affair than it is. But nothing in Windsor park is small. I drove for some fifteen miles, and everywhere the great trees were scattered over the slopes and lawns; everywhere there was a glimpse of browsing deer; everywhere, at the end of cross-roads, the same wooded horizon. It is the perfection of park scenery, the noblest of all parks. I drove to Virginia Water, and left my carriage to come and meet me at some unknown point, to which my driver directed my steps. The walk proved charming; it led me over the grass and under the trees—and such trees, always—for a couple of miles, beside an agreeable lake. It was all delightfully sylvan, and almost solitary; and yet it retained the comfortable park character. There was no losing of one's way nor scratching away underbrush; and there was at the end a little inn, as pretty as a tavern in a comic opera, at which it was not impossible to lunch. I drove back through other avenues and over other slopes, with an occasional view of the long-outlined castle above the tree tops. There had been a great deal of it, and yet I had seen nothing of the forest.

Hampton Court Palace is always open, and you are free to wander through the apartments as you list. They form indeed a museum of second and third-rate works of art—a kind of pictorial hospital. Most of the pictures are doubtful specimens of the great masters whose names are affixed to their frames; there are a few very good ones, however, of a more modest attribution. The long row of great

drawings in tempera by Andrea Mantegna, representing the triumph of Julius Cæsar, are alone worth a moderate pilgrimage; and the collection of meretricious countesses of the Restoration, by Lely, is very brilliant in its own peculiar way. The great charm of Hampton Court is not, however, in the pictures; it would not be even if these were a great deal better. It is the old red palace itself that is chiefly delightful; its great round-windowed, stone-embossed courts; its long, warm-colored front and sides; its brown old chambers with their dusky canvases, their fireplaces, and their tapestry; its beautiful formal garden, with its close-clipt lawns, its shaded walks, its curious yews, and its Dutch-looking canal.

Of all the suburban lions Hampton Court is the most cockneyfied; London holiday-makers flock down there in hundreds, and spread themselves over the place, which is especially dedicated to that form of popular entertainment known as "school feasts." These simple festivals are celebrated within the enclosure of Bushey park, just beyond the palace gardens. There would be something inhuman in saying that they spoil the place for the solitary, selfish stroller; inasmuch as they are a source of entertainment to crowds of underfed little Londoners, who make a juvenile uproar under the great horse-chestnuts. I hasten, therefore, to say that on the three or four occasions when I have spent the afternoon at Hampton Court, the presence of the London contingent has never been fatal to my enjoyment. The place has such an honest, friendly charm, that it seems good-naturedly to refuse to be vulgarized; and your fellow cockneys become, as it were, a part of the homely animation of the landscape, like the greedy swans in the canal or the very tame deer in the park. The school children, moreover, with their dusky pinafores and clumsy gambols, their tea tables and omnibuses, all, for reasons best known to themselves, herd together near the park

gates. Ten minutes' walk will carry you out of sight or sound of them; and you may stroll down the great vistas of horse-chestnut without the fear of encountering any object more displeasing than a young man on an occasional bench, encircling the waist of his sweetheart, or a young person sketching difficult foliage at the base of one of the trees.

Bushey park consists of a single long avenue of trees in a double row; that is, there are four lines of trees. At about a quarter of its length this avenue is crossed by another, which puts out two arms—two high green corridors—of almost equal magnitude. All this foliage is magnificent; and we know what the horse-chestnut is capable of. One afternoon it was very warm—warm enough (far too rare a blessing in England) to fling one's self on the grass at the base of one of the giant trunks. I made a point of doing so, and spent a couple of hours in this attitude, in the faintly stirred shade, watching the soft, still evening close in. You must do something of this kind, to feel the charm of an old English park. It has more to say to you, a great deal more, than it can ever say as you pass by in the most neatly appointed "fly," or even as you stroll along in company the most exempt from a vulgar sense of unexpectedness. During an idle lounge in the mellowing, fading light, the beautiful quality of the place steals irresistibly over your spirit, the air seems charged with serene antiquity and accumulated peace, and the rustle of the leaves strikes you as the continuous sound made in their passage by the hours and years which have given all this its quiet chance to grow. To the contemplative stranger who permits himself not only to talk sentimental nonsense, but to think it, it seems as if, somehow, all England had been gathered up into such a place—as if nothing less than her glorious past, her wealth, her power, her honor, her uninvaded centuries, had been needed to produce it.

Another charm of Hampton Court is its being directly upon the river, which

flows beside the long, ivy-muffled brick wall of the gardens. Nothing can be prettier than the walk on the further side of this wall, whose charming old mottled red extent you have on one hand, as you have the grassy bank of the Thames on the other. After a while the wall stops and a tall iron paling begins. Its interstices are choked with shrubbery, but they permit you to look into the great, peaceful, private expanse of the Home park. Its timbered acres stretch away with a very grand air, and it seems to be simply a park for a park's sake. There-duded gentlewomen who occupy apartments in the palace, at the Queen's pleasure, are free to take their exercise there; and for picturesqueness's sake I ought certainly to have seen a couple of them, in eventide gossip, dragging a scanty train over the soft grass. I must add that you see more of the Home park from within the gardens. The limit of these is marked by a sort of semicircular canal, of the quaintest aspect, ornamented with shaven banks, and with huge water-lilies and swans. Directly opposite the centre of the palace this artificial pool puts forth a long, straight arm, which stretches away into the Home park to a great distance, and makes one of those geometrical vistas that old-fashioned monarchs used to like to look at from their palace windows. This one is bordered with tall, stiff trees, and is a model of its kind. Round about it the park expands immensely, and you may look at it all across the canal, over a little fence.

As for the river, in talking about London suburbs we should have come to that first of all. The Thames is the great feature of suburban London; and these neighborhoods are, for the most part, worth describing only as they bear some relation to it. Londoners appreciate their river in the highest degree; and they manifest their regard in a thoroughly practical fashion. They use the Thames: it might almost be said they abuse it. They use it, I mean, for pleasure; for above Chelsea bridge there are happily few traces of polluting traffic. When

once indeed, going up the stream, you fairly emerge from the region of the London bridges, the Thames turns rural with surprising quickness. At every bend and reach it throws off something of its metropolitan degradation; with each successive mile it takes on another prettiness. By the time you reach Richmond, which is only nine miles from London, this suburban prettiness touches its maximum. Higher in its course the Thames is extremely pretty; but nothing can well be so charming as what you see of it from Richmond bridge and just above. The bridge itself is a very happy piece of picturesqueness. Sketches and photographs have, I believe, made it more or less classical. The banks are lined compactly with villas embowered in walled gardens, which lie on the slope of Richmond hill, whose crest, as seen from below, is formed by the long, bosky mass of Richmond park.

To speak of Richmond park is to speak of one of the loveliest spots in England. It has not the vast extent of Windsor, but in other respects it is quite as fine. It is poor work talking of English parks, for one is reduced to ringing the changes on a few lamentably vague epithets of praise. One talks of giant oaks and grassy downs, of browsing deer and glades of bracken; and yet nine-tenths of what one would say remains unsaid. I will therefore content myself with observing that, to take a walk in Richmond park and afterward repair to the Star and Garter inn to satisfy the appetite you have honestly stimulated, is as complete an entertainment as you are likely to find. It is rounded off by your appreciation of the famous view of the Thames from the windows of the inn—the view which Turner has painted and poets have versified, and which certainly is as charming as possible, though to an American eye it just grazes, a trifle painfully, the peril of over-tameness. But the river makes a graceful, conscious bend, and wanders away into that thick detail of distance characteristic of the English landscape.

Richmond is in every way the most beautiful of the environs of London. I had a sense of it during a couple of visits that I lately paid to a delightful old house on the outskirts of the town. This was such an old house as we should go barefoot to see in America, though in this happy land of domiciles with antecedents it enjoys no particular distinction. It stands close to the river; it dates from the reign of Queen Anne; it has a red brick front and elaborate cornices and copings; it is guarded by a high brick wall and tall iron gates. Within, it is rich in wainscoted parlors, with rococo mouldings and carvings, to which you ascend by a great square staircase that is panelled and embellished in proportion. Opposite, on the other side of the river, are the villas and lawns of Twickenham. Close at hand, among converging, overshadowing elms, is a strange, haunted-looking mansion, with weedy gardens and foreign medallions set in its face. Beyond this are the great botanical gardens of Kew; behind is Sudbrook park and the greater extent of Richmond park. Staying there, one need not be at loss for a walk.

And then you have the river. When I said just now that Londoners and suburbans use their river, I meant in the first place that they dwell upon its edges as closely as possible, and in the second place that they set themselves afloat upon it in tremendous force. From early spring to the last of the autumn, the river is given up to boating. Wherever you approach it the symptoms of this pastime are in the foreground; there are always a dozen young men with bare legs and jerseys pulling themselves up and down in cigar-shaped boats. There are boats, indeed, of every form and dimension: sharp-cutting wherries, in which the occupant seems to be sitting on the back of a knife-blade; uncomfortable canoes, in which he paddles with an awkward movement, as if he were bailing out a sinking craft; capacious barges, containing a party in

which a lady usually reclines in the stern and plays coxswain. Of a summer afternoon these innumerable water parties make a very pretty bustle. I took a boat at Richmond on such an afternoon, and rowed up to Teddington, whence I walked along the towing path to Hampton Court. Between Richmond and Teddington the riverside is an unbroken succession of small country houses, each perched upon a lawn as smooth as a billiard table and dipping its border into the water. The prettiness, smoothness, trimness, cottage-of-gentility look of all this is quite inexpressible.

I said just now that the view from Richmond was "over-tame," and I hardly know how to qualify the impression it produces when looked at in detail. It seems like a country that is over-ripe; that cannot afford any more mellowing. The innumerable boats, the little green carpet-patches on the banks, the perfectly appointed cottages, the people sitting on the painted-looking lawns, with whom you can almost converse from across the stream—these things suggest a kind of imminent repletion, a climax of maturity. And yet I don't suppose that another season's sunshine will begin to bruise the mellow earth, or that the boats will crowd the water out of its channel. The villas and cottages will go on being let as eligible residences, and young men in white flannel will feather their oars for all generations to come. It has lately become greatly the fashion to row down from Oxford, devoting a week to the voyage, and sleeping at the riverside inns. I can imagine nothing more charming, if—to measure the matter rather grossly—you carry a week's dinner in the boat.

If I had not almost exhausted my space I should here devote a parenthesis to the singular meagreness of the British larder as exemplified at the village inn whose scented porch and latticed windows the poets and story-tellers have taught us in America to venerate. During a series of suburban afternoons it often happens that one applies for

the evening meal at a tavern of prepossessing aspect, but usually with no greater profit than the right to register one's experience in that list of strange anomalies in which the tradition of English "comfort" is so prolific. One day I came down the river to Teddington, which I reached at half-past seven in the evening. As I had the prospect of not arriving in London till nearly ten o'clock, I went in quest of a house of entertainment. I found one on the river bank, standing in a garden, the perfection apparently of a rural hostelry, and adorned with the sign of the "Angler." I enter the establishment and am met on the threshold, with every manifestation of hospitality, by a prosperous-looking host and hostess who have emerged from a snug and shining bar. I ask if I can be provided with dinner, and I receive an affirmative answer. It seems, however, to lack a certain savory downrightness, and I further inquire of what the dinner will be composed. I am informed that it will be composed of *cold 'am*, and I can prevail upon my entertainers to add nothing else to the *menu*. This is apparently considered by an English innkeeper a very handsome offer; the *ultima ratio* of the frigid joint is thrust at you with a stolid complacency which in the anguish of a disappointed stomach you pardonably qualify as barbaric. But the phase of disappointment passes away, and you permit yourself to decide, once for all, that the English innkeeper lacks the culinary sense. Public opinion asks too little of him.

One evening I came back late from the country; it was a quarter past nine when I arrived in London. My dinner had been too long deferred, and I determined to obtain it without further delay. The station at which I had alighted was adorned, like most of the London stations, with a huge railway hotel. I entered this establishment, and, being directed to the coffee room, ascended a monumental staircase and passed along a corridor remarkable

for its sober-colored massiveness and elegance. Everything here was a pledge of comfort, abundance, succulence. The coffee room was as vast and impressive as a cathedral; and the high priest and his acolyte—the waiter and a little page—approached me with a solemnity which seemed to promise a formal initiation into its most savory mysteries. The usual request for dinner was followed by the usual offer of cold meat, to which, being faint from inanition, I reluctantly assented. This attractive repast was set before me, flanked on either side by a chunk of bread and a mustard pot. It made a pitiful figure beneath the gilded vault of the coffee room, and I succumbed to a pardonable desire to give it an harmonious accessory. A simple expedient to this end seemed to be to ask for some potatoes. Hereupon followed this dialogue:

"We have no potatoes, sir."

"You have no potatoes?"

"No, sir. We have no potatoes, sir."

"Isn't that very extraordinary?"

"Yes, sir. We have no potatoes, sir."

"You never have potatoes, perhaps. The absence of potatoes is perhaps a specialty of this hotel?"

"Yes, sir. We have no potatoes after nine o'clock, sir."

The waiter was a very "fine man"; he was in evening dress. Near him stood the little page, with a hundred polished buttons on his jacket. I looked from one to the other, and then I looked up at the gilded dome and the stately pilasters of the room. This operation concluded, I addressed myself to what I have called the frigid—and I may now add the rigid—joint. But I am sorry to conclude in this plaintive key. If I had not exhausted my space, I should speak of the satisfaction of going down to Greenwich, at the duskier end of the Thames, and eating at the Ship hotel the best of all possible dinners.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

A DREAM OF ANGLO-SAXONDOM.

IS the world the inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon? There are signs that the Anglo-Saxon at least thinks so, and that the rest of the world is not disposed to actively dispute his claim.

Already the Anglo-Saxon is possessed of a greater share of the productive area than any other race. The Britain rules by far the greater portion of the continent of North America; the most temperate and habitable part of Africa and the whole of Australia, New Zealand, and India are his. Scattered throughout the world are his lesser possessions; wherever a good harbor affords needed shelter for his omnipresent shipping, as at Bermuda, at Hong Kong, at Singapore, at Aden; wherever a fine island offers him the wealth of its tropic produce, as at Jamaica, Barbados, the Bahamas, Fiji; wherever a rock or an eminence offers him a place to build an impregnable fortress to fortify his power; wherever the exigencies of his commerce demand a road through the waters or territories of foreign, and it may be unfriendly powers, as in the Suez and Darien—there the Anglo-Saxon is found, holding his ground and promising to stay for ever.

The British isles are the nursery merely, and not the home of the race. The Anglo-Saxon establishes himself in distant corners of the world, where the climate and conditions of life are totally diverse; but his character is apparently not subject to the changes which external influences have wrought on other races. The American, the Englishman, the Canadian, the Australian are essentially alike in their leading characteristics of energy, industry, acquisitiveness, and love of order. Everywhere advancing upon new territories and improving to the utmost those which are already in his possession, the Anglo-Saxon is gradu-

ally reducing the unoccupied area of the globe. The new world was once solemnly divided between Spain and Portugal, but the Anglo-Saxon spoiled that arrangement long ago. The history of England for three centuries has been chiefly marked by the steady acquisition of territory, and the history of the United States is but the history of the acquisitions of England over again. Extending its dominions by purchase, by conquest, and by intrigue, the United States *Anglo-Saxonizes* as it advances. Its facility of assimilation it has indeed derived from England, but it has improved on the original.

England could never Anglo-Saxonize Ireland, but America has already Anglo-Saxonized California, Louisiana, and Texas, and will some day Anglo-Saxonize Mexico. And the spirit of conquest is no less strongly developed in other colonial branches of the family than in ours. In South Africa the Dutch Boer and the black Kaffir are alike unable to resist the Englishman's advance. The opening up of the interior of Africa to trade, promised by the recent final demonstration of the identity of the Congo and Lualaba, and by other discoveries and enterprises in that quarter, will no doubt be followed or accompanied by the annexation of the whole fertile and salubrious table-land of Central Africa to the British crown. A Central Africa trading company, formed on the model of the East India company, and the Hudson Bay company, has already been organized in England; and the result of the operations of these English trade companies is well known. The exigencies of Oriental complications will sooner or later cause Egypt to fall into the lap of Britain; the Sultan of Zanzibar is already her vassal; the gold coast is hers, and the rest of Guinea is hers

when she wants it. The whole continent of Africa, from the delta of the Nile to the Cape of Good Hope, and from Babel Mandeb to Sierra Leone, is destined to fall into British hands at a time not far distant. This bewildering eventuality has already been foreseen and discussed in England. As for the great lands of the south, Australia and New Zealand, there is no land left within their shores that is not English; but they are not satisfied with that. It was Australian impotency that led to the recent annexation of Fiji, and the antipodean people are now clamoring so loudly for the annexation of New Guinea that the seizure of that vast and little known country will follow shortly. In India the frontiers of the empire are constantly advanced in some new direction. The annexation of the best part of Burmah has been followed by the virtual occupation of Afghanistan and Beloochistan, and this tendency will not be restrained until the menacing frontiers of Russia and China are reached.

The story is everywhere the same—the Anglo-Saxon is everywhere a conqueror. Always acquiring and never relinquishing, he suffers no limit to be put to his possessions. It is not without the range of probability that within fifty years the whole of the continents of North America, Africa, and Australia will be entirely in the possession of men of Anglo-Saxon blood, besides the British isles, quite a third of Asia, New Zealand, nearly all of the island of Polynesia, and such fragments of territory in other parts of the globe as are already in British possession. This vast area will include more than half of the fertile and productive soil of the globe. It will dominate all the seas of the world, affording a coast line greater in extent than the shores of all the remaining countries of the globe. It will contain nearly all of the vacant and unoccupied lands to which the crowded populations of other countries must resort. It will present, in short, almost

a monopoly of the undeveloped resources of the globe.

This is the material and territorial aspect of the Anglo-Saxon future. Are there any ethnological or political causes which are likely to hinder the development, the tendency of which is here pointed out, changing the character of the race or provoking hostilities among its members?

The experience of the United States, where the original Anglo-Saxon stock has been subjected to more trying tests than elsewhere, seems to prove that the race is not easily acted upon by ethnological influences. It has undergone here, perhaps, a marked outward change in physique, but the character of the individual is essentially the same as when the Puritans first settled in New England and the cavaliers in Virginia. Although by long usage the American mind may have acquired certain free-and-easy qualities which are lacking in the Englishman, they are the product merely of altered outward surroundings; the master qualities are the same in both. Nor is the immense reinforcement of European blood which we have lately received, and which is as yet unassimilated, likely to change the national character. The ingredients are much the same, and are mixed in much the same proportion, as were those which produced the original Anglo-Saxon. As long as the Teuton and Celt continue to mingle, with a good deal more of Teuton than of Celt,* so long we may

* A recent treasury report of the number of passenger arrivals in the United States, for the years 1871 to 1875, inclusive, gives the following ethnological classification of immigrants :

<i>Races.</i>	<i>Total, five years.</i>
Anglo-Saxon—Great Britain, Canada, etc.	551,889
Celtic—Ireland.....	295,179
Teutonic—Germany, Austria, etc.	548,389
Latin—France, Spain, Italy, etc.	102,385
Scandinavian—Norway, Sweden, etc.	119,688
Slavonic—Russia, Poland, etc.	23,468
Mongolian.....	65,423
Total classified.....	1,705,426

These figures may be again classified :

Teutonic.....	1,219,966
Latin and Celtic.....	397,564
All others.....	88,896
Showing 71 per cent. Teutonic, 23 per cent. Latin and Celt, and 6 per cent. for all others.	

look to see the ethnological product called the Anglo-Saxon reproduce himself, with unvarying fidelity to the insular original. The United States is destined to be the chief seat and breeding ground of the race for many generations to come; and we have here nothing to promise any marked modification of the type. If we take Canada, Australia, South Africa, or New Zealand, we find the same ethnological causes at work, on a smaller scale, as in our own midst. The Anglo-Saxon does not, like the Spaniard or like the Norman conquerors of many countries in the past, mingle with the races which he subjugates, and thus lose his national character in theirs. There is, I believe, not a single instance on record of an English, Scotch, or American community established in any part of the globe which has lost its Anglo-Saxon character, or suffered any marked intellectual, moral, or physical degeneration.*

What will be the political future of this far-spreading community? Will there ever arise an Anglo-Saxon unifier, whose greatness shall exceed the greatness of Bismarck and Cavour by as much as the field of his achievement shall exceed theirs? Probably not. The political notions and material interests of the different branches of the race are too diverse to admit of consolidation under one government; and if there ever is a union, it will be brought about by commercial and practical rather than sentimental causes. But there is actually no reason apparent to the ordinary

mind why, at some future time, there may not exist a great commercial and political Anglo-Saxon league—an offensive and defensive alliance to maintain Anglo-Saxon civilization against the world. Under the flag of this mighty confederation, the British kingdom and the American republic, joined by the sovereign commonwealths of Canada, Australia, and Africa, will work together in fulfilling such purposes of empire as the mind of man has never yet conceived. A thought calculated to inspire enthusiasm, is it not?

But the Anglo-Saxon commonwealths will never be united to further the schemes of an ambitious statesman, or for the aggrandizement of a royal family. Local self-government will thrive as of yore. Each nation, each province or State, each municipality will regulate and control its own home affairs, while imperial concerns only will be looked after by an imperial congress which shall sit one year at Washington, another at London, another at Melbourne, and so on through the capital cities of the race.

With what a gorgeous pageant the Anglo-Saxon peoples will celebrate their confederation! What a triumphal procession of subject races: Indians of the East by thousands, their rajahs, richly apparelled, mounted upon elephants; tribes of red Indians from the Western plains, tamed for the nonce; Nubians, Egyptians, picturesque Arabs from the Barbary deserts; dark masses of Ethiopians, piratical Malays, dragon-bearing Chinese from Hong Kong and San Francisco; haughty and oleaginous descendants of the Aztecs; Esquimaux in their quaint envelopes of skins; lithe and hungry-eyed Fijians; proud and warlike Moors, marching with their more docile kinsmen the Kanakas; hairy and half-made Australian savages, who look indeed as though the 'prentice hand of Nature had experimented with them before it essayed nobler humanity—men, in short, of well-nigh every barbarous kind, from every quarter of the

* With the trifling exception, perhaps, of the island community founded in the South seas by the bloodthirsty mutineers of the ship *Bounty*. These mutineers, mostly Englishmen, married Kanaka women, and set up a little kingdom of their own on Pitcairn island, about three quarters of a century ago. Living there in seclusion for many years, they multiplied to an extraordinary extent, and when the island was finally taken possession of by the British government it was found necessary to remove a considerable number of the inhabitants to Norfolk island. They are a weak race, and though they retain the English language and Christian religion, resemble Kanakas more than Englishmen.

globe, will grace this crowning triumph of the Anglo-Saxon race! The pageant, too, will illustrate the successive stages of Anglo-Saxon development. The ancient Briton, the rude stock upon which the race was grafted, will lead the march, clad in skins. Uncouth Angles and Danes will follow, and certain rakish Scandinavian vikings will take a worthy place in this part of the procession. The sturdy Saxon will be nobly represented, and the gentler Norman of William's time. There will be Crusaders, cavaliers, and Puritans, men of the Mayflower and Continentals of the American revolution. Every changing phase in the material development of the race will be ingeniously depicted, and the progress of English literature will not be left without fitting portrayal. And when the allegorical and symbolical sections have passed, the grandest part of the pageant will be yet to come. The race as it exists on the day of the celebration, pictured in its governing bodies, its soldiers, its political, social, benevolent, and trade organizations, will pass in review. The governors, cabinets, parliaments, and armies of all the confederated nations will join in the mighty march, the civil branch leading and the mili-

tary following, as was ever the rule in Anglo-Saxon lands. What a noble cavalcade! What thousands of worthy senators, and what hosts of valiant soldiers! Following these will come the societies, and as the Anglo-Saxon race has taught the world the power that lies in association, and as the opportunities for associated work will always exist, the Corn League and the Anti-Slavery Society will no doubt be represented by worthy successors. Perhaps the Society for the Promotion of Anglo-Saxon Union will be accorded the most honorable place in this part of the pageant. Then will come the trades, and here each one of the multitude of occupations followed by industrious Anglo-Saxons in every part of the world will be faithfully represented.

How many tens of thousands will ride in this pageant, and how many millions will witness its march, it is impossible to say. Even as to how many hours it will require to pass a given point it would be idle to speculate. At what date in the future the celebration will take place is a matter of pure conjecture. But it will be a great day for the Anglo-Saxon, and a great day for the human race.

J. E. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

I KNOW our nation's vernal bloom is
over,
Vanished the springtide's dear, delicious
days,
When simple toil amid the fragrant
clover,
With youth, and help, and hope, gave
God the praise.
Ah! shall we walk again in virtue's ways?
They say the storm has ceased its angry
motion,
And that Aleyōne is sitting by the sea,
Her bird-auspicious brooding on the ocean;
That Peace is coming back to you and me;
But I ask you, are our people free?
They tell me Ceres pours her horn of
plenty,
That barns are brimmed with heavy
sheaves of gold,
The sower sows his sack—the reaper
gathers twenty,

The marvels of our wealth tongue hath
not told;
But have we now the rights we had of old?
They say our white-winged Commerce
breaks the barrier
Of earth's remotest limits for her spoil,
And laden like a bee, far-flying carrier,
Brings tribute back of wine and spice
and oil;
But brings she back content with all her
toil?
Tell me, O Messenger, absolved from
error!
Shall we e'er see again the days of old,
When sovereignty was swayed in love,
not terror,
Duty was strong, and honest worth was
bold,
And mighty Truth prevailed, not sordid
gold?

WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON.

IVORY AND ITS IMITATIONS.

FROM August, 1876, to August, 1877, the ivory sold at the regular quarterly ivory sales which take place in London comprised in all five hundred and thirty tons. This amount being against four hundred and seventy-eight tons of the preceding year, with figures recorded for other recent years not greatly varying from these sums, a present average of total annual sales is estimated by dealers at slightly above five hundred tons. The amount so represented in auctions of the great ivory market of the world is about one-half of the total annual consumption of the material, which is reckoned at two million pounds. This appears no inconsiderable quantity, regarded in the mass, and not unnaturally might be looked upon as a quite prodigious supply; yet to such as are familiar with the history of the ivory trade it suggests a marked diminution from former amounts, and some future great destitution of the substance. The decrease is such in fact that, were it continued at an equal rate, an end would be put to the business within half a century. For, while the demand continually increases, the quantity of ivory now annually placed in the market is calculated to be scarcely seventy-five per cent. of the supply obtained ten years ago.

Larger demands of civilization for manufactures employing this material, an increased knowledge of African ivory districts, and the ready advantage of combining some slave expedition with the pursuit of ivory, a few years since added extraordinary stimulus to the activity of elephant hunting. Conditions of this nature at length menaced the proboscidean family to a degree never known previously. It is reported that in Cape Colony not an elephant survives; that in all the African coast regions the ivory

hunter finds herds of these pachydermata extremely few and far between. In Guinea, once distinguished as the Ivory Coast, the number of elephants has been decreased by the native hunters, until commerce in ivory has there also become quite insignificant in amount. How numerous the animals may be in the interior can be only matter of conjecture, and whether the number native there is augmented by the retreat of others from the maritime countries, in which hitherto they have been so persistently hunted.

The difficulty which naturally appertains to the ivory traffic carried on in interior Africa is in most cases very great. From that pertaining to the Sudan, an extensive system of settlements and agencies has been developed, with the headquarters of the ivory merchants at Khartoum. This northern ivory territory, which embraces the White Nile river basin between 2 deg. and 10 deg. south latitude, these ivory traders apportion among themselves. Throughout it are established their numerous depots for provisions, ivory, and the goods employed in bartering with the natives. These settlements consist of villages surrounded by palisades, and called *seribas*. A superintendent and various subordinate agents represent a merchant in each of the different districts where he maintains a settlement. Accumulations of ivory made at these points are despatched at intervals to Khartoum, where the commodity is divided between the Bombay and London markets. The elephant tusks are generally obtained in these regions at a comparatively trifling original expenditure of imitation jewels, printed calicoes, and other cheap goods, but their cost is greatly augmented by the tribute exacted by the chiefs of the territories through which the ivory must be passed in reaching the point of ship-

ment. Cargoes of this merchandise from the equatorial districts reach Khartoum by way of the White Nile and its navigable affluents, the Bahr-el-Ghazal, or Gazelle river, and the Bahr-el-Gebel. A luxurious idea of this commerce of the Soudan is to be derived from those writers of books on Eastern travel who have told of the "stream of ivory and gum" flowing perpetually along these valleys of the White Nile.

East and west coast ivory is necessarily transported to the seaports on the backs of natives. The scene presented by this industry to-day corresponds to that of the captives, or tribute bearers, represented on an Assyrian obelisk in the British Museum, and who appear in that old occupation of carrying elephants' tusks. The amount of trade sometimes carried on in this region by a single adventurous merchant reaches many thousands of dollars annually. Dr. Livingstone mentioned a trader at the Kuruman who had taken twenty-three thousand pounds of ivory from the Zouga river to the colony to market, which, the writer added, could be sold at Graham's Town at 4s. 6d. sterling per pound—a vast difference, that statement signified, between Graham's Town and the British capital, as to the trade value of this material.

A very slight proportion of the ivory of European and American commerce comes from Asia; the African variety at all times constitutes the bulk of importations. Circumstances of elephant life in Asia differ greatly from those existing in the less civilized country, where this noble animal is valued at little more than the market price of a pair of tusks. The elephant native in Asia, the *Elephas indicus* of Cuvier, still maintains much of the ancient prestige of his race in that country. The Carthaginian elephant of ancient times was equally trained, and had his distinguished part to take in the affairs of fête-time and war-time: but the Indian elephant of all histori-

cal ages has been accounted more courageous than the African species in battle. When armed and marshalled these animals appear so invincible an army that one easily conceives the terror with which the Roman battalions were struck by the first sight of the war-equipped elephants which Pyrrhus had sent against them. Great were the ancient battles fought with slings, arrows, and javelins flung from towers on the backs of elephants; and had not olden warfare found out at length the trick of embarrassing progress by throwing stakes before these animals, and of breaking their colossal legs with axes, one knows not but there might have been recorded some threatened extermination of the human race by means of the elephants. In one of the Asiatic expeditions of later times, Khandragupta had assembled nine thousand elephants, the powerful king of the Prasii had six thousand, and the illustrious Akbar had about as many. Living as he does for two hundred years, a participation in the wars of several generations is possibly an elephant's privilege. But owing to his excessive fear of gunpowder, he has been allowed to be off duty, in times of actual engagement, since the invention of that means of war; for when his terror is excited, his room is considered decidedly preferable to his company in the field. Buffon stated that the most important rulers in India in recent times have no more than two hundred elephants of war, and that these are rather for display than for other employment. Their services are sometimes valuable for carrying the sick and the camp equipage. The English in India appropriate their vast power by harnessing them to the artillery trains. From Egyptian and Syrian kings Cæsar borrowed the idea of the spectacle of elephants bearing torches in triumphal processions. The East relinquishes none of her olden pomps, nor conceives of a pageant destitute of the elephant's imposing presence.

The number of Indian elephants has

been sometimes lessened in order to protect the Oriental plantations against a destruction often resulting from the enormous appetites of these animals; it has been stated that vast numbers of undomesticated elephants were formerly poisoned by the Ceylon and Bengal planters. Going in troops led by an old male or by an old female (naturalists have asserted that precedence in age determines the right of leadership), one of their foraging expeditions directed against the cultivated fields signifies total devastation. Describing these raids, Buffon mentions the fact that on the approach of the elephants the planters cause great fires to be built around the fields and loud noises to be produced, such being the only means by which these animals can be excited to fear. They ruin a champaign in an hour, destroying, this author says, ten times as much by their feet and their enormous weight as they consume for nourishment; they invade the plantations, continue the domestic battle, put the men to flight, and sometimes demolish their slightly-built habitations. Such is the Eastern planters' justification for some prospective reduction of the world's supply of precious ivory.

The amount of ivory manufactured in the East is but a small percentage of the total consumption of the substance. Immense numbers of tusks are treasured up as trophies of war or of the chase; and those which are most rare in size and quality are reserved for the adornment of the palaces, temples, and tombs of chiefs. The well-known Elephants' Tower at Futtehpore Sikra was built ninety feet high, and studded with elephants' tusks from top to bottom.

Asiatic elephants are not in all instances provided with tusks; in the females, which always have these incisive teeth more slightly elongated than the males, they are sometimes wanting altogether; and it occasionally happens that a male lacks one or both of the tusks; such are styled *Maknas* in Eastern nomenclature, the

tusked males being called *Dent'haies*. To the circumstance noted by zoölogists of an extraordinary mode of succession exhibited by the molar teeth of these animals is probably due an erroneous notion in relation to the tusks. Instead of the second teeth succeeding the milk teeth vertically, as in other mammalia, in elephants they come forward from behind in such a manner that as a molar is worn out it is pushed forward by the one that is to replace it; in this manner a molar may be replaced as many as eight times. The tusks, however, are renewed only once, although the mistake is sometimes made of supposing that this peculiarity extends through the whole system of dentition. A cultivated gentleman not long since made the statement that tusks of elephants are repeatedly drawn out by the ivory hunters, and as often replaced by the growth of new ones; and when such statements are made they are generally credited, because people are ready now as they ever have been to believe any story about the elephant, provided it is only exaggerated enough. Nothing could be more desirable in the present state of the ivory trade than such a luxuriance of nature in the system of supply; but the accumulations of ivory hunters are but very slightly augmented by all the shed tusks, and with broken ones, which they find in their expeditions. Pausanias appears to have made the same mistake in his day, and from this circumstance to have derived reason for considering these osseous defences horns and not tusks. As an instance in proof of the latter supposition, he refers to a peculiar manner in which certain animals shed and renew their horns (as in his opinion is the case with these projections of ivory), and says this is not true of teeth in any animals.

Tusks are hollow at their insertion into the jaw, the hollow tapering to a point within the tooth, which from thence to the extremity is solid ivory. The cortical part, which is softer and less compact than the substance un-

derlying it, is easily removed mechanically in the processes of manufacture; it varies in shade, principally in tints from a light yellowish gray to a dark brown. Teeth six or seven feet in length, and weighing from fifty to a hundred pounds, are considered large ones in market; a small number only measure from eight to nine feet. Cuvier has given the length at two metres and a half, with a weight from fifty to sixty kilogrammes; he mentions the fact of tusks having been found which weighed from five to six hundred pounds, but adds that these are exceptions, and that the animals carrying such tusks must have been very old and of enormous size. It is recorded in the "Zoölogical Recreations" of Broderip that a tooth of three hundred pounds weight was sold in Amsterdam. In the museum at Munich is a tooth nine feet in length, and weighing one hundred and eighty-eight pounds, which Heinr. Ad. Meyer of Hamburg imported from Zanzibar in 1874. In M. Blondel's very interesting volume on fans, the author mentions that an American house had an elephant's tusk not less than nine and one-half feet in length, eight inches in diameter, and having a weight of eight hundred pounds. The same house, he says, carried to the London Exposition of 1851 the largest specimen of ivory that had ever been seen; it was eleven feet long (3^m 50) and one foot (0^m 30) in width. Probably the largest tusks now in this country form an arch within a window on Fulton street, New York; one of these weighs one hundred and forty-five and the other one hundred and fifty-five pounds. At Muscat, where there is great commerce in African ivory, the mean weight is given at fifty pounds. In a few of the antique chryselephantine works which have been preserved are examples of very large ivory. One of these is a head in the Vatican, of which the face, of the average proportions, is all of one piece of ivory; and there is to be seen in the museum at Copenhagen an antique

head of natural size, chiselled from a single block of ivory. Hermippus, quoted by later authors, asserts that the ancient Greeks obtained from African tusks plaques of ivory which would measure from three hundred and twenty-five to five hundred and forty-two millimetres in breadth. "In sawing into the length at one side," says Visconti, "and developing hollow cylinders of ivory, one was able to obtain from them plaques large enough and thick enough to be employed in colossal statues, of which the body or inner portion was of wood. These plaques served to cover the statues, named *chryselephantines*." Asiatic tusks are generally considered to have a greater average size than the African variety; latitude more or less influences dimensions in each country. In some localities the tusk of the Indian female elephant is said to correspond in size to that of the African male in the same latitude. On the other hand are very different statements regarding comparative size. M. Blondel, in asserting that African tusks are the larger, quotes Major Forbes, who particularly mentions the diminutive size of the product in Ceylon, where he says a pair rarely exceed sixty pounds. And the antique sculptures afford no help here, because authors again have not been able to agree as to whether the Greeks obtained ivory from India or Africa.

Zanzibar and east coast ivory are most valued in commerce, excepting some Asiatic species. That of the west African coast is less soft and white than these varieties; yet much of the product from the Gaboon and Ambriz districts is reckoned of excellent quality. The ivory of Guinea and of Gaboon, in consequence of a certain translucidity, is commonly called green ivory—*ivoire vert*. That from Angola—*ivoire vert blanc*—is ranked in the same class. The greatly esteemed product of Zanzibar, in its softness, its beautiful color, and fine grain, shows an analogy to the Bombay description. Some understanding of

trade terms is necessary in distinguishing this material, for in the British market Indian ivory means not only the product from Asia, but east coast African ivory as well.

The ivory of Siam is very rare in appearance; a section of tusk severed by the saw exhibits different shades, which have been compared to variations between *thé au lait* and rose.

Comparative values of ivory of different countries are not well determined, contradictory decisions being frequently given by manufacturers as well as authors. It is thought by some that the African species is less liable to discoloration than that of Asia; it being found that the Asiatic variety, though more dead white at first, is more disposed to turn yellow afterward. If relative proportions of the proximate elements of the substance determine the tendency to discoloration, as must be the case, the analyses which have been made one would think ought to help to some understanding of the problem. It has been found that in African ivory there is a proportion of animal to earthy matter of 101 or 102 parts to 100; in the Indian variety it is 76 to 100. Yet possibly the chemical formulæ which have been set forth may not have been established on properly extended bases of experiments, and this result may represent no more stable and general a condition than do the statements in relation to comparative size.

A mysterious etiquette of preference relates to this substance as to all others employed for decorative uses. A naive suggestion of this sentiment of caprice in relation to ivory was made by Baron Dupin in his report of the universal exposition: "By a *coquetterie* of the dames of Cutch and Guzerat, almost as unreasonable as the ladies of the Occident, their bracelets the most *recherché* are in African ivory, not because that is the more beautiful, but because it comes from a greater distance and consequently costs more dearly."

The selection of ivory in the tusks

is always necessarily attended by much uncertainty. Even experienced buyers can never absolutely determine the quality before the interior of the tusk is exposed by the saw. Examination of the worn point affords some idea of the fineness of grain, and choice is made of tusks which are as nearly straight and round as possible; but the latter idea of preference pertains to economy of cutting the substance rather than to its quality. It is stated that sometimes the most beautiful tusks have long oval patches of opaque white ivory distributed through the solid part, or there may be a succession of layers or rings of different shades and degrees of transparency. Another unfortunate condition is that of a deficiency of animal oil, when the substance crumbles under the tools of the ivory cutter. Occasionally bullets and spearheads are found imbedded in elephants' tusks, and such as have been so injured are useless for several inches around this point.

It is calculated that fifty per cent. of all east coast African ivory goes to London; all from the west coast is sent to England and Germany, mostly through London, and little of the Egyptian variety but reaches London also. The relative amounts now obtained from the different ivory districts are to be best seen by a glance at particular statements of sales during the past year. At the London quarterly sale, which commenced on the 8th of November, 1876, and concluded on the 15th, the ivory offered was of the following quantities and varieties:

32	tons from Zanzibar and Bombay.
22½	" " Cape of Good Hope.
26	" " Egypt (12 tons from Alexandria, 14 tons from Malta).
24½	" " the west coast of Africa.
3	" " walrus teeth.

The sale concluding on May 2, 1877, comprised:

57	tons from Zanzibar and Bombay.
56	" " Egypt and Malta.
10	" " the Cape Colony.
21	" " the west coast of Africa.

Dealers or their agents from the most prominent manufacturing coun-

tries attend these sales. It is estimated that the annual importation of ivory into the United States comprises 10,000 tusks, of which 4,000 weigh fifty pounds and upward, with the residue of less weight. Sheffield requires annually about one hundred and eighty tons of ivory—upward of one-third of all received in the British market. The average value of ivory in recent sales is from £45 to £50 per cwt., the price having been increased about a hundred fold in a score of years. For sound, soft varieties \$3.50 in gold per pound is a common price in the market.

Though made use of to a considerable extent in Russia, the fossil teeth of the mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*), do not enter largely into London sales, Moscow being the principal market for exhumed ivory. The islands of New Siberia and certain parts of northern Asia are exceedingly fruitful of these fossil bones; the amount of commerce, however, in ivory of this region has been limited by some monopoly exercised by the Czar. Sales of ivory in the British market, in 1874, included thirty-four thousand pounds of mammoth teeth; such as were in good preservation sold at about the same price as ivory of other descriptions. A large proportion of fossil ivory is deficient in strength and softness, from the animal matter having decayed out of it, leaving the phosphate of lime in excess; the tusks are therefore ready to fall to pieces, their condition resembling that of the works in ivory which Mr. Layard forwarded from Nineveh, and which, from loss of the gelatinous constituent, were fragile and crumbling. Professor Owen's highly successful method of restoring these antiquities by boiling in a solution of gelatine is well known, the works from Nineveh having become as firm and solid under this treatment as when originally entombed. Fossils of extreme northern regions continue in a better state of preservation than those of a more temperate climate, where they are generally found dried and brittle.

As a material for stick and sword handles, bagatelle balls, and other small articles, some quantity of walrus ivory is annually shipped from the northern seas to German manufacturing cities, to London, and to New York. The two powerful canine teeth of this animal furnish an extremely hard and white variety of ivory; still, the line of yellowish marrow running through the tooth from end to end, and which is very perceptible wherever it exists in a manufactured article, considerably depreciates the value of this substitute for elephant ivory. The largest walrus teeth in the market measure about three feet in length and weigh sixteen pounds. Previous to the Roman domination in the West, the ancient Britons made use of this substance in the fabrication of sword handles; and it seems unlikely to be true, as has been asserted, that in the Occident, which "received ivory as a gift from the arts of India," the people, for a long time after learning to work this precious Eastern product, were ignorant that it was furnished by the tusks of an extraordinary animal. Works wrought from morse tusks, previous to the thirteenth century, included crucifixes, caskets, and statuettes. The texture of walrus ivory exhibits simple granulations in place of the decussating curved lines characteristic of that of the elephant. This circumstance, which had been ignored by the imitators and counterfeiters of sculptures, served in part to expose the falsity of certain works represented as having been wrought from the tenth to the thirteenth century, a period when elephant ivory had continued to be extremely rare.

The destruction of the walrus also has been greatly in excess of the production of young among the species; from intimidation, as is supposed, these animals no longer visit the shore where formerly they were often taken. Walrus hunters about Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla, and the Siberian coasts are compelled to secure their prey either in boats, or at most no further landward than the verge of the sea,

among rocks and icebergs. An instance of the wantonness shown by hunters of this animal is related by Mr. Lamonte in his "Seasons with the Sea Horses." A herd of these animals, he says, having been discovered by two sloops on a small island off Spitzbergen, nine hundred were killed, although only a small part of the product could be taken away. Zoölogists can only hope that when the animal becomes too scarce to render its pursuit remunerative, a remnant may be left to continue the species around the far-off and unapproachable islands of the Arctic seas.

Hippopotamus ivory, although little of it is used in comparison with that of the elephant, is not without some importance from various considerations. When full-sized the teeth are about two feet in length, furnishing an ivory which is highly prized for some purposes, as for dentistry, on account of its perfectly white color and fine texture. This ivory, like the product of the walrus, is less elastic than elephant ivory. It was esteemed by the ancient Greeks in sculpture, having been frequently employed in the chryselephantine works. The face of the golden Cybele of Cyzicus was of hippopotamus ivory; the statue of Dindymene was of gold, excepting the face, which was formed from the teeth of the river horse. Only a single living species of this animal is recognized—the *Hippopotamus amphibius*. "He lieth under wild lotuses in the covert of the reeds and fens; wild lotuses cover him with their shadows; willows of the brook compass him about." His habitat has undergone a change, however; long since he disappeared from Egypt and the Nile, and is confined to the rivers of central and south Africa.

The teeth of the narwhal, of which very few are ever in the market, afford a variety of ivory somewhat harder and more susceptible of polish than that of the elephant. These tusks vary in length from three to twelve feet, being frequently, as represented

by naturalists, from one-third to one-half the length of the animal. Probably most persons are familiar with a very curious circumstance that relates to the unequal development of the two incisive teeth of the narwhal: that on the left side of the jaw attains the comparatively prodigious length before mentioned, while the other remains permanently concealed within the socket, its development being prevented, as is affirmed by scientific authority, by its interior cavity becoming too rapidly filled with the deposition of ivory, which thus obliterates its gelatinous core. The elongated left side tusk, which terminates in a sharply pointed spiral fluting, and which is described as an enormous stiletto, is more frequently employed in the construction of the Icelanders' hut, and in making his arrows for the chase, than in furnishing an article of export. Narwhal ivory has constituted no part of recent sales in London, and very little of it ever reaches this country at all. Several fine specimens, however, were to be seen in the Centennial Exhibition. A single species of this animal—*Narwhalus microcephalus*—is the only one known. Once having been considered the teeth of the unicorn, and invested with miraculous powers, the singular ivory spears of the narwhal were valued at enormous prices. It has been stated that a tooth forming part of the Elector's collection at Dresden was valued at 100,000 reichsthalers, or about \$75,000, and the margraves of Bayreuth valued one in their possession at slightly less than this sum. In the fine collection of M. Charpentier, which was sold in 1866, was noted a remarkable work, consisting of a tusk of the narwhal, wrought over its entire surface in sculptured figures; and a cane of this substance in the Versailles library is highly interesting.

Boars' tusks are known in the ivory market to some slight extent, and rhinoceros horns commonly form a light proportion of sales. Of the six recog-

nized species of the latter animal, those of the East Indies and Java (the *Rhinoceros indicus* and the *Rhinoceros javanus*) have only a single nasal horn, while the Sumatran rhinoceros (*R. sumatrensis*), and the three African species, have a second horn behind the first, being therefore the more productive of ivory. Unlike the tusk of the elephant, the rhinoceros horn is solid throughout the entire length. Among other marvellous properties ascribed to the horns of this animal by the Chinese, is that of neutralizing the effects of deadly poisons. Former Asiatic kings, who had frequently too good reason for being suspicious of the qualities of their beverages, considered such of their drinking cups inestimable as were made of rhinoceros ivory; and these horns themselves have been employed as gifts among princes. The list of presents sent by the King of Siam to Louis XIV. in 1686 is represented as including six horns of the rhinoceros. The Chinese make use of this substance in some of their choicest fabrications. Highly wrought plaques for girdles are produced from it, which, if one may believe the account of the merchant Soleyman, have sold for sixty thousand francs.

Though statuettes are still frequently made from ivory, with other works of fine art, very little of the substance is employed for such uses compared with what was once demanded by the sculptor. As for ivory statues of the gods, they have departed almost as entirely as the gods themselves from the sacred temples and the Olympian groves. The same is true of several other uses for the substance—like that noted in the construction of the Phœnician galleys and in the house of Menelaus. And even they who “are at ease in Zion” no longer “lie upon beds of ivory and stretch themselves upon their couches.” In the chairs and other furniture of Egypt the material was very freely used, either for the entire object or in combination, as for “the ivory feet of purple-cushion-

ed couches.” Pliny asserts that on the borders of Ethiopia the plentifulness of ivory was such that it was made use of for door-posts, and that he has heard of its being employed as stakes in constructing folds for cattle. He finds it universally adapted to ancient usages. “A Diis,” he says, “nato jure luxuriæ eodem ebore numinum ora spectantur et mensuram pedes.”

To this idea of olden abundance is presented a most decided contrast in all the processes to be witnessed in European and American ivory factories; for here the utmost economy is practised in cutting up the ivory of every description. First the length to which the hollow extends in an elephant tusk is ascertained by running a wire to its extremity; the point is marked on the exterior surface after applying here the inner measure found. The part of the hollow toward the base of the tusk is used for cylinders and rings; the greater the curve of this portion the shorter the lengths that must be cut from it to avoid waste; a perceptible curvature naturally destroys the value of a section for an article like a cylindrical casket or a puff box; only an uncommonly straight tusk affords the ivory goblet. The entire division of each block or portion of tusk is determined and precisely marked with a pencil on the end of the piece before the cutting is commenced. The saw which is used is only one-fortieth of an inch in thickness, and wastes very little of the substance. Even this dust produced by sawing is carefully saved for different uses; these include the manufacturing of jelly and size. Scraps too minute to be useful for such articles as buttons or the scales for penknife handles form the portion used in making the ivory black for the ink of copperplate printing, this fine black pigment being obtained from the calcination of refuse ivory in closed vessels. Another use for the shavings of ivory is noted by Pliny, but seems not to be a fashion among ladies of our time.

The ancient naturalist asserts that the substance in this form, mingled with Attic honey, is good for the removal of spots on the face.

After a very few pieces for boxes and rings are taken from the thinnest portion of the root end of a tusk, the remainder of the hollow is well adapted for cutlery, though used for various purposes besides. Taper handles of knives, razors, and other articles of similar forms, are most economically severed from this portion; by cutting the slabs wedge form, the thick end of one against the thin end of the next, and then subdividing by parallel or inclined cuts, there is a minimum of waste. Works intended strictly to match each other require to be cut from the same tusk. It is found nearly impossible to match pieces from different tusks in color, transparency, and fibre.

The solid parts of tusks of suitable size are principally employed for billiard balls. The points of these tusks are turned to the best account for such articles as umbrella handles, or for cutting into bagatelle balls. Billiard-ball ivory is ranked in commerce among the most expensive classes of this commodity; the amount of ivory fulfilling the conditions required for this use is limited, as only scrivelloes of a certain size, of round form and somewhat straight growth, are well adapted to the purpose. Tusks of sufficient circumference have sometimes too flattened a form to afford the two required diameters of the ball. The largest tusks are not at all employed for this use, no ball being taken from any side portion of a tusk. One of the diameters of every billiard ball is identical with the distinctly marked nerve, or line, running through the centre of the tooth—a peculiarity of manufacture on which a proper distribution of specific gravities of the parts of the ball appears to be dependent.

Another essential of this production is that of continued seasonings after the balls have been partially turned by the cutters. From the peculiar ten-

dency of ivory to shrink—losing more widthwise than in the direction of its length—a billiard ball soon loses its sphericity, unless great precautions are taken with it. Before the performance of the final cutting and polishing, balls are subjected for some time to a temperature corresponding to that of the place they are designed for. In some instances they are kept in the billiard room where they are to be afterward used. Balls usually lie in this roughly finished state to season for at least three months. The changes which ivory is liable to undergo from warping, splitting, and shrinking are known to be greater than those of some varieties of wood, as box and lance. Reports of one of the Parliamentary surveys, made in England a few years since, mentioned that drawing scales made of these woods had been sanctioned by the tithe commissioners as being next in accuracy to metal; while ivory scales were quite rejected, owing to their variation in length under hygrometrical influence. Different states of the weather perceptibly alter the sphericity of billiard balls. Players of delicate skill assert that they perceive the influence of this peculiarity, in their attempts to execute fine shots in certain states of the weather, being then not so sure of their results. Consideration of this characteristic of ivory is equally necessary in the manufacture of hand-mirrors having backs of this substance. After seasoning the finished backs for months before adjusting the mirror, the force of shrinking might still cause the breaking of the glass, if closely fitted. It is for this reason that a rim of gilt is inserted within the inner margin of the frame, and projected over the glass, which is fixed loosely enough in the ivory framework to slide back and forth when shaken in the hand.

It is partly this peculiarity, and not alone the scarcity of ivory, that has so greatly stimulated efforts for the discovery of a good substitute to be used for billiard balls. The offer made by certain English billiard-ball manufac-

turers—of \$5,000 reward for a recipe of an artificial compound possessing the same strength and elasticity as ivory—added to the interest attending experiments of this kind. And it has been well understood that magnificent fortunes lie in an ideal ball adapted to successfully replace that of ivory. Balls made of paper-pulp, with an admixture of sulphate of baryta and gelatine, have been quite extensively manufactured, and are considerably used in the West. Celluloid balls are now in use, but experts with the cue avoid them, like the former, as lacking suitable elasticity. The soft east coast African ivory is generally preferred for balls in this country as well as in England and Germany. West coast ivory, of harder quality, is considerably used for this purpose by French manufacturers. Scrivelloes affording six blocks for balls are considered good ones; these not being tapered far back from the point, and having a fair length of solid ivory, some of exceptionally profitable form will cut eight or ten ball blocks. A portion of the billiard-ball ivory used in this country is cut in blocks in foreign factories and turned after importation. Economy teaches how to secure two rings from off the ends of each section of tusk designed for a ball. These are of sufficient value to pay for the manufacture of the ball, answering for napkin, martingale, and teething rings.

In his report on the state of art in this country, M. Bartholdi has referred to the fondness of Americans for the billiard table and the piano. In relation to the latter article at least, such an opinion seems borne out by trade statistics, which represent our annual manufactures as including from 25,000 to 30,000 pianos. The three great piano establishments of New York, Boston, and Baltimore, which aggregate about \$5,000,000 annually in sales of these instruments, can but be of the same mind with M. Bartholdi. Yet if the American loves the piano, one knows not how to name

his feeling for the organ, of which from 50,000 to 60,000 are turned out every year and scattered broadcast among the youths and maidens. In a single New England ivory factory the keyboards of 2,700 organs, in addition to those of 400 pianos, were laid during the month of June, 1877. In this class of manufacture a large quantity of the best ivory is consumed. With the larger piano factories the laying of keyboards is performed in the establishment instead of at the ivory works. All plates for keys, whether made here or imported, now correspond both as to thickness and superficies, the thinner plates used formerly in some instances having been found to wear out too quickly. No substitute yet discovered answers at all for ivory in this application; bone was tried and abandoned some time since as undesirable for pianos of any grade; porcelain was introduced only to be generally found unfit for the service; compositions of numerous varieties have so far proved but indifferently successful when so applied. A product obtained from alabaster by a comparatively recent discovery is said to possess some excellence for organ keys. The invention is based on certain calorific influences: by being subjected to an extremely high temperature (600 Fahr. is what has been understood), the substance is rendered more opaque than in its original state and with more resemblance to ivory. Yet this material, like porcelain, can probably by no means be invested with the peculiar and agreeable touch of ivory. Substances of this nature are too cold and stony to the sense; they seem never at least to meet the sanction of the pianist with fastidious requirement.

For the finer uses there can be produced no artificial substance to rival ivory or to be compared to it. This material is at once so warm and white and pure that it seems almost as difficult to desire anything better as it is in any artificial manner to equal this. A mere transverse section of tusk

unwrought is very beautiful; in its compact texture, its mellow tone, its semi-transparent network of lines is an exclusive character to account for the rank accorded it during so many ages. "Thy neck is like a tower of ivory," writes King Solomon to describe the utmost grace conceivable; and the substance was otherwise the frequent praise of the wise one who sat on his ivory throne to rule over Israel. Homer compares the fairness of Penelope to sawed ivory; and the Romans had the same feeling for the substance that was common to the ancient Greeks. M. de Caylus speaks of the sentiment as *une sorte de passion*. In the time of the ivory diptychs of the consuls the preference must certainly have reached that degree; and articles for the most general uses as well as for the most exclusive ones were wrought from the substance.

In varias etiam patiens mansuescere formas
Ibit ebur, sectumque manu solerte figuras
Induet omnigenas; niveæ sed copia rare est
Materiæ nec dentem omnis fert terra politum.

Although statues in ivory pertain only to ancient times, the substance is not less prized than formerly by the artist of lesser works. Its very extensive industrial application seems not to have tended to divest it of its charm in the appreciation of art; and the skill of modern ivory carvers is second only to that of the antique sculptors who wrought this substance, and whose works of this kind Quatremère de Quincy has rendered so well understood. For evidence of this condition it is but needful to refer to the works in ivory which have been displayed in the great exhibitions of England, France, and the United States. No small number of modern workers in ivory have been ranked by writers among the great artists of the day, as by M. de Marolles in his book on the famous artists of Paris, in which the skill of the brothers Simon and Hubert Jaillot is referred to in these words:

L'un et l'autre Jaillot, deux admirables frères,
Du lieu de Saint-Oyan dans la Franche-Comté,
Sur l'ivoire exprimant toute leur volonté,
L'animent par leur main sur des sujets contraires.
Par Simon on dirait que le matière endure;
Hubert la fait plier de la même façon.
De quelle utilité profite leur leçon?
Et qui peut mieux former une noble figure?

This art is practised also with extraordinary skill in different parts of the northern countries; but the palm for workmanship in fans continues to be borne by Dieppe, Paris, and several villages in the department of l'Oise, particularly Sainte Geneviève. The fans executed here are not surpassed except by those wrought in the East. These indeed are sold as Oriental fabrications, since only the practised eye is able to detect the nationality inherent in the work. The appreciation of these classes of Eastern workmanship continues, seemingly as permanent as the qualities of the works themselves, the familiar sculptured forms which M. Ed. Renard or M. N. Rondot would call the "éternelles chinoiserie."

The industry of ivory work in the East reaches its greatest importance at Canton. The little ateliers of the ivory carvers are scattered thickly in the environs of that city. Here, for generation after generation, the patient work goes on, where the artist, however skilful, probably never dreams of the realization of a fortune. Since other satisfaction is never afforded, his comfort in his art should be, and probably is, comparable to that of Goethe's ancient minstrel:

I sing as do the little birds,
That 'mid the branches live;
The song which I pour forth in words
Its own reward doth give.

To make one of the extraordinary spherical balls, containing from eighteen to twenty interior balls, a workman usually spends three months, and receives about \$15.25. The largest number of balls obtained from tusks affording the greatest limit is twenty-four.

Ivory cutting in our own country is carried on in a very few large estab-

ishments fitted with the best of machinery; one house of this kind in New York annually consumes 50,000 pounds of ivory. There are no little shops for ivory carving by hand, although the finer work and the finishing processes on all carved work in the great factories are executed in this manner by skilled foreign carvers. The mechanical works adapted to this industry are constructively exquisite; and from the most curious adjustment of forces the carver obtains his aid for the removal of the more voluminous portions of the substance, according to his design. The finished work of American factories in many cases is quite admirable, as in sets of toilet articles; this paraphernalia sometimes consists of fourteen beautiful pieces of ivory arranged in a Russia leather case, the whole costing several hundred dollars. The final polish of ivory is imparted by rubbing on a revolving buff of cotton flannel charged with whiting mixed with water, except for very fine work, when Vienna lime is employed with alcohol, and the rubbing performed by hand with a brush. Ivory very readily takes dyes, but the ancient preference for purple ivory is replaced by a taste more universal.

Although the ancients were probably familiar with means for rendering ivory soft, certain chemical agencies adapted to this end are regarded as modern discoveries. One of the processes for making ivory flexible for the manufacture of surgical tubes and probes is the noted invention of M. Charrière. By his method, after the pieces of ivory are fashioned into the form required, and polished, they are subjected to the action of hydrochloric acid, by which, from the extraction of the phosphate of lime, the ivory acquires great flexibility, while retaining its original form. Pure phosphoric acid, or nitre combined with spring water, is used for the same purpose. Seneca alludes to a method of Democritus, who, he says, found the means of softening ivory by the use of vapor; and another of the ancient phi-

losophers was believed to have been able to render ivory malleable as wax by boiling it six hours with mandrake root. (Do vegetable roots lose their powerful qualities with the growing age of the earth, that their olden marvellous effects are unknown in our day?) Accounts were published in foreign scientific journals, not many years since, of a discovery by Mme. Ronvier-Paillard of means for liquefying ivory; the usefulness of this process consisted in the adaptability of the ivory paste to taking imprints of bas-reliefs and sculptures with perfect exactitude; but facts are wanting at this time for any positive statement as to whether the invention proved as important as it appeared at first.

The disposition of ivory to turn yellow from exposure to the air is much against it; but this yellowness is removed by several different processes, of which one may be, perhaps, as efficacious as another; one of these employs pumice stone and water, the article being rubbed with the mixture and placed under a glass shade in the sunshine; the glass is thought necessary to prevent a cracking of the substance, though not seeming to be requisite in other methods. Lime water and a wash of black soap are French means recommended for this restoration of the whiteness of ivory surfaces. In a newly discovered process, which has been represented as quite infallible, the blanching is effected with ether. Other processes are employed in China; when an object is made of green ivory it is bleached by enclosing it in a kind of box, which is placed on a grate over a soft fire of embers. Ivory which has become yellow is rubbed with soap and a brush, after which it is either exposed under the trees in the night dew, or simply in the sunshine.

It would be very difficult to describe, possibly so to even name, all the imitations of this beautiful substance which have been attempted; an extensive list would result from an enumeration of those alone which have been received favorably, and are al-

ready applied in the arts. The quarter of a century just past has been notably fruitful in new factitious representatives of ivory; many special discoveries relating to such imitations have been of very great importance in manufacturing science, proving either more or less useful in direct industrial application, or serving to crystallize opinion and afford bases for improved invention.

Mr. Cheverton's patent for protean stone was issued by the British government in 1850. His process was described as the "dehydration and subsequent rehydration of native bi-hydrated sulphate of lime either in a compact form, as alabaster, or in the state of a fine powder." It therefore involved methods analogous to those by which plaster of Paris and alabaster are derived from gypsum. A prize medal was awarded to Mr. H. Brown, in the great exhibition of 1851, for an invention which received the name of British ivory; this was thought at the time to be an important and practically valuable discovery. In this country inventors have been industrious in their endeavors for obtaining such imitations; no less than twenty-two patents have been issued at Washington within the past twenty years for new inventions of artificial ivory or improvements on former inventions for the same patented within that period. One of these combinations consists of cartilaginous substance or vegetable fibre with basic chloride of zinc and gum resins. Another employs white shellac, impalpable white (acetate of lead precipitated by sulphuric acid), ivory dust, and camphor, heated and incorporated. Gum shellac, camphor, and talc are ingredients for one form of artificial ivory invented in 1868. The same, with the addition of gum copal, gave rise to a new patent to the same inventors. The vulcanite known as ivoride is whitened into the semblance of ivory by abundant quantities of some white ingredients, as gypsum, sulphate of baryta, oxide of zinc, or pipe clay. Vine-

gar and nitric ether are applied to the dust or shavings of bone, ivory, horn, or similar material, and by the application of steam and the addition of a small quantity of borax a tenacious mass resembling natural ivory is formed. The new material called eburite is made of the dust of bone or ivory, with the addition of gum tragacanth and suitable coloring matter. It is only recently that it has been made known that a very intimate union can be effected between the particles of bone and ivory by heat and pressure without any gum.

Within two years past the new chemical product bearing the patent name of celluloid has risen to notice. In the present aspect of its applications it appears to be the most important of all the artificial substitutes for ivory that have yet been produced. It is an evolution from a series of inventions, made on analogous principles by the same inventors. Since 1868 patents relating to this system of inventions have followed, one after another, in rapid succession; one issued in 1870 was for treating and moulding pyroxyline, by grinding this substance into a pulp, mixing with it finely comminuted camphor gum, and rendering the mass solvent by application of heat. The more recent process of manufacturing celluloid, under patent of 1874, does not differ essentially from this, the constituents being mainly identical in the two cases. The newer substance is produced from a variety of nitro-cellulose, for which tissue-paper is employed as the base. The presence of camphor gum is denoted by the odor, which strongly impregnates all manufactures from the solidified product. Celluloid is represented on scientific authority as not liable to spontaneous combustion; but it is found to resemble sealing-wax, sulphur, resinous woods, and camphor in their combustible character; it burns like a torch, by the application of flame, though not readily ignited by sparks, nor burning explosively like gun-cotton. By a method lately re-

ported from Rouen, the substance can be invested with a quality rendering ignition difficult; in this process a substance analogous to gun-cotton is primarily obtained by treating the paper with continuous applications of five parts sulphuric acid and two parts nitric acid; after the elimination of a portion of the acid by pressure and washing in water, the paste is partially dried and ground in a mill; camphor is added to the mixture, and a second grinding takes place; the substance is then pressed between leaves of bibulous paper and dried in a hydraulic press, the final processes including cutting, crushing, laminating, and pressing in heated apparatus.

As celluloid can be very readily dyed of any tint, the imitations of other substances produced from it are almost endless. Imitations of coral, ebony, shell, amber, and malachite are somewhat more perfect than that of ivory; for by no means of chemical science can the peculiar grain of the latter be represented. As an imitation of coral, this substance remarkably counterfeits the natural product; to discriminate between the two in ornaments frequently requires the perceptive skill of workers in coral, or those of otherwise familiar observation of the marine substance. The variety of this product used in jewelry (*corallum rubrum*) is, without doubt, easy of imitation. A New England industry consists in producing representations of coral in cheese.

The American manufactory producing celluloid is located at Newark, N. J., and this establishment maintains branches in Paris and London. Various factories in New York and elsewhere receive this material directly from the place of its manufacture. With each of these the business is that of producing some special fabrication, as jewelry, brushes, or knife handles. Few other substances are applied to more diversified uses than those of this new compound. It is seen in thousands of objects, varying from the

delicately cut rose leaves of a jewel to wheels for mechanical service which their manufacturers claim are firmer and better than any from other materials. But this substance is still in its infancy, when it is too early to justly assign it its place.

The substance known as vegetable ivory, which has been considerably made use of in Europe and imported in English manufactures into this country, was first brought to general notice by the descriptions of Humboldt. This writer drew attention to its qualities of whiteness and hardness, and the uses to which it is applied by the natives in the valleys of the Andes where it grows. The palm-tree producing this ivory is that species which botanists name the *Phytelphas macrocarpa*. Its ivory is the perisperm (albumen) enveloping the seeds, which are disposed in cells. It corresponds to the meat of the coconut and the fruit of other palms. As it originally exists the substance is described as a clear insipid fluid with which the traveller in the Andes quenches his thirst. The fluid next becomes sweet and milky, and finally acquires a solidity resembling that of ivory. The Indians make use of it for knobs of walking sticks, reels of spindles, and little toys. This product is sometimes called the taqua nut, and the tree is vulgarly named the "nigger-head tree," from the size and form of its large, black fruit. It is not the only variety of the *palmeæ* affording a fruit adapted to such classes of manufacture. The doum palm has a similar albumen product which is converted into beads for rosaries. A large establishment for the manufacture of vegetable ivory is about to be opened in Brooklyn, it is said. The clear white color of animal ivory is lacking in this substance, but it answers for numerous varieties of toys and other small articles where appearance and long wear are not greatly considered. It discolors readily, and under much friction is not very durable.

E. T. LANDER.

THE FLORENTINE ARITHMETICIAN.

ABOUT three hundred and fifty years ago, when Venice was in the height of her power and the full flower of her glory, and when she was engaged in constant warfare with the Turk, there was among her senators one named Brabantio, who was held in honor by his fellows and by the Duke, or Doge, himself. The mistress of his household was his young daughter, Desdemona, whom he loved the more tenderly because her mother had died in her childhood, and the girl had grown to early womanhood watched over only by his fatherly eye, and had gradually come to fill a wife's and a daughter's place both in his household and in his heart. The lack of a mother's watchful care and constant cautions had developed in Desdemona an independence of character and a self-reliance to which otherwise she might not have attained; and this independence her position as the head of the domestic establishment of a member of the proudest and most powerful oligarchy of modern Europe greatly strengthened and confirmed. Desdemona's nature was gentle, submissive, and self-sacrificing, but at the same time passionate; and the result of the influence of her circumstances upon this nature was a union of boldness, or rather of openness in thought and action, with a warmth and tenderness of feeling and a capacity of self-devotion which are found only in women of highly and delicately strung organizations. With an imagination which wrought out for her grand ideals, and a soul finely attuned to all the higher influences of life, she was yet a careful housekeeper, and gave herself up loyally to the duties imposed upon her by her position in her father's house. Notwithstanding her beauty, her rank, and her accomplishments, she had suffered herself to be little wooed, and

had not inclined her ear to the voice of any lover, partly because of her youth, partly because of her pre-occupation, but chiefly rather because she cherished in her heart such a lofty ideal of manhood that there were few noble gentlemen even in Venice who could captivate her eye, or touch her heart. One young Venetian named Roderigo had become deeply enamored of her beauty. He could not love her as she would be loved, and still less could she look upon him with an eye of favor; for he was a silly snipe—a compound of self-conceit and folly and foppery; a coarse but feeble animal, with an outside fantastically tricked out by his tailor.

About this time there appeared in Venice a valiant soldier of fortune named Othello. In person he was a stalwart, swarthy Moor, and some persons have supposed that he was a negro; but without reason, for he was born in one of the Barbary States on the southern shore of the Mediterranean sea, where his family was of noble rank, and on one side at least of kingly blood. Even the worst enemy he had, in reviling him, did not call him a negro, or a blackamoor, but a Barbary horse. This Othello was a man of such valor, such military skill, and such strength of character, that having obtained service under the Venetian State, he soon rose to high military rank, and became one of the most trusted of the Venetian captains. Brabantio admired, and loved, and trusted him, and received him often at his palace; and yet withal he held himself above this swarthy military adventurer, partly as a proud Venetian noble, and partly with that lofty arrogance which the fair-skinned man has always shown to his dark-skinned brother. And thus it happened that although Othello was really one of the most distinguished men in Venice, and

visited Brabantio's house on the most familiar footing, and thus saw the beautiful Desdemona often, her father never thought of him 'as a possible lover of his daughter. There was another reason which threw him off his guard in this respect. Othello was more than old enough to be Desdemona's father. His black locks were streaked with gray, and his manner was grave, reserved, and silent. Had Desdemona's mother been alive, she would have been more cautious; for women, especially those who have had experience of the world, know that youth is not always the surest passport to the heart of a woman, even when she herself is young and beautiful.

While Brabantio and Othello talked Desdemona listened, and soon there crept into her ears a delight she had never known before. She came to look upon Othello's visits as the greatest happiness of her life; and as she gazed upon this gallant soldier she ere long saw in him not a dark-visaged, half-barbarous military adventurer, but her ideal of manhood, to whom she was willing to give a woman's love, and whom she could joyfully accept as the absolute owner and master of her body and her soul. The very fact that he had wandered from country to country, offering his sword now to this sovereign, now to that, fighting strange and savage people, encountering peril almost for peril's sake, and visiting places which, although not many miles from the Mediterranean shores, were then more inaccessible from Venice and less known there than the remotest region in the world is now, cast over him an alluring charm in the eyes of this gentle, modest, home-keeping maiden. It made the successful soldier seem in her eyes a sort of conqueror of the world; and without even a summons to submit she yielded to the conqueror all of the world of which she was mistress, herself. She did not hesitate to show the interest she felt in him, and when he was telling his strange and perilous adventures to her

father, she would hasten from her household duties to sit with them and look and listen.

Othello, himself as modest as a maid, conscious, with all his self-reliance, of his unsettled position in the world, of his dark skin, and of the difference in years between him and this beautiful girl, could not at last mistake the nature of her interest in him, and was captivated even more by the sweet flattery of her spontaneous love than by her grace and beauty. All that he had of fame or fortune he had won by his sword, at peril of his life, through fierce endeavor. But here was one of the bright prizes of life, a decoration that he could not have hoped for, a happiness of which he had hardly dreamed, laid down before him, to be taken for the asking. And yet he did not ask. He who would have wrested his crown from an emperor, or laid his mailed hand upon the green turban of a sultan, timidly shrunk back from lifting to his arms the beautiful enamored daughter of a Venetian senator. At last Desdemona asked him to tell her in her own eager ears the whole story of his life; and when she had listened with sighs and signs of sympathy, and still he looked, but spoke not, she told him that her heart longed for such a man as he had shown himself to be, and that if he knew one man who could tell her such another story, that would be a sure way to woo her. At such an avowal what self-distrust would hesitate?—and then he told her what she so longed to hear.

The first step taken, eagerness and ardor replaced self-distrust and timidity in the great soldier's breast. Of what he had won he would take immediate possession. And yet he knew that the senator would refuse almost with scorn to give him his daughter. This Desdemona well knew also; and so when Othello proposed a secret marriage, she at once consented; but under all their circumstances this end was not easily accomplished.

During his brief wooing, and while he was making his arrangements for

the secret marriage, Othello had one confidant. This was a man considerably younger than himself, one Michael Cassio, a Florentine, whom he loved and trusted, and whom, for his gallantry and his great accomplishment in the military and engineering science of the day, no less than for his own personal affection for him, he had recently made his lieutenant. Cassio was one of those men, not infrequently found among those who make arms their profession, who unite solid abilities and thoroughness of acquirement to a handsome person, a gay, bright nature, and a fondness and fitness for social life. Of these men, gallant among the gallant, brave among the brave, brilliant in society, self-collected in the field, and capable in affairs, Cassio was a typical example. He was trusted by all, and admired and loved by all, except the envious. He was just the man who might naturally have been himself the lover of Desdemona; but if there had been no other obstacle in the way, he was at this time, with a weakness not uncommon with men of his sort, in the toils of a beautiful, high-class courtesan, named Bianca, who doted on him. He entered heartily into the scheme of his general, and served him as faithfully and efficiently in love as he had done in war; and by his aid Othello privately married Desdemona.

Among Othello's officers was a rival of Cassio's, a somewhat older man, a more experienced soldier, and one of great and widely recognized ability. He was so highly thought of by Othello himself, as well as by others, and his reputation had been so long established, that he had himself expected to be made the Moor's lieutenant, and some of the great ones in Venice had made personal application to Othello in his interest. But the great captain had preferred the younger but better educated man, and had, however, given to his rival the secondary although important and distinguished part of standard-bearer, or ancient, to Iago's disappointment and great disgust.

For the latter had counted much upon his reputation and his popularity, and with reason. Iago was one of those men who early in life set themselves to the task of making friends as a means of ensuring success. His manners were singularly frank, and of an apparent spontaneous simplicity and heartiness. He seemed disposed to take a kindly interest in every person with whom he came into contact. There was an openness and candor in his manner, and a readiness to sympathize with others and to serve them, a plain downrightness of speech, and a freedom in his way of giving advice, that made him sought as a confidant, and won him the sobriquet of "honest." No one could doubt for a moment the sincerity of such an open-faced, easy-going fellow, who to his heartiness and simplicity of manner added a prudence and an intuitive knowledge of the world which, added to his genial manners, won him general trust and confidence. In all kinds of trouble "honest Iago" was consulted, and in no kind did he withhold his aid. For he was not one of your squeamish, stuck-up Pharisees who give offence by holding themselves above the weaknesses of common mortals; and so even the little creature Roderigo, who hoped to corrupt Desdemona's chastity by rich presents, went to him for counsel and assistance. Othello, who wished to marry her, went to Cassio.

Only one person had doubts of Iago's perfect honesty and good fellowship, his wife Emilia. A handsome woman, of strong passions and weak principle, she had been captivated by his bright, cheery manner, and his soldierly bearing. Nor was his manly vigor without attractions to her maturer years; and as not infrequently happens in the case of such a woman and such a man, they married, she for a kind of besotted fondness, he for some point of interest. She was still a woman of such personal attractions, and so free in her talk and her behavior, that there was scandal about her and Othello; unjustly, however,

for she still continued fond of Iago, although her life with him had led her to suspect sometimes that his gay off-hand manner concealed a crafty, selfish nature.

When Othello had safely married Desdemona he had no further concealment in the matter, which came to the ears of Roderigo and Iago on the evening of the wedding-day. They went instantly together to the house of Brabantio, hoping that Desdemona's father, by the exercise of his senatorial influence, could seize the person of his daughter before the consummation of the marriage; Roderigo's motive being love of the bride, Iago's hate of the husband. For the giving of the lieutenantancy to Cassio had roused all the low passions of his base, malignant nature; and although the Moor had advanced him, his disappointment at not getting the higher place so rankled in his venomous bosom that his whole mind was now bent upon the ruin of the lieutenant and even of the general. He already dimly saw that Desdemona's marriage to the former, the presence of the noble-hearted, handsome Cassio, and the senseless passion of the weak Roderigo might be united to serve his purpose.

It so happened that on this very night news reached Venice of an expedition of the Turks against the island of Cyprus, which was at that time a dependency of the Venetian State; and as Brabantio was on his way to arouse his friends for the recovery of his daughter, he was met by Cassio and other messengers who had been sent out to summon him as well as Othello to a council called at the Doge's palace to decide what course should be taken against the Ottoman. They had already come upon Othello in the street, where he was talking with Iago, and had bidden him to the council. Iago had told Cassio that their general had just married—he did not say whom; and Cassio, faithful to the last, had pretended ignorance of the lady's name. When Brabantio saw Othello, in his wrath he forgot his

dignity, and would have assaulted him; and for a moment a bloody contest between the two parties was imminent. But Othello's composed self-reliance was not to be thus disturbed. With a word he checked the impending fray, reminding both friend and foe, with a gentle touch of pride and scorn that sat well upon him, that as to whether the question were to be decided by arms Othello might disregard both the provocation of the one and the officious partizanship of the other. The Moor was not a man to permit a street brawl about his wife between his friends and those of his father-in-law. Hearing of the council, Brabantio at once decided to lay his grievance before the Duke and his fellow senators.

He did not overrate their sympathy or their readiness to espouse his cause; for although they were in the midst of a consultation upon the public peril, and although Othello, who entered the council chamber with him, was greeted by the Duke with an announcement that he must immediately proceed against the Ottoman, when Brabantio broke in upon the council of war with the declaration that the Moor had stolen away his daughter, he was not only listened to, but Othello was at once put upon his defence. Calm in his consciousness of right, and in his knowledge of the importance of his services to the Venetian State, he simply told the story of his wooing; nor did he, in his semi-barbarian freedom from the conventionalism of European society, conceal that he had not asked Desdemona to be his wife until she had very plainly hinted that she longed to have him do so. Othello was a high-minded man, but he was not a European gentleman. The Duke and the senators saw in his story the perfect justification of his conduct; and even Brabantio, although he resented the implication that Desdemona, who had slighted the admiration of so many young Venetian nobles, had been half the wooer of her swarthy, middle-aged

lover, was compelled to admit that if what Othello said was true, his ground of paternal complaint lay only against his daughter. Desdemona was sent for; and with perfect modesty, but with the most unreserved frankness, she avowed her love for Othello, and that her duty was now to him first and to her father afterward. That question was thus briefly ended; and Brabantio resigned his daughter to the Moor, with a caution that the woman who had deceived her father might deceive her husband. Othello had occasion, although no cause, to remember this warning.

But another question immediately came up, in the discussion of which there was not a new, but a further revelation of Desdemona's nature. Othello must instantly set out for Cyprus; and he asked that during his absence his wife might be placed in a position becoming the military rank of her husband, and of her own breeding. Thus Othello, under the pressure of the time, consented, although reluctantly, to leave his maiden bride behind him; but she was not willing to be left. Nor did she conceal the nature of her feeling. She said plainly that she loved the Moor to live with him; that to do so she had set at naught all the social restraints with which she had been surrounded; and that were she to remain in Venice while he went off to Cyprus, the rites for which she loved him were bereft her. It is a remarkable fact, and one which has a bearing upon the conventional notions which are professed, if not quite believed in European society, upon such subjects, that notwithstanding her previous conduct toward Othello, and notwithstanding this confession of the sentiments and passions of unmitigated nature, we do not feel the slightest doubt of the purity and the modesty—I will not wrong womanhood by saying the chastity—of Desdemona.

The result was that the young bride, her appeal being supported by the ea-

ger request of her few hours' husband, had her way. The little fleet which set sail immediately for Cyprus bore Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Iago, whose wife, Emilia, attended the general's wife as her maid and companion. Roderigo also found a place in the expedition. Othello was in one ship; Desdemona, escorted by Iago, in another; Cassio, with his mistress, in a third. They were separated by a storm; and Cassio's ship arrived first at the island. The next to reach the shore was that which carried Desdemona, who was welcomed by the islanders, with Cassio at their head. Iago lost no time; and at once began to found his plot upon the assiduous attention and courtesy which the handsome and gallant lieutenant, in conformity to the manners of the time, lavished upon the beautiful wife of his friend and general. Cassio was no more than courtly, and Desdemona's heart was in Othello's ship; but they kept gayly up the courtesies of their society. She, to beguile her anxious longing, assumed a merry air, and seemed to amuse herself with Iago; and he, in the brief time that the party passed upon the strand before the arrival of Othello, managed to exhibit his wit, his blunt cynicism, his grossness of nature, and his craftiness. His wit all tended to the degradation of womanhood; his eyes and his thoughts were given entirely to the enmeshing of Desdemona in a pretended intrigue with Cassio. When Othello on his arrival had retired with Desdemona, and the rest had followed them, Iago remained with Roderigo to fill his shallow pate with vile slanders and gross suggestions which had as their starting point a pretended fickle passion of Desdemona for Cassio, and with temptations which were to involve Roderigo in an attempt to bring Cassio into disgrace. For it is around Cassio, the most admirable, the most loveable, and the most splendid figure in this story, that all its events revolve. It was Cassio's ruin, not Othello's or

Desdemona's, that Iago chiefly sought. It was to his hate of Cassio that he was ready to sacrifice his general and his general's wife. The ancient was a man, and of course he could not brook with favor the insult which scandal said that Othello offered him in the person of his wife; but he was not so loving a husband, or of so delicate a sense of honor, that he could not and would not have borne this affront, if to do so had been to his interest. Indeed, it seems that he had endured it quietly, and that we should not have heard of it as a motive to his base action, had it not been for the favor shown by Othello to Cassio. It was the elevation to the lieutenantancy of the man whom he sneered at as a Florentine arithmetician that galled the ancient, and determined him to sacrifice the happiness, and if necessary the lives, of all who stood in the way of his base ambition. Moreover he suspected that the handsome young soldier had, no less than the Moor, won the favor of Emilia. And more than all he hated him for his goodness, and for the love all bore him—for the daily beauty in his life, which he felt as a ceaseless, silent reproach of his own moral ugliness. Cassio is the central figure of this tragical story, the single object of Iago's machinations.

The Turkish fleet had been scattered and wrecked by the storm, which had only separated the Venetian ships; and Othello directed a triumphant rejoicing to be proclaimed in Cyprus. Cassio as lieutenant had a general supervision of the police of the garrison, the details of which he left to Iago's management; and the ancient determined that night to bring the lieutenant to disgrace in the eyes of his general. Cassio, with all his manly merit and admirable qualities, was not without points of weakness in his nature; and one of these, which may be called almost physiological, and against which, to his credit, he watched carefully, was an extreme sensitiveness to the excitement of wine. He could not safely drink as most men then drank,

or even as many do now. The draught which steadier stomachs and stronger heads bore unmoved disturbed and inflamed his more sensitive organization. In this mere fact there was no degradation to Cassio; no more than there is to some men in their painful susceptibility to vegetable poisons, such as that of the ivy vine, which others handle with impunity. It was a mere trait of his physiological organization. If he had not guarded himself against it, he would have been culpable; but this he did. Of that which others took freely he denied himself the little which disturbed and unsettled his otherwise steady brain. But on occasion of the rejoicings Iago managed to overcome Cassio's resolutions, and to bring him to drink the one draught that was fatal to his self-control. He apparently threw himself with his whole soul into the revel; in which he, not Cassio or even Roderigo, sang jolly drinking songs. The result was that the lieutenant, the officer of the night, got raving drunk, and had a brawl with Roderigo which grew to such proportions that Othello himself was brought down from Desdemona's bridal bed to quell it. In his wrath he cashiered his beloved lieutenant on the spot.

Iago might now have been content; for if Cassio's disgrace was confirmed, he himself might have been sure of the lieutenantancy. But he knew well the magnanimity of Othello's nature, and his love for Cassio; and he knew also how strongly his rival's virtues and accomplishments would plead in his behalf, not only with Othello, but with all to whose advice and entreaties the general would be apt to listen. Moreover the fiends of envy, hatred, and jealousy had now taken possession of him, and were running riot in his soul; and having once tasted of the hellish draught that they had brewed to celebrate their triumph, it operated upon him morally as wine did upon Cassio physically; he longed to drench his soul in it for the mere delight he felt in the sulphurous excitement. Therefore, not

only to make Cassio's destruction sure, but to feed full his lust of revenge and wickedness, he determined to carry out his half-formed plan of involving in mortal jealousy the two men who had provoked in him such kind of jealousy as his sordid soul could feel. Assuming his honest, sympathizing, confidential manner, he consoled with Cassio upon his misfortune, made light of it, and advised him to solicit Desdemona's influence with her husband for his restoration; assuring him that Othello could deny her nothing. His purpose was to represent to Othello that Desdemona, upon whose kind feeling for Cassio he knew that he could rely, was interceding for her paramour.

The plot succeeded, as it was but natural that it should do. Cassio easily enlisted the sympathies of Desdemona in his cause; and she pleaded for him, not only for kindness sake, and for her admiration and regard for the man, but because she believed that she was doing her husband a benefit by striving to bring back into his service so brave a soldier and so accomplished an officer. She felt too a debt of gratitude to Cassio for his good offices in helping her to her husband, and remembered with a delicious pleasure how, when she, with womanish craft, had dispraised the man she loved, Cassio had defended him, and thus by opposing her had fixed himself for ever in her good graces.

Iago soon found his opportunity. Cassio was begging of Desdemona the intercession in his behalf which she heartily promised, when Othello was announced, and the lieutenant, dreading to meet his superior until his peace was made, retired precipitately, just as Othello entered, accompanied by Iago. Desdemona lost no time, but at once began her intermediary office, and plied her husband with all the arguments she could use, and with all the blandishments of a consciously beautiful and beloved woman. When she retired, having won more than half a promise from her husband,

Iago dropped a hint containing just that little element of perverted truth that makes a lie more malignant and effective, that Cassio had shunned Othello because he felt guilty that he should be found in private with Desdemona. He had some difficulty in effecting a lodgment of suspicion in Othello's mind; but at last, with devilish craft, he accomplished it; and from that moment he worked this vein of mischief with unceasing pertinacity and marvellous skill, until at last the rough, swarthy, middle-aged soldier's soul was filled with the wretched thought that his beautiful wife was listening favorably to the guilty suit of this handsome, splendid young Florentine gallant.

Iago, however, felt the need of some material evidence in support of his insinuations; and as time wore on, and some week or two had passed, accident provided him with what he sought.

Othello had given Desdemona a handkerchief, remarkable in itself, and dear to them both as the first token of his love. It was supposed, according to the superstition of the time, to have peculiar virtues because it had been woven with spells by an Egyptian sybil. Iago, from a vague notion that it might be useful to him in his plans, had often begged his wife Emilia to steal it from Desdemona. But although the not over scrupulous waiting gentlewoman was willing to oblige her husband in this respect, the young wife guarded the token so carefully that Emilia had not been able to accomplish the theft. One day, however, when she was in attendance upon Desdemona, Othello had come in tormented with jealousy, and his wife, supposing that he was ill, had offered to bind his brow with the handkerchief, which he had petulantly thrust aside, so that it fell upon the floor. Emilia saw the opportunity of obliging her husband, picked up the silken token, and concealed it just as he came in. She was in some doubt whether to give it to him; but soon he snatched it from her only half

unwilling hand; and the circle of this caitiff's evidence was completed. To drop the handkerchief where Cassio should find it, and to tell Othello that he had it, was matter of course; and it was equally natural that Cassio should put it into Bianca's hands. And when one day, after Othello had in vain demanded the handkerchief from the distracted Desdemona, and while he was watching Cassio, who should come in, stung with jealousy, but Bianca, to fling the handkerchief into Cassio's face as the gift of a new mistress; and thus the Moor saw, as he supposed, his first love-token to Desdemona in the hands of the cast-off mistress of his wife's paramour.

This had happened just after Iago had set Othello on the watch to see how lightly Cassio spoke to him of Desdemona and her love, the real subject of their talk being Bianca. For Iago, with a fiendish craft and cruelty beyond that anywhere related of the devil and his angels, went steadily on, under his guise of honesty and hearty affection for Othello, to lead him into a frenzy of jealousy, which would ensure Cassio's death. Whether Desdemona lived or died, he did not care, not the telling of a lie; and as for Othello, so he might have revenge by torturing him with suspicion, he would have much rather had him live, that he might be his lieutenant. How he effected his purpose, subtly suggesting occasion of jealousy while openly warning Othello against it; how he seemed devoted, heart and soul, to the man whom he was slowly and coolly driving mad; how at last, when the Moor's blood was thoroughly infused with the venom that lay under this aspic tongue, he changed his tactics, and turning directly round, bore false witness against Cassio and Desdemona, it is needless to set forth in detail. One point is to be noticed as to Othello. When his suspicions were aroused to that exasperating pitch which is not certainty, but adds to all the settled pain of certainty the irritating torment of suspense, he suddenly turned upon Iago and demanded

with dreadful threats that he should prove Desdemona unchaste, menacing him with worse than a dog's death if he should fail to do so.

Othello could conceive of no middle course or compromise in this matter. He was not really jealous, as a woman is jealous, of his rival. His pang was that of a monstrous, hideous wrong inflicted by the hand he most loved — of the sight of that which he held purest and best self-fouled and smirched before his eyes. Had Desdemona been in his eyes still chaste, she might have admired the handsome Cassio to the top of her bent; she might even have ceased to love her husband, and the depths of Othello's soul would have been untroubled. And even now he was ready to believe in her absolutely; and had Iago failed to prove his accusations by an accumulation of evidence that would have convinced any mind, the Moor would still have given his heart and his trust wholly to Desdemona, and would have spurned her accuser to destruction.

Meantime Cassio pressed his suit to Desdemona to use her power to bring him again into Othello's favor; and Desdemona, as unsuspecting as Cassio himself of any peril to either in so doing, lost no opportunity to entreat Othello to take back his cashiered lieutenant, clenching with every sweet entreaty the suspicions that Iago had driven through Othello's heart. When at last Othello saw the handkerchief returned by Bianca to Cassio he determined to kill Desdemona, and asked Iago to get him poison; but he, partly in craft, not to be implicated in the murder, partly in diabolical ingenuity and delight in the details of the dreadful business he was managing, advised Othello rather to strangle her in her bed, tempting him with the thought that she would then be sacrificed upon the very place made sacred by the marriage vow which she had violated. The suggestion captivated the imagination of Othello, and he decided to do the murder that night.

He might have relented—for all the while his love for Desdemona was un-

abated—had it not been that just at this time an incident occurred in which Cassio again was honorably involved, and which indirectly confirmed his suspicions. Ludovico, a kinsman of his wife's, arrived from Venice with despatches from the Senate to Othello, and, entering with Desdemona, he presented them. They recalled Othello, and gave his place to Cassio. To inquiries which Ludovico naturally made about Cassio, Desdemona replied with perfect simplicity, owning her grief for the breach between the lieutenant and her husband, and avowing her regard for Cassio; and when she heard that Othello was called back to Venice, and that Cassio would have his office, she, longing to be at home again, and rejoicing at Cassio's good fortune, said that she was glad to hear this news. All these expressions of natural feeling, made as she was talking apart with her kinsman, drove Othello mad, and at the last, calling her devil, he struck her. She did not for a moment resent this injury and this insult, offered her in the presence of Ludovico and the other messengers from Venice, but merely said, "I have not deserved this"; and from this time, through all the foul abuse that Othello heaped upon her until she took her death from his hands, she, slandered, outraged, and finally murdered, clung, in the innocence of her pure, warm nature, to the love that was proving her destruction.

The blood in his half-savage veins now running fire, Othello went straight to Desdemona's chamber to accuse her openly of adultery. He found Emilia there, and endeavored to get from her some testimony in support of the evidence he already had; but in vain; Emilia spoke out stoutly for the honor of the mistress that she loved. Being sent for her, she returned with her, and remained until Othello, addressing her as if she were Desdemona's bawd, requested her to leave them alone together, doing this with a motive that prompted a like action soon after. When Emilia had gone out, Othello began

his accusation of Desdemona, but at first not in plain terms. And she, chaste, loving, unsuspecting, did not at first understand him, but supposing that he was angered at being recalled, and that he regarded her father as the instigator of his removal, she prayed him not to lay the blame on her, and in a most touching manner reminded him that if he had lost her father's favor, so had she. At last she suspected what was passing in his thoughts; and finally she heard herself be-strumpeted by the very lips for whose kisses she had committed her downright violence and storm of fortunes. Yet more and worse: Othello having said the worst that man can say to woman, not content with this, called in Emilia, and before his wife's eyes paid her the wages of her assumed bawdry; doing this, however, not so much to insult his wife as to torment his own soul by putting Desdemona on the lowest grade of womanhood, and his intercourse with her on the lowest footing. In his frenzy he tore open his own wound to pour in liquid fire.

Emilia, leaving Desdemona stunned with the blow her heart had received from Othello's hand, went out to bring in Iago to her mistress's succor. For not even yet did Iago's very wife suspect that this honest fellow had any hand in the dreadful business that was going on. And when Iago, with expressions of wonder and sympathy, asked how all this could be, his wife answered him that she was sure some villain, some subtle scoundrel, had invented slanders against her mistress to get some office; and the simple, honest fellow replied, "Fie, there's no such man; it is impossible." Now Emilia made her answer in no sarcastic mood, and with no covert meaning. It is important to remember, as indicative of the sort of man Iago was, and of the hold which his blunt, off-hand, honest-seeing manner had given him upon all, that not one of those who knew him most intimately, not even his very wife, suspected his agency in this tragedy until its last

dreadful scene was enacted. Emilia, although her breast was disturbed by some vague general doubts as to Iago, had no suspicions of him in regard to Desdemona, and loved and trusted him to the last.*

And now the inevitable end was near. Iago, professing to avenge Othello's wrong, had undertaken to kill Cassio that night, that the two paramours might be taken off together. But he was too crafty to use his own sword when another's was at his hand. Roderigo and his ridiculous passion for Desdemona here come in again as the incongruous element which is found in all human affairs; and Iago, by persuading Roderigo that if he would but kill Cassio, he might possess Desdemona, brought him up to the desperate point of assassination. Cassio, however, was protected by a secret, or flexible coat of mail, worn under his doublet, and when Roderigo assaulted him he was unhurt, and himself wounded Roderigo severely. But Iago, who had been watching the event, rushed in from behind, cut Cassio in the leg, and fled. Cassio's outcries brought assistance, and it came partly in the person of Iago, who re-entered in his shirt, with a light in one hand and a sword in the other, and who immediately avenged Cassio by stabbing Roderigo to death.

Othello entered his wife's bed-chamber to put her to death almost as if he were a priest about to perform a human sacrifice at the command of his supreme deity. The turbulence of his passion had subsided, and before the death-bed of his love he stood rather heart-broken than revengeful. He was a minister of justice, called

upon to execute judgment upon the best beloved of his soul. He might have rushed upon her and smothered her sleeping; for she slept, although she had had vague apprehensions of some impending evil, and had bidden Emilia to put her wedding sheets upon her bed. She loved these sheets and thought of them. And at another time she begged her waiting-woman, if she outlived her, to see that she was shrouded in one of them. Othello, however, went quietly to Desdemona's bed, and talked to her and kissed her till she awoke. Then she, not yet suspecting his purpose, asked him to come to bed. His answer revealed at once the end before her; but she was still ignorant of the cause of his murderous intent; so much so that she simply asked him what it was, almost as for mere information. Then he told her that she had given his handkerchief to Cassio, and she to her instant denial added the entreaty that he would send for the man and ask him. And not till now was the turning point of this long story passed, and hopelessly. For if Othello had thought Cassio was alive, he, whatever his belief in regard to Desdemona, would, being the man he was, have surely sent for him, and the whole matter would have been explained. But he answered Desdemona that Cassio had confessed his guilt with her, and that honest Iago had for that reason stopped his mouth for ever. Then Desdemona, simple and outspoken even in her extremity, exclaimed, "Alas! he is betrayed, and I undone." This seeming lament for her lover before her husband's face put fire to Othello's soul, and in a moment he wrought his dreadful vengeance.

As he stood horror-stricken before the body of his wife, he heard the voice of Emilia outside calling him in alarm; and then again he heard it not, knowing nothing but the thought of what he had just done. Emilia when she gained admittance told him of the murderous fray, and that Cassio was not killed; and while she was relating this, Desdemona revived a moment to

* This, in the acting of the drama of which this story is the plot, is misconceived or disregarded, with ruinous effect. Iago, whose face should be as open as the day, and whose manner in the presence of any second person should be perfectly sincere and simple, goes about the stage, even when presented by the best actors, concealing his villany with an elaborate openness that would have prevented him from deceiving a human coot; and the Emilias, when they say that Desdemona has been slandered by some villain to get an office, talk at Iago with looks of suspicion and detestation. There is no warrant for such stage business.

say that she was falsely murdered, to accuse herself of her own death, and to utter with her dying breath her undying love for Othello. Emilia, whose tongue was always free, who always had "the courage of her opinions," and the blemishes in whose character were atoned for by a certain magnanimity of soul, spoke her mind plainly as to the nature of Othello's act; and when he told her that her husband was the accuser of Desdemona she was at first absolutely incredulous; but on Othello's reiteration of his assertion, with commendation of Iago's honesty, the possibility of its truth dawned upon her, and she cursed him bitterly. Then she gave the alarm, which brought in all who were within call, including Iago. Her first words were prompted by her remaining confidence in this vilest of all men known in story; so double-faced was he even to his wife, and so trust-inspiring was the face he showed the world. She called upon him to speak and disprove the assertions of Othello, confidently uttering her own disbelief that he was such a villain as those assertions made him, and showing, as well as saying, that her heart was full of many woes. Here and throughout this final scene of the tragedy, which was also to be the final scene of her own life, this loose-mannered, loose-tongued woman rose into a grandeur of self-abandonment and devotion to truth and love in which she towered above all others present, even Othello himself, and became the ruling spirit of the catastrophe. Such is the elevating effect of entire devotion to one great thought. Iago, seeing Desdemona dead, and believing Cassio to be so, had no longer a motive for concealment, and owned that he had told Othello the story that had maddened him, which he said was true. Emilia instantly ranged herself on the side of right, and gave her husband the lie; feeling as she did so that it would be at the cost of her life. The complication was soon explained, and Othello by a few words found that he was the murderer of an innocent, loving wife, for whose life he would

have given his own ten times over. He rushed at Iago with his sword; but the man who a few days before would have slain or scattered a company of Iagos missed his aim; and the villain, after mortally wounding his wife, escaped, and the valiant Moor, as he was called, was easily disarmed. He got another sword; but he felt that it was harmless in his unnerved hand, and thenceforth he abandoned himself to his great despair. Soon the wounded Cassio, the noble and innocent cause of all this sorrow, was brought in with his enemy a prisoner in his train; not, however, to suffer death at the hands of Othello, who, again attacking, only succeeded in wounding him. And now Iago, completely baffled, took temporary refuge in the sullen silence behind which guilt often skulks, and refused to utter one word in explanation of the machinations which had brought about this awful catastrophe.

For Othello, being the man he was, there remained but one exit from the unspeakable and unendurable position in which he stood; and he took it quickly. Disarming the suspicions of those around him by the calm delivery of a message to the Venetian Senate and the relation of a vengeance he had taken upon a malignant Turk, with his own hand he pierced his bursting heart, and dying by Desdemona's side, breathed his last breath upon her lips.

Of all the chief personages in this sad story, only he who was the cause and the central figure of it lived to witness its end; and he saw it in sad triumph. Brabantio had sunk under the desertion of the daughter who had been the light of his home and the darling of his old age; the silly Roderigo and Emilia, who had at least the nobility of faith and truth and love, had met death at Iago's hands; Othello and Desdemona lay dead in each other's arms, a sacrifice to the revenge of a slighted hypocrite; and Iago was borne out to torture at the discretion of his intended victim, the Florentine arithmetician; for Cassio ruled in Cyprus.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

THE NEZ PERCE WAR.

DURING the past summer one of the most extraordinary wars in our Indian annals was begun, waged, and ended—begun in injustice, waged with remarkable gallantry alike by white soldiers and red, and ended by the surrender of the chief part of one of the bravest bands of Indians that ever were driven to the war-path by the greed of settlers allied with the ignorance and recklessness of Washington civilians.

The Nez Percé comes into history as the white man's friend. In September, 1805, the governmental exploring expedition of Capt. William Clarke, of the First Infantry, and Capt. Meriwether Lewis, private secretary of President Jefferson, crossing the Rocky mountains, found the various bands of the Nez Percés occupying the plain west of the Bitter Root mountains, and the valleys of the Salmon, Snake, and Clearwater rivers, where they had been from their earliest tradition, and where they all continued till this year of grace 1877. The history of the expedition tells us that when the explorers, "descending the last of the Rocky mountains," reached a beautiful open plain, they came upon an Indian village, "all of whose inhabitants gathered round to view, with a mixture of fear and pleasure, these wonderful strangers." Immediately they brought "a sumptuous treat; we returned the kindness of the people by a few small presents." Two miles distant was another village, and here also the party "was greeted with great kindness. The two villages," continues the account, "consist of about thirty double huts, and the inhabitants call themselves Chopunnish, or Pierced Nose."

Among these hospitable people the Government's party spent upward of twenty days, leaving them then to push on to the Pacific. So much had

they been impressed with the honesty of their new-found friends, that they left their horses with them, to be called for the following spring. The spring of 1806 came around, and with it, in April, the explorers returned. Toward the ocean they had had hard experience with the Indians; but now, among the Wollawollahs, neighbors of the Nez Percés, they found a welcome "peculiarly acceptable after the cold, inhospitable treatment lately received." Passing on to the Chopunnish villages, one of the first Indians they met gave Clarke a "very elegant mare, for which all he requested was a phial of eye-water"; another Indian brought two canisters of powder, buried by the party in the autumn, which his dog had uncovered—"he had kept them safely, and had honesty enough to return them"; and then followed the recovery of the buried saddles and the horses left in Chopunnish charge. When they asked a fat horse for a lean one, desiring to eat the former—for the Chopunnish lived almost wholly on roots—"the hospitality of the chief was offended at the idea of an exchange . . . we might have as many horses as we wanted. Accordingly they soon gave us two fat young horses without asking anything in return—an act of liberal hospitality much greater than any we have witnessed since crossing the Rocky mountains." Other presents of horses are recorded, both for food and riding. "Finding that these people are so kind and liberal, we ordered our men to treat them with great respect."

Presently the explorers held a council with the Nez Percés, to explain the purposes of "the American nation" toward them. When the council ended, a young chief brought "a very fine mare with a colt, and begged us to accept them as a proof that he meant to pursue our advice."

In the scores of pages devoted to the Chopunnish—for the explorers prolonged their stay among them to months—we find many characterizations, some of which we will here bring together. The Chopunnish appeared to be “stout, well-formed, active, well-looking men. They have high, and many of them aquiline noses, and the general appearance of the face is cheerful and agreeable, though without any indication of gayety and mirth.” The women are “small, with good features, and generally handsome. Their dress is more modest and more studiously so than any we have observed,” consisting of a long shirt of argalia or ibex skin, reaching down to the ankles, without a girdle. The Chopunnish are generally healthy, and “much more cleanly in their persons and habitations than any people we have met since we left the Ottos on the river Platte.” They have few amusements, for their life is painful and laborious; and all their exertions are necessary to earn even their precarious subsistence. During the summer and autumn they are busily occupied in fishing for salmon, and collecting their winter store of roots. In the winter they hunt the deer on snow-shoes over the plains, and toward spring cross the mountains of the Missouri, for the purpose of trafficking for buffalo robes. “The Chopunnish are among the most amiable men we have seen. Their character is placid and gentle, rarely moved into passion, yet not often enlivened by gayety.” They are by no means so much attached to baubles as the generality of Indians, but are anxious to obtain articles of utility, such as knives, tomahawks, kettles, blankets, and awls for moccasins.”

At length our explorers started on their homeward way, being accompanied for some distance by a Nez Percé escort, who left them July 4. “We now smoked a farewell pipe with our estimable companions, who expressed every emotion of regret at parting with us, which they felt the more be-

cause they did not conceal their fears of our being cut off by the Pahkees.”

Such was the first warm greeting of the Nez Percé nation to the agents of our Government. Their confiding manners and eagerness to be of service recall Samoset’s “Welcome, Englishmen”! and Squanto’s help to the Pilgrims in planting corn. The hospitality showed to the first explorers was repeated to their successors—to Bonneville in 1832, to Fremont in 1843. The estimable traits noticed by Lewis and Clarke have remained. The secretary of the Nez Percé treaty commission of 1863 wrote, only a few months since, “The Nez Percés are by far the most intelligent, independent, wealthy, and high-toned Indians on the Pacific coast, and have droves of fine horses which can be counted by the thousands. They do not steal, and would scorn to do a mean act.” Many Nez Percés have taken to grazing and farming, and their skill in cultivating lands on the reservation has been marked. Some of them live in houses like white men, and have inclosed their fields with fences, which in some cases white squatters have torn down. The whole tribe have been good neighbors, peaceful and self-reliant.

The Nez Percés had another claim upon our forbearance. With the exception of a single case of manslaughter in a quarrel happening fifteen years ago, no full-blooded Nez Percé, prior to the present year, ever killed a white man—an extraordinary fact, pronounced by good authority to be without parallel in our Indian annals. From 1805 down to 1877 the Nez Percés were always at peace with us. Neighboring tribes had fought us, costing many lives and much treasure to subdue them. The Nez Percés not only never took up arms against us, but in our contests with neighboring Indians they sided with the white man—they were our constant and faithful allies.

The army records show under what obligations the unswerving fidelity of these trusty allies had placed our soldiers, our Government, and our people.

In 1846 they rejected a proposition of the Cayuses to exterminate the whites, and after the murder of Dr. Whitman they offered to defend the Lapwai Mission if the inmates would remain. In 1852 they again refused to join the Cayuses in war against the whites. In 1855 they refused a third time; and when hostilities broke out they escorted the Governor of Oregon in safety on a dangerous journey to Walla Walla. In 1858 they raised a company of scouts for General Wright's campaign against hostile Indians, and did good service. When Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe with four companies was defeated by hostile Indians in the battle at Tehotonimne, he was forced to retreat, and at one point was threatened with total destruction. "I had vast difficulty," says his official report, "in getting the dragoon horses over Snake river, which is everywhere wide, deep, and strong, and without the assistance of chief Timothy's Nez Percés it would have been utterly impossible for us to cross either going or returning. . . . The command would have been *entirely cut off* had it not been for the assistance rendered by the Nez Percés." The Nez Percés rejected the Mormon proposals to take up arms against the Government; they rejected like proposals in the civil war, although it was represented that their annuities would no longer be paid. They were unswervingly true at all times.

The facts recited in the foregoing paragraph were placed before the Government more than a year ago, by an army officer, who had carefully collated them—Lieutenant Colonel H. Clay Wood, Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of General Howard. Colonel Wood declares:

The Nez Percés are distinguished for traits rare in the Indian. Noted for their superior intelligence, their power, and wealth of cattle and horses, their fine physical development, freedom from disease, and comparative virtue, they have been conspicuous in years past for their warm friendship for and unshaken fidelity to the pale faces, and for their strong attachment and unwavering loyalty, during the late civil war, to the flag of the Union. They happily withstood all

the alluring arguments of treachery and deceit, and remained the most patient and faithful of our Indian tribes.

Such was the tribe—our time-honored friends, our hospitable well-comers and humble neighbors in peace, our faithful servitors in war, to whose unalterable constancy we owe many lives of gallant soldiers saved—with half of whom we went to war this year as coolly as if they were plundering, murdering, torturing Sioux, miscreants of the Crazy Horse, Long Dog, and Sitting Bull type. We found them happy and hospitable; deserving much of us, they asked nothing but their own homes, already pledged to them; of these we robbed them, and then killed them for resisting. A war with a people having such a character and record could never be anything less than an enormous governmental blunder; but if it shall also appear that violence was used to wrest away their rights, what can we call the act but a blot on our history?

When our Government found the Nez Percés they had no tribal chief corresponding to the great sachem of eastern Indians; each band in the tribe obeyed its own chief, as is customary among the far-western Indians. But in 1842 one Elijah White, appointed sub-agent for the Nez Percés, now paternally looked after by the Government, thought it would be vastly more convenient for him to deal with one head chief than with many bands. Accordingly he appointed for the Nez Percés, as tribal chief, an Indian named Ellis, whose all-sufficient qualification for Dr. White was that he had learned English at the Selkirk school, and hence could be talked to. The Nez Percés protested against this extraordinary assumption; but they were peaceful and patient, and Ellis prudently stayed away in the buffalo country most of the time until his death in 1847, when the old federated band system was restored, if it can ever be said to have been broken.

The extensive region inhabited by the Nez Percés was, as has already been said, the one including the valleys of the Snake, Clearwater, and Salmon rivers. It was desirable both for fishing and grazing; hence, as soon as eastern Oregon began to be settled, white settlers coveted it. In order to get it, however, a treaty was required, for it has been held repeatedly in the United States courts, and is undisputed law, that the so-called right of discovery, and any right of sovereignty over American lands conceded by European nations to each other, cannot affect the individual ownership rights of Indians in possession, under prior discovery or immemorial occupancy. On this basis rested both the necessity and the force of treaties made with Indians—treaties, we mean, for the surrender to our Government, for redistribution to white men, of lands occupied by Indians. Six years ago Congress prohibited future treaties with Indian tribes; but in 1855 the necessity of extinguishing by treaty the right of the Nez Percés (setting aside the question of war and conquest) was beyond question, because the verbal or legal incongruity of making treaties with Indians not sovereign powers had not then become a practical objection to this form of acquiring their title of occupancy. The act of Congress establishing the territory of Oregon, which then embraced Washington and Idaho territories, and hence included all the Nez Percé land, provided that nothing should "impair the rights of person or property now pertaining to the Indians in said Territory, so long as such rights shall remain unextinguished by treaty between the United States and such Indians."

But when, in 1855, Governor Stevens, of Washington Territory, and Indian Superintendent Palmer, of Oregon, undertook, as United States commissioners, to make a treaty of land cession with the Nez Percés, they found no head chief to deal with, Ellis having died eight years before.

On the commissioners insisting, like Dr. White, on dealing with a tribal chief, they found that chief Joseph claimed the honors of precedence by sheer nobility of descent, while an Indian named Lawyer could speak English—the successful qualification of Ellis. The commissioners at once arbitrarily solved the question, as a matter of personal convenience, by treating Lawyer as if he really were head chief. Eighteen years after, the commission of 1873, consisting of Indian Superintendent Odeneal and Agent Montieth, reported that before 1855 the Nez Percés never had any head chief (not admitting Ellis to be such), and that Governor Stevens "at the making of the treaty appointed an Indian named Lawyer head chief of all the Nez Percés, which produced much dissatisfaction, and not one-half of the tribe ever recognized him as their chief." Whether thus "appointed" by Stevens or not, it is clear that Lawyer never at any time had such authority from Joseph and the dissatisfied chiefs as would make him able, without their express consent, to legally sign away any land of theirs. Even if he had been duly elected or universally recognized as head chief, it would require the signature of each band to convey away rights held in common. We have now to look, therefore, at what was actually done.

Fifty-eight leading Nez Percé Indians, including Joseph, Lawyer, and Looking Glass, met the commissioners in 1855, and made a treaty ceding, for a stipulated quantity of money and goods, all the vast and valuable region occupied by them, *excepting* a specified portion, which was set apart as a "permanent home" for them, and which, it must be noted, included the Wallowa valley, which is the only land for which young Joseph went to war. Old Joseph's consent to the treaty of 1855 was in fact so far nugatory that neither he nor his successors could be bound by it.

Lieutenant Colonel Wood, who has made a special study of the legal status

of Joseph's band, finds that chiefs Big Thunder and Eagle-of-the Light positively refused to sign the treaty of 1855, and that old Joseph and Looking Glass (predecessor of the fellow chief of young Joseph, killed in battle last summer) bitterly harangued the council against it. "The acquiescence," he then says, "of Joseph and Looking Glass was, in my opinion, forced; they at least, if not others, signed the treaty under pressure, and against their own will; their bands of course partook of their sentiments." These and other prominent chiefs never practically accepted any of its provisions, because they would not recognize Lawyer's pretensions, though it has never been pretended that Joseph violated any of its obligations.

But the Indians who did accept the treaty of 1855 were released from it by the deliberate non-performance by the Government of its conditions. Senator Nesmith, dwelling upon the shameful mismanagement of Indians by the Interior Department, and of the prodigious frauds by which, under pretence of a treaty, Indians have been induced to sign words that rob them of their patrimony, says that, after being overwhelmed with promises of liberality, they are often delivered over to starvation—their annuities delayed for years, and then stolen on the route or made deficient in quantity and quality. Such, he says, was the case with the Nez Percé treaty of 1855, whose confirmation by the Senate was neglected three years:

Every day and every hour of that three years' delay carried to the hearts of those simple people evidence of bad faith on the part of the Government. They were promised that the whites should not settle in their country until the first annuities were paid; but two years before they received a dollar the whole country was thrown open to settlement. Then again the annuities, which were promised to be paid in stock and substantial improvements, were in a great part paid in utterly worthless articles: whistles and shoe strings, pod augers and gimlets, and old, worthless, shelf-worn goods, purchased by some swindling agent in New York at three times their value, and then sent out at enormous expense of freights. The annuities bore no resemblance to what had been promised, either in value, quantity, or quality. Then again the Government sol-

emnly stipulated that no white man should reside upon the reservation. Your troops are withdrawn, and there are to-day from five to ten thousand miners located there.

General Alvord wrote, in 1862: "Even now, at the end of seven years, I can find but few evidences of a fulfilment of the treaty—few of their annuities have ever reached them." Superintendent Hale notes a great number of positive and fundamental violations of the treaty. Colonel Wood reports to General Howard, as a conclusion of fact, that "the treaty of 1855 was not ratified by the Senate until March, 1859; and *then* the Government, with criminal neglect, disregarded its sacred obligations"; and, as a conclusion of law, that "the Nez Percés undoubtedly were at liberty to renounce the treaty of 1855 (and probably the treaty of 1863), the Government having violated the treaty obligations." If we consider that the *laches* of the Government were condoned by the reservation Nez Percés, they were not condoned by those bands that rejected the treaty of 1855 and all the benefits under it, even after signing it. But we need hardly press the point, since the terms of the treaty do not include for cession the Wallo-wa valley, Joseph's home.

In 1858 a treaty of alliance was signed by General Wright with Lawyer and some other chiefs, but it does not affect the question under discussion; and the same may be said substantially of the treaty of 1868, which was made at Washington by Lawyer, Timothy, and Jason.

Toward the close of 1860, rich gold fields were discovered in the Nez Percé lands, reserved under the treaty of 1855, and a rush was made to them by white men. In the summer of 1862, in direct violation of the treaty, fifteen thousand whites established themselves on the Nez Percé reservation. Colonel Wood says he could fill page after page with instances of the outrages the Indians and their families, without regard to sex, were subjected to by the miners. The Nez Percé

chiefs vigorously struggled to keep the white whiskey sellers in the mining towns and on the public roads; but the miners overran the whole reservation.

The Nez Percés consented, at the request of Government officers, to allow a steamboat landing and a warehouse on the Clearwater, to allow the mines to be worked on their lands, and to give a right of way across their lands to the gold fields; for which concessions they asked nothing. The Government, however, pledged its word that no permanent settlements should be made on the reservation, and that the fields they tilled and the grounds where they dug their roots should not be touched—for this purpose a military force should be provided. "No sooner," says Superintendent Hale, "were these privileges granted, than the landing and warehouse became a town, now known as Lewiston; the reservation was overrun, their enclosed land was taken from them, stock turned into their grainfields and gardens, their fences taken and used by persons to enclose the lands to which they laid claim, or torn down, burned, or otherwise destroyed." Near the principal Indian villages liquor-hells were established for Nez Percé traffic. All this time the peace was never broken by the Nez Percés. Toward the end of 1863 they freely gave their consent to the building of Lewiston and other mining towns. In return, the settlers, having robbed them of their right to all the mineral wealth, and to the water privileges, clamored for their rich grazing lands, and a local newspaper urged its patrons to go in and despoil the Nez Percés, and to seize and fence off whatever they liked. Congress hastily intervened to provide a new treaty with the Nez Percés, "for the relinquishment of a portion or all of their present reservation."

Such was the origin of the treaty of 1863. The commissioners were Messrs. Hale, Howe, and Hutchins, and the council was held near Fort Lapwai.

At that time Joseph, Big Thunder, Eagle-of-the-Light, and the other non-treaty Nez Percés were camped on the west side of the stream, and Lawyer and his fellow chiefs on the east side. The secretary of the commission has since written, regarding its work:

Persistent efforts were made by the commissioners to induce the disaffected bands to join the other (Lawyer) faction, but with no avail. Finally it was concluded to make the treaty with the Lawyer band. . . . Joseph's band never had anything to do with the treaty, never would have, and have never and will never receive any of the annuity goods or any other benefit from the Government, claiming then, as they do now, that Lawyer and his chiefs were not the rightful chiefs of the Nez Percés, and consequently had not the right to treat with the commissioners to cede their possessory right.

This was the treaty which undertook to give up the Wallowa valley—a treaty always and haughtily repudiated by the non-treaty chiefs as made by people having no authority to do so. The character of this treaty is shown by the fact that those chiefs, who alone have ever received any of the stipulated sums in payment, reserved for occupation all their own birthplaces and homes, while what they pretended to sell was simply "the homes of Joseph and all the prominent non-treaty chiefs and their bands." Colonel Wood concludes that the non-treaty Nez Percés are not bound by the treaty of 1863, and "in so far as it attempts to deprive them of a right to occupancy of any land, its provisions are null and void."

When, in 1873, the Indian Commissioners informed Indian Superintendent Odeneal, of Oregon, and Mr. Monteith, agent of the Nez Percés, that trouble was threatened by whites going into Wallowa valley, and requested them to see whether the non-treaty Indians "require all of the valley in which they are now living, or whether they will be content with a part of it," their rights were affirmed by Messrs. Odeneal and Monteith in the strongest terms. Old Joseph had died in 1871, claiming, say this commission of 1873, that "Wallowa valley was his by right of occupation for a lifetime, and on his death-bed he be-

queathed it to his people, with his son, young Joseph, to succeed him in the chieftainship." We may here remark that some authorities hold that old Joseph's band did not have, as he had claimed even in 1855, exclusive ownership in Wallowa valley, but only an undivided right in it in common with the other Nez Percé bands. This distinction, however, is immaterial to our inquiry, since even if other Nez Percés had a right of occupancy, white men did not, as against Joseph's band.

The commission of 1873 held their interviews with the present Chief Joseph, and reported to Washington that the Wallowa valley was reserved for a permanent Indian home by the treaty of 1855, and that the non-treaty Indians did not want to sell it. They added that "the so-called head chief Lawyer and the head men of some of the bands," who made the treaty of 1863, had no authority to transfer Joseph's home in the Wallowa valley to the Government. "If any respect is to be paid to the laws and customs of the Indians, then the treaty of 1863 is not binding upon Joseph and his band. If so, then Wallowa valley is still a part of the Nez Percé reservation." Still, they declared that, for the safety of all concerned, "the whites must be induced to leave or the Indians must be removed."

The Secretary of the Interior, upon this report, issued orders forthwith "That the band of Indians referred to be permitted to remain in said valley and occupy it according to their previous custom, and that assurances be given them that it is not the intention of the department to disturb them so long as they remain quiet and peaceable, and commit no depredations upon white settlers." He also directed that a proper description of the valley should be obtained, for the purpose of issuing an executive order, "setting apart this valley for the *exclusive use of said Indians*, and that white settlers be advised that they are *prohibited* from entering or settling in said valley." He next directed an appraisal of the improvements made

by white settlers already in the valley, in order that Congress might be asked to indemnify them for moving out. Finally, he instructed Agent Montieth to "give such of the Wallowa valley Indians as may be in his vicinity the *assurances of the department that they will be permitted to remain in undisturbed possession of the Wallowa valley*, and that the same will be set apart by executive order for their exclusive use." The order in question was very soon issued. It was as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, June 16, 1873.

It is hereby ordered that the tract of country [Here Wallowa valley was described and bounded], above described, be withheld from entry and settlement as public lands, and that the same be set apart as a reservation for the roaming Nez Percé Indians, as recommended by the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

U. S. GRANT.

Commissioner Monteith took the pleasant news to Joseph and his band, who thereupon occupied the Wallowa valley, according to their previous custom, during two years.

On the 10th of June, 1875, an order was issued from the Executive Mansion, signed by U. S. Grant, declaring that "the order dated June 16, 1873, etc., is hereby revoked and annulled, and the said described tract of country is hereby restored to the public domain."

The white settlers now pressed in again upon the Wallowa valley, outraging the patient Indians. In June of last year a white man named Finley shot down one of Joseph's band, in the valley. This atrocity produced a thrill of indignation and alarm among the peaceful red men. Joseph made complaint, as a chief bound to protect his band, but though the murder was certified by local military authorities to be unprovoked and wanton, the murderer and his comrade have gone unpunished to this day.

General Howard, as a measure of prudence, authorized Colonel Wood with three officers of the Fort Lapwai garrison to visit Chief Joseph. The council met in July of last year, and was attended by about forty Nez Percés, mostly of the reservation or

treaty bands, headed by Reuben, son-in-law of old Joseph, who had been elected Lawyer's successor on Lawyer's death, but also including Joseph, his younger brother Ol-la-cut, and half a dozen non-treaty Indians. Joseph's brother and Joseph said that the murdered Indian was peaceful, and that the whites, who plainly could not live peacefully in his valley, ought to be sent out of it by their head men.

While authorizing this friendly council, General Howard had also recommended the Indian Bureau to appoint another commission to settle the whole difficulty. The Bureau in October, 1876, did so, directing the members to examine Joseph's claim to the valley, to devise means for extinguishing it, and to select "some suitable locality for his permanent home." The Indian Bureau noted that "the disturbances and the difficulties had been aggravated by the murder, by white men, of one of Joseph's band. Your first duty, therefore, will be to take steps to effect a *just and amicable* settlement."

The commission was composed of Messrs. Jerome, Barstow, and Stickney, of the Indian board, and General O. O. Howard and Colonel H. C. Wood. They held conferences at Lapwai both with the treaty and non-treaty Nez Percés. They also took council with the Rev. J. H. Wilbur, the Yakama agent, who thought that the heathenish spiritualistic beliefs of the non-treaty Nez Percés led them to insist on their roving lives, and advised that "their claim not to have taken part in, and not to be bound by the treaty of 1863, should be ignored," and that they should be brought, by force, if necessary, to the Christianizing influences of the reservation. They also took council with the agent of the treaty Nez Percés, who thought that "the brothers Joseph could not raise over sixty to sixty-five fighting men. The better course is to put them on the reservation by force, before any further trouble with the whites. Two companies of cavalry would be a good force to bring Joseph and band to the

agency. Nothing but force will get these Indians to cultivating the soil."

Wal-lam-mute-kint, or Chief Joseph, arrived leisurely at Lapwai, three days after the commission, and a call upon him by the chairman developed the fact that he had come "by easy stages, and that his business, even now, did not demand haste." He made an appointment for two days later, and a few moments before the hour fixed, "his well-mounted column appeared at the place of meeting, and, with military precision and order, massed itself in front of, but at a considerable distance from the church." He entered, and the report proceeds:

From the first it was apparent that Joseph was in no haste. Never was the policy of masterly inactivity more fully inaugurated. He answered every salutation, compliment, and expression of good will in kind, and duplicated the quantity. An alertness and dexterity in intellectual fencing was exhibited by him that was quite remarkable.

He is in the full vigor of his manhood; six feet tall, straight, well formed, and muscular; his forehead is broad, his perceptive faculties large, his head well formed, his voice musical and sympathetic, and his expression usually calm and sedate; when animated, marked and magnetic. His younger brother, in whose ability he evidently confides—putting him forward much of the time as his advocate—is two inches taller than himself, equally well formed, quite as animated, and perhaps more impassioned in speech, though possibly inferior in judgment.

In a dignified, courteous way he said, in answer to the opening speech of the commissioners, that he had no reason to talk about land; that though the treaty Indians had traded their land, he never had, and that he had supposed that the object of the commission was to send away from the Wallowa valley the whites who had shown themselves incapable of living in it without robbery and murder. When the commission offered Joseph a share of the Lapwai or treaty reservation, he said: "I cannot love a land of no resources. I look upon the land of Wallowa as good, and that of the Lapwai as barren. I love my country, and do not wish another." The "Creative Power," when He made the earth, made no division lines upon it, nor would Joseph consent to any, in these lands that he inherited from his fathers:

I will withhold my country from the whites. The right to the land was ours before the whites came among us. White men set such authority aside—it ought to fill you with fear. Because it is my home I admire it. Why do the whites have hard feelings toward me? When there is no wish to sell land from one to another that should make no difference in the feeling of one toward another.

The commissioners say that “the serious and feeling manner in which he uttered these sentiments was impressive.” Thinking it wise to find out the danger of Indian revenge for the unpunished murder, they asked him about it. Joseph answered:

When I learned they had killed one of my people I was heart sick. When I saw all the settlers take the murderer's part, though they spoke of bringing him to trial, I told them that law did not favor murder. I could see they were all in favor of the murderer, so I told them to leave the country. As to the murderer, I have made up my mind. I have come to the conclusion to let him escape and enjoy health, and not take his life for the one he took. I am speaking as though I spoke to the man himself. I do not want anything in payment for the deed he committed. I pronounce the sentence that he shall live.

Joseph was then asked if he would take a reservation in the Wallowa valley. He said: “There is much snow there. In severe weather we go to Imnaha.” Pressed again on this subject, he said that he thought the earth was both to travel on and live on. “When you were born you looked around and found you lived in houses. You grew up to be large men. If at any time you wished to go from any point to another, you went. So is it with me. Whenever I see houses I know whites have been there; but it is not for me to demolish them. I have already shown to you that the land is as a bed for me. If we leave it, perhaps for years, we expect it to be ready to receive us when we come back.” A second reason for his refusal to take a reservation was that he would cease to be a genuine chief, being ordered about by another.

I see the whites all over the country gaining wealth, and see their desire to give us lands which are worthless. The earth was clothed with knowledge when I came upon it. Chieftainship existed upon the land, so I liked it very much. When or where did you voluntarily throw up your chieftainship? Chieftainship is not to be exchanged for riches. That which I have great affection for I have no reason or wish to

dispose of; if I did, where would I be? Say to us, if you can say it, that you were sent by the Creative Power to talk to us. If I thought you were sent by the Creator, I might be induced to think you had a right to dispose of me. Do not misunderstand me, but understand me fully with reference to my affection for the land.

When, in despair, the commission asked him what they could do, Chief Joseph answered: “Your children are not reprimanded as they should be. Why should you go home without doing it.” When Mr Jerome asked, “What shall we say to the President when we go back?” Wal-lam-mute-kint answered: “*Say that I love my country.*”

With these difficulties besetting a practicable settlement, the commission made a report, of which the points that concern our inquiry are as follows:

Second. So long as Joseph and his band remain in the Im-na-ha valley and visit the Wallowa valley for hunting, fishing, and grazing a part of each year, that there be a speedy military occupation of Wallowa valley, by an adequate military force, to prevent difficulties between whites and Indians.

Meanwhile, the Nez Percé agent to continue efforts to settle these Indians in severalty upon the present reservation.

Third. Unless they conclude to settle quietly as above indicated, within a reasonable time, that they should then be placed upon the reservation by force.

One member, Lieutenant Colonel Wood, made a minority report, that while sooner or later Joseph's band “must be excluded from Wallowa Valley and the State of Oregon,” yet “until Joseph commits some overt act of hostility, force should not be used to put him upon any reservation.”

It would be unjust not to point out the difficulties which beset this commission. Their records show much sympathy with Joseph, and a full appreciation of the outrages and violation of public faith which the Nez Percés had endured for twenty years. These past acts of fraud and violence now proved decisive obstacles in the way of the “just and amicable” settlement which the commissioners desired to make, but which they did not make, being forced, instead, to hazard a choice of evils. The commission felt strongly that even peaceful Indians could not always be left roam-

ing; that "necessity, humanity, and common sense," as they expressed it, would send all rovers upon reservations. The 1855 reservation covered the junction of Oregon, Idaho, and Washington, and while the Lapwai tract of 1863 was left in Idaho territory under United States jurisdiction, the Wallowa valley was in Oregon State limits. The commissioners said to Joseph—let us hope with a tingling sense of shame—that "Indians do not receive from the local officials and State courts the protection contemplated by the laws, and accorded to the whites," and that accordingly he and his band ought to seek shelter from Oregon settlers on the Idaho reservation.

We all understand what fate would probably overtake Joseph and his band, sooner or later, if left to themselves in the Wallowa valley; and no doubt a keen sense of this impending fate induced the commission to advise that force should be used against Joseph. Still, we can understand why Joseph was not convinced by their arguments. The Lapwai land was barren contrasted with his fertile valley. The first question put by the commission was this, to the Nez Percé agent: "With a view to ascertaining whether there is sufficient accommodation on their reservation for the non-treaty Nez Percés, is there sufficient arable land suitable for Indian cultivation?" The answer was, "There is not, to give heads of families twenty acres each." Yet twenty acres suitable for cultivation, presumably as Indians cultivate, was the treaty allowance. The commission made the point that "white settlers are already in the Wallowa valley"; but so were there white squatters on the Lapwai reservation, two of whom alone claim about thirteen hundred acres apiece of the choicest land. Joseph saw well that going on the Lapwai reservation would not protect him from white squatters. The commission told him that white men could not long afford to let the Wallowa valley be used for grazing

and fishing; but Joseph knew that its roots, and fish, and grass had fed hundreds of Indians and their horses, while millions of acres were untilled by anybody, and millions more were used for grazing like the Wallowa valley. Even so late as 1873 the Government felt no compunction in ordering the white squatters of Wallowa valley to squat elsewhere.

Underlying all difficulties were the frauds and outrages which this friendly people had suffered from us—the treaty outrage of 1855, in dividing the band, the subsequent breaking of faith, double dealing, and local violence during twenty years. Who shall say that a prompt performance of our treaty obligations would not have led the non-treaty chiefs to join in a fair and honorable treaty in 1863? Who shall deny that but for the shameful abuses and neglects under the actual treaty of 1863, Joseph might have agreed, in 1876, to make some compact with the commissioners?

The way in which the war was precipitated, can be stated in very few words. The Indian Bureau, after the report of the commission, decided to force Joseph, though still peaceful and friendly, upon the reservation. General Howard's troops were put under marching orders for this purpose. Given thirty days in which to get out of the Wallowa valley, Joseph seems to have hesitated between home and peace; but before the appointed time ran out, joining in a common cause, the non-treaty Nez Percés plunged into war.

How well they quitted themselves the country knows. Our gallant and generous army have been foremost to recount the praises of that body of Nez Percés, who turned a new leaf in Indian warfare by scalping no dead, killing no wounded, treating captives with kindness, generally sparing women and children, invariably respecting the flag of truce. They have lost their homes, but no one can deny that they fought for them bravely.

F. L. M.

A BROWN STUDY.

I AM Elfrida Hope, and besides me there are but three in the family—all men—at least all but Harry, who will be a man some day if he lives. At present he is in the hobbledehoy stage, and the plague of my life, although of course I am rather fond of him. But it is a little hard to have no mother or elder sister to aid one, when one is not much over twenty, and has Tom, Dick, and Harry to watch. For my dear father (Thomas Hope) has always been like a great heedless boy in his ways, and to be cared for like the rest. Richard, or Dick, though he resents any one else calling him so, is a very grand young gentleman, my senior by a few years, and inclined to look after me spasmodically, when there isn't something else (and there generally is) on his mind. Not that I need it. Girls who are young and foolish and susceptible may, perhaps; but I am old, wise, and hard before my time. This is partly the effect of having had to pull my father and brothers out of a number of ill-advised love affairs. Women are keener-sighted than men, where women are concerned anyway. I have found that out, and become utterly unsympathetic, both concerning my sex and theirs, where matters of the heart (so called) are in question.

My father is handsome, youthful for his years, and quite charming in his manner to ladies. Richard is like him, only with more gravity and deportment. The two are in receipt of a comfortable income, and have a little surplus besides for a rainy day.

Now I am neither mercenary nor selfish, at least I hope not; and I do not at all remember my own mother, who died in my infancy. Moreover, it would be a positive advantage to me to have a lady companion in the house, were she only of the right

sort; but of the wrong! *non, merci, mesdames and mesdemoiselles!*

I consider it one of my bounden duties to prevent the over-susceptible feelings of papa and Dick from destroying their future peace and comfort. And there are so many taking women (not worth their salt intrinsically) who have made agreeability an art, nowadays—were there always, I wonder?—and men are so easily taken in by them. The worst of it all is, that my experience is making me horribly skeptical concerning matrimony in general, as being a more illusory form of happiness than any other. Orange blossoms should be mixed with rue and bitter herbs, for the most part, considering the unsuitability of the people whom they condemn to wear away life in each other's wearying society.

No! I love my Tom, Dick, and Harry well, and respect them for their worth outside of those opinions and judgments about my own sex, which are nearly always mistaken ones; but I should like to be at their elbows to choose for them when they marry. And yet, though successful in nipping a few past matrimonial schemes in the bud, I sometimes feel that it is because neither father nor brother has been seriously interested, and should he ever be so, that all my "best laid plans might gang agley." But very well, say I; one can only try one's best.

However, it is very certain that all this duennaship over my three boys (for Harry is like the rest, young as he is) will prevent the necessity of any being exercised over me. For if men, the best (among which class are papa and Dick, I'm sure), are so blinded by assumed graces and pretty, artfully artless ways, my uncompromising bluntness (for seeing all this has

driven me to the opposite extreme perhaps) will obviate all danger of my being too attractive. But at least I can cry quits there, for that want of *finesse* in divining the true from the false in woman is not attractive to me. I may wonder or smile at, but cannot fall in love with it. And where one does not admire one ought to be well able to do without admiration. Notwithstanding this, I do not set myself against Scripture, tradition, or the world's belief. There is no doubt in my mind that men on the whole are nobler and better than women. They have more responsibility, which always ought to develop more character. I am no cynic; on the contrary, have a sort of indulgent pity for both men and women in the abstract. Perhaps, in particular or individual instances, it may be that "man delights not me, nor woman either"; but that might very well be from some fault in myself. I don't pretend to say, or care to analyze. Analysis of one's self is a morbid sort of thing, in my opinion, and I hate it. We are what we are, and can only try to do our duty each in our own way. *Cela va sans dire?*

"A piece of news for you, Elf," said Harry, rushing in boisterously, and swinging the cat by the tail out of the arm-chair, in which he proceeds to establish himself. "The Browns have actually come home to live. The old house is to be all made over, and——"

"But poor Mr. Brown—how can he? I thought he could not stand this climate?" I interrupt, amazed, rescuing my worsteds, that Harry's restless hands are beginning to entangle.

"Dead, you know, some months since. Haven't you heard? It is the widow and St. Lawrence and Miriam who are to return. Oh! won't it be jolly! I say, this country'll seem odd to 'em after living in Cuba so long. I wonder if they have foreign ways."

"Why should they have? There were plenty of Americans in Cuba to

associate with—that is, where they were," I say.

"And they've actually come back to Carolina! What a lark to have such a new sensation in this quiet town!"

"Every one who has ever lived in Carolina wants to return," I remark patriotically; then, "Have you seen them, Harry? Are Miriam and St. Lawrence much changed?"

"Changed! I should think so—grown up, you know. No, I haven't seen them—only heard papa and Richard talking about it. But Miriam was older than Richard, wasn't she? She must be getting along."

"I wish you would get along," I exclaim impatiently, putting my hand on the stocking basket to protect it from his use of it as a magazine whence to draw missiles to fling at the cat.

"Say, Elfrida, do take me with you when you go to call to-morrow. I would so like to see what St. Lawrence has become. He used to be great fun. I liked him a great deal better than the younger fellows of my own age."

"How do you know I am going to call to-morrow?"

"Papa said so. He said Elfrida must call immediately on the ladies, for the recollections of his friendship for Mr. and Mrs. Brown were of the pleasantest, and Miriam had been his particular pet in days gone by."

"Another matrimonial rock ahead," my prophetic soul warns me; aloud I only say remindingly, "Harry, where is Blackstone?" for that young gentleman is ostensibly preparing himself to be examined for the bar, and my sisterly solicitude is apprehensive of failure.

Harry with a grimace indicates the whereabouts of that legal repository of information, and inquires politely: "Do you think of reading him, Elfrida? because I advise you to wait. Cherry is bringing in the tea things, and I hear papa and Richard outside."

And in they come—papa, Richard,

tea things, and all. The former is teasing the latter concerning a certain Miss Alston whom he has been raving over of late—a blond-haired, soft-voiced nonentity of a girl, made up of winning ways and three grains of sense to a bushel of chaff, in my opinion. Dick looks very conscious, and I, judiciously or injudiciously, repeat some remark made by Miss Alston at a late party, calculated, as I think, to repress Richard's too evident admiration.

"Elf scents danger in our talk, Dick," papa says with sly amusement. "I don't think there's much fear that any of us may marry while she is to the fore."

"Our only hope of being allowed is in case of her own capture from that watchful sentry-post of hers."

"Your hope resolves itself into the strongest doubt then," I say, handing to papa his cup of tea. "But I wonder at Dick about Miss Alston."

"You will not have to marry her. It is none of your funeral," Harry says saucily, for which he is properly checked by papa, who always exacts deference to me.

"I say, papa, it is too bad to allow Elf to rule me with a rod of iron in this fashion," he remonstrates, not too much subdued by the reproof. "She is a little in awe of Dick, but when it comes to me" (here his shoulders are shrugged), "there'll be no chance at all. Actually she wouldn't invite Little Pussie King (that harmless little juvenile, of whom I'm awfully fond) to our croquet party the other day, because she said my talking to her put nonsense into her head."

"Quite right, Elfrida," said papa in a discipline-must-be-preserved tone, although his eyes twinkled; "but I hope you won't refuse to show Miriam Brown and her mother some attention, now that I think to request it of you. I suppose you have heard of their return?" But even as I assented, trying to cover a slight reluctance, Harry, whose mischievous eyes noted the hesitancy, broke out again.

"Men fight shy of Elfrida. She is so hard on them. But I still have a lingering hope of this St. Lawrence, who used not to be afraid of her airs, when we all played together. What a jolly lot of bachelors we might be, should he only fancy and capture her. Not even his ancient namesake, the martyr of gridiron memory, should be better toasted."

But here papa, who did not fancy the idea of losing his only daughter, or so I flattered myself, even in jest, although unable to help smiling at Harry's nonsense, rather peremptorily advised him to go about his studies.

The next day I set out to call upon the ladies recently arrived after so long an absence. On the way I tried to recall Miriam and her mother, but their images had faded from my mind, for the former's seniority had made our companionship of infrequent occurrence in those early days of past acquaintance. A somewhat quiet, slenderly made, pale, dark-haired girl of fourteen or thereabouts, was my indistinct idea of her. Not so of the brother, who, of an age between Richard and myself, had been the most constant playmate of our childhood, always leading in fun and frolic, of a daring and wilful, but generous and warm-hearted temper. What he might be now, how time might have altered him, I could not guess; but the impression made upon my memory by the boy's active, agile form, and bright, eager-eyed, dark face, was a distinct enough one, I thought, to ensure some chance of recognition.

Should I see him? I asked myself. And would he know me again? Involuntarily, as the thought occurred, I glanced down at my modern, regulation, young-lady costume of black silk, and remembered the white aprons in which I had played with Dick, Harry, and St. Lawrence, carrying in summer their surplus fish-hooks and boxes of bait, and gathering in autumn the chinquapin burrs they had climbed the trees to shake down in that convenient catch-all. And looking down at the glossy folds, I seemed

to feel very prim, sober, and dignified all at once. Was I not the mistress of a house and the careful guardian of three great boys, of widely differing ages? And need I, so accustomed to responsibility generally belonging to maturer years, feel at all shy concerning this meeting with—two ladies older than myself? For I indignantly denied that my unusual sense of hesitation had anything to do with St. Lawrence, putting him as I did in the same category of indulgent patronage with my three troublesome charges at home. He was probably only a slight masculine variation of the species to which I was best accustomed. Ladies were more out of my ken.

I had never had an intimate friend, partly from the prudence always instigating me concerning my father and brothers, partly because I had yet to see one who could fill my romantic girl's notion of what such a friend might be. Would Miriam Brown prove this *rara avis*? I did not disguise to myself a little hope and fear in the mental query. It would be very, very pleasant for me, even if involving a little danger in its consequences to others. And yet, were she all I hoped, would it be a danger? Would it not be quite desirable, since papa or Dick would possibly marry some one in time, to know and approve beforehand of the person? But although pretending to be rational on this point, I was of course secretly jealous of their preferring any other to me.

"Here we is, Miss Elfrida," said Cicero, pulling up the horses. I alighted and opened the gate. "What a delightfully quaint old place!" I thought, as I had done many times before. "Surely they won't be vandals enough to destroy it with their pretence of improvement." The house I approached was of no architecture at all, or perhaps so composite as to be a negation, according to the old proverb of the meeting of extremes. It was all one-storied in height, with a wing in this direction, an addition in that, a piazza thrown out here, an inclosed veranda or porch there, with unex-

pected nooks of flowers and shrubbery in the angles.

There was a spicy odor of sweet shrubs in the air, and a luxuriant multiflora vine in full bloom, half veiling the front piazza, for it was about the middle of April.

I was conducted by the servant who answered the bell across a wide hall covered with cool matting to an eastern room with lace curtains, and a cheerful abundance of bright sunlight and flowers. There were vases, great and small, on the hearth, in the sills of the long windows opening to the floor, on brackets, tables, and mantelpiece, all with such fresh, tasteful embellishment as to make me instantly conceive an admiration for the workers of this grace and beauty, and resolve, apprehensively lest this parlor might prove more attractive to my mankind than their own, to profit by this example of making home pleasant to the eye.

"But then there are two women to one man here," I think with some soothing of my self-esteem, "and with me only one woman to do everything for three. The case is different. Besides, I dare say St. Lawrence, heedless as he used to be, does not put things out of order as Harry does, for he is a good deal older."

Absorbed in these cogitations, Miriam Brown was half way in the room, and had begun a soft-voiced apology for her mother's indisposition, before I saw her: a woman not too young looking for her years (she was about twenty-eight or thirty), yet at whom, looking once, you would turn to look again and again, and then rest unsatisfied without a further acquaintance. At least so it seemed to me. And this without any wonderful share of beauty. But there was an irresistible charm about her, in the sound of her exquisitely modulated voice, in each turn of a graceful head, every movement of a slight, rather tall figure. There was both sweetness and strength in that face, full sometimes of an indescribable repose, a bright, serene calm that quite compensated for a want of mobility. No, I can never

describe the effect that Miriam Brown produced upon me then and ever afterward: the earnest, sympathetic listening that drew me to talk of myself and my life as never before, the gentle, playful suggestiveness of replies or remarks, often so painlessly rebuking my young egotism, while stimulating my interest in her who had made them. Truly if papa or Dick were to be captivated by this new comer, I could not blame them when I myself was so in love at sight. And yet, I thought, with a keen look into the clear, frank eyes that reminded me somehow of the boy St. Lawrence, though without his quickness of expression, there is not a shade of coquetry here, not enough even to warrant any hope of my ever claiming relationship with this lovely Miriam. For such is the inconsistency of men, that although railing at that sort of thing, they are generally entrapped by it; on the principle of time and trouble saved, I suppose, not to throw into account flattered vanity, of which they believe that women have the monopoly. With this disrespectful thought concerning his sex in my mind, I turn, following instinctively my companion's movement, to see my quondam playfellow St. Lawrence. For it must be he, although so changed—darker than ever from the glow of the Cuban suns, as tall as Richard, with a moustache curved over his upper lip, that gives a slight foreign fierceness to his frank face. There is nothing foreign in the cordial manner of his greeting.

"I could not wait longer to see my old playmate when I heard through my mother of her being in the house," he said, shaking hands, and giving me the benefit of a somewhat scrutinizing glance that a little nettled and restored to me an old childish desire—often indulged in once—of lecturing him for rudeness. But this last word would have been a great exaggeration and misnomer applied to his manner, for although perhaps a little audacious, there was no visible ground for offence

in the quiet looking me over, which resulted in the smiling statement:

"You are somewhat taller than when we parted. Otherwise there is not so much change as I expected."

"That is because you have forgotten how I once looked," I retort rather bluntly. "I must be very much changed. I am sure that you are."

St. Lawrence pulled his moustache to conceal a smile, as I suspected, from his glance as he replied, "Your remark has so much the ring of old times, not to say of the old metal, that you must excuse me if I venture to repeat the assertion. In one thing at least you see you will find no change in me; that is, in standing in great awe of your displeasure."

"I hope so," is my rather doubtful response. But there was always something contagious in the bright good humor, the merry, mocking mischievousness of St. Lawrence when a boy; and I begin to feel its old influence upon me as we three continue talking. Miriam almost discontinues in the amused pleasure with which she listens to the gay exchange of old reminiscences between us, and leans back in her chair watching us with serene smiling eyes.

St. Lawrence's glance often wanders to catch this look; evidently they are very fond of one another. I rise to go, at last, almost reluctantly.

"You will come soon, Miriam," I entreat. "You will not let this," and I touched her deep-mourning dress, "prevent you from visiting us. We are such old friends, you know, and it will be such a boon to me, for I have neither mother, sister, nor aunt for companion."

"Yes, I will come," she said, gently kissing me. "Many changes have occurred since we last met," and here a wistful look was in her lovely eyes, as if some memory saddened her, "but neither time nor change should break the ties of old affection."

"No," I say, squeezing her hand with a sincere warmth, feeling as if I would give much for the privi-

lege of sharing and sympathizing in whatever sorrow that expression in her eyes might hint of.

I had quite forgotten St. Lawrence, who looked on at this little scene. Some way, in spite of my past asseveration, I felt that he was no novelty to me, so much was he woven with my past; but this Miriam, whom I was too young to understand or appreciate once, had the fascination of a new study.

"Dick and your father have promised to call this evening," he said as he put me in the vehicle called in our country a rockaway, and leaned over the step for a few last words. "I hope Harry will not be too much engrossed with his law books" (here his eyes twinkled) "to come too, for I have not yet seen him, and am anxious to renew our former acquaintance. Besides, he will be a brother in the profession. But I am sure he will not come without your permission, so I now request you to urge it upon him."

The courteous gravity of this last sentence could only have been equalled by some Spanish Don. St. Lawrence was at his old trick of teasing, it was easy to see, and I would not have it. It suited, as I felt, neither my age nor dignity of position. I reply with a touch of sharpness:

"He certainly cannot come *with* my permission to-night, for I cannot be left entirely alone, you know. Some other time I will bring him." (He shall not come without me to keep his tongue in check, is my unspoken thought, remembering Harry's outlawed speeches of the past night.) "Good morning, St. Lawrence."

The old familiar name has slipped out unawares, to my vexation, that is increased by the burning felt in the tips of my ears as a result.

"Adios, Elfrida, till our next meeting," replied St. Lawrence, with a slight significant pause before my name, to make me aware that he had noticed and accepted the advantage of this lapse, and touching his hat with a gay and decidedly saucy smile, he

returned to the house as we drove away.

As time went on Miriam and I became better acquainted. I learned too to know her mother, who, something of an invalid, and much confined to the house, was yet full of talk and pleasant energy. She was dark, like St. Lawrence, and had his bright, dark eyes and brilliant smile, almost untouched by time; but her hair was silvery white, which fact, in connection with unusual height, made her quite an imposing picture in her sombre mourning. I felt almost afraid of her at first. She gave me a sense of insignificance; but there was no need, for she welcomed and made much of me, often making me regret my own loss of a mother, when I saw what she was to her children. St. Lawrence resembled her not a little. I had yet to see whom Miriam was like, for I was more captivated by her than ever, and was not even *miffed* when informed by Richard in his grandiose way that he thought my own style really improved by my intercourse with Miss Brown. Nor was I jealous of papa's evident partiality for my friend. One need not fear such a step-mamma, were the thing probable, which I shook my head over, convinced that Miriam suffered from the memory of some one loved and lost.

For I had discovered once in roaming about her room (shut in a clasped Bible) a photograph and some faded immortelles. On the back of the likeness (which was of a distinguished looking man in foreign uniform) were the words: "Obit, June 3, 187-," and "Dulce est pro patria mori."

I was sure that it must have been some Cuban patriot who had lost his life in the long struggle not yet ended, but would not have asked, for the world. Nor have I ever done so. That there were some wounds too sacred and deep for the tenderest touch of friendship, I felt instinctively from my knowledge of Miriam's deep, earnest character. But it was my fancy that I better understood afterward the

shadow sometimes in her clear eyes and the family avoidance of the topic of the Cuban war. It was quite pretty to see the tenderness and devotion always shown to her by her mother and St. Lawrence. Had the latter been half as deferential to me, I would have been better pleased with him; but his tone to me actually bordered upon the familiar assurance of Harry's. Conversation between us consisted principally of easy, mocking banter on his part, a talking down as to some child who amused him, and of much necessary (as I esteemed it) outspoken candor on my own.

Much provoked one day, I did not scruple to tell him that I had not too great an admiration for many of the characteristics of his sex; but if there was one more detestable than another, it was its levity.

"It is such a pity you are not more like Miriam," I wound up.

"Why a pity?" asked St. Lawrence nonchalantly. He was sitting on the lower step of our piazza. Miriam, who had been spending the day with me to give counsel and aid concerning some meditated household improvement, had just walked down the garden with Dick to look at a rare flower in our conservatory. It was twilight, and St. Lawrence had come over to take her back with him.

"Because," he went on, with his eyes turned up at me bright and watchful as a robin's, "there are various tastes fortunately in the world, and some people might even have the bad taste, as you would think it, to prefer me to my sister. Are you speaking generally, or from your own standpoint? Perhaps you are sorry that you cannot adore me as you do Miriam."

"No, indeed," I say, unable to help laughing at his calm audacity. "You know very well that is not it."

"What then?" But Harry, coming in through the back entrance, and greeting St. Lawrence with his usual boisterous heartiness, prevents my reply.

"I'm sure that I come as a happy

diversion," he says, with cheerful certainty, throwing himself beside St. Lawrence, who has regained the old place of prime favorite with him. "Elf is quarrelling with or lecturing you as disagreeably as ever, I know."

"It is always flattering to be quarrelled with by a lady, is it not?—impossible that it should be disagreeable," St. Lawrence says.

Upon this Harry glances up at my face of dignified indignation, and shouts. Indeed, I feel certain that only the slight restraint of St. Lawrence's more settled deportment prevents him from rolling over in his merriment, an undignified schoolboy antic frequently indulged in by him.

"Where is papa?" I inquire, ignoring in disdain both remark and the laughter excited by it.

"He caught sight of Dick and Miss Brown in the conservatory, and strolled that way," Harry says with a demureness for which I long to box his ears. What would St. Lawrence, with his chivalric reverence for his sister, think of this? For Harry continues provokingly, "Would you like to join them? Don't let St. Lawrence and me stand in your way."

St. Lawrence actually laughs, and with an evident appreciation of the hidden malice in the remarks, to judge from the intelligence of his glance from one to the other of us. I feel myself color to the roots of my hair.

"Or perhaps you want papa for your own champion, thinking two against one not fair play," pursues the merciless boy.

Is St. Lawrence a little sorry for me? For he says with a clear, distinct emphasis:

"Certainly she should need no champion with two of her stanchest old ones by. Harry, you go too far"; and making a little graceful, apologetic gesture, more expressive than words, he looks up at me with the old warm-hearted, winning sweetness of glance that has often before inclined me to pardon him too readily after his vexing. There is a touch of wistful en-

treaty too. I could almost fancy he wished to assure me of a true regard hidden under all his persiflage.

Well, I should be very sorry to have St. Lawrence really dislike me. After my father, brothers, and Miriam, there was no one I liked so well, or feel so much at home with. I hoped he might always live near us, even when he married. But why should I felt so uneasy as this last idea suggested itself—so intolerably annoyed? Was I really learning to be as anxious concerning his matrimonial future as about my father's and Dick's? Certainly I could not hope, nor had I the shadow of a right, to influence his choice. Already he had all the prestige and attention that a handsome and interesting stranger, with a slightly foreign air, can so easily command among the ladies of a quiet inland town. There was every probability—but folly! what business was it of mine? One could only hope the best for him.

My father was just now coming toward the house, talking in his animated way to Miriam, whose face seemed lighted with genuine interest. Dick followed sedately a few steps behind. Was Harry's mischievous innuendo really so unfounded, and such treason to my friend's constancy as I had deemed it? I asked myself momentarily in looking at them. A couple not ill suited to one another in appearance, I thought, secretly proud of my dear father's gallant port, his handsome head, deferentially uncovered as he walked beside Miriam. Ah, well, changes were uncomfortable things till one got used to them, but this might only be a pleasant one (my loyalty to friendship forbade indeed any other belief); but that other which would involve the loss of St. Lawrence's society! How I wished the thought of it would cease to haunt me!

"Elfrida," said Dick, coming into the breakfast room where I sat reading, a few evenings after, "put down your book, will you? I have something to say to you."

His manner betokened some little agitation, and an excitement unusual for him shone in his eyes. What was coming? I felt a cold chill, as I acceded to his request, and threw the blind of the window near which I sat wider open, for a better survey of his countenance.

"That is unnecessary; the room is light enough," he said, as if a little embarrassed by this movement. "Elfin" (this name, a very uncommon token of his being in a caressing mood, further alarmed me. "Mercy! I hope not Fanny Alston," was my rapid thought), "I have something to tell you."

"So you said before, Dick," I remark without enthusiasm. Indeed, I feel a great sense of dryness upon me.

"Pray be quiet and listen," he said, unable to restrain a short laugh, though apparently a little put out with this. "It is of importance."

"It must be from the length of the preface," I say; then break out impulsively, my fear coming to the surface, "Oh, Dick, you do not mean to tell me you are engaged to be married, or anything of that sort?"

"Truly you are not a very sympathetic person to tell it to, which makes it a little difficult," returned my brother, coloring somewhat, "but the fact remains the same."

"Oh, I am so sorry! I mean, of course, that I congratulate you with all my heart; that I am glad if *you* are; and I suppose of course you are," I say with rather hesitating penitence for my sudden candor, which seems to be taken much amiss; "but only do say that it is not Fanny Alston!"

My hands are wrung with the fervency of this entreaty.

"I regret your prejudice, which I hope you will see fit to alter," my brother replied, more coldly than he had ever before addressed me; "but it is Miss Fanny Alston"; and rising abruptly, he walked away without preferring the request first alluded to.

Dick has left me to a fit of passion-

ate weeping, for how can I ever care for that horrid girl, as I call her in my impotent wrath? She has not enough in her to make him happy, and I—oh! how remorseful I feel for my recent neglect of him. And how quiet he has been about it! I have always heard when people were quiet they were in mischief. Calming down a little, and feeling a craving for sympathy, I bathe my eyes, shade my face with a round hat, and set out to find Miriam. I am anxious to see no one else, but St. Lawrence is on the piazza, and comes to meet me. In vain my hat is tipped further forward to avoid his noticing the traces of my past disturbance. His gay tone alters to one of kind anxiety. "What is the matter, Elfrida?"

"I want to see Miriam," is my unsteady, evasive reply, while my lip quivers and my head is turned a little away from him.

"She has gone with my mother for a drive," he says, "but they will return directly. You will wait?"

I shook my head, and turned to retrace my steps.

"Indeed you must," he said, drawing my hand through his arm authoritatively, and conducting me toward the piazza. "I cannot let you take that long walk back without resting, and I look for Miriam every moment now."

I was too much subdued by past indulgence in grief, and a threatened return of it, to care to resist, but allowed him to put me in a chair and bring a glass of water. Then he sat down upon the step to look out for the carriage, and there was a long, quiet pause.

"It is very unkind of you," he said, turning and breaking silence at last, "to treat me so. What have I ever done to deserve so little confidence? But I am going to guess—for I believe I can—the cause of your distress. It has something to do with Richard. He is my friend, you know, and it is just possible" (here was a slight smile at my evident surprise) "that I may

have been informed of his contemplated marriage, even before the sister of whose want of sympathy he was a little afraid."

"And why did you not prevent him?" I asked indignantly.

"Why should I," returned St. Lawrence calmly, "even were such a thing possible, which I do not believe? You do not in the least comprehend how strongly a man may feel in such a case, or you would see the folly of such a remark."

"The folly!" I repeat, rather stung, and considerably taken aback.

"Exactly; and then perhaps you may be mistaken in disliking Miss Alston," was further suggested in a reasoning tone. "It is possible that you have judged her too much on the surface, from a limited observation, and that your brother may know her better than you."

"Impossible; men never do," I say scornfully.

"Have you ever been thrown with her much?" he asks in the tone of one cross-examining a witness.

"I suppose not—not very much," is my rather reluctant acknowledgment, "but small things are the test of character, and one knows by instinct sometimes what one will dislike."

"What an Elf-ish reason," retorted St. Lawrence a little maliciously. "Did you ever read any of St. Beuve's criticisms?"

"No."

"Let me advise a course of them then."

"They will not help me a bit to like Fanny Alston," I insist stoutly.

"Perhaps not, but they may influence you to greater impartiality and consequent correctness of judgment. Yours just now strikes me as the wilful prejudice of a spoiled child."

"St. Lawrence!"

"Elfrida!"

I color deeply. In some way I feel more wounded than even by the desertion of my brother. St. Lawrence has never before ventured on this mentor-like tone. It is a new phase

of his character, yet evidently a serious one.

"But I am sure you will think better of it," he continued, looking at me steadily, "and that you will not hurt poor Richard by a want of cordiality to the lady whom he honors by his choice."

"I suppose not," I say, forced into reluctant assent to this plain setting forth of my duty. "But I do not know what right you have to say all this. I had not meant to tell you anything. I only wanted to talk to Miriam."

"Do you want to make me jealous of my sister?" he asks saucily.

"Nonsense!" I say shortly. "As I do not see any signs of her, it is time to go," and I gathered up my dress to descend the step.

"Not without me. May I not come?" says St. Lawrence following.

"Pray do not," I return, without considering the bluntness of my words. But glancing back to say "Good evening," I perceive that they have been taken more seriously than they were meant. He looks thoroughly offended; the outline of his face, cut with distinctness against a lurid background of sunset sky, is pale and severe.

"Pray come then. Don't *you* be angry with me too," I exclaim with impulsive regret. "Of course I do not care really whether you come or not," blunderingly added.

"In that case I will stay," he said courteously, but quite inflexibly as I found, for I had not thought him in earnest at first, until his hat was lifted with stately adieu at the gate, to which point only he had accompanied me.

I do not know when I'd ever felt meeker or more dispirited than upon that evening. Supper seemed a doleful meal. I sat subdued and silent. Papa talked with Harry, but every once in a while cast uncomfortable glances from Richard to me and back to Richard again. Did he like this contemplated match? I dare say, for he thought all ladies more or less amiable, and marriage the normal condi-

tion of man. But he suspected and was distressed over my opposition doubtless, for we had always heretofore been a harmonious family. And after the tea things were taken away I walked resolutely over to Richard, as he sat in his armchair apparently unperturbed, but secretly, I know, resenting my conduct. Papa was buried in a newspaper and Harry in a law book; that is, he was supposed to be. I was always a little skeptical about him.

"Richard," I whispered softly, "will you take me to see Fanny tomorrow?"

In an instant my hand was clasped warmly, and a grateful glance repaid my effort. After all, Dick was very amiable. I swallowed my distaste for his "*future*," and listened with tolerable grace to his whispered eulogies of her, resolved to hope for the best. Yet I was not cordially reconciled after all. Perhaps—in time—I might be.

It never rains but it pours. This old saying was exemplified a fortnight later. During this time I had been not a little grieved by a marked change in St. Lawrence, who, though disclaiming offence, and visiting us with almost the same frequency, was far from the same in his manner to me. And yet he had seemed pleased to learn through Richard of my dutiful cultivation of Miss Alston's society. But this real or fancied alteration in him made me so shy that I almost avoided him at last from a dislike to meet his distant look and to hear the new constraint in his tone to me.

Papa came to me one morning, after the boys had gone, and affectionately asked that I would intercede for him with Miriam. He thought that she did not dislike him, and he loved her. This was so simply and sweetly said, with such an evident trust in my sympathy, that my heart quite melted, and my arms were flung about his neck with the vehement protest that I loved—no, adored both him and Miriam,

and that she must—she should—consent. If she were hesitating on my account, I would go with him to entreat her not to do so. I was taken at my word, and so strong was the force of our united pleading that Miriam, who had really learned, as it seemed, to love my father, consented to his suit.

But, this matter settled, a certain sadness on my own account fell upon me. Papa would (he could not help it) love Miriam now better than me. Dick was gone from me, and St. Lawrence was hopelessly alienated. All my world seemed crumbling away—all my occupation gone. I stole away to the summer house to have a good cry, a selfish one, no doubt, but unavoidable. Does any one like deposition after long reigning, even though the deposer be one's dearest friend? She would reign better than I, I felt humbly, but alas! I would fain have held the rod of empire longer if only to give myself a *raison d'être*. I sat with face buried in my hands in the rustic flower-scented spot for a long while. The evening rays of the June sun danced in and out and about the flickering leaves that screened its windows, and the odor of new-mown hay wooed invitingly forth; but everything seemed to have lost attraction for me. My reverie was cut short at last by Harry, who had, it appeared, been looking for me.

"Hello, Elf!" he exclaimed, as I raised my tear-stained face. "Anything the matter?" and as I shook my head, a little impatient to have been caught in this indulgence of feeling, he continued in a gayer tone, relieved of immediate fear:

"What's the row then—a fit of the blues or a brown study? Truly, it might be a *Brown* study," he added with a hearty laugh over his own pun, "for that family has proved a great attraction to ours. But it is about something like that I come to talk to you."

"You do not mean to say," I cry, facing him in sudden alarm, "that you too are engaged to some one. I

really think papa and Dick are enough for one year, and you—you—are but a boy."

Harry looks at me as if apprehensive of my reason. "I do believe you have been crying over these engagements, Elf," he says, as if disgusted with me; "and I did think you loved Miriam! It's all very jolly, and even Fanny Alston is more of a brick than you take her to be."

"Brick! Yes—very common clay," I say, unable to resist this bit of spitefulness in retort, whereat Harry laughs again, and puts his arm around me with a rough, bearish hug.

"Cheer up, old Elf. Perhaps you'll be off the carpet too some day, who knows? and seriously, I'd like to put in my oar just there. You can't do better than to take St. Lawrence, you know. He is a famous fellow. You'll not find another like him. Why did you vex him, and what was it about?"

"I don't in the least know what you mean, nor do you," I say, confounded.

"But I do though. Why else does he talk of returning to Cuba, when his sister's marriage shall give his mother and herself a protector? He expected to settle here when he came. I know it. And why should he have hooked your photo out of my room? And when I taxed him with it——"

"You taxed him with it," I interrupt aghast, feeling my head in a dizzy whirl of amazement and conjecture.

"Of course," returns Harry coolly. "I wasn't going to have my things carried off without inquiring into it, and I thought to spy it out in his room one day."

"And what did he say?" I asked with mingled anxiety and shame in the question.

"Say? What could he say, but come out like a man with the truth?" cried Harry indignantly for his friend. "That he loved you, but was unwilling to distress you with telling it, since you did not seem to care for him. I declare, you'll be hard-hearted as an ostrich if you don't."

And with this extraordinary ornithological simile Harry paused for a moment out of breath, but looking at me persuasively. "Come now," he added as I was silent, "talk about giving *you* sisters that you can like, suppose you give me a brother. I'll never care for another fellow half so well."

A sudden suspicion that this is one of Harry's wicked and unscrupulous hoaxes, with which he often seeks to play upon my credulity, seizes me at this moment. St. Lawrence love me, and so dearly that he will go away for my sake! Impossible!

"Harry," I say angrily, and feeling humiliated by a hidden consciousness of joy in his pretended revelation, "it is not true. You know it. St. Lawrence has never said that he loves me."

My eyes flash; my voice is raised excitedly. A shadow caused by a figure just entering the door of the summer house falls between us. Another voice than Harry's answers me:

"It is quite true, Elfrida, and I am quite at your mercy. Will you tell me what I am to expect?"

I look from St. Lawrence, who stands pale and collected awaiting his sentence, to Harry, and back again, in painful uncertainty and bewilderment.

"She will, St. Lawrence. I give her to you with my blessing," said Harry, impatient of my silence.

"Let your sister speak for herself," was St. Lawrence's short reply. "Will you marry me," he asked softly, as if pitying my confusion, and approaching a step nearer, "or do you condemn me to go back to Cuba?"

"Do not go back there," I cried in alarm.

"That fetched her," quoth Harry in quite an audible *sotto voce*, as he looked about for a way of escape, which was not easy, as St. Lawrence stood between him and the door. "I say, look here. Isn't this highly improper for me to be listening to this? I thought these things were always done without an unlucky third present"; and putting his broad hand unceremoniously upon St. Lawrence's shoulder, he made room for a flying leap past us out of the door, causing us to laugh, in spite of our agitation, like two children.

"Do you mean it, Elfrida?" St. Lawrence asked a moment after, taking both my hands and compelling me to look at him. How clear and true were the dark eyes, how noble the earnest face bent over mine! How good it was to be reconciled again to him!

"It was bad enough to have you estranged," I murmur brokenly. "I cannot let you go away."

"And you love me then?"

"Yes."

L. W. BACKUS.

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE WAR.

MUSCOVITE bulk is at last telling on the Turk, who gives way in Armenia, while in Bulgaria he is straining every nerve to hold back his burly antagonist. The upshot of this struggle cannot—barring alliance and intervention—be doubtful; it is an arithmetical problem. The victories of the brave Mussulman do not hide the underlying fact that Russia is on Turkish ground, and is there to stay. She has driven her armies like a wedge into Bulgaria, and they stick—a wedge whose broad base is on the Danube, while its apex pierces the Balkans.

The coming of winter has seen neither pause nor preparation for pause in the struggle; for the old traditions of "campaigning seasons" are nowadays, especially in low latitudes, abandoned. An army as close to its objective as the Russian at Plevna is expected to do its work without regard to the almanac. Russia will prolong the campaign for another reason; namely, that so far its laurels too largely belong to the Turks. End when and how it will—short of dismemberment—Turkey will come out of this war with great gain of prestige; because she will have cast off the hospital badge she so long wore in European politics, and will rise from the position of a despised, decrepit dotard to that of a power whose alliance is to be courted and its enmity feared. A gain in prestige equal to that of Turkey's defeat can hardly crown Russia's Cadmean victory. She will no longer be dreaded by Germany or England. There is this analogy between the campaigns of 1870 and 1877, that Turkey at the outset knew she was ready, as Germany did; and like Germany, she shrewdly suspected that her enemy had been overrated. The proportion of cotton stuffing that went to Muscovite military bulk was quickly shown up. Russia had been largely travelling on a title—the Colossus of the North—just as France had been travelling on the title of the Leader of Civilization. Russia has a kindlier fortune than France, for her greater numbers are her safety

against her enemy; meanwhile, she learns much in the school of adversity.

The chief honors of the month's operations at Plevna were not for Turks or Russians, but for Roumanians. Never did a people more nobly wipe out a gratuitous slur on their prowess. The public is rather given to unfounded generalization upon the military capacity of this or the other nation. When an impression of that sort has been mysteriously sent out, it sometimes seems to be confirmed by the peculiar chances of war. Servians, we know, were last year set down as cowards by the omniscient knights of the quill, although their repeated struggles with the tremendous and cruel Ottoman power, in the past two centuries, do not show special timidity. In the same summary fashion, and fortified by the tokens of many generations of peace, these gentry were dealing with the Roumanians, when lo! the splendid valor with which they dash against the outworks of Plevna, again, again, again, as the sea dashes itself to spray on the shore, checks the slander, and stirs a general hum of admiration. Their first feat was to take a redoubt from which a force of Russian veterans had been repulsed several weeks before, under a terrible fire; having taken, they held it fast, day after day, week after week, despite a *feu d'enfer* from the Turkish interior forts, built to command it, and they repulsed the desperate storming parties that repeatedly sought to recapture it. We saw, too, their gallant, bloody, but unsuccessful stormings of the second Grivitza redoubt. The army of 60,000 Roumanians is said by fair authority to have lost 20,000 in killed and wounded before the middle of October, while the regiments engaged in the hottest service have been torn to shreds. The untiring energy and marked military skill with which they instantly began to sap up to the redoubt whence they had been repulsed, are also noteworthy. Good judges say that the Roumanians are particularly alert in their picket and outpost duty. If we dwell a little dis-

proportionately on these Roumanians, the error is pardonable, for they are fighting to-day their war of independence—a sort of war which somewhat arouses American sympathy, when it may not be stirred by a war of greed or of fanaticism.

Should Russia make a Sedan of Plevna, perhaps even should Kars or Erzeroum surrender, there would be offers of mediation by the great powers; but we can hardly conceive of a peace honorable to Russia which should not establish the independence of Roumania, and secure protection to the Christians of Bulgaria. That Turkey would readily yield home rule to the province north of the Balkans is doubtful, because, having a very natural incredulity as to the governmental capacities of its Christian population, she will suspect that an ungoverned Bulgaria would instantly be Russia-riden—that the Muscovite would be lodged at the base of the Balkans waiting to do next for Roumelia what he had already done for Roumania and Bulgaria; so that with Bulgarian independence and Roumelian home rule, the Faithful would be shoved by easy stages into the Bosphorus. Should this fear cause Turkey to reject the terms of peace imposed by the powers, Germany may possibly aid Russia to enforce compliance.

We used to hear much of anti-German feeling at St. Petersburg, and of anti-Russian feeling at Berlin; as though these powers were to be pitted against each other in the next European war. Their time for antagonism plainly has not come, nor perhaps is there much need of anticipating it while Russia has ample room for stretching herself southward and eastward, leaving Germany free to stretch herself southward and westward. Thiers, a student and prophet in continental politics, made, nearly ten years ago, just after Austria's downfall at Sadowa, some memorable predictions of the immediate future of Europe, which he regarded as pivoting on a community of interest between Russia and Prussia. "What," he said, "has the European equilibrium in the future to fear? Not the ambition of Austria or England—England and Austria are satisfied. What are the ambitions we have to dread? Those of Russia in the east and Prussia in Germany. Ambition for young na-

tions is the principle of their vitality—it would be puerile to blame them, still more so not to be on our guard." He predicted that whenever Prussia marched against the French frontier, as one day she would, Russia would take the opportunity to break the Treaty of Paris and increase her power on the Black sea. Pointing out the danger of Constantinople falling into the hands of Russia, he held that western Europe should combine, if needful, to prevent it. He denounced as chimerical the plan of erecting a Christian empire at Constantinople. "I could wish," he said, "there were a power there more congenial to our views and customs, but common sense enjoins us to accommodate ourselves to circumstances. Common sense indicates that we should keep the Turks at Constantinople—not that we like them, but because they are there." It was the part of a wise statesman, said M. Thiers, to ask himself whether a secret understanding did not exist between Berlin and St. Petersburg. "That I do not know," he added, "but I know that there is something more grave than a treaty of alliance—a *union of interests*, the foundation of a true alliance." We have since repeatedly seen this union of interests at work—we saw it in Russia's successful pressure upon England to alter the Black sea restrictions during the Franco-German war; we see it to-day in the pro-Russian tinge of Bismarck's policy and in the care he takes that Austria shall give not a jot of aid to the Porte.

The vaticinations of the French statesman were those of a period when France stood at the head of European politics; pushed from her place, she looks on the war to-day with as little personal anxiety as though it were the brawl of two African tribes. Held in check by Germany, any attempt of hers to actively take either side would probably result in Germany's taking the other and invading her again. Save for that, Marshal MacMahon, a Crimean soldier, might haply have sought to divert domestic discontent by foreign war—to disarm the popular hostility directed against his Government by aiming to recover, on the scenes of old glories, the fallen prestige of France. France is less likely to take part in the war even than Italy, whose military policy so often reveals Berlin

influence. And should Turkey one day be dismembered, like Poland, even England, able to count little on France, not yet ready to fight the battle of Dorking, and shy of attacking Russia backed by Germany, might console herself for Russia's rapacity by accepting a proffered share of the spoils. Enough of speculation based on the double supposition of vast Russian successes and of a Turkish fatuity which would reject a rational peace in order to fight on to ruin.

THE FOURTH ESTATE AND THE FIRST.

THE striking speech of Bishop Dudley at the Church Congress recently held in New York drew its strength from its being so well put and so true. All the traditions of journalistic *We-dom* forbid, of course, any public acknowledgment of the justice of his criticisms, precisely as all clerical traditions compel the pulpit at all times to magnify its office; but if the Jupiter who daily shakes the world from his awful throne could be got at in his private capacity, when he talks in the first person singular, under the mild influence of the cloud-compelling pipe and a pot of beer, no doubt he would own that the Bishop of Kentucky spoke truly and spoke well.

Bishop Dudley put his argument into a nutshell when he simply paraphrased the topic of discussion, which was "The Relation of the Popular Press to Christianity"—that is, said the Bishop, "its relation to whatsoever is pure, and true, and lovely, and of good report." The very language at once suggested the strict impartiality with which a large portion of the press also prints what is impure, untrue, unlovely, and of ill report, on the ground that these things also are news, and that people want them. Such lies, slanders, and impurities, said the speaker, come from 10,000 veiled prophets, hearkened to chiefly because they are nameless; the press is a knight with visor down, that none may know him; its rancorous harangues inflamed the hostility of North and South; it publishes what is of good report, but also "brings to the breakfast table all the disgusting details of yesterday's adulterous drama, and educates ether actors for a new repetition of it"; nor does it fail to "gloat over the fall of

the erring man," provided only he was once conspicuous in the service of the Church.

Insisting on the discrimination which the Bishop of Kentucky admits to be fair—for his proposed "remedy" is to "expel from Christian homes journals that outrage honesty and decency, and pour contempt on the Christian religion," and to take, in their places, journals that "can give the world's history for a day without contaminating the purity of your children"—we may also point out that the evils are largely those of thoughtlessness. The lawyer has his court rules to guide his professional conduct, the minister his synod or association, and even the workman his trade union. The journalist, like the physician, has only his clientage to consult, and can ply his business in his own way, with only the statute book to restrain him.

Such shocking ribaldry as Bishop Dudley cites from a paper of vast circulation in the Northwest is commonly the work of underlings, often of young men who mistake profanity for wit, and who are carried away by their professional opportunities of putting into print the irreverent jests or cynical scoffings which less favored companions must reserve for the limited admiration of the club-room. It is commonly the case that the most offensive sacrilege and the least defensible jeers at what is sacred to many come from men of a narrow range of experience, who possibly will one day disown their thoughtless contributions to this sort of literature. Bishop Dudley, to be sure, is not obliged, in order to justify his criticism on the ribald language that he cites, to show that the editor wrote it; enough that it is in the paper. Still, it is something to know that this sort of work is commonly done either by an inveterate railer, cursed with a native antipathy to anything of good report, or else by some ambitious person who has a mistaken idea of what the community wants in the way of humor. For of course it is a blunder to suppose that "gloating" over the news that some church-goer has just proved a forger is the attitude that the community respect or like. At such a discovery many people are sad, many others angry or disgusted; but very few, besides

the newspaper writer, feel gleeful, or bask and wallow in the news as something mighty regaling to the feelings. It is bad judgment to take that tone, no doubt; still, if there be commonly too little care to keep scurrility, lies, and prurient gossip out of the ordinary newspaper, it must also be remembered that protests like Bishop Dudley's have hitherto been rare, and that editors are apt to judge from their circulation whether their readers are delighted or dissatisfied with the style of the paper.

Newspapers, as everybody knows, have to be got together daily with a great delegation of authority, not always well used. The subordinate feels that the final responsibility for correctness of view and fairness of statement is on the editor; while the editor, knowing that he cannot write the whole paper, leaves much to the judgment and good faith of subordinates. Work which gets itself done in this way is naturally open to criticism. Even the simplest item of news may be distorted by the person who prepares it for publication, and the most serious sermon can be turned into ridicule by the sheer method of printing. Jenkins, who has a genius for sensational sub-heads, and breaks up the news columns with them at two-inch intervals—that being, it is supposed, as much continuity of type as the intelligent patrons of the "Daily Thunderbolt" will stand—when he sees the cable news that "The health of Consul John Smith was drunk yesterday at the mayoralty banquet in," etc., immediately disjoins the despatch by marking JOHN SMITH WAS DRUNK, for a sub-head, and gives these four words the honors of capitals and a line all alone.

By the way, as to the criticisms upon head lines in American papers, which the English journalists have just been making, we surely must confess that these

staring prefaces are rather overdone. It is a poor compliment to the reader's intelligence to have some unknown person forestall his comment on a plain bit of news by some prejudiced head-line criticism. For one, I confess that I should like my "Morning's Mare's Nest," now the delight of the breakfast table, even better would it allow me to do my own commenting on the current news, without the aid of terse prefatory distortions and misrepresentations, which ought to be saved for elaboration in the editorial columns, where we could more easily avoid them. Let the news columns at least be free from tampering.

To return to our theme—the pulpit would do well to limit its criticisms on the press to the points which Bishop Dudley took up. There are many topics of public morals, and even of ecclesiastical observance, which the fourth estate is quite as competent to discuss as the first, and for which the former nevertheless is absurdly taken to task. For example, the pulpit cannot possibly expect a monopoly of debating what the Sunday laws should be, and how they should be enforced—whether parks, and libraries, and museums should be open or closed that day, whether cars should run and newspapers be printed. This is a matter of public importance, on which the honest opinion of the press must be heard. So it is with such topics as the reading of the Bible in the schools, the amendment of the Constitution so as to introduce into it an acknowledgment of God, and many others. Yet we often hear the press complained of as irreverent, sacrilegious, and infidel because some particular journal does not chance to take on these topics the view of some particular pulpit—very likely, too, a pulpit not competent to judge. This arrogance tends to provoke the retaliation of which the pulpit complains.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

THE ARTISTIC HAND.

SOME months since we referred to a discussion of the proportions in the human hand, which had been made by Prof. Ecker of Freiburg university. It will be remembered that he found the ideal hand, as represented by the greatest artists, ancient and modern, differed from the majority of living hands in one respect. The artists' ideal has the index, or forefinger, longer than the ring finger. Nature often reverses this proportion, and makes the index finger the shorter of the two, and this not in common, but in hands of the most beautiful shape. New interest attaches to this subject from the fact that an Italian, Prof. Mantegazza of Florence has pursued the inquiry, and made several hundred observations on the hands of his countrymen and women. The total results must be expressed in tabular form, for he found that a difference exists between the sexes, men being more inclined to short forefingers than women, and also that they are somewhat more inclined to variability in the two hands than women. His results were:

Index finger longer—			
	Men....	27 or 6.7 per cent.	
	Women.	64 or 20.71	"
Ring finger longer—			
	Men....	309 or 76.67	"
	Women.	194 or 62.78	"
The two hands dissimilar—			
	Men....	57 or 14.14	"
	Women.	45 or 14.56	"
Index and ring fingers equal in length—			
	Men....	17 or 2.48	"
	Women.	6 or 1.94	"
712			

The percentages as given above are calculated on men and women separately. The proportions of the two together are as follows:

Index finger longer.....	91 or 12.77 per cent.
Ring finger longer	503 or 70.65 "
The two hands dissimilar....	102 or 14.32 "
Index and ring fingers equal in length	16 or 2.25 "

The character is therefore a fluctuating one, and examination proves that all

forms of it are found in hands of the most striking beauty. To prove this we will quote from an article in "Nature," by Dr. J. C. Galton, who is bringing this subject to the attention of the English people, the following examples:

"1. A pretty Piedmontese girl with the most lovely hands. In both the index longest.

"2. A Jewess of Modena, very lovely, and with beautiful hands. Ring finger much the longest.

"3. A Tuscan lady with a most lovely hand. Index the longest.

"4. A lady of Ferrara, pretty, and with a hand of rare beauty. Ring finger the longest."

And so the list might be extended, and a long row of shapely hands arranged that would exhibit the ring and index fingers alternately longer and shorter. In nature the type is not positive, but in art it seems to be so. The hands designed by Canova, Titian, and Ary Scheffer have been entirely or partially examined to test this question, and they uniformly make a long forefinger in a beautiful hand. Prof. Mantegazza sustains them in this decision. He recognizes the danger of elevating one's own personal peculiarities, or those of persons we esteem, to the position of a standard in taste, and therefore says that the two critical fingers are of equal length in one of his own hands, and the ring finger is slightly the longer in the other hand. After thus premising, he says: "But if artists wish to deduce a practical lesson from this very brief dissertation, I would advise them to give to the more perfect creations of their tool or pencil an index somewhat longer than the ring finger, without, however, wishing to deny to human nature the liberty of making very beautiful hands with a 'ring' longer than the index." He has been able to settle the question of heredity in this characteristic by examining a number of families in which the parents differed in the proportions of the two fingers. He found that the children also varied, taking the characteristic of

that parent they most resembled in other respects.

VERTICAL JETS AT NIAGARA.

WHILE Mr. W. H. Barlow, F. R. S., was in this country as one of the English judges at the Centennial Exhibition, he visited Niagara and noticed the vertical jets or puffs of water and mist which rise from the base of the fall at Niagara, and sometimes lift themselves as high as the edge of the fall itself. He noticed also that the windows of his hotel (the Clifton House) shook, and not with a steady tremor, but with impulses that varied in time and degree. These impulses were evidently atmospheric, for they were not perceptible in the ground. He refers all these phenomena to one cause. As the water passes the crest of the fall it carries down large quantities of air, and it is inevitable that masses of air should sometimes be so enclosed by heavy sheets of water that upon reaching the bottom the air would act like a stationary piston with a movable cylinder pressing down upon it. It would be strongly compressed, until finally, by the work stored up in it, the steadily weakening sheet of water would be broken through. An explosion would occur which would in all respects resemble the explosion of any fulminate under water. Water itself would be carried up, a jet being formed that would rise to a height proportioned to the force used. Mr. Barlow observed them to be of a "pine-tree" shape—that is, pointed at the top and widening downward—and says they "were not formed of a compact mass of water, but had that appearance which is seen in large fountains, of being composed of lumps of water of various sizes, decreasing in the lower part, until they were lost in the general mist which surrounded the lower part of the falls." These observations are no doubt applicable to all voluminous waterfalls.

† I L D

LOVERS of puzzles may derive some pleasure from guessing at the meaning and origin of these letters, which are said to be cut into the rocky face of Clarke mountain, in the basin of the Colorado. The characters are of the ordinary Roman type, and the presence of the cross would readily account for the occurrence,

but for one circumstance—the size of the letters. The rocky cliff is two hundred and fifty feet high, and the letters are sixty feet long and no less than two and a half feet deep if the reports can be trusted. In the year 1631 a Jesuit mission was established on the Gila river, and there were others in New Mexico, but it is almost incredible that men laboring for the cure of souls should think it wise to stop long enough to carve out this Herculean work. Still the work is as undoubtedly Christian as it is foolish.

A REPORTED ABORIGINAL IMAGE.

THE Colorado papers report the discovery by Mr. W. A. Conant of a remarkable stone image which was found near Pueblo, Colorado. That region is always an interesting field to the archaeologist, from the existence of extensive ruins which prove the former occupation of the country by a considerable people. The speculations as to their age, the date of their departure or decay, and the means by which they maintained themselves, in a now rainless and arid country, have given rise to many interesting questions and suggestions, some of which have been explained in this Miscellany. The genuineness of the figure which is now reported to have been dug up is very doubtful, and the papers published in that neighborhood do not seem to be capable of dealing with such a problem. The story is that as Mr. Conant was eating his lunch he noticed an odd-looking stone projecting from the ground. Knocking the earth from it, he found that it resembled a human foot, and digging with a shovel, quickly uncovered the whole figure, which, like the Cardiff giant, appears to have been very superficially covered. The image is evidently a work of art, and is said to be cut from "a sort of slate rock colored a dirty yellow on the outside." It represents a man reclining, one arm being crossed over his breast, and the other lying along his side, with the hand resting on his leg. The height is seven feet six inches, and great doubt is thrown upon the whole affair by the efforts to throw a prehistoric air over the statue, if a statue has been found. The arms are said to be remarkably long, the hands and feet ape like, and the back bone is continued in a *tail* two or three inches long. The secular papers appear

to consider this "suggestive of the truth of the Darwinian theory," but if any such image has been found, and with such a tail, it is more suggestive of fraud than of any theory whatever.

PROF. DRAPER'S DISCOVERY OF OXYGEN
IN THE SUN.

THE force of our remarks concerning the remarkable successes which American scientific men have had in astronomical work is strengthened by Prof. Henry Draper's discovery of oxygen in the sun. The announcement of this important work was made in August in the "American Journal of Science and Art," which publishes a photographic print of the spectra of the sun and air, so applied to each other as to establish the certainty of Prof. Draper's discovery. It is observable that the oxygen lines are bright and not dark absorption lines like those of the metals. Referring to this, Prof. Draper says: "We must therefore change our theory of the solar spectrum, and no longer regard it merely as a continuous spectrum with certain rays absorbed by a layer of ignited metallic vapors, but as having also bright lines and bands superposed on the background of continuous spectrum. Such a conception not only opens the way to the discovery of others of the non-metals, sulphur, phosphorous, selenium, chlorine, bromine, iodine, fluorine, carbon, etc., but also may account for some of the so-called dark lines by regarding them as intervals between bright lines." He thinks that his photographs of the solar spectra already prove the existence of nitrogen in the sun, but does not publish the spectra taken especially for the purpose of demonstrating the fact, and indeed he does not consider it fully established. He explains the previous failure of observers to note these lines on the ground "that in eye observations bright lines on a less bright background do not make the impression on the mind that dark lines do. When attention is called to their presence they are readily enough seen even without the aid of a reference spectrum." The fact that an ignited gas gives bright lines instead of obeying the well known law that "a gas when ignited absorbs rays of the same refrangibility as those it emits," he explains by supposing that the non-metals may behave differently

from the metals. He compares the existing state of things to a candle flame shining through a yard thickness of ignited sodium vapor. In that case the observer would see bright, and not dark sodium lines, and just so he thinks we may look upon the sun as containing a great mass of intensely ignited oxygen the light of which shines through the surrounding photosphere. This explanation requires that a large part of the sun's light should come from ignited gases. Prof. Draper describes the conditions of research in this field as very troublesome and difficult. He uses a Gramme electrical machine driven by Brayton's petroleum motor, which he says is admirable for laboratory work.

A NEW SOURCE OF ROCKS.

PROF. NORDENSKJÖLD carries his deductions from the discovery that the earth is constantly receiving a rain of meteoric dust so far as to suggest that some rocks now considered as eruptive may really owe their origin to the accumulation of this dust. Many circumstances, he says, indicate that these rocks, which in remarkably regular layers cover extensive regions of the earth's surface, *often, but not always*, consist of stratified tuff-like formations, which during the enormous duration of geological periods have assumed a crystalline structure. The resemblance between them and various constituent parts of meteorites is so striking that the question must be seriously and impartially discussed whether a part of the plutonic rocks are not of cosmic origin. By this is meant that the material of these rocks gradually fell to the earth even after its surface formed an abode for animals and plants. To the accumulation of this material in quantity and the pressure and consequent heat produced by it may be attributed the formation of centres of eruptive action. The Professor, whose views were explained in an address before the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences, says that many observed facts may be quoted in support of this view. It affords perhaps the true solution of the questions raised by the discovery of meteoric iron at Ovik, in Greenland, a simple explanation of the occurrence of magnesia in some formations, and of other disputed problems.

The strangeness of the suggestion will not repel scientific men in this age of the world, but there are real difficulties in accepting it. The fall of cosmic dust is so extremely small, and probably so uniform in quantity over the various quarters of the globe, that it is hard to understand how enough could collect to form rocks of recognizable thickness, or how it could be concentrated on chosen areas. So far as we now know, the dust that falls is completely masked by the accumulation of local material.

MICHIGAN LAKE WATER.

THE novel conditions under which Chicago obtains its supply of potable water give its board of health an opportunity to study the subject of sewage pollution from a point of view never obtainable before the lake tunnel was cut in the clay bottom of Lake Michigan. The end of the tunnel is three miles from the shore and the city, and whatever impurities the great city pours into its lake have a considerable time to settle, and also a very large body of water for their dilution. The slaughter-houses send five hundred tons of animal matter every week into the lake, but this is so diluted by the fifteen square miles of water over and through which it would naturally spread as to become in the end innocuous. The report of Dr. J. Suydam Knox, who has examined this subject, says that if this slaughter-house refuse should reach the crib where the water enters the tunnel, it would be so diluted that the water would show only 0.45 grain to the gallon. But he also gives the still more cheering information that the water at the crib shows hardly a trace of it. There is some slight fouling of the water, for analyses of samples taken at various points from two miles beyond the crib to close in shore show that the impurity decreases as the distance from the shore grows greater. At five miles from the city the amount of organic matter was 0.0688 grain per gallon; at the crib it was 0.108 grain, and 300 feet from the pier it was 1.6728 grain. Chicago, therefore, has a water supply of the best kind, and likely to remain so for a long time in spite of the city's rapid growth. The flatness of the land about it makes sewerage a very difficult task. The canal, which was cut to

change the current of the river, has so little fall that the river flows alternately toward its source and toward its mouth.

FRENCH HYDRAULIC WORKS.

A FRENCH engineer has suggested a plan for irrigating the valley of the Rhone, which in its scope and cost surpasses any of the startling undertakings to which hydraulic engineers in our Sierra Nevada mountains are accustomed. He proposes to tap the Rhone near Vienna, and lead the water through a canal 310 miles long. The Rhone will furnish 6,600 gallons per second, and the same quantity can be obtained from other rivers in the course of the canal; and the latter will reach a territory of about 544,000 acres, and containing half a million people. The water would be used in winter for irrigating the vineyards, and in summer the meadows. It is thought that at least 560,000 gallons of water yearly will be required for each acre of ground, the charge for which is fixed at about twenty-five francs. The cost of the work will be twenty-four million dollars.

This is by no means the only project of the kind under consideration in France. Five great schemes are broached for collecting the waters of all the rivers and spreading them over the land. We are accustomed to look on France as a remarkably fertile and productive country. So it is, but there are also extensive regions within it which are sterile in the last degree. In its much less extended area, it seems to embody a region which resembles in dryness and aridity the great interior districts of the West. The fact that these have not been brought under cultivation, in spite of the great advance in farming during the last century, is good proof that strong reasons exist for their present barrenness. If France were a country that increased in population, this question of extending the arable lands would long ago have pressed upon the Government. As it is it has only now become urgent, but it is highly probable that the next dynasty which establishes sway over the French, be it republic or monarchy, will find its greatest glory in extending the area of arable lands. This will require a series of great works, and demand large outlays in the beginning,

but it will be one of the greatest blessings that can be extended to the country. Europe has on its northern border one country that keeps the sea out of one-third its area by incessant pumping, and on its southern border another country that needs to save every drop of water in its river beds to moisten its rainless hills.

STANLEY'S LATEST DISCOVERY.

MR. STANLEY has increased the list of his important additions to geographical knowledge by solving, in the most conclusive manner, the most important question left in general African topography. By actually navigating the stream, he has proved that Livingstone's Lualaba is in reality the river Congo, as Cameron conjectured. Stanley's second journey to Africa is now completed. He entered upon it in 1874, starting from Bagamoyo, on the east coast. He spent a year and a half in reaching and exploring the lake region, and the account of his meeting with the chief M'Tese, of his numerous fights with the natives, and of some minor discoveries on the lakes formed the burden of his first report, received about a year ago. He went from the lakes westward to Nyangwe on the Lualaba, the course of which he followed, through almost impenetrable jungles and tribes always hostile, until the desertion of a large part of his force compelled him to take to the river. The journey was pursued in canoes and in a boat, the *Lady Alice*. Just at the equator a series of cataracts was encountered, and a portage had to be established through the jungle for thirteen miles. The natives were hostile as usual. Two degrees north of the equator he found the river already called the Congo by the natives. Soon after, in a fight with one of the river tribes, he found they were firing muskets, and knew that he was within the circle of coast trade. Stanley left Nyangwe on the Lualaba in November, 1876, and reached Cabinda on the coast August 14, 1877. Stanley's propensity to fight with the natives he encounters is universally regretted. His method of forcing his way wherever he wants to go has no doubt resulted in giving to him the credit of geographical discoveries that would certainly be made at some time by some explorer. But it

entirely shuts him out from the confidence of the people he travels among, and his journeys are remarkably barren in ethnological and similar studies.

A CHOICE IN COWS.

A FRENCH chemist thinks he has found some very remarkable differences in the effect of climate upon cows, the differences being between the various breeds. The *Salers* breed gives milk that has less butter and more casein in summer than in winter. The *Ferrand* breed, on the contrary, produces a milk that contains more butter in summer than in winter. The milk of the *Charollais* breed differs but little. These breeds are all from *Auvergne*. *Normandy* cows, according to this authority, give a milk that contains much butter and little casein. If such differences could be fully established, a selection would have to be made for localities that depend upon cheese-making or butter-making, for in the modern way of producing these articles in large factories it will evidently make a considerable difference whether the milk for a cheese factory is drawn from butter-making or from cheese-making cows. Some doubt has been thrown upon this chemist's methods of study, but the subject certainly deserves attention, and nowhere more than in America.

THE PERMEABILITY OF BUILDING MATERIALS.

EXPERIMENTS have been made by Prof. Märcker and Dr. Berthold to determine the penetrability of building materials by gases. Brick, sandstone, and *Shelby tufa*—the latter being an especially porous substance—mortar and cement not kept under water, allow the passage of gases very freely, while granite, porphyry, slate, limestone, marble, and alabaster are impermeable. As houses are usually built of brick or sandstone, and cellar floors are almost invariably laid with brick or cement, it is quite plain that we live between walls that are no protection against noxious gases. But protection can easily be had, even with these porous walls. Thin paper hangings reduce the penetrability of mortar seventeen per cent., and thick glazed hangings lessen it forty per cent. A double coat of oil paint makes all kinds of building material impermeable. The

application of water also serves as a temporary check to the passage of gas, and ground that is wet is comparatively free from this action. These studies are valuable, for it has been proved that the gases of a sewer can find their way through a considerable thickness of earth into dwellings.

PHOTOGRAPHING METALLIC SPECTRA.

Mr. J. PARRY of the Ebbro Vale iron works, whose researches into the constitution and analysis of iron and steel and their ores have been unremitting, informs the "Chemical News" that he has the best success in photographing spark spectra. He says: "The spark spectrum from a six-inch spark induction coil may be very easily photographed, and by moistening platinum points with HCl solutions of the metals very beautiful spectra may be obtained. I have the whole apparatus so arranged as to render it easy to photograph the spectra of HCl solutions of steel, pig iron, and iron ore very quickly, the whole process first to last not exceeding thirty minutes. In this way I have obtained spectrum photographs of Bessemer steel and iron." His battery consists of fifty Bunsen cells, using a mixture of two-thirds undiluted sulphuric and one-third nitric acid for the inner porous cell, and water only for the outer. This battery lasts six days, at the end of which time it is only necessary to renew the acid in one-third of the inner cells. He uses a single prism spectroscope, and by the usual combination of lenses photographs an enlarged image of the spectrum. The light from the spark alone being very feeble, it required prolonged exposure to obtain a clear image, and he now burns small lengths of magnesium wire just behind the spark. This reduces the time of exposure to fifteen minutes. Uranium dry plates are used, wet ones having been discarded. The former have the advantage that they can be left in the camera for hours, and several spectra taken on one plate.

THE TELEPHONE.

THE telephone has been steadily and rapidly improved since it was first brought prominently to notice in France about a year ago. Instead of a large box with a wide mouthpiece for receiv-

ing the vocal sounds, Mr. Bell has now condensed it into a small hand instrument, which can readily be applied to the ear. Instead of a resonator different in construction and principle from the enunciator, the two parts of the instrument are now identical, and both are in effect a modification of the old enunciator. The electric magnet with its coil of insulated wire is retained, and also the thin metallic diaphragm. But these are both made much smaller, and a very simple arrangement makes the magnet adjustable to the diaphragm. When the distance between these two parts is correctly adjusted, the vibrations in the metallic diaphragm produced by the voice are sufficient to close the circuit of the magnet and induce electric currents in it. The whole action is dependent upon the law discovered by Faraday, that any disturbance of the magnetic condition of the core of an electro-magnet induces a current of electricity in the coil. The vibrations produced by speech, acting on the diaphragm, which stands like an armature in front of the magnet, produce these disturbances, and in exact proportion to the number and force of the vocal vibrations. The last of Prof. Bell's improvements has no doubt greatly increased the "definition" of the telephone, for the close application of the instrument to the mouth of the speaker and ear of the hearer necessarily excludes disturbing sounds. It has been proposed to introduce them into mines, which, singularly enough, considering the great age of mining as an industry, remain to this day without the means of direct communication with the surface. All demands of the men below are communicated to the top by means of bells, of which a very limited series of signals are in use. But the projected introduction of the telephone is not very promising. Electrical signals have never been found safe, and only two or three months ago a man was killed because an electrical bell sounded of its own accord the signal to hoist. The engineer obeyed, and a man who stood in the way of the car was crushed to death. Electrical signals are not in favor with mining men, and they have constantly proved themselves untrustworthy. The telephone may be a convenient adjunct to ordinary

mining signals, but it should not be allowed a post of confidence.

THE BLUE GUM TREE.

THE wide extension of malarial diseases in this and other countries is continually calling attention to the cause of these diseases, but with little result. In fact the knowledge on the subject is so indefinite that it would be hard to get a good definition of what is ordinarily meant by the word "malaria." Nevertheless remedies for its removal are urgently recommended, and at present the planting of the *Eucalyptus globulus*, or blue gum tree, is in high favor, and apparently with good grounds in a favorable experience. It is now suggested that the function of trees is to maintain a healthy circulation of the moisture, which, if allowed to lie dormant, will encourage decomposition and the production of gases that may be unhealthy. The tree absorbs an enormous quantity of water from the soil, assimilates the organic substances it may contain, and distills the pure water in the form of vapor from its leaves. It may be that this moisture is quickly redeposited, so that the ground is kept wet, and the region is no drier for the tree than it would be without it. But the circulation established prevents a stagnant fermentation, and the products of the slight decay that is continually going on are at once removed and resolidified in healthy form by the assimilating powers of the tree. The accumulation of water in the soil and the consequent noxious emanation of gases from it is prevented. The trees really drain the ground, and it is from this action that good results are looked for in the tree-planting operations on the Roman campagna. Of the blue gum trees which are being introduced there such wonderful stories are told that it fairly rivals in value some of those tropical plants which are ingeniously made to furnish food, drink, shelter, medicine, twine, and tools to the natives. The wood is free from parasites, its ashes contain an extraordinary amount of potash (as much as 21 per cent. in some cases), its leaves have value as a febrifuge and may serve as an antiseptic dressing for wounds. These virtues are in addition to the tree's special power of draining the ground

and its remarkably rapid growth. One drawback will prove a serious stumbling block in the way of its introduction in this country. It cannot bear frost.

INVENTIONS AT AUCTION.

AN auction sale of inventions was lately held in New York, and the fact was then made apparent that invention is most profitable when it aids manufactures. Inventions for the farm, the house, the garden, and the individual were mostly slow of sale, but anything that promised to add to the efficiency of a machine, or that afforded a manufacturer a new way of making anything in the market, readily brought a respectable price. A dish washer brought \$35, a combined filter and refrigerator \$200, an adjuster for closing blinds without opening the window, \$90; so much for the house. The only article in this category that did well was a bolt for fastening both blinds at once—price \$425. As to the farm, a potato harvester sold for \$200, a cotton and corn planter, warranted to plant eight or ten acres a day, \$50. A self-locking and extension ladder may perhaps be put down as the high-priced article of this class of inventions. It brought \$1,000 for the right of New York alone. When we turn from these to articles useful to *manufacturers* quite a change comes over the list of prices. An improvement in balancing piano keys sold for \$700; a device in lard presses, to permit the ready removal of the pressed cake, \$700; a machine to sharpen slate pencils, \$1,000; a combination lock, \$650; a machine for boring fence posts, \$1,425; and the prize of the sale was an improvement in tanning which hastens the process, and increases the weight of the leather. For the right to New England \$6,000 was bid, and \$3,000 each for New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. These facts are of real importance to inventors. There is always a field for their labors, and probably always a fair return for the labor if not for the genius they have spent. But that reward is not often obtained by sending the peddler round to kitchen doors. It is to be had of manufacturers in the ordinary routine of business. The sale of course presented some curiosities, but we will only mention an overcoat pocket for a lady's hand when walking with a gentleman,

which brought \$350, with the State of Pennsylvania reserved, a double pocket to cheat pickpockets, and a machine to "lick" postage stamps.

THE expenditure by the English Government for education, science, and art has increased from £26,750 in 1835 to £3,972,008 in 1875.

A GERMAN chemist has extracted acotinic acid from sugar-cane juice, the proportion being 0.149 per cent. Formerly only malic and oxalic acids were known to occur in this product.

THE Agricultural Society of the Lower Seine (France) has offered a prize of 700 francs (\$140) for the invention of an instrument that will indicate positively whether water has been added to milk.

AMONG fifty-seven candidates for admission to the London Royal Society are two clergymen of the Church of England, one Wesleyan minister, one peer, one foreign baron, one baronet, eleven M. D.s, etc.

THE conditions under which diamonds are found in Australia and Africa have led to the conclusion that they have been formed in volcanic vents opened in sandstones and shales in which thin coal seams are intercalated.

A VERY useful alloy, that is said to resist sulphuretted hydrogen and the vegetable acids, is Sideraphthite, composed of 66 iron, 23 nickel, 4 tungsten, 5 aluminium, and 5 copper. It is pronounced to be cheaper than German silver and more useful than the metal silver.

THE Paris geographers do not seem to be as sanguine about cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Darien by the methods which French genius knows so well as they were a few months ago. The expedition organized to investigate the possibility of doing so is announced to be a failure.

THE extreme accuracy which is reached in modern surveying is illustrated by

the close correspondence of the difference in longitude between Paris and Algiers. By telegraphic comparisons it was determined at 2 m. 50.211 s. Loewy and Perrier had made it 2 m. 50.217 s. by direct measurement.

THE following curious note appears in "Nature": "We are informed that H. M. Government has just been pleased to sanction the necessary expenditure to replace the important deep-soil thermometers of the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh, which were so cruelly broken by a madman last September."

BLIND fish are found in some Swiss lakes, but they are not as large as similar animals obtained from subterranean waters. This fact is explained by the fact that in the illumination of the open lakes they encounter a rivalry from their better furnished brethren that prevents them from obtaining a full supply of food.

OFFICIAL reports state that there are 84,200 buildings in New York city. There are 198 houses arranged as "French flats," 172 hotels, 66 hospitals and asylums, 28 theatres, and 11 markets. The number of dwelling-houses is 67,156. The annual average number of new buildings for the last twelve years is 1,585.

DR. SCHOMBURGK, who was naturalist to the Boundary expedition to British Guiana, says that at one settlement he saw a young woman nursing at one and the same time her baby and a young monkey! He also says that "with the exception of the carnivorous, all kinds of animals are suckled and reared by Indian women."

THE wonderful magnitude of the least operations in nature is illustrated by the quantity of honey that can be gathered from flowers. Two hundred thousand pounds have been taken from bees kept within an area of ten miles, and on this basis it is plain that our continent might be made to produce thousands of tons yearly, and the honey crop outdo the sugar crop.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

IN the course of some of our former reviews of a class of books which is now assuming a very important position in the literature of science, we have used the phrase physiological psychology, inventing it to express a department of scientific investigation for which we know no name. As physiology refers to man's body and psychology to his soul, our phrase may have seemed to some of our readers a contradiction in terms. But we find support for it in a book before us, which is of the highest authority upon the subject to which it refers.* Henry Maudsley, in the preface to his "Physiology of Mind," says that "the current of psychological thought having set so strongly in physiological channels, it is pretty certain that the reflections which one person has had, however original they may seem to him, some other person has had, has now, or very soon will have." Psychological thought in physiological channels is more briefly physiological psychology. And, by the way, we cannot see how the fact that one person has had, or even more, has now or even most, will soon have certain thoughts upon this or any other subject, can in any way affect their originality in the mind of another person, who derived them from no foreign source, particularly if that person was the first to give them expression.

The philosophic study of man, of which Maudsley's book is so important and interesting an exponent, is the result of the application to man of the inductive method of investigation. It rejects as folly all intuitive consciousness of the absolute, the unconditioned, the unknowable, and applies itself to the observation and study of what is known in regard to the human organization. It confines itself to facts; and these it compares and classifies; and from these and these only it makes deductions. As to

the unconditioned and the absolute, in the words of our author, "such existence has no more relation to us as conscious beings than the moral feelings of mankind have to the sensibility of an oyster or of an infusory animalcule; it could be known only by a consciousness which had the power of transcending consciousness; and to affirm anything of it, either positive or negative, is simply nonsense." This is the ground, the starting point of the new philosophy of man's nature. The conclusion thus far arrived at by those who pursue the method of investigation indicated above, is that man is not dual but single in his constitution; that he is not a body inhabited by a soul, but that what has been called his soul or his mind is a mode of manifestation of his physical organization. Briefly it declares that psychology and physiology are one and the same thing, or different branches of one and the same subject.

Even by those who hold that the mind is a thing by itself, entirely separate from the body, it has been long recognized, as we all know, that the brain is the organ of the mind, that through which it acts. This has been so long regarded as established that the words brain and mind have become almost synonyms. We say that a man has no brains, meaning that he has no mind; that he has a weak brain, meaning that his mind is weak. According to the new philosophy this use of the two words has more than a metaphorical correctness; and the brain, the spinal column, and the nervous ganglia, or at least what we call the mind, is the mere manifestation of their action. This opinion was held at one time by Robert Hall, the great Baptist preacher. "I am," he said, as quoted in his memoirs, "and have long been a materialist. . . . My opinion upon this head is, that the nature of man is simple and uniform; that the thinking powers and faculties are the result of a certain organization of matter, and that after death he ceases to be conscious until the resurrection." This opinion, we

* "*The Physiology of Mind*": Being the First Part of a Third Edition, Revised, Enlarged, and in Great Part Rewritten, of "*The Physiology and Pathology of Mind*." By HENRY MAUDSLEY, M. D. 12mo, pp. 547. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

are told, he afterward abandoned; but it is very important and significant as having been held by an evangelical Christian minister of Robert Hall's ability, at a time when he was in the full exercise of his ministerial functions.

Dr. Maudsley's book must be admitted, even by those who do not accept all his deductions (and we do not), to be one of very great ability. It shows wide and patient research, a candid spirit, clear perceptions, cautious method, and fine reasoning powers. We cannot review it in detail, but we can give our readers a just notion of its character by glancing at the view which its author presents of one of the most important, perhaps the most important, of man's mental functions—memory.

Memory is really the most wonderful and inexplicable of all those functions, and yet it is the most important because without it man would not be conscious of a continuous existence. If it were not for memory, a man would not know to-day that he is the same being that he was yesterday. On each awakening from the temporary oblivion of sleep he would have to begin a new existence, as if he were then first born. It is only by his memory that he knows that he has lived from infancy to any period of after life, that one of his days, or of his hours, or of his minutes has any relation to the other. And yet what memory really is, and how that so-called faculty acts, has heretofore been a mystery. Dr. Maudsley undertakes to solve this mystery, and to tell us how it is that we are conscious at one time of what has happened at another, and even how we are able to recall by an act of volition what had passed, as we supposed, utterly out of our consciousness, and was, as we say, forgotten.

The process, as he views it, is simply one of impression upon some part of the spinal column. It may be supposed, according to Dr. Maudsley (and we certainly must all agree that *it may be supposed*), that the first brain action in regard to an event or a thing did leave behind it when it subsided some after effect, some modification of the nerve element, whereby the nerve circuit was disposed to fall again readily into the same action, such disposition appearing in consciousness as recognition or memory. Here we have the unmitigated

materialism once avowed by Robert Hall. Knowledge, consciousness, is the mere reception of an impression by a nerve, and memory is the mere disposition of that nerve to resume that impression; recollection is a restoration of that impression. A startling and we must confess not altogether satisfactory theory. At the same time we must admit that psychology affords us not the least help in this matter, and that our author is quite right in saying that psychology, "in describing memory as a faculty of the mind, or the conservative faculty, does no more than present us with a name in place of an explanation." And there is so much of this in metaphysics, and even in science. Science, moral or physical, gives a thing a Latin name descriptive of its functions, classifies it and pigeonholes it, and plumes itself upon a successful investigation, leaving us as to the cause, the nature, and the mode of action of this learnedly named thing just where we were before. Dr. Maudsley marks clearly the distinction, too little regarded in speech, between remembering and recollecting. When an event or a thing is remembered, it occurs to the mind spontaneously; when it is voluntarily sought for and found, it is recollected. He maintains, however, that when a thing is recollected, there is consciousness of it, for it is impossible to exercise the will as to what we are not conscious of. His final conclusion as to memory is presented in these remarkable words: "First, memory is an organized product; secondly, it is an organization extending widely through the cortical layers of the cerebral hemispheres." This reduction of what has hitherto been regarded as one of the most mysterious and subtly acting faculties of the mind into an organized product stored away like so much corn or coal is one of the most startling results of the inductive system of reasoning as applied to man by modern science.

Dr. Maudsley remarks upon the fact, which is known to many other observant persons, that persons of a very low order of intellect have often surprising memories. "I have seen," he says, "an imbecile in the Eastwood asylum for idiots who can repeat accurately a page or more of any book which he has read years before; . . . and I once saw an epileptic youth, morally imbecile, who would,

shutting his eyes, repeat a leading article in a newspaper word for word after reading it once." Memory not only of this strength, but of this kind, is not commonly associated with great intellectual power. Men who can reason clearly, imagine vividly, who have brilliant fancy, or fine perceptive faculties, have rarely this kind of memory. They can remember the essential of what they see, or hear, or read, but the rest drops from them. Macaulay was a rare exception to this rule, as Dr. Maudsley mentions. But here he is somewhat trenching upon the domain of pure psychological reflection; and here we leave him, commending his book to our readers as the most interesting of its kind known to us, if, indeed, there is another just of its kind in the language.

PROBABLY no writer of her sex is or ever has been more widely known throughout the world than "George Sand" (Mme. Dudevant). Her reputation is justly such, however, that her books are excluded from the reading of the young, particularly of young women, by those who are careful in regard to the literary influences to which their sons and daughters are subjected. Such persons would be surprised if, after reading the fourth of Messrs. Appletons' collection of foreign authors* without knowing the name of the writer, they were informed that it was the dreaded "George Sand." It is one of the simplest and purest little stories we remember ever to have read; thoroughly good and safe in its moral tone and full of common sense. It is as unlike such books as "Indiana" and "Leila" as the productions of the same author could be unlike each other. The story is presumed to be told by M. Chantabel, an eminent French advocate, and it relates to his family and that of Countess de Nives. This countess, although a real countess by marriage, is a kind of adventuress; that is, she enters the family of the Count de Nives as governess to his daughter, the first Countess, who dies, leaving a beautiful and eccentric young daughter. The governess captivates the Count, who marries her, and she also has a daughter. The new

Countess immediately sets herself at the task of oppressing her stepdaughter. Hatred grows up between them; and the Count, being entirely under the influence of his new wife, sides with her, and begins to hate his elder daughter. He dies, and leaves his property, so far as he can do so, in the hands of his widow. But he cannot put it completely in her power, because part of it is landed estate. The elder daughter, Marie, Mlle. de Nives, has been placed in a convent, and there her stepmother, the dowager Countess, wishes to keep her and compel her to take the veil. She finally wishes to do more, however, to have Mlle. de Nives declared incompetent and placed in an asylum for the insane, in order that she, the Countess, and her daughter may have the full enjoyment of the property. To attain this end she seeks the assistance of M. Chantabel. The shrewd, sound-hearted advocate, however, sees through her, and he also discovers that her rights in the property are nothing. He tells her so plainly, and the Countess seeks other advice, and takes other measures. M. Chantabel has an ambitious wife and a good son Henri, and to please the former he buys a little land contiguous to his country residence, on which land is an old turreted chateau, called the Tower of Percemont, and this he gives to his son. The connection of the tower with the story is of the slenderest kind. A nephew of M. Chantabel named Jacques, a handsome, good-hearted fellow, sees Mlle. de Nives while she is a novice, falls in love with her, and succeeds in contriving her escape, she, however, not yet being in love with him. He takes her to his house, near that of M. Chantabel, and leaves her there under the protection of his sister Miette, he retiring for French proprieties to another residence, a farmhouse which he owns. This sister Miette is loved by and loves Henri Chantabel, but there has a coolness grown up between them. The motive of the story is to bring this two pairs of lovers together, to counteract the plans of the Countess de Nives, and to save the daughter of the latter from her mother's evil influence.

The story is almost altogether one of character. Of adventure there is only enough to give movement and incident sufficient for interest, and of society

* "*The Tower of Percemont.*" A Novel. From the French of GEORGE SAND. 16mo, pp. 227. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

scenes there are few. M. Chantabel reveals himself in a very simple, *naïf* way as he tells the experience of others and his experience with them. He is a kind of man much more common in France than in England or in America, or, we fancy, in any other country at the present day—a man who is reserved, not from hauteur, or shyness, or preoccupation, or any other kind of egoism, but partly from a habit of observing and studying others, and partly from a deliberate self-restraint; a man of great knowledge of the world, but of genial temper, and notwithstanding his reserve, of really open heart; an affectionate man, and yet one authoritative with his family and all his subordinates; of polished manners, and yet able to snub such a vulgar countess as Mme. de Nives; a sedate man, and yet with a fine appreciation of humor. There were such men in England and in this country a hundred or seventy-five years ago, but now they are very rare; the rush of the modern world has swept them out of existence, or left only a few of them circulating in the quiet little eddies of life. In France, owing to different social conditions, to the strong family organization, and to the immobility of the large rural population, such changes have not taken place so rapidly as with the Anglo-Saxon peoples, and men of M. Chantabel's type, and others which have become foreign or obsolete with us, still survive. His wife is a not uncommon character even with us: a weak, loving, vain woman, who worships her husband, and dotes on her son, and who yet is imposed upon by the title and the fuss of such a person as the Countess de Nives. She has in full strength the foible of her sex, social ambition, and wishes to take airs because of the old château of Percemont; but her husband makes fun of her aristocratic pretensions good-naturedly, and she has so much deference for him that she submits. The most striking personage in the story is Mlle. de Nives, whose character is quite out of the common, and indeed seems to us to pass the bounds of nature. She has an independence which seems to be born neither of will nor of passion, but from a simple disregard of all self-restraint and of an unconsciousness of sex. She does what she pleases, just as if she were a girl of

seven or eight years old, with a brain and body of eighteen or twenty. She accepts Jacques's aid in eloping, and goes off with him with perfect *sang froid*, and yet seems quite unconscious that she has laid herself under any obligations to him as a man, or assumed any relations to him as a woman; and when he kisses her hand passionately she laughs at him outright. And yet afterward, when she is suddenly placed in a position in which she is asked to name her accepted lover, she points him out as coolly as if he were a new bonnet that she had chosen—perhaps far more so. In fact, she is a young woman fit for marriage, and yet totally without the feminine instinct. There may possibly have been such women, or such a woman; but, thank heaven, they are so exceedingly rare as to make Marie de Nives, with all her beauty and intelligence, seem monstrous, and almost to justify her stepmother's pretence that she is insane.

THE number of special dictionaries which has appeared of late years is one of the characteristic literary features of the times. Among these dictionaries none have received a heartier welcome than Fleming's "Vocabulary of Philosophy," which was first published twenty years ago. It supplied a great need of the student of philosophy and of the intelligent reader of the higher literature. But it was imperfect, and in some respects not quite correct. Its imperfections were supplied and its errors corrected in two subsequent editions, the last of which appeared after the death of the author, under the editorial care of Prof. Calderwood of the University of Edinburgh. There still remained much to be added to make a really complete work of reference upon the vocabulary of philosophy, and the task left unfinished by Fleming was undertaken and has been ably performed by Prof. Krauth of the University of Pennsylvania, in a volume now before us.* This comprehensive volume includes Fleming's Vocabulary, of which it gives all the matter (corrections excepted) of all the editions, and it is supplemented by Prof. Krauth's own "Vocabulary of the

* "A Vocabulary of the Philosophical Sciences." By CHARLES P. KRAUTH. 12mo, pp. 1,044. New York: Sheldon & Company.

Philosophical Sciences," a work almost as large as Fleming's. The book as it now stands is as nearly as possible complete. Notwithstanding its being the work of two authors, it has perfect unity of plan, and the only apparent violation of that unity is the separation of the two vocabularies. This may make occasion for two references. What is not found in one vocabulary must be sought in the other. It would have been convenient for the student to unite the two in one alphabetic succession of terms; but this, from a literary point of view, was impossible. Dr. Krauth has indeed edited Fleming; but his own matter could not have been mixed with Fleming's without losing its individuality, a sacrifice hardly to be expected. Among the important peculiarities of the work—peculiar as compared with Fleming's—are the increased number of the illustrations of ancient philosophy, which, as the editor-author justly says, are the basis of all real thinking, and the additions made to the terms of mediæval philosophy. In Dr. Krauth's part of the volume the most important distinctive terms of the German philosophy are given in German. This supplies the most noticeable deficiency of Fleming's work—a deficiency of great moment considering the position which the Germans now hold in all departments of philosophical inquiry. There is a copious bibliographical index, which indeed is not a mere index, but almost a critical and biographical catalogue of philosophical literature. By consulting this the student may see at a glance what subjects each of the great philosophical writers of past and present time has treated. Another merit of Dr. Krauth's work is its objectivity, or, as it might be called, its impartiality. It does not undertake to impeach or to defend any system, however bad or good in the judgment of the author or of any other writer upon the same subject. It merely gives impartial information upon all systems. This is what the student needs in a book of reference of this kind; and Dr. Krauth is to be congratulated, both upon his plan and upon its successful execution. Very copious information is given upon many subjects, notwithstanding the vocabularic character of the work. Among the articles which are remarkable in this respect we indi-

cate that on "Soul." Here we have eleven full pages, which present the conceptions of the soul as they have been presented in philosophical literature from Carus to the last German and English philosophers of the day. This one article, which fills eleven pages, presents the results of researches through the whole field of philosophical literature, and is worth to the student, or to any intelligent reader who is interested in its most important subject, the price of the whole book, which cannot fail to take a place as an indispensable work of reference in philosophy.

WE have had the literature of gush; now we have the literature of swash. The present year has been distinguished by the appearance and the enormous success of a class of books in which drivel has attained a perfection and a consideration which is sufficiently puzzling to thinking people. "Helen's Babies" and other people's babies, "That Husband of Mine," and that uncle and that aunt, and people's grand-uncles and grandaunts, and "They All Do It," and what they all don't do, are made the subjects of books, of volumes which it would seem could only be regarded by sane people as silly gabble put in print. The number of copies—in two cases more than one hundred thousand—of these books which have been sold seems to be a depressing fact in the literary history of the time. But in truth it really shows only that a new class of readers has come into the market for the supply of its "intellectual" needs. The demand for good books will not diminish. These books are provided for those who otherwise would not read at all. And it would be better if their buyers were incapable of reading.

MRS. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS'S new novel, "Avis,"* is the story of a woman with a "career." As a study of womanhood it is unnatural and not attractive; as a readable, *sellable* book it is, like her other efforts, an undoubted success. The scene is laid in a college town, Harmouth, and Avis is an artistic, unpractical genius, the daughter of an absent-

* "The Story of Avis." By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, author of "The Gates Ajar." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

minded, metaphysical professor; her mother, a "restless, glittering, inefficient thing, like a humming bird turned radical," who died early. Even then Avis (the luckless combination of her learned papa and the mother bird) sought to cheer the dying eyes with a little picture, and shivering in her night gown called attention to the color in the east. "Oh, mamma, the wing! See the wing the sun has made upon the sky! It looks as if it meant to wrap us, wrap us, wrap us in." The sole stay of the lonely home after this was the Professor's sister, "a homeless widow of excellent Vermont intentions, and high ideals in cup cake," who is ridiculed in a quiet way throughout the tale; but we really have a great respect and liking for the sensible, patient relative, and do not see how the household machinery could have moved at all without her efficient assistance.

The heroine, on the contrary, must have been a trying person to educate or live with, but at sixteen an illuminated, "a phosphorescent" hour came to Avis, perched in the highest, direst branch of the highest tree in all the orchard. She sat there, that perfect morning in June, with a blue and gold copy of "Aurora Leigh" for "fibrine," and solved the problem of her life.

Three years after she went abroad with friends to study art, and remained seven years, working hard in a little attic studio all alone, treading "the mazes of Florentine life with an innocent rapture, which protected her like a shining veil." Only one event occurred worth chronicling. Once, when rising from her knees at vespers in the Madeleine, she found herself arrested by a pair of eyes fastened upon her in the twilight, across the nave. She saw in a flash it was the face of a fellow countryman, and a remarkable face, set in a nimbus of bright hair, worn a little long; a beard which had never known a razor concealed the outline of the mouth; but the black eyes were concentrated upon her like a burning glass. At this admiring stare from the amber god she felt a great tidal wave of color sweep across her face.

This is the first meeting of the heroine with her hero. The second occurs after her return to Harmouth, where she finds him installed as tutor.

Mr. Ostrander found that the Sybil of the Madeleine must absolutely be sought. She did not join his German class, so he gained an invitation to tea from the aunt. "After tea Avis went to her accustomed seat upon a low cricket at her father's feet; and sitting in the full firelight, with bent head, read the psalm for evening prayers. A beautiful womanliness was upon her. She seemed to be wrapped in it like a Naiad in a silver shell." Then he shrewdly proposed that she should paint his picture for his mother (a neglected party, used as a peg to hang an excuse for frequent visits), and the romance begins. Of course they marry, although it was a long struggle. Avis was wedded to art. Love was to her "like Death." She resisted marriage because of "its consequences." She told her lover, "I had rather not be happy than to be happy at such a cost as marriage demands of women." At last he conquered, and "blindly, like the bird to the light-house," she went to his waiting arms. That is, they were engaged. Another long struggle; then she said, "If I am ever to become your wife, let it all be over with as soon as possible"; and they were married in three weeks. The practical part devolved upon Aunt Chloe as usual. Avis painted her china exquisitely, a different feather on every piece, and *would have* pink doyleys. And her aunt, always sensible, was troubled. "Mr. Ostrander may dine off painted feathers for a while, but he's too literary to like it long. No men are so fussy about what they eat as those who think their brains the biggest part of them. And poor Avis knows no more what is before her than if she were keeping house with little stones and broken crockery in a huckleberry pasture on a Saturday afternoon."

For a time the man was so blessed, so blinded with love that all went well. First the drain got out of order, then unexpected company came to dinner, then a baby appeared for which she felt no maternal affection—"not a bit"—it was simply a disagreeable "consequence," and the studio had to be neglected. One morning her husband, sitting with disturbed face at a disorderly table, complained that the cracked wheat was soggy again, the cream was sour, the steak

cold, the coffee vile. That caused their first quarrel, the rift within the lute, and the aunt proved a true prophet. The incompatibility is well described. Avis tried her best to please her showy, selfish husband, and our sympathies are with both. His flirtations seem very natural under the circumstances, and her struggles with family cares and her disappointment in her Norse god are piteous. He expected a good meal three times a day, and she had not dreamed that the ardor of the honeymoon would ever be less. "With a terror for which I do not feel at liberty to find speech or language, Avis watched departing love shake the slow dust of his feet against her young life. With a dread which shook to the roots of belief, she perceived that her own slighted tenderness had begun to chill."

The painting as well as the cooking went on under difficulties. "Aspiration had emaciated during her married life"; her husband had grown thinner too! The children, whom she had learned to love though they were burdensome, had a way of using her palette for a cricket, injurious alike to colors and clothes, and on one occasion the boy tried ingeniously to cut his throat with the palette knife, while the baby was endeavoring to swallow the tube of Prussian blue.

It seemed while exiled from her studio that God had given her this talent in a mood of awful, infinite irony. She wished she were like other women—content to stitch and sing—to sweep and smile. She bowed her face on the soft hair of her children, but she could not forget that they had been bought with a great price. She thought of the husband whose love she had mislaid, and counted the cost of her marriage in the blood of her soul.

And when her husband died and she could return to her profession, the power to create and charm had gone, but she had her little daughter to love and to train so that she might not repeat her sufferings. At the close Miss Phelps gives her idea of the model man and woman. Perhaps they may figure in her next novel. Like one of the characters in this story, "she changes the accent of her thoughts as they pursue her," and is therefore anything but a safe guide.

Her influence is dangerous when she urges young girls, who are too often restless and eager for excitement, to leave off giving tasteful touches to the old homestead and go out into the world. If the old parents fail to see the wisdom of such a course, let them grieve and go down to the grave without understanding the new day which has now dawned. And it is cruel as well as injudicious to advise girls to write when the public is nearly nauseated with feeble poems and weak novels already, and there is so much earnest work to be done at home by these ambitious tyros.

She almost quarrels with her Creator; it is an unequal contest at least, whatever we may think of its propriety. She says in this last volume, "God may have been in a just mood, but He was not in a merciful one, when knowing that they were to be in the same world with men, He made women." But not to criticise too severely, there are many quotable sentences in "Avis," full of sense or humor or beauty. The book abounds in epigrammatic touches like this: "As a rule a man can't cultivate his moustache and his talents impartially. There is apt to be something askew or deficient in handsome men." The *motif* and moral of the story may be taken differently by different translators. The idea that a woman must be a failure in a home if she has a decided talent for art or literature is a gross libel. If Miss Phelps wishes to indicate the entire unfitness of a girl for matrimony who resists it, prefers her profession, considers her engagement ring a fetter, abhors the "consequences" of marriage, and would rather retouch the sphinx in her studio than pet her babies, we for once heartily agree with her.

"WOMANKIND,"* by Charlotte Mary Yonge, is a prim and eminently sensible book, which we fear will scarcely be sought with eagerness by the novel-devouring young American miss of flirting propensities, to whom its sober lessons would be especially valuable. It is so proper and precise, and the maidenly virtues it inculcates are so old-fashioned, that while there is a wealth of good ad-

* "Womankind." By CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE. New York: Macmillan & Co. London: Morley & Smith.

vice and serious counsel for those who will read, probably few young girls will be attracted to its pages. On the first page we find that the author has no hesitation in declaring her full belief in the inferiority of woman. Here is her creed: "I believe as entirely as any other truth which has been from the beginning, that woman was created as a help meet to man. How far she was then on an equality with him, no one can pretend to guess; but when the test came, whether the two human beings would pay allegiance to God or to the tempter, it was the woman who was the first to fail, and to draw her husband into the same transgression. Thence her punishment of physical weakness and subordination, mitigated by the promise that she should be the means of bringing the Redeemer to renovate the world, and break the dominion of Satan."

This will not be relished by those English women who are working so earnestly for the rights of franchise and control of their own property, but it must be agreeable to mankind in general to see that one woman of culture, fame, and position in these upstart, degenerate days knows how to value them and where to place herself and her sex. From "Nursery Training" to "Old Age" Miss Yonge has a chapter full of the duties of each decade; no sparkle, no eloquence, but a deal of truth and wise suggestion. She has a wholesome horror of flirtation, false hair, mock jewelry, and boarding schools. She says: "Silly, vacant women are, it is true, sometimes preferred by men, and obtain their affections; but what a fearful charge it is for a woman to have a man's heart given her." To which most of the inferior creatures would respond that it was much more fearful not to be called to take such charge! Her ideas are so sensible, and expressed in such quaint language, that one can scarcely restrain a smile at their contrast with existing customs. For instance, "Tumble-down hair, falling dishevelled on the shoulders, sounds grand in fiction, but it is disgusting in real life; and when once the melancholy moment of 'turning up the hair' has come, no girl whose life is to be spent without a maid should be content till she has learned to make her edifice firm and graceful as nature will permit. But re-

finement as well as truth will forbid her eking out her own tresses with other peoples' or changing the color."

The well-known and becoming scalpette worn by the Princess of Wales, and adopted by many in England and this country, is a sad commentary on theories in good books, as contrasted with practice, even in the royal family. Miss Yonge also abhors the so-called "strong-minded woman," who wants to make out that the woman is physically as well as mentally the superior creature, and that she should therefore be on an equality, and perhaps take the lead. "The strong-minded literary woman generally writes up woman's perfections and superiority. Her world is a sort of beehive, all the males drones, and the single sisters doing all the work." And she again puts the searching question so often raised, "Mentally where has the woman ever been found who produced any great and permanent work? What woman has written an oratorio, or an epic, or built a cathedral? *It is not lack of education.*" The author is a pronounced Church woman, inclining to confession, and advising a standing aloof from those not in their own communion. A well-written, carefully considered, and excellent book, but a little too idealized and severe for the mass of "womankind" who do not belong to "*the Church.*"

"*SIX SINNERS*"* is a story for the young folks, interesting, lively, and true to nature. From the title we feared a triple imitation of those endlessly plagiarized "Babies" belonging to Mr. Habberton, but it is devoted to the experiences, joyous and adverse, of a winsome, warm-hearted, and wide-awake little girl, who lived with her grand parents, of the good old-fashioned kind. She was motherless, and her father, a business man, whom she seldom saw, decided that she would soon be past training if she were not sent to a boarding school. There are a good many tears shed over this unexpected arrangement, and Dora becomes one of the eight pupils in Miss Jones's select family school in Bantam valley, a little world in itself, as is every school, with its friendships

* "*Six Sinners, or School Days in Bantam Valley.*" By CAMPELL WHEATON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

and rivalries, jealousies and ambitions. The history of one term is given in very pleasant fashion. Whether these lively accounts of various sorts of mischief and meanness, customary in most boarding schools, such as the predatory excursions of the "Starvation Club," and the charging of guilt on an innocent child, will stimulate similar pranks in those who read, or whether homesick children, treated unjustly, will follow dear little Dora's example and essay suicide with a penknife, or run away at midnight to see home once more, we cannot say. The book is certainly written with great spirit, and is entertaining reading for older people than those for whom it is intended. It is a lamentable fact that teachers often judge incorrectly of the character of a pupil, and have much to learn about the proper management, even of a small and select family school, as Miss Jones nobly acknowledged after her sad mistake. This is her own verdict in strong Saxon, as was her wont, but full of sense. Alluding to Dora's grandparents, she says: "The most perfect old couple. They look good as angels. No boarding school in the land can take the place of such influence as comes from people like them, and her father was an idiot to separate them. I shall tell him so too. People never can let well enough alone." The number of "sinners" in this story does not seem to be accurately counted.

For twenty years T. Starr King* enjoyed a continental reputation, as well known and appreciated in San Francisco as in Boston, and wherever he addressed an audience crowds from all the surrounding country flocked to hear him. Had a tabernacle been reared for his use, he would have attracted as many hearers as Mr. Moody. As a preacher, lecturer, and reformer, no orator was more popular or more persuasive. His first public address was delivered at Medford, Massachusetts, on the 4th of July, 1845, when he was but twenty-one years of age, and he preached his first sermon at Woburn in the autumn of the same year.

Boyish as he was in appearance, he at once became noted as a preacher of pe-

culiar attractiveness, and in 1846 accepted a call from the large and flourishing Universalist church in Charlestown to be its pastor. The Rev. Edwin H. Chapin was his immediate predecessor, but it was the same pulpit which his father had filled, and although loved and successful, he felt there was a certain incongruity in his position there. "I preach," he said, "to mature and aged men and women who have seen me as a boy in my father's pew, and who can hardly conceive of me as a grown man. I necessarily cannot command in that pulpit the influence which a stranger would wield, and it is best for them that I vacate the office." The least clerical, in the formal sense of the word, of human beings, his inborn joyousness of temperament burst forth in all the social meetings of the society, which probably made certain staid people shake their heads at his display of animal spirits. "But in the pulpit, by the beds of the sick and dying, in all the scenes which test a minister's helpful sympathy with grief, suffering, penitence, or aspiration, he showed himself profoundly and tenderly serious. In his articles in the 'Universalist Quarterly,' and in his lecture on Goethe, he exhibited a seriousness the only fault of which was that it seemed to be beyond his years; but in ordinary intercourse with his parishioners he recognized no distinction between clergyman and layman, and never put on gravity when there was no gravity in the occasion." Declining many flattering invitations, Mr. King accepted the call of the Hollis street church in Boston, a Unitarian congregation, which could number among former pastors such men as Mather, Byles, Horace Holly, and John Pierpont. When the anti-slavery reform occupied the public attention, he became an ardent reformer and a violent politician. Every breeze that rocked the old cradle of liberty filled his sails. He had a great work on his hands, to drive dogma from the pulpit, falsehood from the press, and slavery from the Constitution. In all these assaults he led the van. His church, which had for a long time been distracted by internal dissensions on the questions of the day, naturally were disturbed by his fearless, ardent sermons on the free soil movement, the fugitive slave law, and the Dred Scott decision, but

* "*Christianity and Humanity.*" A series of sermons by THOMAS STARR KING. Edited, with a Memoir, by Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

they so loved and needed him as a pastor, that they agreed to differ on these themes, understanding that his intense sympathy with suffering and hatred of injustice led him to speak so strongly, and nothing was further from his main purpose than to criticise political parties from his pulpit. As a natural consequence of his power and popularity, he was constantly receiving calls to other churches. Indeed, from the time of the second year of his ministry to the day of his death, he may be said to have had constantly in his pockets tempting invitations from all parts of the country to leave the society he so faithfully served.

At last he was convinced that it was his duty to undertake the charge of the depressed church at San Francisco which so earnestly begged him to help them. The members of his own church could not consent to part with him permanently, and granted him a vacation of fifteen months. Mr. E. P. Whipple, who has had the charge of editing his sermons, and has prefaced them with a memoir in his happiest style, wrote at the time of this parting to a Boston paper, endeavoring to state the feelings of that large number of Mr. King's friends who were not members of his society, while occasionally listening to his discourses. "They could point to a long service as a Christian minister, in which the pulpit had never been controlled by the pews, and in which the pews could never complain that any opinions, however unpalatable, had been tainted by acrid passions unbecoming a minister to feel. They could bear their testimony that he had always been bold and independent, and at the same time been free from the wilfulness and malignity into which boldness and independence are sometimes stung by opposition. They could appeal to thousands in proof of the assertion that though in charge of a large parish, and with a lecture parish which extended from Bangor to St. Louis, he still seemed to have time for every good and noble work, to be open to every demand of misfortune, tender to every pretension of weakness, responsive to every call of sympathy, and true to every obligation of friendship; and they all indulge the hope that California, cordial as must be the welcome she extends to him, will still not be able to keep him long from Massachusetts."

These are grand, generous words, a noble tribute to a living friend, and show plainly how Mr. King was loved and appreciated. He preached his first sermon in San Francisco April 29, 1860, and at once became a power there in theology and politics, having no peer in the State. The breaking out of the rebellion called for intenser efforts, for more fiery oratory. He was young, fearless, zealous, and if need be denunciatory. Every sentence in his political addresses was a logical arrow tipped with fire. His career in California and his early death, caused no doubt by overtaxing that brilliant mind and sensitive organization, are known to all.

The volume of published sermons which called forth this notice are selected from two hundred manuscripts, and probably exhibit his best modes in pulpit oratory. They are not controversial; their object seems to be to inculcate Bible truths as he understood them. Many of them might have been written by the most bigoted of those clergymen whom he calls "orthodox." In the sermon entitled "The Supremacy of Jesus" no reader would infer that the writer regarded Christ as a mere man. Other discourses inculcate not only the purest morality, but the most spiritual devotion; all are thoughtful, earnest, and practical. All denominations may be profited by a careful reading of this volume, which will be so warmly welcomed by hosts of friends, by whom Mr. King is remembered with affection and reverence.

It is a relief to turn from the frothy inundation of summer reading to such a book as the third series of Froude's "Short Studies on Great Subjects."* Whatever may be the defects of Mr. Froude, he always commands, and always deserves, the whole attention, and always repays the careful student. He is a positive, decided writer and a profound thinker, with opinions strongly biased by his prejudices; an author whom you must follow or resist. Few are competent to criticise his works. His researches are beyond their studies, his theories peculiar, and enforced by unanswerable arguments. As an essayist he is more

* "Short Studies on Great Subjects." By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

logical, though less brilliant, than Macaulay. He illumines every topic he touches, and makes no assertion without presenting proofs. The "Revival of Romanism" is a valuable contribution to the ecclesiastical history of the times. Most men think that popery is declining. Many scorn its claims to universal empire, as did Dr. Arnold, who said, "Believe in the Pope? I should as soon believe in Jupiter." But Froude demonstrates that Romanism is rapidly advancing in England and America. "Her clergy are energetic, bold, and aggressive. Sees long prostrate are reestablished; cathedrals rise, and churches with schools, colleges, convents, and monasteries. She has a literature of her own. Her political influence exacts and commands respect." And he asks eagerly, "Why is Protestantism standing still while Rome is advancing? Why does Rome count her converts from among the evangelicals by tens, while she loses to them but here and there an exceptional and unimportant unit? Is it that science is creeping like the snake upon the ground, eating dust and bringing forth materialism, that the Catholic church, in spite of her errors, keeps alive the consciousness of our spiritual being, and the hope and expectation of immortality?" "We may look down as much as we please on our grandfathers' ideas, but their notions on some subjects were more rational than ours. It is better that a boy should learn to make a shoe excellently than to write bad exercises in half a dozen languages. The wider we make the area of superficial cultivation, the more we destroy the power of perceiving what good cultivation means, the more we are condemning the generations which are to succeed to creative barrenness and intellectual incapacity. Our men of science are fast satisfying themselves at last that mankind are highly developed apes. This theory could find no hearing while religion and intellectual culture retained their old dominion. The Gospel of St. John, the Antigone, or Hamlet, lie external altogether to the sphere of the ape's activity. The achievements of the nineteenth century, of which it boasts as the final efflorescence of the human soul, lie a great deal nearer to our newly-recognized kindred." The whole discussion of this subject is deeply interesting

to every Protestant denomination and wide-awake thinkers of any creed.

If Mr. Froude fails to look back with proper tenderness on his hairy ancestry, he is equally skeptical as to the purity of convent life, and his researches have deepened his distrust. The "Annals of an English Abbey" shows with startling distinctness the corruption and humbugery practised for ages at "St. Alban's." "As in science, if we would know the nature of any plant or animal, we can learn much, if not the whole of its character from a single specimen, so the career of a distinguished abbey, from its beginning to its end, can hardly fail to indicate what other abbeys are likely to be, if we are again to have them among us. Planted in the same soil of human life, surrounded by the same temptations, and nourished by the same influences, the idea will naturally develop in the same direction." St. Alban's was founded by a murderer to appease the remorseful anguish which haunted his day and made the night unbearable. Froude traces the career of the different abbots, verifying with quotations from the original Latin. Once in a while a really good man takes the position and is an honor to it; but the genuine saint was rare. The abbot "John of the Cell" was truly good, and his beautiful life and death are dwelt on with sincere satisfaction. Not so much can be said for Brother Pygon, who, having forged a deed, stole the abbot's signet and sealed it. "He was sent to expiate his sins by penance in a dependent priory. His allotted diet was meagre. One night, to console himself, he secreted a pasty and a flagon of wine, and not daring to enjoy himself where he would be seen, he carried his spoils to the cloaca. There seated, he got drunk and fell asleep, and the night being cold, he was frozen to death. In his joviality he had trolled catches, which the frightened brothers conceived afterward to have come from a chorus of devils; voices had been even heard shrieking, 'Catch him, Satan! catch him, Satan!'"

Mr. Froude is as merciless upon the Friars Mendicants as Chaucer himself, who so enjoyed giving a sly hit at their hypocrisy and sensuality:

Thof he lours under his hode
With semblaunt quante and mylde,

If thou him trust or dos him gode,
By God, thou ert begyld.

Of the nine articles in the book, four are devoted to Greek and Roman studies. For six weeks Froude read Euripides by the sea, and was enchanted, as Aristotle and Goethe had been before him; and "the Grecian world was raised from the dead into a moonlight visibility, with softest lights and shadows black as Erebus." "The Last Days of the Roman Republic," "Lucian," and "Divus Cæsar" are the titles of the other three. Then comes a disquisition "On the Use of a Landed Gentry," which institution he believes in, followed by an essay on "Party Politics," expressing a dissatisfaction with Liberalism. The volume closes with "Leaves from a South African Journal," written in a familiar style, a chatty record of his visit to South Africa in the summer of 1874 to study the workings of an English colony and decide whether the chances in after life of the waifs and strays that were overcrowding the great cities would be more favorable there. It is fresh, never having been printed before, and is full of comments, both humorous and wise, on what he saw. He speaks of "a thirty miles' drive over roads as rough as Browning's poetry, having been jostled into idiotcy, and having three times fainted (or very near it), from the continued odor of negroes and molasses." And of a dining room "so stiff of aspect that the peit modern waiter seems subdued by the atmosphere of it into old-fashioned politeness."

After reading "Little Derrit" he writes: "Dickens wine has an excellent flavor, but it is watered for present consumption, and I doubt it will keep." He compares a tedious sermon he heard on board ship to the motion of a squirrel in a cage, "the repetition of a single idea, with scarcely a variation of words, without natural beginning and without natural end, and capable if necessary of going on for ever." Those who know Froude only as a historian will find a very amusing and sparkling satire, "The Cat's Pilgrimage," in the first volume of this series. He left Africa with this conclusion: "Every day I grow more convinced that colonial and all other political questions resolve themselves into one: what object do the ruling powers

set before themselves? Is it to produce a noble race of men, or is it to produce what they call wealth? If they aim chiefly at the second, they will not have the first. Let wealth be the sublime end of our existence, and no new English nations will be born in the Cape or in Australia. England itself will be a huge grazing farm, managed on economical principles, and the people, however rich they may appear, will be steadily going down to what used to be called the devil." In various reviews of this book by learned critics, great pains have evidently been taken to pick out here and there an error in spelling, carelessness in looking over proofs, etc., and the article on Euripides is said to be hastily written. It may be so; Froude, like all other great writers, has his faults, and must make enemies. But there is much more to admire than to condemn.

THE timely publication of this little book* will delight many amateurs who are struggling to learn by themselves the art of decorating porcelain. It is designed as a guide to all, whether they understand painting of any kind or not, and the directions seem as clear and comprehensible as it is possible to make them. Books of this class are so apt to take it for granted that every one is acquainted with the minor details of the art they describe, that it is refreshing to see one that is worded so that all can read it understandingly. Those who already understand the use of either oil or water colors will find in this pamphlet all the instruction they can desire on china painting; while to those who have not this advantage, it will be of interest and use, although no printed directions will supply the place of a hand practised in the use of a brush. In the introduction the writer says that some knowledge of drawing is necessary to success in this as well as in other kinds of coloring, a fact which is too often forgotten by those who wish to adorn their homes with their own work. The author very wisely warns beginners, that although the ever convenient tracing paper may be used by a practised hand to ensure

* "*China Painting: A Practical Manual for the use of Amateurs in the Decoration of Hard Porcelain.*" By M. LOUISE McLAUGHLIN. Cincinnati: Robert Clark & Co.

exactness, the novice will find it very difficult to preserve the outline so made. The book is divided into six chapters, the first of which is upon firing. This will be the most interesting of all to artists who are not so fortunate as to be near any place where their work can be properly baked. The author describes two ways in which painted china may be baked at home. She, however, says that neither of these methods is to be recommended except to those who find it impossible to have their firing done by a regular decorator. The next chapter gives a list of all necessary materials, describing the new colors which come in tubes, instead of the inconvenient powder which was formerly used for china painting. Considerable space is devoted to directions for mixing the colors. This will be most welcome to beginners, for unless the colors are "mixed with brains," as Joshua Reynolds said, they are liable to change in the firing, and so surprise the aspiring artist on their return from the furnace by combinations of color which he never designed. The remainder of the book is devoted to directions for applying the color: first in flower painting, then in landscapes, heads, and monograms. What makes the entire contents the more interesting is, that it is the result of the author's own experience, and so contains many little hints on the care of the colors, use of the brushes, etc., which only an experimental knowledge of the art can give. As the materials are not very expensive—ten or twelve dollars giving the entire outfit—the publication of this little book will undoubtedly give a fresh impetus to china painting. An art so well suited to the home, which gives such charming results with so little labor, ought to find many votaries among those who have leisure and taste.

THE appearance of this book* so near the holiday time will decide in many families the pending question of what present will please the boys. About fifty pages of printed matter, with the designs, make up the entire volume. The large

spaces and wide margins have made quite a sizable book of what might easily have been contained in a small pamphlet, a more suitable manual for a boy's workshop. The first chapter describes a dozen kinds of wood, with remarks on each. The author neglects to warn the beginner that Spanish cedar, which he recommends, is very apt to split, and so can only be used for coarse work, and even then requires great care. In the chapter on saws he describes and illustrates the old-fashioned saw frames discarded for years, which have many defects and only one recommendation, their cheapness; while the one he mentions last, that of the Sorrento Wood Carving Company, of which he has no cut, is the only one fit for fine work. Even the treadle saws which he recommends are not as appropriate to the finest work as the sorrento saw.

The chapter on sandpaper is excellent, as in fact are all his remarks on finishing, and should be closely studied by amateurs, who are apt to neglect this important part of the work. Considerable space is occupied by minute directions on inlaying with various colored woods, an art not often understood; also suggestions are made with regard to shading inlays, which makes them much more effective. Several patterns are given for fret sawing, most of them very simple. Then follow a few pages of silhouettes, which should have been distinctly credited to the artists from whom they were borrowed. Most of them are from Paul Konewka's "Pictures in Black." A silhouette alphabet at the end is very ingenious, a comical picture for each letter, but is far too difficult to be sawed out by any but the most accomplished workers in wood. An equally ingenious method is given of taking silhouette likenesses of a suitable size to be sawed. On the whole, this book has many good suggestions, but a cheaper edition would be better suited to the purpose for which it is designed, as the author says in the preface his "attempt has been to make everything clear, so that children can teach themselves, to show ladies how they can beautify their homes, to tell those with scant means how few tools are necessary."

* "A Manual of Sorrento and Inlaid Work for Amateurs." With Original Designs by ARTHUR HORS. Chicago: John Wilkinson.

NEBULÆ.

— THE news which has come on from Washington day by day since the opening of the extra session of Congress has not been of a kind that might have been reasonably looked for under the circumstances. The country is in a condition that demands prompt and wise measures on the part of the Administration. The political condition of the South is discouraging from any and every point of view; the finances of the country are in need of adjustment upon a wise and stable policy; the perplexing labor question could be much benefited by sound legislation; the army and navy need immediate provision of the supplies required for their very existence; and the civil service question should be settled one way or another and "taken out of politics." President Hayes's message was a sensible and business-like document, and gave ground of reasonable hope that public affairs would receive the immediate attention of the Cabinet and of Congress. But after all the subject of deepest concern at Washington has seemed thus far to be what men should have certain offices, what "interest" or "section" should be represented or conciliated. Who was to be Collector of the Customs here, who Minister there—these have been the important questions over which the Cabinet and the Senate have apparently spent most of their time, and as to which the newspapers have had despatches daily, each one indicating deep concern and deplorable uncertainty on the part of the men in high places at the national capital. The principal offices in the New York Custom House seem to be subjects of a profounder concern than all the perplexing questions of national policy. One day we were told that it was decided in the Cabinet that Messrs. A, B, and C should be nominated, the next that it was to be Messrs. D, E, and F, and the third that a compromise had been effected, and that a selection would be made from the six. The "slate" has been made up and broken again and again, and meanwhile the country has waited, sitting on the

"ragged edge" of uncertainty as to what would be done upon this subject or upon any other. It seems to have been taken for granted that the question of the offices must be settled before any other could be taken up. This is disheartening. Are we never to be rid of this miserable business of office hunting and office giving? Is the "distribution of patronage"—to use a lovely phrase in vogue among politicians—to be for ever in one way or another the most interesting of all subjects to our legislators and to the public? Until it ceases to be so our politics will never have externally that unity which properly belongs to the administration of the affairs of a great nation. But we do not believe that there is the interest in these questions which the prominence given to them would indicate. To judge from the Washington correspondence of most of them, and even from their editorial columns, it would seem as if the general public was standing on broken bottles of uncertainty and anxiety to know who is to have this collectorship or that Postmastership. Now we are sure that this is not the case. These matters are of interest only to comparatively small bodies of professional politicians; and so long as the public business is well and honestly performed, the general public cares little who performs it. The newspapers themselves are in a great measure responsible for the degrading aspect of our politics in this respect, in which we compare very unfavorably with any other people.

— THE mission to Great Britain has been made the occasion of the application of a mischievous principle which has long obtained in our public affairs. It was announced that it had been decided in Cabinet council to give it to "a Pennsylvanian." Let us say at once that we would quite as soon see it given to a Pennsylvanian as to a Massachusetts man, to a New Yorker, or to a Virginian, and that the gentleman who has been nominated is, as far as we know

anything of him, likely to prove a very creditable representative of his country. But this notion that in the "distribution of patronage" the "claims" of the several States and "sections" of the country must be considered is a pernicious one, and one which tends to the postponement of that national unity which is now the most desirable end to be attained in our national politics. What we were told from Washington was that Pennsylvania's claims to this mission were recognized because of her importance as a State and of the strong Republican vote which she polls. But it is not Pennsylvania that is to be represented at the Court of St. James's, nor is it the Republican party; it is the Government of the United States; it is America. The man to be sent is the best man for that purpose, without regard to the State in which he was born or where he happens to be. We need in our ministers men of high intelligence, of knowledge of affairs, men of discretion, of judgment, of education, and of good manners; and to these qualifications should be added, if possible, that of experience in public affairs. Indeed, this last is a prime qualification; but it is perhaps too much to hope that it shall be insisted on at Washington until we have, if we ever are to have, a regularly organized diplomatic service. But this notion of the distribution of offices among States might be improved away before the coming of that desired, but, we fear, remote, perfection of our civil service, if it were not for the watchfulness of our Washington legislators over the interest of their "sections"—that is, of the professional politicians upon whose activity they depend for their reelection and their advancement. The Treasury register presents this subject in a light of ridiculous fulness. That book contains the names of all persons connected directly or indirectly with that immense department, and opposite each one of these is not only his salary, but the State "where born" and that "whence appointed." This enables every Congressman to make the calculation by which he may see that his "section" has its "share." It not only illustrates, but it perpetuates this petty and degrading notion of the equal distribution of patronage. Until we rid

ourselves of this our politics will be contaminated by the bane of office-seeking, by "dickering," and "swapping," and "log-rolling." Let it once be understood that men are to be appointed to office because of their fitness, regardless of the State or county in which they reside, and one deteriorating influence will be removed from our civil service.

— THE affair at Rutgers college was disgraceful; and it directs attention to a practice which has lately been much in vogue among our police officers in various parts of the country—that of using firearms on every slight provocation. The rowdyish capers of a few lads about a plank walk was made the occasion of firing upon them by some of the members of a rural police. Every man of the latter who used his pistol upon those college boys should be first dismissed and then tried in the civil courts for his offence. It is right, and perhaps in the end wise and prudent, that every malefactor who offers forcible resistance to an officer of the law should know that he does so at the risk of his life. The first duty of a citizen is submission to the law and to its executive officers; and such submission must be enforced at whatever cost. But this in no way justifies a police officer or a county constable in drawing his revolver upon every unruly person who does his best to elude arrest. It is a last resort in case of violent resistance to the execution of the law; it is a permitted defence to the officer of the law when his own person is put in danger by the malefactor. The circumstances in which the use of deadly weapons by a police officer, a deputy sheriff, or a constable is proper are of the rarest occurrence; and this firing upon run-aways because they can't be caught is infamous and barbarous. It would hardly be tolerated in Turkey or in China. Among the qualities which are of the first importance in a police officer are discretion, good judgment, patience, and even good nature. He should be constitutionally able and willing to endure a great deal without losing his temper or his self-possession. He is not a belligerent sent out to make war or destroy; his duty is to preserve the peace; and the circumstances are very rare in which he is justifiable in breaking the peace in the

most formidable and terrible manner by firing leaden bullets into the bodies of disorderly persons. And yet the practice of doing so is of late become noticeably prevalent. This last occasion of it is such a flagrant outrage, that we may hope that it will result in the taking of some order in the matter that may effectually restrain such acts in the future. If policemen may shoot disorderly students, we may next see them firing upon boisterous newsboys or insubordinate bootblacks.

—THE defeat and exposure of a "blackmailer," is always a matter of congratulation; and from the nature of the case it so rarely occurs in a complete and public manner, that an instance of its thorough accomplishment should not be passed over without notice. Actors and singers are peculiarly liable to the impositions of the blackmailer. They are dependent for their success upon public favor. That which places them before the public in an attractive light tends greatly to their advantage; anything that disparages their abilities or prejudices the public against them is injurious. They are therefore peculiarly sensitive to public praise or blame, and very desirous to secure the former. This peculiarity of their position is taken advantage of by certain infamous persons connected with the press, who hold their pens over them in terror, promising praise for money, and threatening detraction if the bribe is withheld. Few of them have the courage to refuse payment to the extent of their ability, and to save themselves from the serious injury that they fear, they submit to be fleeced. Recently one of these persons met his match in a young and reputable artist, who happened to have a friend who understood instinctively the management of such cases. His demand was not large—fifty dollars—but for making it he was turned out of the house, and he has since been thoroughly exposed. Artists should rejoice at this and learn in all such cases to do likewise. And none the less should respectable journalists be glad, for it tends to relieve their profession from a reproach brought upon it by its unworthiest members. It is common in Europe, and particularly in France, for critics to be paid for their good opin-

ion, and in a country in which the *claque* is a recognized institution, this is not surprising or abnormal. But in England and America *clagues* are not tolerated, and critics are supposed to express an independent opinion, and to be paid only by the journals who employ them. This is as it should be. A critical opinion has real value only in proportion to the ability of the critic, and to his independence and fairness. He sits as a judge, and does not appear before the public as a paid advocate. He should first be just and impartial; if he is not this, he is an impostor. Every artist who is approached by a journalist with a demand for money as the price of his praise, or a preventive of his censure, should be defied and exposed.

—BLACKMAILING however, as we all know, is not confined to the region of art. It is pursued by some infamous persons almost as a business; and some others are tempted into it in desperate circumstances to relieve themselves from distress, and sometimes to get what they believe to be their dues. There are some people who seem to think that they may use any means to get payment of what they call an honest debt. They will use intimidation to the debtor; they will threaten to put him in a disreputable position before the world if he does not pay; and if they cannot get "their money" from one person, the real debtor, in this way, they will try to get it from another if circumstances favor such a manœuvre. All this is blackmail; nothing more nor less. There are but two ways of getting payment of money due which are recognized as proper by the law and by decent people; one is direct application to the person who contracted the debt; the other a suit at law if he is able to pay and will not pay. Advertising debts, although not illegal, is rather worse than dunning by postal card, which is regarded as so base a proceeding that it is far more injurious to the dunner than to the dunned. But the most frequent blackmailing, and generally the most successful, is that which is practised by women—adventuresses more or less clever and desperate, who by craft and unscrupulous lying fasten some disreputable act upon a man; and then threaten to expose him if he does not comply with their de-

mands. In some cases the imputed act is not disreputable, only weak and foolish; it makes no matter, if the man only dreads public exposure. How much of this is going on constantly no one knows; but lawyers, physicians, and even clergymen get some information upon the subject. It is an equally base and ingenious mode of torment, a diabolical way of extortion. Men of wealth have had moderate fortunes racked out of them in this way; poor men have been driven insane and into their graves. And all for the lack of a little courage and of a reliance upon the general sense of justice that after all is in the world. The blackmailer who is defied is beaten; and defiance instant, positive, unyielding is the only safe and sure course for the man or woman who would not be bound in an abject and miserable slavery. This is particularly true with regard to the female blackmailer; for a woman who uses her personal attractions and allurements for this purpose when once defied and exposed is regarded as the enemy of mankind. There is no infamy so black, not even that of common harlotry. Whoever will not shrink from the dread of a little public notoriety is safe; whoever plays the coward in this respect is lost. The recent case of a clergyman who was subjected to this treatment by a young woman of personal attractions, intelligence, and highly respectable connections, and who crushed his assailant and drove her into ignominious retirement, although she had the best legal support attainable, will be remembered by most of our readers. In all cases, therefore, whether the attempting blackmailer is a journalist, a woman, a "shyster," or a detective, the only safe course, and the sure one, is uncompromising refusal and defiance.

—A CORRESPONDENT, "which his name it is Riggs," writes us a savage letter and requests us to "accept the expression of his contempt," because of the expression of an opinion in the last "Galaxy," that altogether too much had been said on occasion of the death of Mr. E. L. Davenport, the tragedian. He—our correspondent—is insolent enough and foolish enough to attribute our opinion that Mr. Davenport did not stand on the

same plane as an artist with Garrick, Kemble, Kean, or even Macready, to motives of personal spite. This on its face is simply ridiculous. In the very nebula in question we spoke of Mr. Davenport, both as an actor and a man, with an appreciation which must have shown to any sensible person a kind feeling and some admiration on our part. The fact is that the writer of that paragraph, although he had seen Mr. Davenport play a few times, had no personal relations or even acquaintance with him, and would probably not have recognized him if he had met him in the street. The only purpose of the paragraph, which was couched in most respectful terms, was to point out a great and growing tendency in our public, and particularly in our writers for the press, to exaggerate the merits of such artists as we have, to be extravagant in praise of merely respectable abilities, to make great occasions of comparatively small events, and so to lower our standard of art and to vulgarize and enfeeble the tone of the public mind—something not at all needed, as the letter of our correspondent shows. A similar mistake was made on occasion of the death and funeral of Mr. Adams. Only praise could be bestowed upon the manner in which Mr. Adams's fellow artists came forward in his last sad days and organized and carried out with admirable success a scheme for quieting the apprehensions of his dying hours by providing for his wife and family. The generosity of actors in this respect is touching to every humane heart, and highly honorable to their profession—a profession, it may here be remarked, which, notwithstanding its temptations and its vicissitudes, furnishes fewer criminals in proportion to its numbers than any other, even that of ministers of religion. But we have no hesitation in saying that when Mr. Adams did die there was far too much made of the event in the newspapers. His "obsequies" were recorded and described as if they had been those of a great statesman or an eminent man of letters. We were told even of all the "floral tributes" which were sent by friends; and the names of the senders were not withheld. All this is too much for a man of his position in his art. It tends to belittle what is really great. That the Riggs's

of the world cannot see this is the very reason for our pointing it out.

— OUR innocent and nebulous suggestion that there is something worthy of remark in the fact that a woman may have multitudinous clocks and a gorgeous watch, and yet when she wants to know the exact time be obliged to ask it of a man, has brought us from one of the sex a sprightly letter of protest, which presents a point or two worthy of remark. In the first place we are told that if a woman has, or has had, a valuable watch, her husband has probably appropriated it to his own use; for “husbands do such things often.” This is positive testimony; but it only excites the inquiry from what manner of men the husbands with whom our correspondent is acquainted were taken. Next we are informed that if a woman keeps an appointment, she probably does so under protest; because a man who is willing that his wife should leave the house while he is in it, is “an anomaly in nature.” Surely this is no ground of complaint, if we are to believe what women themselves say of women. For what proof of appreciation and of love could be higher than that a husband should wish to keep his wife at home while he is there? If he wished her to stay there while he was away, and to go out while he is there, she might with some reason feel that she was slighted and neglected. Then, too, her asking the time of him, her clocks and her watch to the contrary notwithstanding, as the lawyers say, is set down as a delicate piece of flattery; “for we all know that the sun, and the moon, and all the planets, to say nothing of her array of clocks, may go wrong, but a watch wound by the unerring wisdom of man, and carried right side up with care that only his masculine way of doing things may take, will not, cannot. The mistress of the clocks having no logic to speak of, being a woman, but having clear intuitions, knows that he is pleased to be asked”; and then “men must be propitiated, managed, taken by guile.” Our fair correspondent has hit the fact on one point. The masculine watch keeps time because it is carried right side up with care. Carrying watches wrong side up without care, in the feminine manner, does not tend to

accurate time keeping. It is an amazing thing to man to see a woman catch up her watch, wind it up as if she were driving a corkscrew through it, and then hit it a smart tap on the table to start it. But this is of minor and temporal importance. The point of our correspondent’s communication is, that men must be managed, taken by guile. Why? Why must men be managed? Why should women want to “manage” them? Why not be fair, candid, frank, and above-board with them? In all the freemasonry of the sex there is not one more pernicious doctrine or practice than this, in which so many of them agree, and silently support each other, that men are to be “managed.” It would seem that a woman could have little love and less respect for a man that she must manage, and that she can manage. Our correspondent has exposed the weak side, and the worst side of her sex—craft, deceit, a love of stratagem. If women would but love their husbands, respect them, and assume that *they* love them when they conduct themselves in a loving manner, they would find that the supposed need for managing them would disappear, and with it no little of the pain and sorrow of married life.

— A PARAGRAPH is going the rounds of the newspapers, with evident belief on the part of the public and of the editors, in which it is said that an eccentric Englishman bequeathed to his two daughters their weight in £1 notes, and that the elder got £51,200 and the younger £57,344. Now an English bank note is a large and rather stout piece of paper, but it certainly does not weigh more than a quarter of an ounce, which, reckoning sixteen ounces to the pound, makes sixty-four bank notes to the pound. Dividing 51,200 by 64, we have eight hundred pounds as the weight of the elder daughter; and as to the weight of the younger, let the man who marries her calculate that. There is the slight objection also, that there are no Bank of England notes for less than £5. This is a very pretty example of the way in which stories are made up for the benefit of those who read newspapers for the sake of the little interesting gossiping paragraphs, you know.

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